The Westerners

BRAND BOOK

5T

1850

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

1950

CATCHING the famous California horses which were the pride of Mexican California and the mounts for the Mexican Lancers. This painting was done on the Pico Rancho by James Walker, the renowned artist who accompanied the American army to California in the Mexican War.

—Courtesy of Carl Dentzel

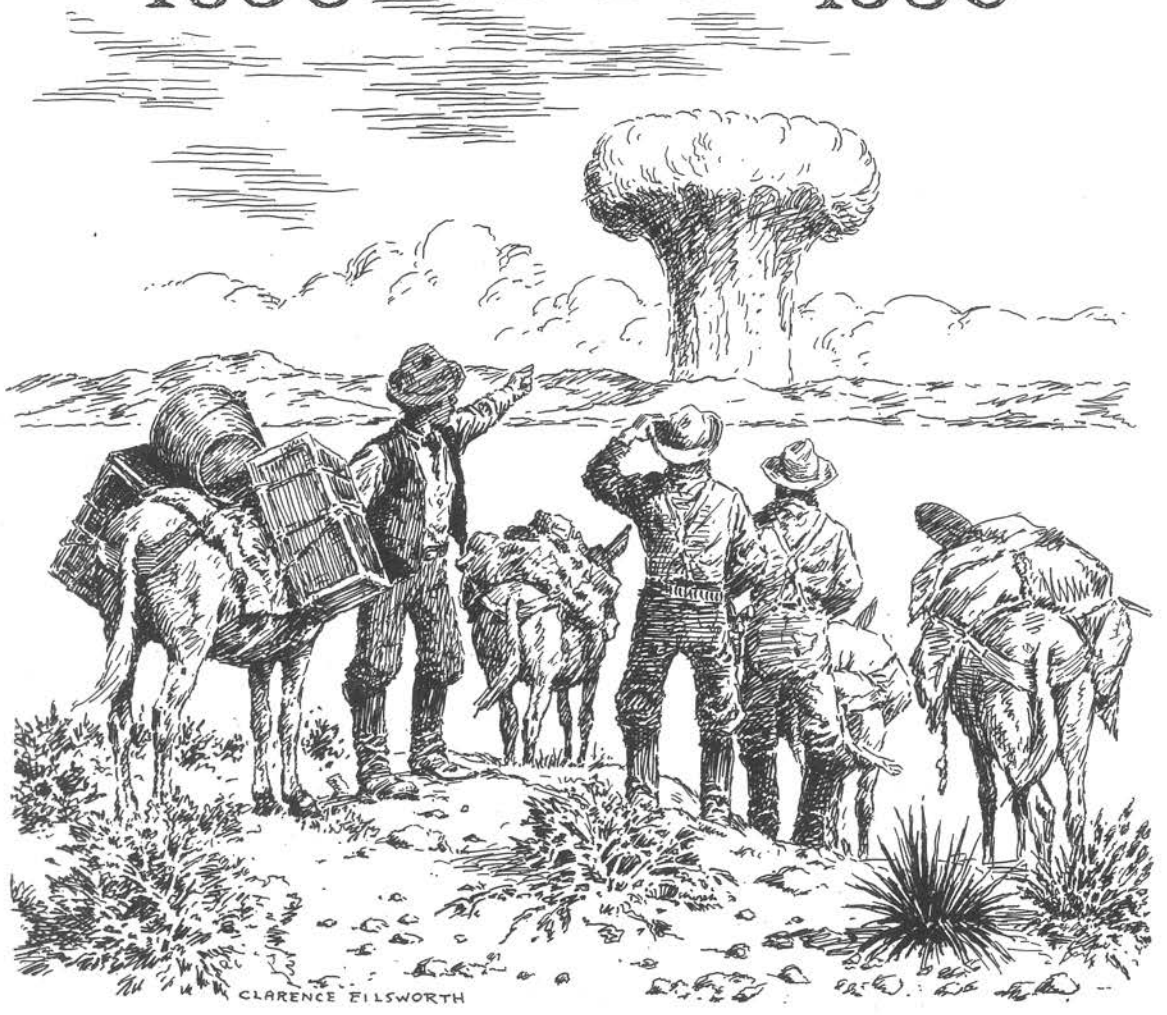
THE WESTERNERS
BRAND BOOK

LOS ANGELES CORRAL · 1950

The Westerners

BRAND BOOK 1950

1850 1950



LOS ANGELES CORRAL

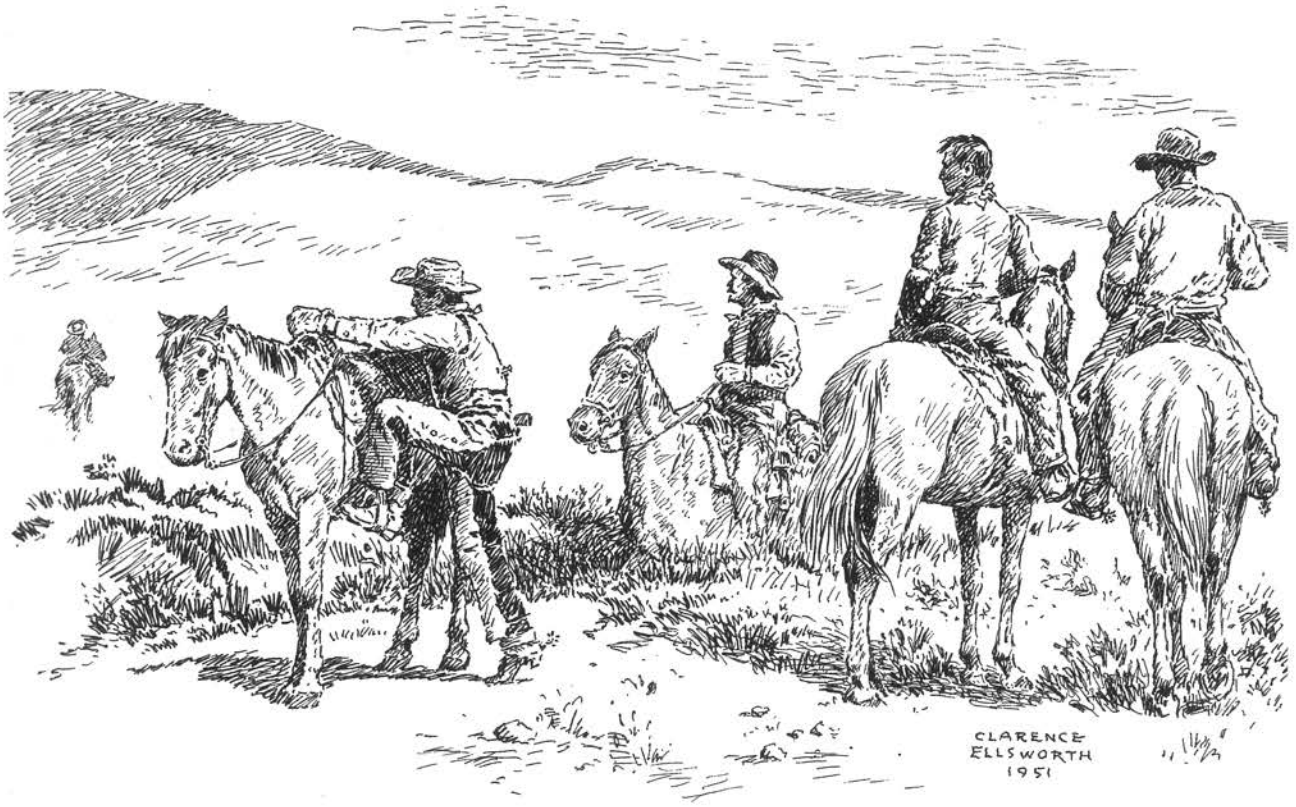
TO WESTERNER

ERNEST VERNON SUTTON

1862--1950

OUR BELOVED, WARM HEARTED, KINDLY FRIEND

IT'S SUNDOWN...



Now the summer work is over and the wagon's pullin' in,
And we've said goodbye to fellers that we mightn't see again.
Fer a cowboy don't write letters so we mighty soon lose track
Of the boys that stops and works a while and never does come back.

By Bruce Kiskaddon.

a page in memory of our Westerners

ERNIE SUTTON and BRUCE KISKADDON

who departed in 1950

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FOREWORD

» » It is with pride we present this, the fourth annual Brand Book of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners. From so distinct and important a milestone we can now look back over the trail we have progressed and gather sustenance and strength from the manner and courage with which our little group have met and conquered the vicissitudes of our travels together. For a circle so limited in numbers to have created and published the four splendid volumes which forever stand as our trail-marks testifies to the zeal and cooperation by which a comparatively few men in the bond of unity and fellowship can accomplish much.

Historical content, editorial care, high craftsmanship, and beauty of format in keeping with subject matter have made our Brand Books demand-items in the book world. But more important to Westerners as a group has been the warmth and brotherly feeling of men when all heart and effort are pointed toward a single goal. Westerners, out of these years of endeavor, have learned that any part taken in the building of a book is an unforgettable experience.

Readers will find in this volume the 1950 harvest and gathering of odd and interesting facts of history pertaining to the great west, which is the unique and undeviating project of our Corral. Much of the material has been presented before our assembled group, some of it contributed by historically-minded friends who are sympathetic to our ideals. All of it has been carefully selected—not so much by the measuring-stick of literary excellence as by factual content and historicity.

To all our contributors, to the men who unstintingly worked with minds and hands to fashion the book, and to readers everywhere who enjoy and anticipate our Brand Books, we give our deepest thanks.

PAUL D. BAILEY
Sheriff, Los Angeles Corral
The Westerners


CLARENCE
ELLSWORTH

THE WESTERNERS...LOS ANGELES CORRAL...1950

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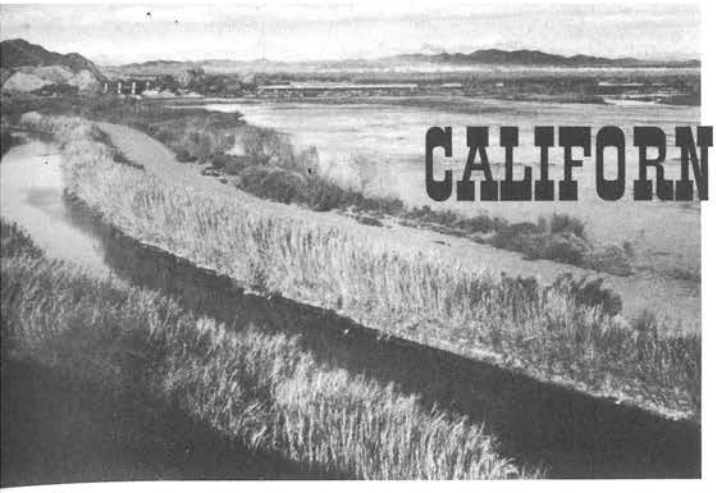


CALIFORNIA'S FIRST GOLD
—AT THE POTHOLES

By HAROLD O. WEIGHT

TODAY ONLY THE DESERT OLDTIMERS remember "the Potholes," that once-great placer camp on the California side of the Colorado river ten miles northeast of Yuma. The site itself is difficult to identify. During the last half century, the Bureau of Reclamation built Laguna dam on—and of—the gold-bearing gravels, then ran two canals through what had been the main camp, and in 1949 tore down the last sign marking the locality.

But the Potholes should not be permitted to fade into oblivion. It is one of the spots where California history was made. And before the last of the oldtimers passes on, I hope—and trust—that a monument will rise where the camp stood. The inscription on that monument could sketch many fascinating tales. But if I were writing it, this would lead the rest:

"In this area, in 1781, Spanish colonists from Sonora
made the first discovery of gold in California."

I know that historians since Bancroft have agreed that the first real gold strike in California was made in 1842 in San Feliciano canyon not far from Mission San Fernando. I am aware that contemporary documents confirming an early gold discovery at the Potholes have not appeared and probably are not in existence. But I base my belief in the reality of that discovery upon the almost universal tradition of the Indians and Mexicans of the area, the officially expressed opinions of geologists and mining writers who were at Yuma in the early days, and circumstantial evidence which, to me, seems unshakable.

The whole story of that short-lived attempt to colonize the Colorado river valley and convert the war-like Yumas—one of the dramatic incidents in the annals of California—often has been slighted by historians. Many a person who can recite the name and date of every mission along El Camino Real has never heard of San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñer and Purísima Concepción, built by Franciscans in the heart of the Colorado desert before half the chain on the coast was completed.

But the padres had long planned to bring religion to the Yumas. Kino, the Jesuit, had favored it as far back as 1700, and it had long been the particular project of Father Francisco Garcés, noted Franciscan missionary-explorer. To his urging was joined that of Palma, the Yuma chief, and Juan Bautista de Anza, the military commander who conducted the first overland colonists to California in 1776.

De Anza saw the mission and colony as a strong point, protecting the land route to the coast. But he also realized the nature of the Yuma Indians, and in a prophetic

letter to the Viceroy of Mexico, in 1776, he warned that the "secular and ecclesiastical ministers" had better forego "the severity and force which has been used in other reductions," or rebellion might result. He suggested an extra-large presidial guard at the proposed mission, and this Garcés seconded.

The Spanish king, Carlos the Third, ordered establishment of the Colorado mission in 1777. Teodoro de Croix was Commandant-General of the Provincias Internas, and to him the task of establishing the new mission fell. Had he followed the advice of the soldier and the priest, the history of the Colorado river valley—and perhaps of all California—might have been very different. But de Croix was plagued with Apache uprisings, insufficient troops to guard the long frontier, and the need to press lightly on the Royal Treasury.

Working under these varied pressures, he reached the worst possible decision—to establish two mission-pueblos on the Colorado. There would be no presidio as such—the soldiers also being settlers, accompanied by their families, would work in the fields. The missionaries were to be without temporal power—preachers to the Spaniards and teachers of the Indians. And those Indians, instead of living together under church control, were to live among the colonists in the pueblo.

Garcés, going ahead to the Colorado in 1779, found the Yumas sullen, apparently upset by their long wait for missionaries. Hearing of the untried hybrid settlements de Croix planned, he protested. He warned there was a conspiracy among the young Yumas to kill the Spaniards when they arrived. He suggested that at least 80 soldiers be sent.

De Croix carried out his own plan. Late in 1780 Garcés with three other priests, 20 soldiers and their families, 20 colonists and their families and 12 laborers arrived at the junction of the Colorado and the Gila. Work was started at once on Concepción, on the hill later occupied by Ft. Yuma, and on San Pedro y San Pablo up the river near what Garcés called Puerto de San Pablo—the site of present Laguna dam. And friction with the Yumas came almost as quickly. Despite express orders otherwise from the Spanish Crown, the soldiers and colonists divided the best Colorado river bottomlands among themselves. They had brought no gifts to speak of for the Indians, and instead started the practice of flogging them and putting them in the stocks.

The missions on the Colorado lasted less than eight months. In his annual report for 1781, de Croix credited himself with saving thousands of pesos annually by his new type colonies. Things were going well, he said, and if the Yumas continued docile, "not many years will pass until the banks of the Rio Colorado may themselves be covered with grain fields, fruits and herds, and be settled with faithful vassals of the King . . ."

Then came the fatal marginal note: "With the greatest treachery the Yumas have murdered the religious missionaries, troops and settlers." The storm broke July 17, 1781. Garcés and his fellow missionaries, the commandant Santiago Yslas, and most of the soldiers and male settlers were killed; the women and children made captive. These captives were later ransomed, but never again did the Spaniards attempt to set up a church or

presidio on the Colorado, and the overland route to California was almost abandoned.

What did this have to do with the first discovery of gold in California? The Yuma—or Quechan—Indians who are living today on their lands between Fort Yuma hill and the Potholes are descendants of those who rose against the Spaniards. This is the story their elders tell, verified by Ed Rochester of Winterhaven and Picacho, long a trusted friend of these people: "The padres made us work the gold until it became a curse to us and we revolted and threw the gold back into the river."

Shorty Mills, another prospector who has worked with the Yumas, had the same story, with the added information that the padres, knowing the revolt was coming, sewed some of the gold into a cowhide and buried it under the mission. But the Indians made the Spaniards dig it up and throw it into the Colorado. When Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, Franciscan historian, was led to the mission site by an Indian in 1886, his guide insisted this was the spot where the Mexicans had come back after the revolt to find the gold the padres had hidden. Old Mexican residents of Yuma, who had lived their lives in the area, knew about the gold.

Of course, most old mission ruins come ready equipped with stories of buried gold. If none of the yellow metal had been found later this, like many another similar tale, would carry little weight. But gold was found here later. The Potholes are credited with $2,000,000 production in the incomplete records of the California State Division of mines. And San Pedro y San Pablo itself was built directly on rich placer grounds whose gravels were later washed as many as three times by miners.

Could Spaniards build their homes and church upon and out of gold-bearing earth and rock and not discover its values? Only if they knew nothing whatsoever about mining or—a bare possibility—if they had no suspicion there might be gold around them. As to the first: they were from Sonora where placer mining was a principal occupation. Speaking of that land and that time, Father Pfefferkorn wrote: "Gold is hunted and found in Sonora in the mud of large and small rivers. It is obtained from this source along the banks of the streams when they become shallow during the dry months, and in the sand left behind by swift torrents which occur suddenly from heavy rains and soon again subside." So these Sonorans knew where and how to look for placer, and most of the Spanish soldiers of those days were prospectors on the side.

Did the settlers suspect they might be in gold country? Five years before, in 1775, Father Garcés himself, camped in the same hills a few miles west of the colony site, wrote in his official diary: "The old interpreter whom I have brought is versed in mines, and told me this land indicated much gold . . . " And long before that, in 1746, Father Jacobo Sedelmayr, advocating establishment of missions on the Colorado, declared: "Those who are settling these river valleys have hopes of discovering mines, and also placers of pearls."

It would seem obvious that the first settlers at the Potholes were looking for gold. Is it possible they could have lived on a rich placer for months without discovering the fact?

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST GOLD

Earlier authorities seemed to have no doubt that the Colorado river placers were the first gold strikes in California. J. Ross Browne, special commissioner from the federal government, who wrote the first "Report on the Mineral Resources of the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains," in 1866, and who visited Yuma in the 60s, declared: "Small deposits of placer gold were found by the Mexicans near the Colorado river at various times from 1775 to 1828."

William P. Blake, famous early geologist who first visited Yuma with the Pacific Railroad Survey in 1853, later wrote in a report on the precious metals, 1869, "Gold was known to exist along the Colorado as early as 1775." Way back in the 1820s, when he sailed up the Colorado to the approximate site of Yuma, Lt. R. W. H. Hardy, Royal Navy, mentioned "the reports which were spread, as it is supposed, by the Jesuits (sic) who formerly attempted to make an establishment upon the river, of gold dust being intermixed with the sand." And as late as 1942, Paul C. Henshaw, mining engineer, writing in the official *California Journal of Mines and Geology*, states flatly: "With the establishment of a short-lived settlement from 1780-81 mining was first carried on in the region. The rich placer deposits at the Potholes on the west bank of the Colorado river near the site of Laguna dam were worked."

Thus the case for the first gold strike at the Potholes. The date the placers were rediscovered cannot be determined exactly. Blake, at Yuma in 1853, told of a party of prospectors who had found placer gold in the gulches and canyons up the river. Somewhere around 1858, a metallurgist named F. Biertu wrote that "at the junction of the Gila and the Colorado"—which could mean only the Potholes and Laguna, 300 Mexicans were at work constantly, and were obtaining excellent pay.

Probably the yellow cream was stripped from these placers before the end of our Civil War. Later large-scale schemes to work large amounts of gravel were tried. Before 1900 a New York company installed a pumping plant and laid miles of iron pipe to wash the gold hydraulically—then found there was not enough slope to dispose of the tailings. About the same time the Advance Dredging Company of Colorado built a $55,000 dredge which was to return $1000-a-day profits. Apparently it failed to deliver. Just before Laguna dam was built, an attempt was made to close off and pump out part of the gold gravels in the river. Six feet down, filtering water exceeded the capacity of the pumps.

In the meantime, the Mexican *gambusinos* continued their placid ways. They brought the gravel to the river to wash or carried water to the gravel banks. They packed drywashers into remote canyons. Poor returns were accepted along with the good as part of life.

Construction of Laguna dam, which was completed in 1909, ended major operations at the Potholes. Possibly, the dam was the biggest placering operation of them all at the old camp. William G. Keiser of Quartzsite, Arizona, who has mined the western deserts for half a century, estimates that more placer gold went into the concrete and fill of the dam than the dam itself cost. To support that statement he passes on the story of

one of the engineers supervising construction. Water, a few inches deep, pouring over the top of new concrete would expose the gold nuggets buried in it. After work the Mexican laborers would return to the dam to do a little mining.

"We didn't begrudge them the gold," the engineer said. "But when they spent the night chipping out the nuggets they weren't good for much work the next day!"

The last real activity at the Potholes came in the depression '30s when unemployed men and their families sweated out 75 cents a day, working three cubic feet of gravel. Two dollars a day was bonanza.

Then in 1935-36 the great new All-American canal to Imperial Valley cut through the heart of the Potholes and also destroyed the site of Mission San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñer. Even the old Potholes graveyard had to be moved. It was taken from its little bluff (miners had worked as near the edges of the Campo Santo as they dared) and reestablished as close to the site of the old mission as was possible.

And so today only that transplanted graveyard and hills and gulches burrowed as if by enormous rodents mark the place where once Spanish mission bells rang, where the first-found nuggets of golden California paved the way to martyrdom and death. And only the oldtimers remember even the names of the once-golden gulches. Only the oldtimers—and perhaps the ghosts of generations of miners for whom "the Potholes" meant sun and sweat and yellow gold.

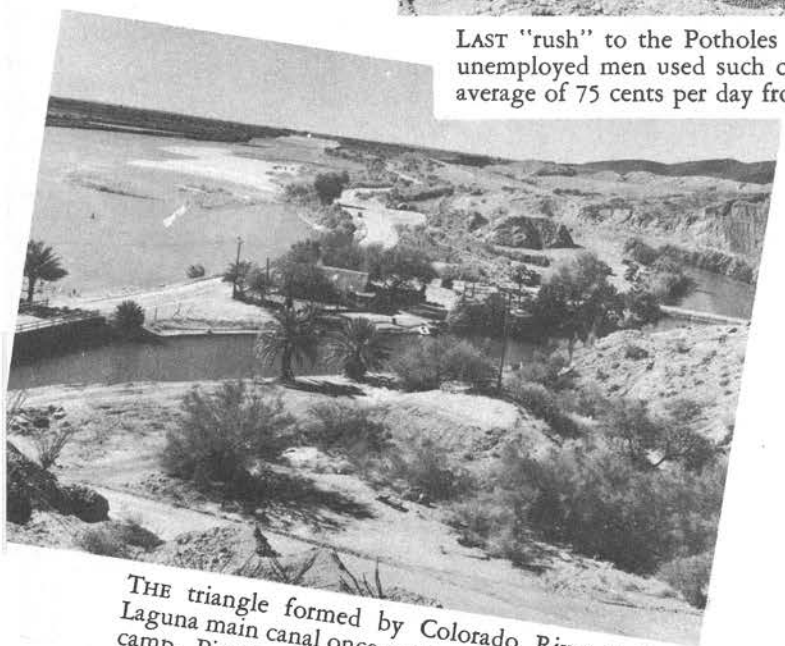
THE POTHOLES CEMETERY was moved to this site when the All-American canal cut through its old location. According to Father Felix Pudlowski, who investigated while at St. Thomas mission, the destroyed church of San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñer was located about 400-500 feet north (left of the cemetery).

—Photo, Lucile and Harold Weight.

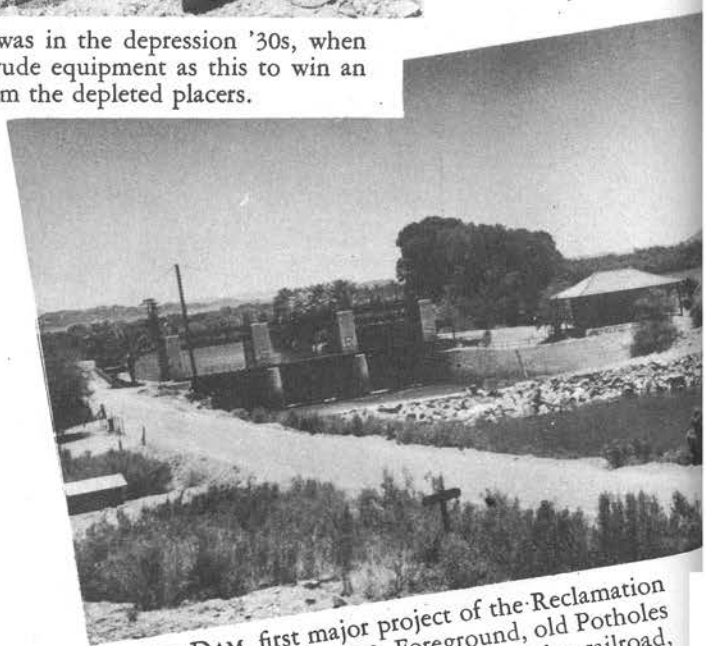
LAST marker for a great Colorado River placer camp, this weathered sign for the vanished Potholes branch railroad was torn down by the Bureau of Reclamation in 1949.

ENTIRE Potholes cemetery—wooden headboards, crosses, stone markers and picket enclosures — was moved about a mile southwest of its old site and reestablished by the Bureau of Reclamation.

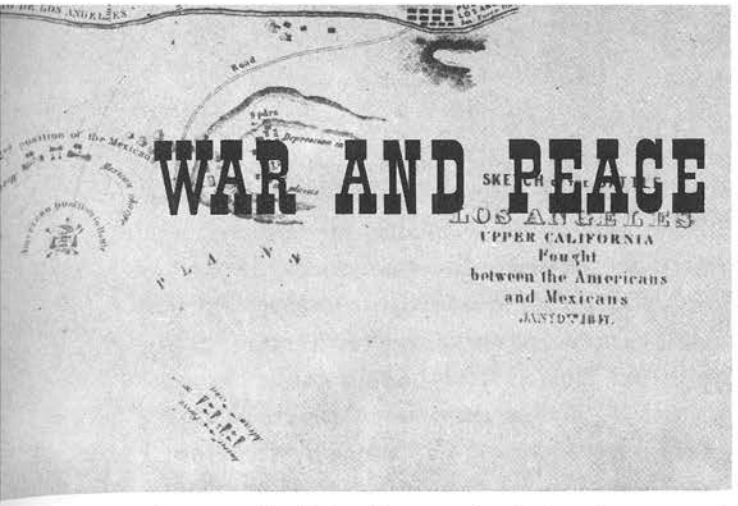
LAST "rush" to the Potholes was in the depression '30s, when unemployed men used such crude equipment as this to win an average of 75 cents per day from the depleted placers.



THE triangle formed by Colorado River and old Laguna main canal once was center of Potholes placer camp. Picture taken in November, 1948. Building being demolished, right of center, is the Potholes railroad station.



LAGUNA DAM, first major project of the Reclamation Service, completed in 1909. Foreground, old Potholes railroad sign and the ties of the Potholes railroad, rails of which were pulled up more than a year ago.



WAR AND PEACE IN CALIFORNIA (1848-1850)

By NEAL HARLOW

ON MAY 12, 1848, CONGRESS DECLARED that "by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that government and the United States." The statement was accurate enough as it recognized the disrupted relations between the two countries, but in its hurried attempt to fix the responsibility for the state of affairs, it showed a considerable self-indulgence on the part of the American government.

Tension between the two neighbors had been on the increase for many years. The most poignant feelings had been stirred up over Texas. That north Mexican province had been rapidly colonized by Americans after 1821, and had eventually seceded from Mexico, although its independence was never officially acknowledged by the mother country. Nevertheless, the Republic of Texas was recognized by the United States in 1837; and in spite of Mexico's oft repeated declaration that annexation by the U. S. would be equivalent to a declaration of war, Texas became a state of the Union in December 1845. Thereupon, the Mexican minister was promptly recalled from Washington and American troops were sent into disputed territory at Corpus Christi. In response to demands that American forces retire, General Taylor instead proceeded to blockade Matamores, and after the death of several American soldiers, Polk leveled an accusing finger at Mexico, and Congress agreeably acknowledged the existing state of war.

Like Texas, California and New Mexico were north Mexican territories distant from the central government, and as the United States became the nearest and most threatening power in these regions, restrictive measures were raised against her. Active American interest in California began at the end of the 18th Century, when American traders began to visit the northwest coast. Ebenezer Dorr anchored the first U. S. ship in a California port in 1796; and he was followed by a legion of fur traders, whalers, and hide and tallow men. It was the American, Jedediah Smith, who made the significant first crossing of the Sierra Nevada in 1826; and it has been said that Americans, rather than Mexicans, exerted the most influence in territorial affairs during the Mexican period. After the Texas revolt in 1837, a policy of preventing Americans from settling in the Mexican provinces was renewed; and in 1840 a number of undesirable Americans and Englishmen were sent under arrest from California to Mexico. American immigration into California began in earnest in 1841 and might have determined the ownership of the country for the United States, as it had in Texas, if war had not occurred. Relations between the two countries were in no wise eased by Thomas ap Catesby Jones' seizure of Monterey in

October 1842; and in the following year Santa Anna outlawed the well established American trade with Santa Fe and forbade American settlement in California. In 1846, by reason of many years of internal dissension and of effective separation from the home government, California was well conditioned for a change in ownership; but the likelihood that the United States might inherit the Mexican interests was made less probable on the eve of the conquest by the peregrinations of Captain Fremont in northern California and the subsequent depredations of the Bear Flag men.

The strongest force working towards the acquisition of California by the United States was American expansionist opinion, expressed in the self-justifying catch phrase, "Manifest Destiny." In the 18th Century, Americans, moving westward, had followed the Mississippi River Mexico-ward, flowed on into the Texas region and, long before 1846, looked covetously toward New Mexico and California. In 1835 the American Secretary of State suggested the inclusion of San Francisco Bay in negotiations with Mexico relative to Texas, and three other attempts to secure California by *legal means* were made in 1837, 1842, and 1843. The American emissary to Mexico, prior to the outbreak of the war in 1846, was informed that California was a "subject of vast importance to the United States" and that an attempt should be made to purchase it. But even while diplomatic talks were in process in January 1848, General Taylor was ordered to advance to the Rio Grande. It is doubtful whether the dispute over a few miles of Texas sand would have led to war had it not been for the American desire for California.

The United States had first shown its hand in regard to California in 1842. Reflecting the growing American interest in the Pacific, and Mexico's aggravating measures against it, the Pacific fleet had been enlarged in 1841, and Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones had been assigned to command it. His instructions from the Secretary of the Navy were not specific as they touched upon California, but his attention was called to the unsettled political conditions on the west coast and to the increasing American commerce there as sufficient cause for vigilance. Secretary Upshur may have purposely spoken in negative terms when he wrote to Jones on December 10, 1841, that

> "Nothing but the necessity of prompt and effectual protection to the honor and interests of the U.S. will justify you in either provoking hostility or in committing any act of hostility, and more especially in a state with which our country is at peace."

It is easy to read into this statement the intimation that Jones would be fully justified if he committed hostile acts while protecting the honor and interests of the United States, especially in a country with which his government was at war. The Commodore was consequently mindful of his responsibilities in September 1842 when reports at Callao convinced him of the imminence of war between Mexico and the United States over Texas. He promptly put to sea, and occupied Monterey on October 20, 1842, forestalling the English, he believed, in performing a similar act. Jones was soon proved to have been

wrong in his assumptions, but his unseasonable occupation of Monterey confirmed the intention of the United States not to be anticipated by another nation in taking California, and verified Duflot de Mofras' prediction that California would fall to whatever nation might choose to send there "a man-of-war and 500 men." His action provided a full-dress rehearsal for a scene to be reenacted with much less distinction in 1846, a realistic show, accompanied by military fanfare and proclamations brimming with peaceful American intentions and wordy Mexican retribution.

In 1845 a new administration took over in Washington, and, as the annexation of Texas had been the darling plan of President Tyler, so Polk turned to the Oregon question and looked with longing toward California and New Mexico. To John Drake Sloat, now commander of the Pacific squadron, the new bearings were indicated by the Secretary of the Navy, George Bancroft. Contrasted with Jones' meager orders "to protect the interests of the U. S.," Sloat's were explicit enough, leaving only the timing to his discretion:

> "If you ascertain with certainty that Mexico has declared war against the United States you will at once possess yourself of the port of San Francisco, and blockade or occupy such other ports as your force may permit,"

being careful, the directions continued, to preserve the most friendly relations with the inhabitants and to encourage their neutrality. Thomas O. Larkin, American consul at Monterey, was likewise instructed to conciliate the Californians.

A little over three weeks after hostilities had begun on the Rio Grande, Sloat, at Mazatlan, received his first intelligence of the war. Recalling Jones' too hasty action in 1842, and his own instructions which three times admonished him to await an express declaration of war, he dispatched the *Cyane* to California, but did not open hostilities. And he hesitated to leave Mazatlan, his source of communications. On May 31, 1846, he received news of Taylor's battles of May 8 and 9, and he wrote to Bancroft that he would act at once; but still he lingered in the south. With advices of June 5 and 7 of the blockade of Vera Cruz by the American Navy, Sloat decided to sail for Monterey, intending to consult there with Larkin.

From July 1, when he reached Monterey, to July 6, Sloat continued to postpone taking possession, meanwhile hearing of an uprising of foreigners in the north and taking Larkin's advice to delay occupation in hope that the Californians would call upon Sloat for protection. News on July 5th of Fremont's cooperation with the revolutionists may have encouraged Sloat to action, for the next day he drew up a proclamation and notified Montgomery at San Francisco of his intention to land at Monterey. Concluding it better, as he said, to be "sacrificed for doing too much than too little," on the morning of July 7 he called for a surrender of the Californians and put a force ashore. In his *Proclamation to the Inhabitants of California* he notified the people of the state of war, declared on his own

authority that California would henceforth be a part of the United States, and pledged to the people all the rights due to citizens of the American Republic.

Sloat had an interview with Fremont and was much surprised to find that he had no instructions from Washington to authorize his recent warlike maneuvers. He also had a visit from the British admiral, Sir George F. Seymour, from the *Collingwood*, and, seeing this friendly intercourse between English and Americans, the inhabitants of California are said to have abandoned all hope of seeing the Mexican flag fly in California again.

With the raising of the American flag at Monterey, Yerba Buena, and at other points in California, the slow starting but decisive first round in the conquest was completed. Sloat, because of ill health, undoubtedly aggravated by the weeks of vacillation, now awaited orders from Washington to surrender his command, but the coming of Commodore Stockton to Monterey in July gave him the opportunity to retire at once. Upon sailing for Panama on July 29, he reported to George Bancroft that the United States was in quiet possession of all of Alta California north of Santa Barbara.

Commodore Robert F. Stockton, who had sailed from the United States in October 1845 and had reached California via Cape Horn and Honolulu, reported to Sloat at Monterey on July 15, 1846. Finding his superior ready to relinquish his responsibilities at once, he took over the command on the 29th. One of his first acts was to swear into his service Fremont's battalion of 160 men, a radical step Sloat had declined to take. He also heralded the change of administration with a new proclamation, expressed in more strident tones than had been used by his predecessor. He had concocted a handy new rationale to explain the current state of affairs, one which Sloat pointedly disavowed a few weeks later in a letter to Secretary Bancroft. American forces, Stockton said, had invaded California solely to obtain redress for outrages committed against American citizens, notably Fremont, by the usurper General Castro. Moreover, this Castro had not only pursued Americans with wicked intent, he had even deluded the Californians, who were now weary of it all and invoked Stockton's protection. And when the daily reports of rapine, blood, and murder had ceased, and civil officers had returned to their duties, Stockton and his forces would withdraw. There was little in this document to pacify the Californians, and the evident strain of *Fremontia* in the pronouncement was not likely to reassure them.

Captain John C. Fremont, who had been so cordially embraced in Stockton's aggressive occupation strategy, had been in California since December 1845, on his third exploring expedition. Visiting Larkin at Monterey in January, he had obtained leave of the Mexican authorities to recruit his men on the frontier, but by his disingenuous conduct had quickly worn out his welcome. After raising the American flag in a reckless gesture on Gavilan Peak, near San Juan, he moved his party up into Oregon, presumably on his way back to the States, but he returned to California in May. His sudden appearance there gave direct and implied encouragement to an uprising of foreigners north of San

Francisco Bay, which culminated in the capture of Sonoma and the raising of the anomalous "Bear Flag." Fremont's personal responsibility for much that occurred during the filibustering movement, following hard upon his other act of bravado on Gavilan Peak, created much suspicion and ill will for the Americans at a time when the country was already disturbed over the possibility of foreign invasion. Commodore Sloat, who had been hesitant to push the conquest inland, was chary about identifying himself with Fremont's filibusters, but Stockton took them into his service and made Fremont their major.

Northern California having been subdued by his predecessor, Stockton shipped Fremont and his California Battalion south to San Diego and, with his own marines, sailed on August 1st for San Pedro. California forces under General José Castro and Governor Pio Pico had by this time marched hurriedly south in a death-bed attempt to cooperate against the foreigners. Castro in the north had theretofore been raising a militia with the double intent of opposing Fremont and of campaigning against his equally real political foe in the south, Governor Pico. Pico in turn had collected a force at Santa Barbara to use against Castro, when news of the capture of Sonoma by the Bears, and later of the taking of Monterey by the U. S. Navy, so reconciled the two parties that they joined forces in a march overland to Los Angeles.

Stockton landed his 360 men at San Pedro on August 6, turned down a reasonable opportunity to negotiate a peaceful settlement with Castro, and marched upon Los Angeles on the 11th. Castro and Pico, having concluded their cause lost, had departed for Mexico, and Stockton and Fremont met outside the pueblo on the 13th and then entered it unopposed.

At Los Angeles on August 17, 1846, Stockton received the first official notice from Washington of the declaration of war against Mexico; written on May 13, the day after the declaration, its arrival in Los Angeles in mid-August illustrates the lag in communications which handicapped the administration of the war in remote California. On August 17, Stockton issued a second proclamation, less eloquent than the first and more in keeping with Polk's pattern for the California conquest. California was said to be a territory of the United States, subject to military control until a government could be set up, until which time the people were asked to elect the necessary local officers and to maintain the law according to former usages. Fremont's troops were to protect the territory and defy the power of Mexico. The document was signed by Stockton as "Commander-in-Chief and Governor of the Territory of California." He divided California into three districts, with Fremont as military commandant, and Gillespie, Maddox, and Montgomery in charge of the southern, central, and northern sections.

At the end of August 1846, Stockton, supposing the conquest completed, wrote to Fremont of his intention to withdraw from California, asking to meet him in San Francisco, where he would be installed as governor. Before leaving Los Angeles, Stockton had written to Bancroft a very flattering report of his own accomplishments,

recounting how he had in less than a month "chased the Mexican army more than three hundred miles along the coast; pursued them thirty miles in the interior of their own country; routed and dispersed them, and secured the Territory to the United States; ended the war; restored peace and harmony among the people, and put a civil government into successful operation."

In this state of mind, he left Los Angeles on September 2 and reached San Francisco late in the month, where he heard the incredible news of a revolt in the South. Stockton's current scheme, in the grandstand manner, to raise a thousand California troops and march across Mexico to meet Taylor was now necessarily shelved, and he sent Captain Mervine to San Pedro, himself and Fremont following on September 13.

Captain Archibald Gillespie, when appointed military commandant of the southern district at the end of August, had been charged by Stockton to maintain military rule in the region; but instead of prudently tempering the laws to the bruised pride of the Californians, as indicated in the instructions, he contrived to make the government more burdensome to the Angelenos than conditions seemed to require. A few ambitious and irresponsible *Californios* happily took advantage of the situation to promote a rebellion, and forces under José Mariá Flores won a skirmish on September 27 at the Chino rancho of Isaac Williams, surrounding Gillespie's headquarters on Fort Hill (God rest its dirt in Elysian Park) a day or two later. Gillespie took advantage of an offer to retreat to San Pedro, where he boarded the *Vandalia* on October 4, and subsequently American forces were driven from Santa Barbara and San Diego, leaving all of southern California, technically at least, in arms.

Captain Mervine reached San Pedro on October 6, and he and Gillespie attempted a march on Los Angeles, but retreated after a loss of several men to a maneuver of the Californians with a horse-drawn field piece. Stockton arrived on the 23rd, but concluded the beachhead too open for his purposes, and decided to approach Los Angeles circuitously from the south. Fremont, having meanwhile intended to sail for Santa Barbara, had landed instead at Monterey to collect horses, which he heard were scarce in the south. The next two months were spent by the Americans preparing for the final push.

Early in December, a messenger reached Stockton's camp at San Diego to announce the approach of General Stephen W. Kearny of the U. S. Army, with the Army of the West. Kearny had occupied New Mexico in August 1846, and was marching overland from Santa Fé under instructions from the War Department to take possession of California, if the naval forces had not already done so, and to set up a civil government, if none existed. Meeting Kit Carson en route, with Stockton's optimistic report to Bancroft, he heard of the completion of the conquest of California, and he sent two-thirds of his three hundred men back to Santa Fé. Before reaching Warner's Ranch on December 2, where he notified Stockton of his approach, he had been notified of the southern California revolt.

IN CALIFORNIA

With what has been called, after their tedious expedition, "the most tattered and ill-fed detachment of men that ever the United States mustered under her colors," Kearny met Gillespie on December 5, with forty men sent out by Stockton to welcome him. At San Pasqual on the early morning of December 6, Kearny, a little trigger-happy after a monotonous journey, ordered a foolish and unprovoked attack upon a band of Californians led by Andrés Pico. Although the Californians were outnumbered, because of their superior strategy and horsemanship, and the disorganization of the Americans, they defeated the Americans, mostly in hand-to-hand conflict, killing eighteen men. Harassed by the Californians until rescued by reinforcements of Stockton's marines, Kearny's depleted Army of the West reached San Diego on December 12.

Fremont, who had since mid-September been recruiting forces and supplies from a half-disaffected population in the north, set out for Los Angeles on November 29, lieutenant-colonel of U. S. Mounted Rifles (a rank just received). California guerrillas in the north under Manuel Castro annoyed the Americans' movements, and the battles of Natividad, in mid-December, and other skirmishes occurred. Marching south from Santa Barbara on January 9, 1847, Fremont received a letter from Stockton, announcing his plans and warning him against a clash with the rebels. "These fellows are well prepared," he said, revising his earlier opinion of them, but he advised him how to fight, profiting from costly experience at San Pedro and San Pasqual. Fremont reached San Fernando mission on January 11, a day after Los Angeles had been retaken by Stockton and Kearny.

On December 29, 1846, after long preparation, Stockton's enlarged army began its advance on Los Angeles—a long array of some six hundred sailors, marines, and foot troops, a few Californians, besides ox-carts and miscellaneous stock. The unnatural relationship between Commodore and Brigadier General was adjusted for the immediate campaign by the Army's Kearny accepting the command of troops under the Navy's Stockton as commander-in-chief. Except for an attempt by the Californians to obtain a truce, and a proclamation of amnesty issued by Stockton, the march was cold but uneventful, until the crossing of the San Gabriel, where the Californians made a stand and were defeated with the loss of two or three men on each side. On January 9, a sort of ambulatory engagement, known as the Battle of the Mesa or of Los Angeles, continued for several hours, and on the next day it was Gillespie's pleasure to raise the American flag over the abandoned quarters.

The day of the reoccupation of Los Angeles, Kearny wrote to Fremont of the event, asking his position and needs, but received no immediate answer. When Fremont did reply, he enclosed to Kearny a copy of the Treaty of Cahuenga which he had negotiated with the Californians on January 12 without the knowledge of either the Commodore or General. Signed by Fremont as military commandant of California, and by Andrés Pico, as chief of the California forces, it was a liberal document wisely granting pardon to all

Californians, and it was approved by both Kearny and Stockton, in spite of its air of illegitimacy. Fremont and his men followed in the wake of the treaty, reaching Los Angeles on January 14.

H. H. Bancroft concludes his account of the conquest of California with this piquant statement:

> "It only remained for the new rulers to preserve order, to regulate details of civil and military administration, to quarrel among themselves, and to await the completion of a national treaty."

During the few succeeding months, California's troubles were mostly brewing at high administrative levels. The undercurrent of conflict between officers of the army and navy, both men of strong minds and ambitions, came to the surface, and the question of chief concern was *who* was to rule the country?

As Polk and his armchair planners in the cabinet foresaw the campaign in California, the navy would seize the leading coast towns as soon as the state of war became known. By holding these areas throughout the war and providing them with civil government, it was proposed to claim the country by right of possession when peace was made with Mexico. The naval commander, after taking San Francisco, Monterey, and other coast towns, was to establish a temporary government, and, with the advice of the ranking land officer, make port regulations. A military force was to be sent out by sea to assist the naval commander, and was to serve under him until the arrival of Kearny and his Army of the West. But Kearny's instructions from the War Department, like those of the navy, also provided that should he conquer and take possession of California, he should set up a temporary civil government. Both men were assured by their superiors that they would be held strictly responsible for any failure to preserve harmony between the services and to secure the objectives proposed.

The conquest of California under Sloat's leadership began much as planned; he occupied coastal towns, curried the favor of the people, and requested civil officers to continue at their posts. His successor, Commodore Stockton, extended the occupation to southern parts, but in so doing disregarded the government's conciliatory policy. Prematurely supposing the conquest completed, he proposed a plan for a civil government and selected Fremont as governor, and thus far all was well. If a revolt of the Californians had not intervened, it may be supposed that Stockton's government would have been set up, that he would have left California in October, and that upon Kearny's arrival in December matters would have been adjusted with Fremont as between a lieutenant-colonel (unsupported by a commodore!) and a brigadier-general.

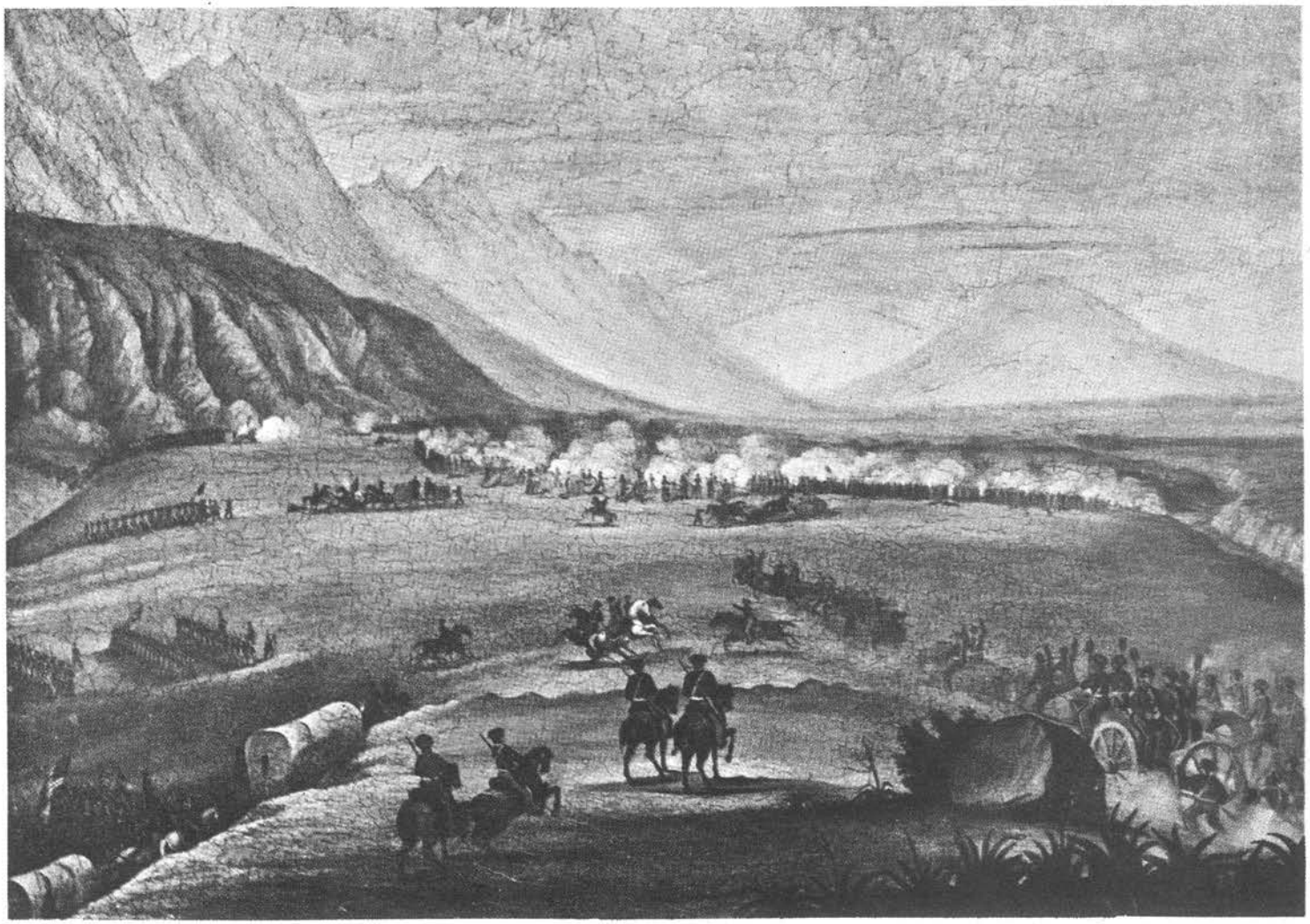
But the Californians rose in revolt, Stockton's plans for a civil government were necessarily postponed, Kearny arrived from New Mexico to assist Stockton in the conquest, and the war came to an end. Stockton and Kearny were now pitted against each other, and though Kearny's cause proved in the end to be mostly in the right, maneuvers in neither camp were above reproach. Stockton claimed prior right to the governorship by

conquest, and would not give in to Kearny's demand that he either show his authority from Washington or retire from civil affairs. Kearny, lacking sufficient troops, tried unsuccessfully to command Fremont. Both leaders dickered with Fremont, who presently concluded that his future as governor was more secure under the Commodore, and so chose to disobey his superior officer in the army on the ground that his present appointment stemmed from Stockton of the navy. Stockton held the title of governor until he appointed Fremont his successor on January 16 and went aboard a man-of-war at San Pedro on the 19th.

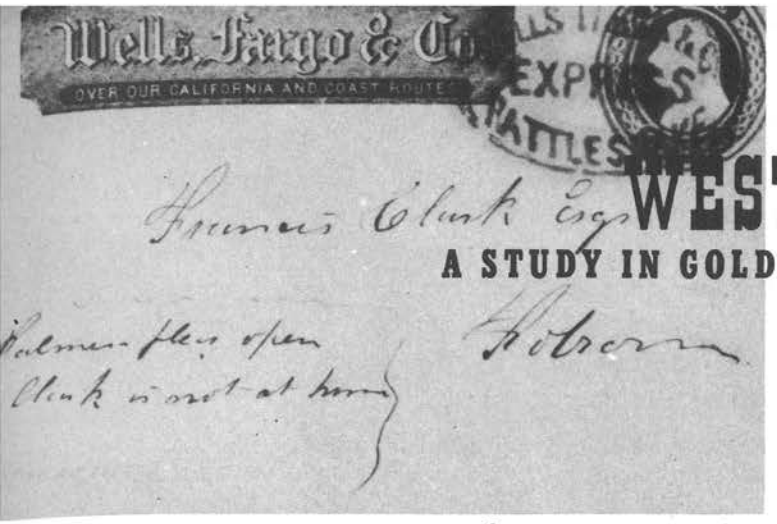
At the end of January 1847, Kearny sailed from San Diego to Monterey, where on February 8 he found Commodore W. Branford Shubrick, Stockton's successor, in command of the Pacific squadron. Shubrick, newly arrived, was inclined to side with Kearny in the argument and favored, in any event, a peaceful settlement of the dispute, so both officers concluded to await further instructions from Washington.

Fremont was now heir in fact to Stockton's civil administration, and he issued from Los Angeles on January 22, a circular proclaiming order and peace restored, signing it as governor and commander-in-chief. On February 12, Colonel Richard B. Mason arrived at San Francisco with instructions from Washington addressed both to the general and commodore. Those to the naval commander stated positively that the senior officer of the army was to administer the civil government, whereupon Shubrick and Kearny published a joint circular dated March 1, publicly dividing the military and civil powers between them. Kearny also issued a proclamation of the same date, assuming the position of civil governor, and not mentioning the Fremont administration in Los Angeles. Fremont was soon ordered to appear in Monterey, where he arrived on March 25, to learn of the new instructions. After some further difficulties, throughout which Fremont showed little evidence of esteem for his ranking officers, and which reflected no credit upon any of the participants, General Kearny gave up his military and civil command to Mason and left Monterey on May 31. Traveling overland to the United States, Fremont accompanied him, virtually in his custody, to be placed later under military arrest and to face a court-martial for insubordination.

So the Mexican war ended in California, as did the lesser battles fought by the victors over the spoils. For another year military government persisted by belligerent's rights, after which it was maintained in a de facto state by federal influence until the end of 1849. In June 1849 General Bennett Riley, military governor, proposed to the people the establishment of a formal constitutional government; and on December 20 he formally resigned his civil powers in favor of the newly elected governor. "I have strong doubts of the legality of such a course," he wrote of the procedure of putting a state government into operation in California without the approval of Congress. But the authority over which the military had fought bitterly in time of war was in time of peace readily relinquished to a civil body, without as much as awaiting the superior approval of the Department in Washington.



THE BATTLE of Buena Vista, which opened Mexico to the forces of the United States, and cast the die for the winning of the Mexican War. —*Artist unknown.*



WESTERN EXPRESS

A STUDY IN GOLD RUSH COMMUNICATIONS

By HENRY H. CLIFFORD

SO FAR AS THE GENERAL PUBLIC GOES, western express is synonymous with Wells Fargo and the Pony Express. Even the student of western history is hardly aware that there were other expresses, perhaps 1200 of them. Most people seem to regard Wells Fargo as a pioneer organization which developed the West almost single-handedly. I have a high regard for Wells Fargo, and for its achievements, and I have no desire to discredit it in any way; but the simple truth is that Wells Fargo was *NOT* a pioneer express. Western express was almost three years old before Wells Fargo came on stage, and it is high time that the true pioneers be given the credit which is justly theirs.

The entire story of western express is kaleidoscopic, to say the least, and it is difficult to select a logical starting point. Perhaps it is easier to give a brief background picture. During the Spanish and Mexican periods of California, letters were usually carried by occasional sailing ships south to Acapulco, where they were deposited in the regular Mexican mails and forwarded to Mexico City or other destinations. During this earlier period there were also military couriers or messengers who carried letters, but their trips were most infrequent.

When the Americans started settling in the Far West, letters continued to be sent by ship—this time by way of the Horn to some eastern city, where they were deposited in the U. S. mails and forwarded to destination. Many of these ships were whalers, and their captains carried the letters out of courtesy rather than for monetary reward. Following the American conquest of California, there were the usual military messengers and couriers, but the number of letters they carried was as small as in the earlier Spanish and Mexican periods. It was in 1847 that Charles L. Cady started a letter express from San Francisco to Sutter's Fort (now Sacramento); it was a weekly express, and the charge was 25 cents per letter. Cady's Express was apparently not successful, and was soon abandoned. Hence Cady cannot be given much credit for influencing the development of western express.

It was also in 1847 that the U. S. Post Office Department recognized the fact that there was a sizable community of Americans on the Pacific Coast, and that those people were entitled to some mail service. Hence there was established a mail route from New York to Oregon via Panama, with a modest letter rate of 40 cents per half ounce (or single letter sheet). Heavier letters were charged in relation to their weight. In view of what the dollar would buy in those days, such postal rates were not conducive to frequent correspondence; which was perhaps atoned for by the fact that those earliest

WESTERN EXPRESS mails left New York only once a month, at best. California might well have remained a pastoral community, with infrequent mail service, had it not been for James Marshall's discovery of gold on January 24, 1848, at Culloma (now Coloma), on the American River. Marshall and Sutter tried to suppress this electrifying news, but without success. It soon spread to the four corners of the earth, luring one and all to California, the Land of Gold. From this point on, the tempo of our story picks up with alarming celerity, with event crowding event so rapidly that it is sometimes difficult to follow the main sequence. Not long after the discovery of gold, the newspaper *California Star* organized an overland express which departed San Francisco April 15, 1848, bound for Independence, Missouri, where it was due 60 days later. It made only that one trip.

Throughout the balance of 1848 and the first half of 1849, we find no records of any expresses operating. Perhaps the reason lies in the fact that everyone was too busy mining gold—that was the period of the so-called "pound diggings" when with average luck a miner could expect to pan a pound of gold a day (@ $16 per oz.). Perhaps the reason lies partly in the fact that many of the '48ers and early '49ers were organized in groups, and one or two of each group would go down to the base towns to pick up supplies and mail about every six or eight weeks—hence no need of express companies. However, it is probably safe to say that there were expressmen operating during that period, but that no written records of them have survived. In point of chronology, the next recorded express was a short-lived affair which was organized on June 18, 1849—Whitney & Ely's Express, otherwise known as Atlantic & Pacific Express—operating from San Francisco to New Orleans and New York via Panama and Havana. But here again, it cannot be said that this express had much influence on subsequent developments.

At this point, let us pause a moment to consider the overall situation. The great rush came in 1849, with 80,000 people stampeding toward the Mother Lode, mostly men with an average age of about 25. They all wanted to hear from home and to write home telling of their experiences; but there were few post offices. The U. S. Post Office Department had sent out a special agent for just that purpose. William Van Voorhies arrived in California early in 1849 with orders to establish post offices at San Diego, San Pedro, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Monterey and San Francisco; and he was to establish such other offices as could pay their own way through postal receipts. This last clause effectively tied his hands, for with wages and materials high and good men scarce, only the larger towns could support post offices. Hence by mid-1849, mail was trickling to the miners through San Francisco, the three base towns of Stockton, Sacramento and Marysville, and a few of the major mining camps such as Coloma and Sonora—but it was just a trickle, with exasperating slowness, and with a goodly part of the mail getting lost on the way. There was no way for the solitary miner to get his mail, unless he left his claim for days on end to journey to the nearest post office, and with the risk of finding his claim jumped when he got back.

WESTERN EXPRESS

July 1849 witnessed the real beginnings of western express. Alexander H. Todd arrived in San Francisco June 23rd, 1849, by way of Cape Horn. He went directly to the mines east of Stockton, first to Mokelumne Big Bar and later to Jacksonville. His health failed in July and he started an express from the southern mines to San Francisco. His methods were simple. He charged $1.00 to record each name in his "register," and his register was his authorization to collect those men's mail at any post office. Armed with that list of names, Todd struck out for San Francisco, collected a fair amount of mail, and returned to the mines where he delivered it, "charging an ounce a letter for taking them up," according to his own statement. On his second trip, Todd stopped over in Stockton, where he was asked to take a shipment of gold dust to San Francisco, valued at over $150,000. Todd accepted the shipment on the basis of a 5% commission, so that his second trip netted him over $7,500. From there on, Todd's success was assured, and he became one of the leading expressmen serving the southern mines.

It is important to note that confidence played a large part in the success of any express company. Gold shipments were more lucrative than letters, so unless an expressman had the confidence of the miners, he carried little gold and had difficulty surviving under competitive conditions. And because of these gold shipments and other safekeeping arrangements, many of the express companies became banking houses as well.

In giving Todd the credit for being "the pioneer expressman," we perhaps do an injustice to Grammar's Express, which operated from Coloma to Sacramento and San Francisco, and which may have preceded Todd. But there are no records of Grammar's early beginnings, and there are ample records of Todd's start; hence the laurels must go to Todd until proved otherwise. Furthermore, it must not be assumed that these early western pioneers were the first expressmen in the United States; the idea of an express originated in Boston with W. C. Gray, who began operating an express from Boston to Lowell in 1836.

Whenever society develops the need for a service, men will come forward and fulfill that need; and so it happened in California during the latter half of 1849. Todd's financial success undoubtedly hastened the development; but other pioneer expressmen entered the field probably unaware of what Todd had done. Most of these early expresses were "one man" affairs, and it is fitting to record their names and the areas they served: William T. Ballou, F. A. "Jerry" Green (Nevada City), Warren (Mormon Island to Sacramento), John Keeler of the Merced, Burns (Sonora to Stockton), W. C. Randolph (Mariposa), James S. Tolles of the Feather River, Bowers Brothers (Nevada City to Sacramento), Melzeard (Mormon Island to Sacramento), Angevine Reynolds (Sonora mines to Stockton), Alexander Hunter (Mud Springs to Sacramento), and Samuel W. Langton (Yuba River mines to Marysville). The last three named became leading expressmen in the areas they served.

In listing the above expressmen, all of whom served the mines proper, we should not

overlook other pioneers whose expresses joined the base towns with San Francisco, and San Francisco with the eastern states. Among these were the "valley expresses" of Kimball, Halstead, Hawley, Weld, Angle, and Freeman, and the "east-west" expresses of Adams, Berford, Gregory, West, and Haven & Livingston. And while we are mentioning names, due credit should be given to two who were not pioneers: J. A. "Snowshoe" Thompson (Thompson's Snowshoe Express), who carried mail and express from Placerville over the Sierras to the Carson Valley during the winters of 1853 through 1857 or 1858; and Granville Zachariah (Zack's Snowshoe Express), who operated from Downieville to the Gibsonville Ridge during the winter of 1865; both men operated entirely on skis.

Research into the histories of these express companies is rendered rather difficult and confusing by the frequent changes which took place in the personnel and ownership of some of the expresses. Let us take Alexander H. Todd as an example, who, as "Todd & Co.'s Express," started operations in July 1849. Early in 1850 Todd took Bryan into partnership, and the express operated as "Todd & Bryan's Express" until July 1850; at that time Bryan dropped out and E. W. Colt took his place, and the company reverted to "Todd & Co.'s Express" from July 1850 to October 9, 1851. Then Todd himself dropped out, selling his interest to Colt and Newell, and the company operated briefly as "Newell & Co.'s Express," soon becoming merely the Stockton agent for Adams & Co.'s Express. Apparently Colt and Newell were either not too able or failed to retain the confidence of the public, for Adams & Co. later regretted the association.

At this point Alexander H. Todd again entered the scene, forming a partnership with Angevine Reynolds in November or December 1851, under the firm name of "Reynolds, Todd & Co.'s Express." (Reynolds had been operating between Stockton and the Southern Mines at least as early as January 1850.) Reynolds, Todd & Co. continued operations until April 27, 1852, when Todd and Reynolds sold out to C. A. Todd (no relation), who changed the company's name to "Todd's Express." Todd's Express operated from April 1852 until September 14, 1853, when C. A. Todd sold out to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express. Should the reader find this record confusing, I agree with him; it is.

Two express companies dominated the California scene and became arch rivals, one being among the pioneers and the other a late-comer. Adams & Co.'s Express began operations in California on December 1, 1849, and soon became one of the leading expresses. This company served not only San Francisco and the base towns in the valley, but also maintained offices in the major mining camps and arranged "connections" with many of the smaller expresses. Adams had agents and messengers on the steamers and carried mail and express matter via Panama to New York, where Adams & Co.'s Express connected with the eastern Adams Express Co. (The eastern Adams fathered the western Adams, though there was no financial connection between them.) This tie-in with the eastern company enabled Adams & Co. to draw drafts and bills of exchange on the large eastern banks, a great convenience which few California expresses enjoyed.

WESTERN EXPRESS

Henry Wells and William G. Fargo were both active in the express business in the East; they kept their eyes on California, but did not enter the western field until almost three years after Todd's first express. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express probably began operations around May 1852, with offices in the major cities, and soon undertook a steady expansion program. Wells Fargo was careful to pick strong expresses to connect with, and never attempted to drive an able expressman out of business. Todd's Express was selected to give access to the southern mines, Hunter's Express to the central mines, and Langton's Express to the northern mines; and in addition other connections were made to reach the mines near Shasta and Yreka. But in spite of this expansion, the opening months of 1855 found Adams still twice as large as Wells Fargo.

Just how this battle between the giants would have worked out eventually, no one can tell, for the rivalry was suddenly broken off by the failure of Adams & Co.'s Express on February 23, 1855, a date which was long remembered as Black Friday. Panic struck California overnight, and even Wells Fargo was forced to close its doors for a few days. But Wells Fargo remained solvent, confidence was gradually restored, and Wells Fargo surged ahead to become one of the dominant factors in building the West. The failure of Adams had presented Wells Fargo with a golden opportunity which was promptly seized. The subsequent history of Wells Fargo is well known and requires no further treatment here, except to point out one major error of judgment committed by this company. Wells Fargo opposed the transcontinental railroad, with the result that it was forced to absorb the Pacific Union Express at a very stiff price in October, 1868; four years later, Lloyd Tevis of Pacific Union became president of Wells Fargo. (The banking department of Wells Fargo was separated from the express in 1876.)

It has been estimated that during the earlier years the express companies carried about 90% of the mail, with the U. S. Post Office carrying the small balance. This situation obviously annoyed the Post Office, which considered that it should have a lawful monopoly in the carrying of mail. The fact that the U. S. mails were slow and uncertain, and the private expresses rapid and efficient, apparently made no impression upon the bureaucratic mind; hence the Post Office was constantly endeavoring to restrict, curtail, and even outlaw the private express companies. The first important move on the part of the Post Office apparently came early in 1853, but the public outcry was so intense that the Post Office retired into its corner and sulked. The editorial comment in California newspapers during 1853 made it abundantly apparent that the public was solidly behind the express companies and rather resented the U. S. mails; in fact, the U. S. mail could go hang for all that California cared.

But the Post Office didn't give up the fight easily. Further pressure was brought in 1854, and in January 1855 the major express companies agreed to pay full U. S. postage on all letters carried, regardless of whether the letters wound up in the U. S. Mail or not. This was obviously a form of "tribute" which the express companies were forced to pay;

and the smaller companies quickly followed the lead of the larger ones. The public continued to patronize the expresses, and their volume of business apparently enabled them to absorb the added cost and still operate profitably. The Post Office was satisfied with this arrangement, and made no further hostile move until April 30, 1895, when the U. S. Government abrogated the right of any express company to carry letters. Thereafter, the expresses continued to carry packages and parcels, although their monopoly in this field was broken when the Parcel Post was established by the Post Office in 1913. World War I ushered in the final scene; in May 1918 the major express companies in the country were merged into the Consolidated Express Co., which was shortly renamed American Railway Express Co.; and on March 1, 1929, the railroads created the Railway Express Agency which took over the American Railway Express Co. That was the end of the private express companies, both eastern and western.

Western express is a fascinating study, filled with records of ingenuity, romance and heroism. Unfortunately, only a few of these records have survived the years. The Pony Express has been glorified almost beyond its just deserts; it accomplished little other than to point up the need for the transcontinental telegraph and railroad. But for sheer romance and heroism, the Pony Express steals the show—witness the dead pony rider who arrived at the relay station with a death grip on the pony's mane! And for pluck and kindness, let us bow again to "Snowshoe" Thompson, who made a special trip on skis over the snowbound Sierras and back to the Carson Valley so that an injured miner could have ether while his leg was being amputated. Nor should we forget Bill Dobson, shotgun messenger for Langton's Express, who routed Tom Bell's gang when they tried to hold up the Camptonville-Marysville stage.

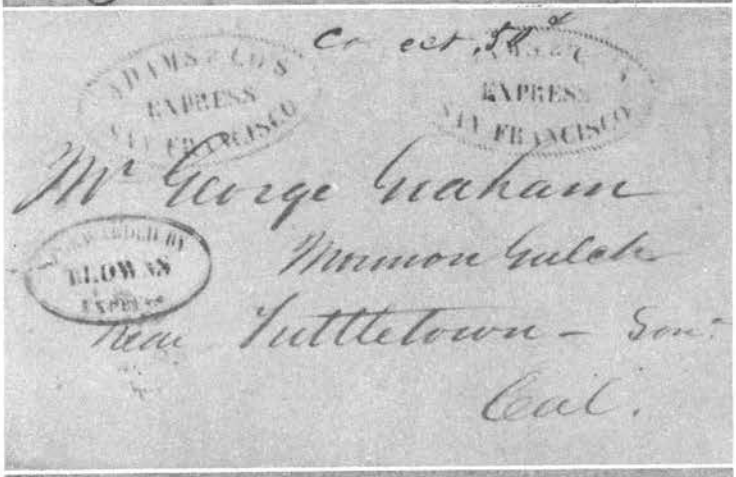
The importance of the expressman in the development of the West should not be underestimated. He was the sole means of communication which could be relied upon; he was the sole link between the miners and their loved ones back in the "States." As new bonanzas were opened up, new expresses sprang into being to service the mines along the Fraser River (1857), in Nevada (1858), Colorado (1859), Idaho (1860), Montana (1862), and elsewhere throughout the West. The expressman was ever willing to pioneer new routes, regardless of the hardships and hazards involved. Service was always the paramount objective; few expressmen grew rich; and a fair number sacrificed their lives in the performance of duty. No responsibility appeared too great for them to bear; and in spite of the vast sums of gold dust they carried, there is no proof that any one of them ever defaulted in his trust—truly a remarkable record!

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

On the following pages are illustrated some of the letters carried by these western express companies. The captions under the illustrations are designed to call attention to the more important aspects of each, but perhaps it might be well to discuss briefly some of this pertinent data, such as express and postal rates, the use of handstamps

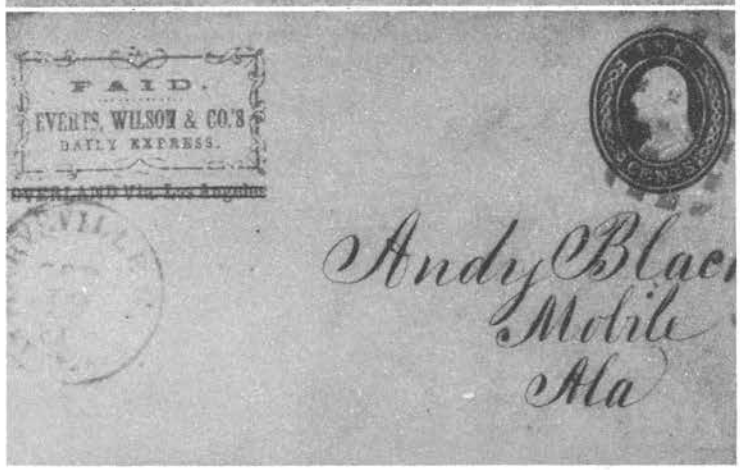
Todd & Co's Express. No franks are known to this writer of Todd's original express, which also had the name "Todd & Co's Express." Todd next took into partnership one C. A. Todd (no relation) and later sold out to him. Note 40c U. S. postal rate from Eastern states to California, which was in effect from 1847 to June 30, 1851.

Brown's Express. A "combination" cover (envelope) carried by Adams & Co's Express from San Francisco to Stockton, and by Brown's Express from Stockton to Mormon Gulch. Brown was one of the three major expressmen in the southern mines, operating from 1851 until he was shot by a defaulting employee in April 1853. Adams & Co. then took over his express (see item 34).



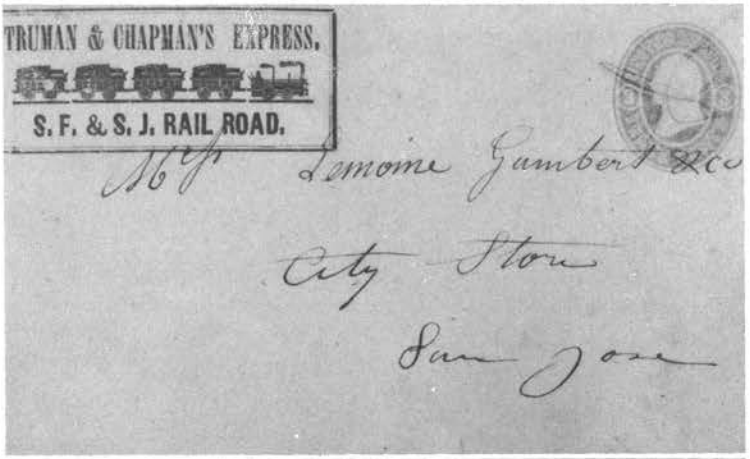
Hunter & Co's Express. Alexander Hunter was the major expressman operating between Sacramento and the counties of Placer and El Dorado, operating from early 1851 until he sold out to Wells Fargo in July 1854. Note "running horseman" frank which later became the symbol of the Pony Express. This letter mailed Christmas Day 1851 and received Valentine's Day 1852 at Murderer's Bar! Delivery charge $1.25, including U. S. postage.

Everts, Wilson & Co's Express. Organized in 1856. (Everts changed partners as frequently as Alexander Todd.) Connected with Whiting & Co's Feather River Express at Quincy, and with other major expresses at Marysville. Note "Overland via Los Angeles" crossed out—indicating letter sent after the Confederates had cut the Butterfield Overland Mail route in Texas.



Langton's Pioneer Express. Samuel W. Langton was the pioneer expressman serving the Yuba River mines, starting early in 1850 as Langton's Yuba River Express. He continued in the express business until his death in 1864. His relatives sold the express to Lamping & Co. in 1865, which sold out to Wells Fargo shortly thereafter. This letter carried by Langton from Forest City to Marysville, and by Wells Fargo from there to Sacramento.

Cram, Rogers & Co's Express. One of the pioneer express companies in Trinity and Siskiyou Counties, operating between 1851 and 1855, and covering the area from Yreka to Shasta and Weaverville and surrounding camps. This letter carried by Adams & Co. from San Francisco to Shasta, and by Cram Rogers from there to the Indian Agent at Scott Valley.



Truman & Chapman's Express. Operated in early 1860's exclusively between San Francisco and San Jose, on the "S.F. & S.I. Railroad." Chapman later dropped out, and the express became known as Truman & Company, or J. C. Truman's Express. Express rates were 7c, with the express getting 4c and the U. S. Post Office 3c—a form of "tribute" which the U. S. Government levied.

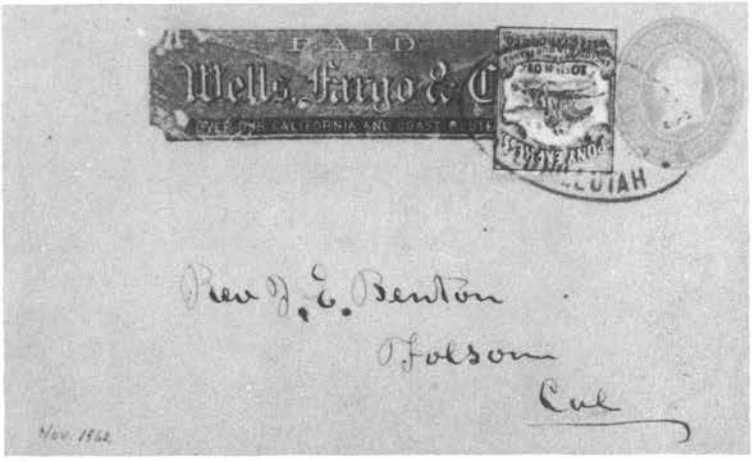
Alta Express. Another statewide express operating in 1857-58, between San Francisco and major towns in the interior. This letter carried from San Francisco to Oroville in 1858. Note the river steamboat and the telegraph line in the printed frank.

G. H. Wines & Co's California Express. Same express as item 29 above, and part of Wines & Co's Atlantic, California and Oregon Express. This is one of the most striking of all the printed express franks. Origin of this cover unknown—possibly Marysville or some more northern town.

Adams & Co's Express. Note the U. S. stamp. For several years the U. S. Post Office tried to assert its monopoly on letter carrying and to put the expresses out of business. But the people of California supported the expresses, and even threatened to secede from the Union. Finally the expresses compromised in Jan. 1854, and agreed to pay "tribute" in the form of stamps, for which the U. S. P. O. rendered no service whatsoever.

Pacific Express Co. Organized by some of Adams employees after its failure in 1855, and did business throughout California giving considerable competition to Wells Fargo. For reasons not known, it went out of business, probably late in 1857. This frank is one of the earliest printed express company franks—prior to 1855, all express franks were handstamps.

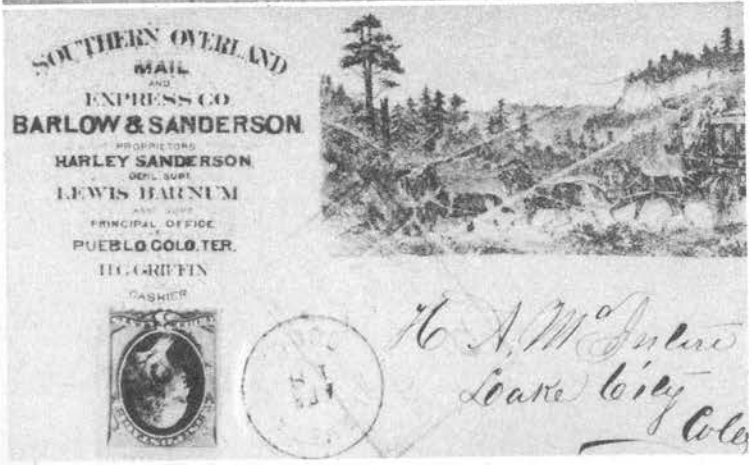
"Virginia City" Pony Express. (Wells Fargo.) The San Francisco-St. Joseph Pony Express was discontinued in Nov. 1861. In Aug. 1862, Wells Fargo inaugurated a Pony Express from San Francisco to Virginia City to service the rich Comstock Lode. Original express fee 10c, but increased to 25c in 1863, special adhesive stamps being used. Above is 10c variety, handstamped Gold Hill, Utah (Territory), even though Nevada had become a territory Mar. 2, 1861.



Barnard's Cariboo, Dietz & Nelson's, and Wells Fargo Expresses. This is a rare "triple" express cover, indicating carriage by three companies. The cover probably originated in or around Cariboo, B. C., was turned over by Barnard to Dietz & Nelson for carriage to Victoria, and there turned over to Wells Fargo for delivery to San Francisco June 9, 1864. Note the Victoria postage stamp and the U. S. stamp indicating a double-weight letter.

Jones & Russell's Pike's Peak Express. A pioneer express of the area lying between Leavenworth City and Denver City, Kansas Territory. (Colorado did not become a territory until Feb. 28, 1861.) This letter carried by stagecoach from Denver (Apr. 12) to Leavenworth (Apr. 19) in 7 days. William H. Russell later joined with Majors and Waddell and formed The Central Overland, California & Pike's Peak Express, which operated the celebrated Pony Express in 1860-61. (See full page illustration.)

Hinckley & Co's Express. Another pioneer express of the Colorado area, operating from 1859 to 1861 between Denver and St. Joseph, Mo. This letter postmarked "Dorns Gold Mines, So Ca, 24 July 1860," addressed to Dorn, and delivered Aug. 9th, 16 days in transit. Question: Is "So Ca" short for South Carolina, or where was (or were) "Dorns Gold Mines"?



Southern Overland Mail and Express. Barlow & Sanderson, proprietors, operated this express in Colorado in the middle 1870's. Note the principal office in Pueblo, Colo. Ter., and the gorgeous steel engraving of a Concord stagecoach with team of six horses. This express, or perhaps only J. L. Sanderson, operated as far west as California and had a "principal office" in Yreka.

and printed franks, and the natural subdivisions of the Mother Lode served by the base towns.

It is mentioned above that Alexander H. Todd originally charged an ounce apiece for letters, $16; but with competition the rate quickly dropped to $4, then to $2, $1, and later down to 10c and less. As new mines were opened, the rates naturally tended to start higher, depending upon the distance and difficulty of the route to be covered. The fees charged by the expresses normally included the regular postage rates. Until July 1, 1851, U. S. postage on a letter from east to west was 40c per half ounce or single letter sheet, with multiples thereof for heavier letters. Effective July 1, 1851, the rate was reduced to 6c per half ounce; restored to 10c in March 1855; and later reduced to 3c in 1863. Local rates in the West were 12½c until July 1, 1851, and 3c thereafter. Knowledge of these rates is useful in dating some of the letters which are illustrated. Regular U. S. postage stamps were required on all express letters early in 1855; government stamped envelopes were later used.

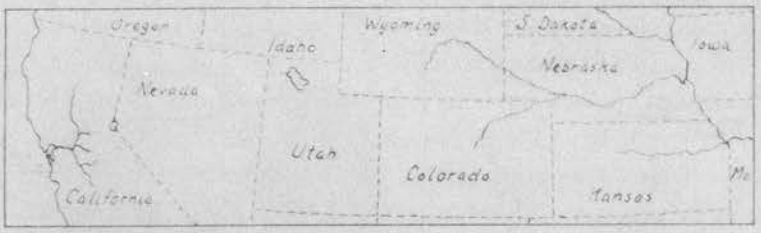
The very early western expresses apparently did not bother to handstamp the letters they carried, for the first use of a handstamp of which I have record was in May 1850. Perhaps handstamps came into general use to facilitate the collection of fees, or perhaps as a simple means of advertising as competition increased; but by the close of 1850 they were in general use except in the case of a few small expresses operating in more remote regions. Some expresses used one handstamp as a "frank" indicating prepayment of fee, and then another dated handstamp as a "killer" to prevent anyone using the envelope again. In January 1856 Pacific Express Co. issued printed franks, and this innovation was quickly followed by practically all other expresses. There is an infinite variety both of handstamped and printed franks. Hunter & Co.'s Express was the first to use the "pony rider" (or running horseman) as a symbol of express; and this was later adopted by the Pony Express.

While on the subject of handstamps and franks, mention should be made of "combinations"—franks of two or more expresses on one letter. For example, a letter sent by express from Sonora to Placerville in June 1853 might have been carried to Stockton by Todd's Express, to Sacramento by Wells Fargo, and to Placerville by Hunter & Co.'s Express; and handstamps of all three expresses might appear on the letter. These combinations are most interesting, as they prove the connections of one express with another.

Finally, a word about the "base towns." Stockton served as base for the southern mines along the Merced, Tuolumne, Stanislaus, and Calaveras Rivers. Sacramento served as base for the central mines along the Mokelumne, Cosumnes, American and Bear Rivers. Marysville served as base for the northern mines along the Yuba and Feather Rivers, and also for the mines farther north around Shasta and Yreka. Then later, as the mining regions became more populous, there were the "sub-base towns" such as Sonora, Georgetown, Nevada City, Downieville, Shasta and Yreka. Similar base towns for other areas in the West would include Walla Walla, Boise, Reno, and Denver.

CENTRAL OVERLAND CALIFORNIA & PIKES PEAK EXPRESS

1860 "PONY EXPRESS" 1861



Letter written Dec 26, 1860 at San Buenaventura, Calif. WELLS FARGO carried it to San Francisco, where it was placed in a government stamped envelope, addressed, weighed, handstamped, and placed in the Pony Express Pouch leaving San Francisco Jan 2, 1861. This letter reached St. Joseph, Mo, on Jan. 20, 1861, and was put in the U.S. Mails Jan 21, 1861. Note the mark "½" (ounce), signifying the weight — this letter cost the writer $5.00. Note also the specially thin paper of the envelope used, designed to save weight. This trip of the PONY EXPRESS was probably delayed by winter snows in the mountain passes.

THE SONGS THEY SANG

By ARTHUR WOODWARD

WITH THE CENTENNIAL YEARS BARELY past, it seems fitting to drop back to the days of '49 and listen in on what the boys were singing. It can't be denied that many of the songs were corny to the extreme but in spite of the poor meter of the lyrics, these songs of one hundred years ago reflect contemporary ideas and modes of living.

Among the best known of the song books issued during the 1850s was *Put's Original California Songster* which during a period of fifteen or more years immediately following the Gold Rush was published in a number of editions by D. E. Appleton & Co. of 508 and 510 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

The verses of the songs were numerous, robust and poorly scanned. All of the current vices were either exposed or extolled in these songs. Many of the songs were parodies of popular songs of the day. The trials and tribulations of miners was a favorite subject. Here is one entitled *A Miners' Meeting*, sung to the tune of *The Raging Canawl* as it appeared in *Put's Golden Songster* in 1858:

When miners get into a row about their mining ground,
A miners' meeting then is called, and miners flock around;
Each party clearly states his case, then both proclaim aloud,
"We'll introduce our evidence, then leave it to the crowd."

A witness then is called upon, who tells a crooked yarn,
Declares the diggings "jumpable," so far as he can "larn,"
Is positive they've not been worked as mining laws require,
And any man as says they have he'll tell him *he's a liar!*

A witness on the other side tells quite another tale,
An interested party then presents a bill of sale,
And proves it clear, and furthermore, that he's been sick,
Not able since he bought the claim to strike a single lick.

Now "Bob" brings up a man and proves "he has not been unwell,
But since the date of bill of sale has been as drunk as hell."
The friends of "Bob" begin to howl, and "Jake's" begin to swear,
A few go in and fight it out, or "try it on the square."

A call is made from either side to hear the ayes and noes—
By this time half the crowd is drunk, and care not how it goes
And all begin to curse and swear, and out with bowie knives,
All ready, should it come to blows, to take each other's lives.

A drunken bully in the crowd throws off his hat and coat,
And right or wrong, no matter which, he thus demands the vote—
"Now all in favor of Old Bob will please to holler AYE,
And all who vote the other way shall leave the diggings dry."

The crowd send forth a hideous howl, and "Bob" has won the day,
Who now invites all hands to drink before they go away,
"Old Jake" concludes he's badly beat, and quietly retires,
Well satisfied that "Bob" has raised the largest crowd of liars!

A bit more ironical note is struck in the verses of *The Happy Miner*, sung to the air *I Get in a Weaving Way*. Here the singer is echoing many of the minor misfortunes of a gold seeker:

I am a happy miner, I love to sing and dance,
I wonder what my love would say, if she could see my pants,
With canvas patches on the knees, and one upon the stern;
I'll wear them while I'm digging here, and home when I return.

Chorus

So I get in a jovial way, I spend my money free,
And I've got plenty, will you drink lager beer with me?

She writes about her poodle-dog, but never thinks to say,
"O, do come home, my honey dear, I'm pining all away."
I'll write her half a letter, then give the ink a tip;
If that don't bring her to her milk, I'll coolly "let her rip."

Chorus.

They wish to know if I can cook, and what I have to eat,
And tell me should I take a cold to be sure to soak my feet;
But when they talk of cooking, I'm mighty hard to beat—
I've made ten thousand loaves of bread the devil could not eat.

Chorus.

I like a lazy partner, so I can take my ease,
Lay down and talk of going home, as happy as you please,
Without a thing to eat or drink, away from care and grief,
I'm fat and saucy, ragged too, and tough as Spanish beef.

Chorus.

THEY SANG

The dark-eyed senoritas are very fond of me,
You ought to see us throw ourselves when we get on a spree,
We are saucy as a clipper ship dashing round the Horn;
Head and tail up, like a steer rushing through the corn.

Chorus.

I never changed my fancy shirt, the one I wore away,
Until it got so rotten I finally had to say,
"Farewell, old standing collar, in all thy pride of starch,
I've worn thee from December till the seventeenth of March."

Chorus.

No matter whether rich or poor, I'm happy as a clam,
I wish my friends at home could look and see me as I am,
With woolen shirt and rubber boots, in mud up to my knees,
And lice as large as Chili beans fighting with the fleas.

Chorus.

I'll mine for half an ounce a day, perhaps a little less;
But when it comes to China pay I cannot stand the press;
Like thousands here, I'll make a pile, if I make one at all,
About the time the allied forces take Sebastopol.

Chorus.

The long hard road to California was also commemorated in the ballads sung around the campfires of the mines. Those who came overland sang of the hardships on the plains and in the mountains. They poked fun at the Mormons and more particularly at Brigham Young.

Thus in the song "*That Is Even So*" some of the verses refer to the trip through Utah thus:

My bowels soon began to yearn
My legs began to ache,
My only show was to return
Or winter at Salt Lake.

Or winter at Salt Lake,
Or winter at Salt Lake.
My only show was to return,
Or winter at Salt Lake.

The Mormons knew that Uncle Sam
Had troops upon the route,
And Brigham prayed the Holy Lamb
Would help to clean them out.

The distance then, one thousand miles,
Me in the face did stare,
For Brigham swore no damned gentiles
Again should winter there.

One of the verses of *Sweet Betsey From Pike* sung to the air of *Villikins and His Dinah*, not usually quoted on the records or in books of folk songs, refers to the noted Pike Co. couple in Utah:

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire the way,
When Brigham declared that sweet Betsey should stay,
But Betsey got frightened and ran like a deer,
While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

The song *Seeing the Elephant* was a favorite and it was sung to the air of *Boatmen Dance*. Almost everyone knows the verses which begin:

When I left the States for gold,
Everything I had I sold;
A stove and bed, a fat old sow
Sixteen chickens and a cow.

Chorus:

So leave you miners, leave, oh, leave, you miners leave,
Take my advice, kill off your lice or else go up in the mountains;
Oh no, lots of dust, I'm going to the city to get on a "bust,"
Oh no, lots of dust, I'm going to the city to get on a "bust."

Off I started, Yankee-like,
I soon fell in with a lot from Pike,
The next was "Damn you, back, wo-haw,"
A right smart chance from Arkansaw.

Chorus.

On the Platte we couldn't agree,
Because I had the di-a-ree,
We there split up, I made a break,
With one old mule for Great Salt Lake.

Chorus.

THEY SANG

The Mormon girls were fat as hogs,
The chief production, cats and dogs,
Some had ten wives, others none,
Thirty-six had Brigham Young.
Chorus.

The damned fool, like all the rest,
Supposed the thirty-six the best;
He soon found out his virgin dears
Had all been Mormons thirteen years.
Chorus.

On through various adventures goes our hero of *Seeing the Elephant:*

On I traveled through the pines,
At last I found the northern mines;
I stole a dog, got whipt like hell,
Then away I went to Marysville.
Chorus.

There I filled the town with lice,
And robbed the Chinese of their rice,
The people say, "You've got the itch,
Leave here you lousy son-of-a-bitch."
Chorus.

And the concluding verses are:

When the elephant I had seen
I'm damned if I thought I was green,
The others say, both night and morn,
They saw him coming round the Horn.
Chorus.

If I should make another raise,
In New York sure I'll spend my days,
I'll be a merchant, buy a saw,
So good-bye, mines and Panama.
Chorus.

I think, however, that the song *Arrival of the Greenhorn*, set to the tune of *Jeanette and Jeanot*, epitomizes the tribulations of those who came "the plains across." This song as well as the two previous ones are to be found in the fourth edition of *Put's Original California Songster* of 1868 which contains songs sung and published in 1855 by one who was "a miner himself for a number of years" and who had "sung them himself at various times and places, and latterly with the assistance of a few gentlemen known by the name of Sierra Nevada Rangers:"

ARRIVAL OF THE GREENHORN

I've just got in across the Plains, I'm poorer than a snail,
My mules all died, but poor old Clip I pulled in by the tail;
I fed him last at Chimney Rock, that's where the grass gave out,
I'm proud to tell, we stood it well, along the Truckee route.
But I am very weak and lean, though I started plump and fat—
How I wish I had the gold machine, I left back on the Platte!
And a pair of striped bed-tick pants, my Sally made for me
To wear for digging after gold; and when I left says she,
"Here, take the laudanum with you, Sam, to check the di-a-ree."

When I left Missouri River with my California rig,
I had a shovel, pick and pan, the tools they used to dig;
My mules gave out along the Platte, where they got alkalied,
And I sick with the "di-a-ree," my laudanum by my side.
When I reached the little Blue, I'd one boot and a shoe,
Which I thought by greasing once or twice, would last me nearly through;
I had needles, thread and pills, which my mammy did prescribe,
And a flint-lock musket full, to shoot the Digger tribe,
But I left them all on Goose Creek where freely I did imbibe.

I joined in with a train from Pike; at Independence Rock,
The Indians came in that night, stampeded all their stock;
They laughed at me, said, "Go a-foot" but soon they stopped their fun,
For my old mule was left behind so poor he could not run.
So I packed my fancy nag, for the rest I could not wait,
And I traveled up Sweet Water, till I came to Devil's Gate;
When my mule gave out in sight of where I started in the morn,
I'd have given all my boots and shoes, if I had not been born,
Or I'd rather stripped at New Orleans, to swim around the Horn.

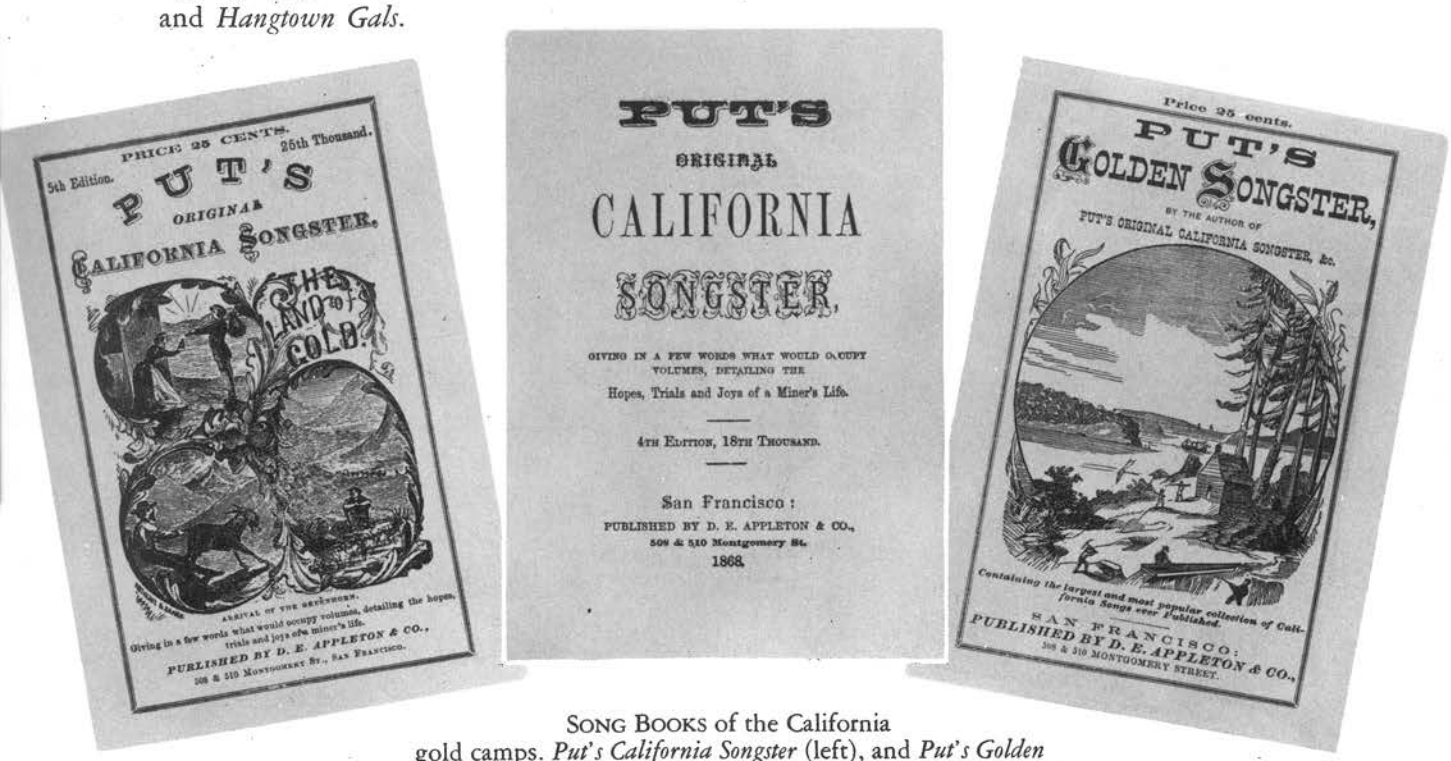
I arrived at Salt Lake City, on the 18th of July,
Old Brigham Young was on a "bust," he swore they'd never die;
I went to see the Jordan, with a lady, God forgive her,
She took me to the water's edge and shoved me in the river;
I crawled out and started on, and I managed very well,
Until I struck the Humboldt which I thought was nearly hell;
I traveled till I struck the sink where outlet can't be found,
The Lord got through late Saturday night, he'd finished all around,
But would not work on Sunday, so he run it in the ground.

THEY SANG

The Peyouts stole what grub I had, they left me not a bite,
And now the devil was to pay—the Desert was in sight;
And as the people passed along, they'd say to me "You fool,
You'll never get through in the world, unless you leave that mule."
But I pushed, and pulled and coaxed, till I finally made a start
And his bones, they squeaked and rattled so, I thought he'd fall apart;
I killed a buzzard now and then, gave Clip the legs and head.
We crossed the Truckee thirty times, but not a tear was shed,
We crossed the summit, took the trail, that to Nevada led.

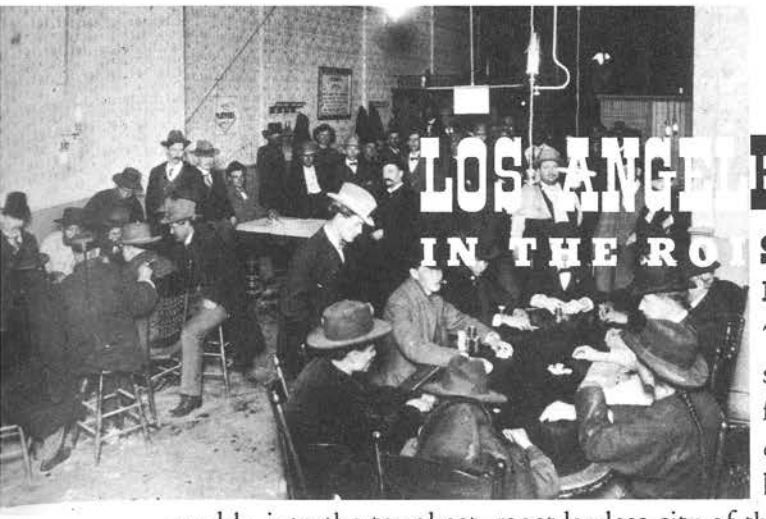
When I got to Sacramento, I got a little tight,
I lodged aboard the Prison-brig, one-half a day and night;
I vamosed when I got ashore, went to the Northern mines,
There found the saying very true, "All is not gold that shines."
I dug, packed and chopped, and drifted night and day,
But I haven't struck a single lead, that would me wages pay.
At home they think we ought to have gold on our cabin shelves,
Wear high-heeled boots, well blacked, instead of rubbers number twelves,
But let them come and try it, 'till they satisfy themselves.

Other songs of the 1850s include: *The Fools Of '49; A Life By The Cabin Fire; Away Up On The Yuba; Australia And The Amazon; California Bloomer; Gold Lake And Gold Bluff; Humbug Steamship Companies; Joaquin, The Horse Thief; Hunting After Gold; A Ripping Trip; California Bank Robbers; Loss Of The Central America; Sacramento Gals;* and *Hangtown Gals.*



SONG BOOKS of the California gold camps. *Put's California Songster* (left), and *Put's Golden Songster* (right). Center: Title page from 1868 edition of the *California Songster*.
—From J. Gregg Layne Collection.

NIGGER ALLEY — ABOUT 1882
Where the Chinese massacre started.
—Courtesy Title Insurance & Trust Co., Los Angeles.



LOS ANGELES IN THE ROARING FIFTIES

By W. W. ROBINSON

THE GOLD RUSH PASSED UP LOS ANGELES, so it is said. Actually the Gold Rush filled the rancheros' pockets with fifty-dollar gold slugs, made Los Angeles a boom town, and turned a Mexican-style pueblo into the toughest, most lawless city of the West.

Because of the Gold Rush the rancho town wallowed in money, gamblers, and outlaws—though it was several hundred miles from the mines. The money came from the sale of cattle, for southern California was called upon to meet the wants of beef-hungry miners who came to California from every state in the Union and from all over the world. Gamblers and outlaws followed the money south. Some were driven out of San Francisco and northern towns and camps by vigilance committees. Race wars, too, aimed at Mexican miners in the Mother Lode, started the bandit gangs of dark-skinned, embittered men who robbed and killed in all the southern counties. Los Angeles, close to the Mexican border, was their rallying place.

The boom ended in 1857 when the flush days in the mines were over and the demand and prices for southern California beef fell off. Already the gamblers and outlaws were on their way out.

While most of the people of Los Angeles did not go north to the goldfields, they soon found themselves in the pathway of thousands who were going. Even before the wagons of American immigrants, taking southern routes, had reached California, Mexican miners from Sonora flocked into the Pueblo on their way to the mines. Most of them came by the Yuma-Temecula-Chino route, to the dismay of the rancheros through whose lands they passed. During 1848 and 1849 thousands of these Sonorans went through Los Angeles and were the first foreigners to reach the Mother Lode.

Los Angeles townsmen and rancheros soon learned they were in a favored position. With the enormous demand for beef cattle started by the Gold Rush, prices began to rise in 1849. Northern supplies were quickly exhausted. Southern California had had several seasons of good rains, the grass was plentiful, the cattle many and fat.

Instead of slaughtering beef cattle in the south to take care of the northern shortage of dried beef, lard, and tallow, Los Angeles rancheros drove their cattle to the northern markets on the hoof.

The cattle business paid better than mining. Soon the rancheros had more money than in their fondest dreams. For seven years cattle prices continued to rise. It cost two to four dollars to get a steer north, but the steer brought $50 to $70, or higher, during the

LOS ANGELES IN THE fall and winter of 1853 and 1854. If sold on a Los Angeles area rancho, beef cattle brought $25 to $40 a head. Before the Gold Rush, cattle were slaughtered only for hides, tallow, and dried beef, with hides worth two dollars each and tallow six to eight cents a pound.

Los Angeles went mad with its new prosperity, for Spanish Californians knew how to spend money. They bought fancy clothes, they built bigger homes, they put on better horse races, they gambled. The money they spent did things to the shopkeepers, to the gamblers, to all the unsavory characters that came in for a share, and to the town itself.

Gambling houses were the first places visited by a ranchero when he came to town. If he went to Aleck Gibson's gambling place on the Plaza he saw another Spanish Californian ranchero sitting at a table with fifty-dollar slugs piled high on the green baize cover. Under the sperm-oil lamps he was smoking his cigarito unconcernedly, betting twenty slugs on the turn of a card, winning or losing without change of expression. Next to him sat a merchant—Yankee-born—almost as imperturbable as the Californio. Across the table was a Missourian, clothes still dusty from desert trails, about to be "cleaned" and to become an unwilling Angeleno for the next few months. Monte was usually the game. The banker dealt with himself and allowed all who wished to bet against him. Sitting behind his pile of gold he shuffled and dealt his cards. He placed two of them out before the players and asked them to stake their money on a guess of which card would be the winning one. There were many tables, many players, both men and women, and a mingling of races. The air was acrid with smoke, the smell of men, perfume, spilled liquor, and the sour exudations from earthen and plank floors.

When San Francisco's first vigilance committee took over in 1851, there was panic in Sydney-Town, the district that developed later into the Barbary Coast. By the time the committee had finished its four "orderly" hangings, the undesirables were leaving the city in droves headed for Sacramento, Stockton, Marysville, San Jose and the mining camps. Taking the cue from San Francisco, several of these northern California towns organized their own vigilance committees, which were affiliated with the Bay City's, to deal out punishment and rid the communities of men and women they did not want. While San Francisco was congratulating itself on cleaning an Augean stable and was announcing piously and pompously that the state had been made safe for decent citizens, southern California—which was also a part of the state—was receiving the brunt of the northern housecleanings.

Gamblers who found refuge in Los Angeles by 1853 numbered 400, according to historian Bancroft, and in that year the first shipload of prostitutes from San Francisco arrived in San Pedro, bound for the Pueblo. Sonorans, gamblers, and riffraff were added to the normal population of 2000 or 2500 for the town and twice that number for the county—not counting Indians, most of whom the census-takers skipped. The invaders lived close to the Plaza and plied their trades or "trades." Those lowest in the scale drifted into Nigger Alley, a place of discordant music, jingling gold, pistol shots, and the roar of

ROISTERING FIFTIES

the mob. This rendezvous of the dregs of the state—named elegantly on maps as "Calle de los Negros"—extended south the length of a block from one corner of the Plaza and was lined on each side with a row of low, whitewashed, adobe buildings. The more reputable gambling places were also close to the Plaza but somewhat apart from "the alley."

Los Angeles, with gold in its pockets and the kind of people it now had drawn to itself, was a place of lusty living. Who paid the bills? The wide-horned, black, range cattle of southern California! The gold received from their sale to northern miners not only went to merchants, craftsmen in leather, makers of bricks, wagons, and carriages, the importers of luxury items like thousand-dollar shawls and lace-curtained four-post bedsteads, but also supplied the gambling tables and found its way into the purses of bandits, outlaws, and prostitutes.

Wearing fancy clothes, building handsome homes, winning and losing big sums in the gambling houses and at horse races were part of the Los Angeles story in the 1850's. The other part included gun play, knife fights, and enough hangings to set a record for the West.

Los Angeles' most hardboiled characters were pointed out, with pride, to the town's new arrivals—after they had been given a tour of the Nigger Alley dives and the gambling houses. It was not hard to find Crooked Nose Smith, who had killed six men "up north." Smith's promise to Los Angeles was that he would kill no one there until just before he left for Mexico. (He kept his vow to the letter, killing a gambler the day before his departure.) Cherokee Bob was another favorite sight on Los Angeles streets. He was a killer, with a long record and a reputation of never failing to get his man. Then there was an outlaw named Ricardo Urives who attained distinction as a man of superhuman endurance. After being shot, stabbed, and stoned on the street, on one occasion, he fought his way to his horse, with revolver and bowie knife, mounted, and returned to scatter his enemies. He then got his wounds bandaged, for he had been shot three times and stabbed till his clothes were almost cut from his body. Immediately afterward he rode up and down Main street for an hour daring any gringo officer to arrest him. He was not arrested. If lucky, a newcomer might see the boss of the gamblers, Jack Powers, lording it over his followers. Powers had come to California as a soldier with Stevenson's Regiment and then had gone in for "business" on his own. He was not only a gambler, but a cattle bandit, a killer, and a power up and down the state, with friends in high places. He looked like a gentleman, rode well, kept a string of race horses, and always surrounded himself with bodyguards.

When the dispossessed persons from the mining areas had become happily established in Los Angeles, killings were said to have averaged one a day. The editor of the *Star* came out with this blast on July 16, 1853:

> "This county is in a state of insurrection, and clearly and plainly so. A large gang of outlaws . . . are in open rebellion against the laws and are daily committing the most daring murders and robberies. Good citizens should devise plans to defend themselves. One of two things must result: the orderly industrious

inhabitants must drive out this worthless scum of humanity, or they must give way before the pirates and be driven out themselves....Let good citizens combine and drive the rascals headlong into the sea."

Life was difficult for rancheros whose town houses rubbed shoulders with Nigger Alley, with gambling houses, and with grog shops. It was not like life in the simple 1840's or 1830's, filled with fiestas, bullfights, and dances. Of course rancheros and their families could stay on their ranchos, and some did. Others threatened to move to Mexico. But Los Angeles offered fun as well as danger, and townhouse walls were thick and the windows were barred and could be barricaded. Even three-foot walls and barred windows, however, did not always avail. Don Juan Forster, who owned more southern California land than anyone else except Abel Stearns, escaped from a friend's town house one evening just as a party of drunken brawlers, who had been refused liquor, were tossing coins to see who would have the pleasure of shooting this eminent landowner. Stearns himself had an embarrassing adventure. His large, massive-walled, Main Street home, called El Palacio, was the social center of Los Angeles. It was presided over by his lovely young wife, who before marriage was Arcadia Bandini of a prominent California family. The occasion was a Washington's Birthday ball given in 1853 in the hundred-foot ballroom. Two or three of the guests were professional gamblers. Gamblers not invited decided to break up the party. They used a cannon and a battering ram and when the dancing was at its height crashed through a door leading into the *sala*. The first man to enter was stopped with a bullet by a dancer nearest the door. The firing became general, but finally the raiders were beaten back into the street.

Los Angeles in the roistering Fifties was a man's town and many a man must have loved it because it was bawdy, brawling, and lawless. Such a one was a well built young man from Indiana, of Scotch Irish ancestry, who stood six foot two and rode the streets on a black stallion tricked out in all the leather and silver trappings of a Californio. He was Horace Bell, goldminer, soldier of fortune, Ranger, a man who hated injustice yet liked to settle disputes with his fists. To Bell, Los Angeles of this period was a joy and, in later years, after he himself had had more than forty fights on the streets, he wrote of it romantically, humorously, and with glorious gusto.

Horace Bell asserted emphatically that Los Angeles of the 1850's was wickeder than San Francisco—and apparently the figures for killings and lynchings proved him right. Perhaps Bell was a forerunner of that typical American—Sinclair Lewis' George F. Babbitt—who frothed at the mouth when someone hinted that his own city of Zenith had fewer houses of prostitution than the convention city he was visiting.

Before November, 1853, prostitution in Los Angeles seems to have been strictly a "native daughter" affair. In that month, says Bell, the first steamer-load of "fair and frail sisters from San Francisco" came in by way of San Pedro. These pioneers secured a large house on upper Main Street and gave a grand opening ball. All the principal gamblers

 of Los Angeles were invited. In the midst of the dancing a dozen bandits strode into the ballroom and covered the party with revolvers and carbines. The leader said a hundred armed men were outside. Most of the gamblers had left overcoats and revolvers in the adjoining wineroom, so could not fight. Every man and every woman was searched and robbed. Loaded with the money of the gamblers and the jewelry of the women, the robbers called out a cheery "buenas noches" and rode away into the night.

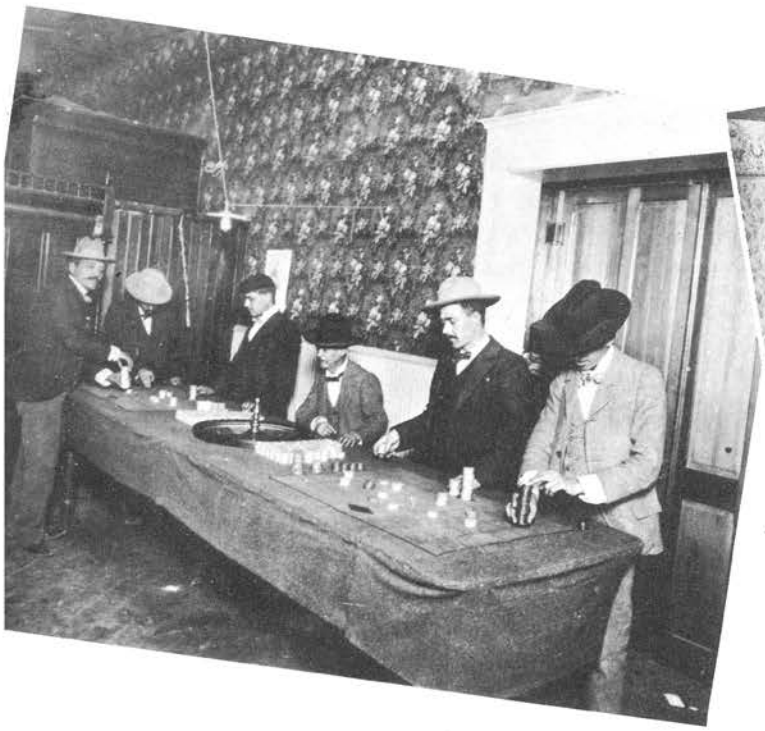
Prostitution in Los Angeles was almost as old as founding days. Indian women of the area were the first frail sisters and Spanish soldiers introduced the venereal diseases of Mexico and Europe that were unknown to California. Prostitutes were listed in the census of the Los Angeles district taken in 1836. Of the 250 women in the Pueblo itself, 15 were listed as "M.V." (*Mala Vida*), a term applied to a professional prostitute. Most of these women lived in their parents' homes or had households of their own. None of this profession were listed as living outside of Los Angeles. Prostitution grew with the town, but was mostly a southern California matter until Gold Rush housecleanings began turning women of all nations from northern cities to Los Angeles. Harris Newmark, who came to Los Angeles in 1853, reported women were to be found in both saloons and gambling houses on each side of Calle de los Negros and of course he did not refer to the carefully guarded Spanish Californian wives and daughters whose conduct was usually above reproach.

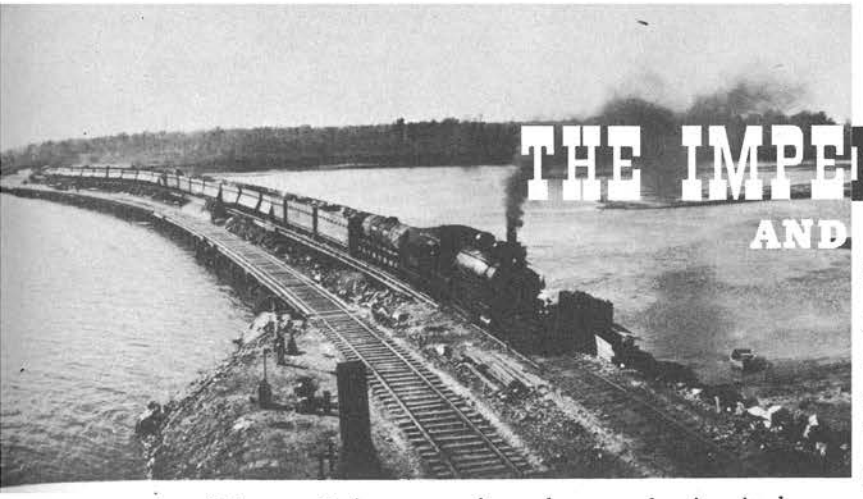
Ultimately, and long after the Fifties, prostitution dominated both politics and police and for several decades swallowed up a large part of the area around the Plaza and between Main and Alameda Streets which had been the center of the rancheros' social, business, gambling, and cockfighting life. The law included it within the segregated district. Even Sanchez Street, the little lane that opened off the Plaza on which stood the town houses of ranch owners Don Vicente Sanchez and Don Francisco Sepulveda, swarmed with men seeking the little Chinese girls who were packed into the buildings facing the street. The old heart of the vice district, Nigger Alley, became part of Chinatown. Not till the early 1900's would Los Angeles be able to do a real housecleaning job on her own account. At that time segregated prostitution was wiped out and Los Angeles citizens watched with grim amusement while the riffraff of the City of the Angels headed for the Barbary Coast of San Francisco—a return of the favor that was half a century overdue.

When cattle prices dropped in 1857, gambling and roistering in Los Angeles declined. The rancheros had no money, and many were heavily, some fatally, in debt. The monte banks were deserted and the gamblers and outlaws were getting out of Los Angeles as fast as they had come in. Jack Powers, abandoned by his followers, crossed the border into Mexico, where he died after being stabbed in a knife fight.

— —Courtesy Title Insurance & Trust Co., Los Angeles

TYPICAL WESTERN GAMBLING LAYOUTS





THE IMPERIAL VALLEY AND ITS APPROACHES

By FRANK SCHILLING

LOCATED IN THE SOUTHEASTERN corner of the state of California is one of the unique sections of the United States, an area that, in general, lies below the mean level of the sea. It is a vast triangular area, having its base south of the International Boundary Line, and its apex in San Gorgonio Pass, between Mounts San Jacinto and San Gorgonio.

To the north are the Little San Bernardino, Chuckawalla and Chocolate Mountains; on the west the San Jacinto, Santa Rosa and Superstition Mountains, and the Cocopah Mountains and Signal Mountain in Mexico. On the east the valley is bounded by the Colorado River. The area is approximately two hundred miles in length, from north to south, and at the International Boundary Line it is about eighty miles in width.

This region, comprising the greater part of Imperial County, a portion of Riverside County and extending into Lower California, is believed to have been at one time an extension of the Gulf of California. The Peninsular Range to the west at some time during the long ago past was below sea level and Tertiary seas covered the area. This range is a continuation of the Coast Range, extending through Lower California to the southern tip of the peninsula; and possibly farther south under the sea. Fossil oysters, coral reefs, and other remains of ancient marine life abound in the flanks of these mountains, indicating that many parts of the present Imperial Valley and surrounding mountains were once covered by sea water.

East of the mountains the broad plain of the valley was formerly covered by the waters of the Gulf of California, and the muddy waters of the Colorado River, carrying the eroded materials of its immense drainage basin, emptied into the gulf a short distance below Yuma. Sand and silt were deposited by the river, where its waters entered the gulf, and gradually an alluvial fan was built up into the waters of the ancient gulf, continuing higher and longer until, aided by a gradual rising of the bed of the gulf, a giant delta bar or ridge extended entirely across the gulf from Yuma towards the Cocopah Mountains in Mexico, the crest at its low point being about forty feet above sea level.

Alternately, through a long period of time, as it meandered over its delta, the river discharged its waters to one side of the delta bar or the other—into the Gulf of California, or into a vast inland sea to the north. Thus was formed what was later to become known as ancient Lake Coahuilla, the shore line of which is visible today at Travertine Rock and along the base of the mountains on the west side of Imperial Valley. Travertine Rock was so named because of the travertine, or calcium carbonate, deposited upon its rocks, by

the laving waters of this ancient sea. This old beach line is forty feet above sea level, the approximate elevation of the lowest part of the old delta bar across the Gulf of California south of the border.

Along the ancient beach line of prehistoric Lake Coahuilla are numerous evidences of a civilization that existed contemporaneously with this ancient sea. Not far from Coolidge Springs, at the base of the Santa Rosa Mountains, are old village sites; and also many cleared circles surrounded by single rows of stones, possibly remains of old dwellings. Potsherds, fragments of hand worked stone lie around in the sand, and near the bank of an arroyo is located a large boulder containing grinding holes where the women ground their meal. Arrow heads, small in size, are also found, weapons used in hunting small game. Not far from the village site there is a series of pool shaped cavities in the rocks which were probably fish traps.

SPANISH EXPLORERS

Thus was the valley and the delta when Francisco de Ulloa, commissioned an admiral by Hernando Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, sailed with three ships in September, 1539, to the head of the Gulf of California in search of the fabulous golden cities of Cibola, reported by Cabeza de Vaca, who had spent four years wandering from place to place, on his journey westward with three companions, after having been shipwrecked on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

Cortez ordered Ulloa to sail northward into the Sea of Cortez, as the Gulf of California was then known, and send a shore party eastward in search of the Seven Cities. The Sea of Cortez was then thought to be a strait separating the mainland from the island of California.

But his caravels became caught in the famous tidal bores of the gulf and he was compelled to retreat. Hernando de Alarcon, with three ships, left Acapulco on May 9, 1540, with supplies intended to reinforce Coronado, who had headed a land force into New Mexico at about the same time.

When he reached the head of the gulf, he found it almost impossible to navigate through the tidal bores and shoals and sand bars. His men begged him to go no farther, but Alarcon persisted, refusing to return until certain there was no water connection to the South Sea around the peninsula of California, then believed to be an island. Alarcon's narrative states: "In a short time we found all three of our ships stuck on the sand, so that one could not help the other, and the boats could not help either, as the currents were so strong . . . We were in such danger that many times the deck of the flagship was under water. Had it not been for a miraculous rise of the tide that raised the ship, and, as it were, gave her a chance to breathe again, we should all have drowned. In a similar manner, the other two ships found themselves in great danger, although as they were smaller and did

not draw as much water they were not in as great danger as ours. With the rise of the tide the Lord willed that the boats should be afloat again, and so we sailed ahead. Even though the sailors wanted to turn back, still I insisted that we sail on and proceed on the voyage we had started. We continued ahead with great difficulty, turning our prows now this way, now that, in trying to find the channel. God willed that thus we should reach the end of the gulf. Here we found a mighty river with such a furious current that we could scarcely sail against it."

So it was that the adventurer Alarcon discovered the Colorado River on a hot August day in 1540—the 26th—and named it "El Rio de Buena Guia," The River of Good Guidance, the name being taken from the coat of arms of Viceroy Mendoza. It remained for that intrepid Franciscan, Father Francisco Garces, to give it the name it now bears, Rio Colorado, more than two hundred years later.

Alarcon left the sailing fleet at the delta and ordered away two small boats with ten men to a boat, armed and provisioned, but since they could make no headway with oars, they were compelled to tow their boats from the bank. It was then that they first saw the Cocopah Indians, of Lower California, and Alarcon convinced them that he was "The Son of the Sun" and many of the Indians took the Spaniards' places at the ropes voluntarily.

Fifteen days later they reached a point believed to be near the site of the present city of Yuma. Reports were heard that Esteban, who accompanied Father Marcos on his quest for the Seven Cities of Cibola, had been killed, and that "bearded white men" were raiding in the Cibolo country. Alarcon immediately turned downstream for reinforcements, and with three boats pulled up the river a second time, to the vicinity of Picacho Peak in the eastern part of Imperial County. No doubt he set foot upon California soil on these trips, and was the first white man to do so. The Spaniards could not be induced to attempt to contact Coronado, and the party turned back down the river. Alarcon left a message, carved on a tree, "Alarcon came this far. There are letters at the foot of this tree."

Toward the end of September, 1540, Melchior Diaz, with 25 soldiers, left San Geronimo de los Corazones, in Sonora, in search of Alarcon's ships, and found the letter which read:

"Hernando de Alarcon reached this place in the year 1540, having been sent in search of Fsco Vasquez de Coronado by the Viceroy D Antonio Mendoza; and after waiting many days, without obtaining any news, he was obliged to depart, because the ships were being eaten by worms."

In a native balsa caulked with pitch, and propelled by swimming Indians, Diaz crossed the river into California, and after four days marching reached the border or edge of a steaming, quaking morass—perhaps Volcano Lake. The nature of the land was not conducive to further explorations, and Diaz turned his face again toward San

Geronimo. Enroute he was the victim of a peculiar accident. A greyhound was worrying and scattering the sheep which the expedition took along, and Diaz, while riding at a gallop, threw his lance at the animal. The lance stuck into the ground and Diaz was pinioned through the groin as his horse charged too closely. He died later from the wound after intense suffering, and was buried on January 18, 1541, on a little hill somewhere in northern Mexico. An untimely ending to the life of Melchior Diaz—Mayor of Culiacan; explorer and soldier of Coronado. He did not find the ships of Alarcon's fleet, but he did blaze a trail that later became famous, the first trail from northern Mexico, across the desert to the Colorado River crossing—El Camino del Diablo.

During the year 1687, Fray Eusebio Francisco Kino, a Jesuit priest, was sent to Pimeria Alta to establish a chain of missions in Northern Sonora and Southern Arizona. When Kino first came to Mexico from his native land, he believed California to be a peninsula, but further geographical study in the City of Mexico convinced him the opposite was true. The Indians of Pimeria Alta had blue shells similar to those he had seen in Lower California, and inquiry as to where they came from convinced him that there must be a land route to California from Sonora, and he decided to make a trip to ascertain for himself the facts in the case.

On September 24, 1700, he left for the west with ten Indian servants, and returned four weeks later, having seen California land from the Arizona side of the Colorado River. It was not until late in the autumn of 1701 that he set out again on another exploratory trip and on November 17th reached the confluence of the Gila and the Colorado Rivers. Accompanied by several hundred natives he travelled southwesterly along the east side of the Colorado and on the 21st of November, he actually crossed the river at a point about a day's journey north of where the river discharges its silt-laden waters into the Gulf of California. The following day, after having spent the night with the Indians in the southern part of the present Imperial Valley, Kino recrossed the river and returned to Sonora, having definitely established the fact that California was not an island but a peninsula.

The next voyage of which there is any record is that of Father Fernando Consag whose party left San Felipe on the Gulf in small dugout canoes and travelled up the eastern shores of Lower California and a short distance up the river in July, 1746. In his journal Father Consag notes: "This side of California, lying low, is overflowed by the Colorado so that all along to the foot of the mountains one sees pieces of trees, weeds and the like left by its waters."

The first crossing of Imperial Valley by man of which there is any record is that of the Lower California Mission Indian, Sebastian Tarabel, his wife and a relative, who escaped from Mission San Gabriel and left for the missions of northern Sonora. This party passed through Coyote Canyon and Borego Valley, and in crossing the sand dunes, on the eastern side of the valley, became lost and Tarabel's wife and their relative perished.

Nothing daunted, Tarabel continued his trek eastward and managed to arrive at the Yuma Indian settlements where he recuperated. Once more he turned his face towards the east and was guided to northern Sonora by the Yuma head chief, known to the Spaniards as Palma. Tarabel named him Salvador, possibly in gratitude for his rescue.

At Altar Tarabel met de Anza, already on his way blazing a trail from the missions of Sonora to Monterey, in California, hoping thereby to establish a route that would obviate the necessity of sending men and supplies from the west coast of Mexico to the missions of Alta California by sailing vessels, many of which were lost; and also to secure California against the Russians who were at that time threatening to colonize the West Coast of North America.

De Anza and his company, consisting of Padres Garces—a famous trail blazer in his own right—and Diaz; Valdez the California guide; twenty volunteer soldiers from the presidio at Tubac in southern Arizona; Tarabel, he who escaped from San Gabriel; an unknown Pima Indian interpreter; a carpenter, five muleteers and two of de Anza's personal servants; left Tubac on the afternoon of January 8, 1774, and started for the west over what was later known as El Camino del Diablo, across southern Arizona to Yuma.

They were met by Chief Palma near the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers and transported across the river; then headed south about twelve miles and turned westward across the sandy waste. They suffered untold hardships; the Indian guides deserted and they were finally halted by the barrier of sand and lack of water. Father Garces, who had traversed this area three years previously, suggested they go south to Cerro Prieto, where he had found water and an Indian village. But both Indians and water had disappeared and the expedition was forced to return to Laguna Santa Ollaya.

They rested five days and then continued their journey a little farther to the south and on March 7th crossed the present International Boundary Line west of Signal Mountain, camping at Yuha Well, which de Anza named Santa Rosa de las Lajas. They continued northward to Harper's Well, thence westward through Borego Desert and Coyote Canyon to the Promised Land.

On to Monterey they travelled, and returned by the same route to Yuma, but instead of crossing the Camino del Diablo, they followed the Gila to Casa Grande, and thence southward along the Santa Cruz River to Tubac, arriving at that place on May 26, 1774.

In the following November de Anza made a personal report to Viceroy Bucareli, in Mexico City, that an overland route from Sonora to Monterey was feasible, and so impressed was the Viceroy that he resolved to send another expedition over the same route in order to establish a presidio and a mission at the Port of San Francisco. As a reward for his previous excellent work de Anza was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel and placed in charge of the new expedition. One hundred seventy-seven persons left San Miguel de Horcasitas, Sonora, on September 29, 1775, and sixty-three more joined them at Tubac. A total of two hundred forty persons, six hundred ninety-five horses and

three hundred fifty-five head of cattle made up the caravan. Fathers Font, Garces and Eixarch accompanied de Anza, Fr Font being the diarist. The expedition followed the Santa Cruz River to a point a few miles below Tucson, turned northward to the Pima Villages near Casa Grande Ruins, and thence down the Gila to its junction with the Colorado River at Yuma, where a crossing was effected on November 30th.

Palma was given a uniform and a baton with a silver point as a mark of distinction, and in recognition of services rendered the expeditions. A similar honor was bestowed upon Chief Pablo, whose tribe lived three or four leagues farther south. Leaving Fathers Garces and Eixarch at the river junction to work among the natives, the march was resumed December 4th, and on the 9th the first section of the caravan, which had been divided into three sections, began its trek westward from Santa Ollaya.

It was cold, bitter cold, water was scarce, and many of the animals were lost. A snow storm swept over the entire valley from the river to the mountains. There was much suffering among the women and children. On the 11th, fourteen leagues or thirty-five miles were covered over the sandy waste, and camp was made at Santa Rosa, or Yuha Well, northwest of Signal Mountain. The wells were nearly dry and de Anza himself worked at the task of deepening them in order to obtain water for his people and animals.

On the 12th four leagues were covered and camp was made near what is now Plaster City. There was no water at this point, but there was some grass and a little firewood. The following day, unlucky thirteenth, saw them encamped at San Sebastian, or what is known as Harper's Well today. Here they found fair water, firewood, grass and mesquite and they rested at this point to await the two following sections of the caravan. It was bitterly cold and it snowed an hour on the following morning, and followed by a cold rain the balance of the day. On the 17th the entire train was reunited—a sorry lot indeed. A number of animals were lost, but the human contingent came through without a loss; indeed, Anza writes in his diary that the general health of the people had improved. Such was the usual unusual weather that greeted the pioneer Spaniards nearly two centuries ago. The party continued its journey to the coast and established Mission San Francisco —Dolores.

Padres Garces and Eixarch were left with the Yuma Indians, and shortly afterward Padre Garces began his famous fourth entrada that was to take him across the Mojave Desert to San Gabriel; thence far into the San Joaquin Valley; eastward across the Mojave and into the Moqui villages in Northern Arizona, and finally back to the Yumas and his home station at San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson. Sebastian Tarabel accompanied Garces on this famous journey, except from the Mojave to the Moqui villages.

The Indians along the Colorado River were clamoring for a mission and Padres Garces and Diaz were sent there during August, 1779. The expedition was weak, and Fray Antonio Baraneche was sent to Padre Garces' assistance. During the year 1780 Padre Matias Moreno was sent to Yuma to be the companion of Diaz. Two garrison

THE IMPERIAL VALLEY posts with colony and mission attachments were established during 1780, despite protests of the missionaries that the combination would be disastrous.

Two sites were selected, La Purisima Concepcion on the site of Old Fort Yuma, on the hill across the river from the present city of Yuma; the other—San Pedro de Bicuner—eight or ten miles lower down the river, possibly in Lower California. Padres Garces and Baraneche were in charge of the former, and Diaz and Moreno were in charge of the latter establishment. The result was as feared by the missionaries. Horses and cattle were allowed to overrun the Indian settlement and the colonists appropriated the best lands of the Yumas. The Indians became hostile, and on July 17, 1781, their pent-up fury unleashed itself and they attacked both settlements and massacred forty-six inhabitants, including the four padres, and the greater part of an expedition on the Arizona side of the river under the command of Captain Fernando Xavier Rivera y Moncado, of San Diego. Such was the untimely end of the only mission establishments along the Colorado River in Imperial Valley, and also the closing of the overland route blazed by the intrepid pathfinder—de Anza.

AMERICAN TRAPPERS, SCOUTS AND ADVENTURERS

After the disastrous ending of the missions along the Colorado River, Spanish and Mexican explorations ceased. In the meantime Mexico gained her independence from the Spanish crown, and in the United States a strange and fearless type of men began their westward trek in search of the valuable beaver pelt. Along the streams they wandered, ever facing westward, catching beaver, and mating with women of another race. The first of this group of adventurers to cross the Valley was the Pattie party, Sylvester Pattie and his son James Ohio and their companions. They came down the "HEELAY" in 1825 to the Colorado, turned northward and followed the Colorado to its headwaters in Wyoming. They then went eastward down the Arkansas and on to Santa Fe, westward to the Colorado and across the Valley south of the border in the early spring of 1828 to San Diego, where they were imprisoned by Governor Echandia, who was suspicious of their motives. After some time in prison and after having embraced the Catholic faith the elder Pattie passed away and was interred in consecrated ground on Presidio Hill. The younger Pattie and his companions were later released.

Other adventurers followed—trappers, guides and scouts—one of the most famous being Thomas (Peg-leg) Smith (who believed he was the first desert guide in the Colorado Desert). The legendary Peg-leg Smith mine, which Smith is supposed to have found somewhere in western Imperial Valley, while on a trapping expedition, about 1830, has been sought by countless prospectors, including Smith himself, but it has remained hidden in the mysterious solitude of the desert.

Trouble with Mexico was in the offing during the middle 1840's and General

THE IMPERIAL VALLEY

S. W. Kearney, with his Army of the West, was sent from Fort Leavenworth to reinforce the meagre military forces at San Diego. They were guided by that fearless scout, Kit Carson, and on November 25, 1846, crossed the Colorado River, which they followed downstream for fourteen miles. They foraged in the river bed and when they finally left its banks and headed westward, each saddle had attached to it a bundle of grass for food for the animals. Two days later this was gone and there was none in sight. Fifteen miles of travel over heavy sand brought the Army to Cooke's Well, where the first water was obtainable. Twenty-seven miles beyond was Alamo Mucho, twenty-seven miles of sandy waste—"not a tree, a sprig of grass or a living creature to be seen . . . throughout the day the sun shone hot and scorching, glimmering upon the sand, like the heat from a furnace . . . " reads the chronicle of one emigrant.

Kearney suffered greatly on his journey across this stretch. Ten miles beyond was Camp Salvation on New River, which was dry except during the rainy season. From New River the trail led in a northwesterly direction to Carrizo Creek, Vallecito and Warner's Rancho, and San Pasqual where the Army of the West met Andres Pico and his army of Californians with somewhat disastrous results to the Americans.

Two months later Col. Phillip St. George Cooke and the Mormon Battalion, with the first wagon train to cross the desert, arrived at the Colorado River. Hostilities had broken out between the United States and Mexico during 1846, and President Polk's cabinet had unanimously decided that an expedition should be sent to occupy California, and that Col. Kearney should be authorized to enlist as volunteers several hundred of the Saints who were then on their way westward, "to conciliate them, attach them to our country, and prevent them from taking part against us." Accordingly Capt. James Allen, of the First Dragoons, at Fort Leavenworth, went to the Mormon camps and organized a battalion of five companies of infantry. They marched to Fort Leavenworth, arriving there August 1st. The battalion began its westward march on August 13th and 14th and arrived at Santa Fe in detachments on October 9th and 12th. Kearney appointed Colonel Cooke to take command and lead the battalion to California. With Pauline Weaver as scout and guide the battalion followed Kearney's trail after picking it up at the Pima villages on the Gila River, near Casa Grande Ruins in southern Arizona.

On January 8, 1847, they reached the confluence of the Gila and the Colorado Rivers, and the crossing was made on the 10th and 11th about twelve miles below the mouth of the Gila. Their food was scarce, and the men were ordered to sack mesquite beans for fodder for the animals. Cooke's impression of the Colorado was not very flattering. He says—"The Rio Colorado here resembles the Missouri in size and color of water. It has immense bottoms difficult to pass; they are of rich soil. I believe it to be one of the most useless of rivers to man; so barren, so desolate and difficult, that it has never been explored; running through volcanic mountains and sand deserts, at places through chasms of vertical rock perhaps five thousand feet deep!" However, on the 10th he

says, "It seems, by Weaver's account, that I have done an injustice to this river's uses, etc."

The crossing of the desert below the border was difficult in the extreme, water was scarce, it was necessary to enlarge and dig new wells, and feed for the stock was not to be found. Cooke was worried, for he says, "I am writing, with only an effort to suppress feeling. It must be remembered that this well failing, what had I to expect of the next, which I know to be dry now, and not, like this, from a great river, . . . and the next hope (three almost of our average days' journey) still farther on; and behind, starvation and failure! . . . There is not only so little water, but so very little for the poor animals to eat. . . . Eighteen hours of unceasing labor has been my lot today—of anxiety enough to turn one grey."

Of the men's sufferings, Corp. Tyler of the Mormon Battalion writes: "At this time the men were nearly barefooted; some used instead of shoes, rawhide wrapped around their feet, while others improvised a novel style of boots by stripping the skin taken from the leg of an ox. To do this a ring was cut around the hide above and below the gambrel joint, and then the skin was taken off without cutting it lengthwise. After this, the lower end was sewed up with sinews, when it was ready for the wearer, the natural crook of the hide adapting it somewhat to the shape of the foot." This was the first crossing of mule-drawn wagons over the Imperial Valley, and also the longest infantry march of record.

A year later gold was discovered at Coloma on January 24, 1848, and then began the largest migration of humanity in history. By the thousands, men, women and children crossed the continent by whatever means was available and the Imperial Valley saw its quota of this caravan of adventurers. Ten thousand crossed the lower Colorado River and the desert; many lost their lives in the effort, and their bones lie buried under the shifting, shimmering sands of the Valley.

Among the ten thousand was one Dr. Oliver M. Wozencraft, a young physician of thirty-five, seeking his fortune of gold in the northern diggings. Two of his companions collapsed on the "Jornado del Muerte," as the trail was known to the Indians, and he rode his "gentle and patient mule" eight miles to get water to resuscitate them. It was then that he conceived the idea of using water from the Colorado to irrigate the desert. He believed that if the waters of the river overflowed the gently sloping plain, they could be controlled and used to irrigate the same land. Four months after he arrived in San Francisco, the doctor assisted in the birth of the State of California, being a delegate to the Constitutional Convention at Monterey on September 1, 1849. Dr. Wozencraft was awarded one of the first federal jobs in California in appreciation of his outstanding work.

But he did not forget the valley of his dreams. Ten years later as a result of his urging, the California legislature passed his bill "to encourage the supply of fresh water on the desert west of Fort Yuma," and deeded to Dr. Wozencraft all the state's rights to ten million acres, comprising most of the present Riverside County, all of Imperial County and a large portion of San Diego County.

The Congress was memorialized by the state legislature to cede all federal rights in the area to the doctor that his title might be clear. Dr. Wozencraft in return agreed to construct an irrigation system and transport water from the river to the desert.

He went to Washington and in 1862 won a favorable report from the House Committee on Public Lands, and his hopes ran high. But the Congress was occupied with the problem of the war between the states and the bill never went to the floor of either house. The doctor was nearly fifty years of age, but he was not one to quit in the middle of a battle. His money spent, he went to sea as a ship's surgeon to earn enough money to support his family, and to continue his fight in Washington. Cholera broke out on his ship, while bound for South America, and through his ministrations two hundred souls were saved, there were but eighteen deaths. His experience fighting the epidemic in New Orleans years before stood him in stead aboard ship.

In 1876, fourteen years later, his revived bill failed again; in 1878 it met a similar fate. In 1887 the doctor returned to Washington, "intent on creating a field which may become a paradise by man's agency." But he was now an aged man, 73 years young in spirit, and the younger legislators had neither the time nor the inclination to listen to his dreams of conquering the desert. He was penniless, feeble in body from lack of food, but a kind-hearted physician and his wife took him into their home and cared for him until his end, which came on November 11, 1887.

His remains were returned to San Bernardino, where he had made his home the greater part of his life while in the West, and he rests in a mausoleum on the sunny slope of a cemetery in that city, beside the ashes of two women to whom he was greatly indebted—his mother, who was a widow when she sacrificed so much to give him a medical education; and his loyal and steadfast wife who stood by him during the dark and trying years while he was fighting to make his dream come true. So ended the adventurous life of a man, dedicated for forty years to a dream which did not come true until fourteen years after his death.

Lieut. George Derby of the United States Army topographical engineers made a study of the navigability of the lower Colorado River from November, 1850, to March, 1851, and reported that he had "no hesitation in saying it may be navigated at any season of the year. . . It would be far preferable to the present slow, laborious and uncertain mode of supplying by wagons and pack mules across the desert from San Diego."

Camp Calhoun, established on the California side of the river in September, 1849, by Lieut. Cave J. Coutts, commanding the military escort of the boundary surveyors under Lieut. Whipple, was the headquarters for the river navigation, and early steamboats and barges paid their taxes there. On November 27, 1850, Capt. Heintzelman, of the 2nd United States Infantry, changed the name of Camp Calhoun to Camp Independence, the camp being established to protect the emigrants coming to the gold fields of California. In March, 1851, this post and the garrison were removed to the site of Mission La Purisima

Concepcion, destroyed by the Yuma Indians on July 17, 1781. This was on the hill immediately north of the checking station, of the California Agricultural Department, across the river from Yuma. The fort apparently was abandoned from December, 1851, to February, 1852; when Major Heintzelman returned to rebuild the fort and establish a permanent garrison, which was named Fort Yuma.

The first ferry service across the river was established by Captain Coutts, who used a flatboat purchased from a Mr. Howard, who had come down the Gila with his family and two men in November, 1849.

In 1851 Capt. Geo. A. Johnson contracted with the Army to transport freight from San Francisco to Yuma and the first load arrived at the head of the Gulf in the schooner *Sierra Nevada* during February, 1852, and was transferred to flat-bottom river boats constructed by Johnson, and poled up the river to Yuma.

Early in the winter of 1852, the sidewheel steamer *Uncle Sam* was unloaded at the head of the Gulf by the U.S. Transport-schooner *Capacity*. She was only sixty-five feet long, had a twenty-horse-power locomotive type boiler, and only space sufficient to hold twenty-five tons of freight. Her power was insufficient to master the current, and her crew was not familiar with the Colorado. After a struggle she arrived at the Pilot Knob landing, where she was moored in the summer of 1853 for repairs, and sank on June 22, 1854.

The next steamer, the sidewheeler *Jessup*, 108 feet long, and with greater power, was landed in sections at the head of the Gulf by a windjammer. She made her first voyage to the Yuma Landing in February, 1854, and six months later her boiler exploded at Ogden's landing on the Sonora shore, killing her engineers and injuring two other men. She was repaired and in 1858 was the first steamer to travel upstream beyond Yuma. On her return she met the iron-hulled *Explorer*, sternwheeler, with Lieut. J. C. Ives and his engineers, who were on a trip of exploration.

The Colorado Steam Navigation Company was organized during 1853 by Capt. Johnson, Capt. Wilcox and Benjamin Hartshorne. Business increased, so did the fleet. The sternwheeler *Colorado*, built in 1855, in a little shipyard on the delta, was added to the fleet, and replaced in 1862 by a larger *Colorado* built at Yuma. Other vessels, the *Cocopah* and the *Mohave*, also three barges were added by the year 1867.

Competition also appeared, and the Pacific and Colorado Navigation Company put the steamers *Esmeralda* and *Nina Tilden* in service, but the company was quickly absorbed by the pioneer company.

The *Explorer* was sold after her first trip and in 1864, coming out of the Gila with a load of wood, the crew lost control and finally snubbed her to a cottonwood tree at Pilot Knob. The river changed its course, and tree and *Explorer* drifted eight miles miles downstream, where she was abandoned. Her rusting iron hull was rediscovered in 1930 by J. E. Peck and members of a survey party.

One night in 1874, while anchored at Port Isabel, the towline of the *Nina Tilden*

parted. She drifted and was caught in an oncoming bore and then capsized, losing all her upper works. Her mechanical equipment was salvaged between bores and her hull drifted away and disappeared.

In 1877 the Southern Pacific Company reached Yuma and bought out the old Colorado Steam Navigation Company, ending Colorado River water navigation, except for occasional trips, and these were stopped by the building of the Laguna Dam in 1908.

THE WIDNEY SEA

According to David Hellyer, writing in the June, 1949, *Desert Magazine*, Dr. Joseph P. Widney, a man of medicine, recommended diverting the entire flow of water from the Colorado River into the Salton Sink, in order to temper the climate of southern California. Dr. Widney was born in a log cabin in Ohio in 1841, and was always a true American and an outstanding citizen of the state of California. He saw active service in the Union Army during the War between the States, but this service was interupted by a serious illness. His family determined to bring him to California, and crossed the Isthmus of Panama and steamed up the West Coast.

He spent much of his time riding horseback up and down the California coast, camping as suited his fancy, and when strong enough he resumed his studies and soon he was a full-fledged physician. He was commissioned a surgeon in the United States Army and in 1867 commanded a company of soldiers from San Pedro to Tucson. Enroute they were camped in a canyon on the slopes of Mount San Jacinto. A storm was brewing in the mountains and not liking the "lay of the land" he ordered the camp moved to a better location. The camp had barely been moved when a wall of water came down the canyon, flooding the former camp-site.

Dr. Widney was stationed at Apache Pass, at old Camp Bowie, and while scouting and mapping the country around for the War Department, he began his life-long anthropological studies among the primitive peoples. He traced, or believed he had traced, the movement of primitive and ancient peoples of old Mexico—Toltec, Aztec and Mayan. He followed in the footsteps of Coronado in his ill-fated march searching for the golden cities of Cibola.

He said that "the line of march of any migration is governed by four things—wood, water, grass, grades." Wood for heat and shelter; water for the necessities of life, irrigation; grass for his animals; and grades for his trails. Out of this research evolved his book *Race Life of the Aryan Peoples*, which was published in 1907.

Dr. Widney returned to Los Angeles, and opened a medical office in the Downey Block in the autumn of 1868. While at Camp Bowie he built a hospital for his men, and as there was no chaplain in camp, he frequently held services in the hospital. His work in Los Angeles was largely among the poor, and it was but natural that he attend to

their spiritual as well as physical wants, and he eventually also became a man of the cloth.

In 1883 he built his own block on land that is now occupied by the City Hall, and in 1885 he established a medical college. He was dean of the college for ten years, and was also one of the founders of the University of Southern California, and served for four years as its second President.

On his trips across the Colorado Desert he noted the ancient shore line and began to dream of a vast inland sea. He was certain that an ancient sea had covered the old Salton Basin and believed that if the waters of the Colorado River were diverted and the basin filled, the climate of Southern California would be radically changed for the better. He lectured on the subject; the Los Angeles *Star* took up his fight; and even the Territorial Governor of Arizona, General John C. Fremont, joined Dr. Widney. The idea gained in popularity and the "Widney Sea" became known throughout the land.

It remained for General Geo. Stoneman, who had served in the Apache campaign in Arizona, to explode the entire theory that the Salton Sink could be filled with the waters of the Colorado. He argued that it would take two hundred years for a stream one thousand feet wide, ten feet deep, and flowing at the rate of three miles per hour to fill the basin, and that it would require a stream about the size of the Colorado at ordinary stages to compensate for the evaporation at the rate of eighteen inches per year. The proponent could not disprove this argument and one of the most remarkable controversies in the history of the Southwest was dramatically ended.

WATER COMES TO THE DESERT

In 1882 Charles Robinson Rockwood, who was later to become known as the "Father of Imperial Valley," entered the services of the Southern Pacific Company and was sent to Yuma, where he met Dr. W. T. Heffernan, who became his great and life-long friend, and who was later to play an important role in the development of the Valley.

Mr. Rockwood was born on a Michigan farm. After leaving high school he studied engineering in the University of Michigan, and coming west was identified with the Denver and Rio Grande, and then the Southern Pacific Company, with whom he remained until 1889. Leaving that company he became connected with irrigation projects in the State of Washington.

With Charles N. Perry he returned to the Colorado Desert in October, 1892, in connection with an irrigation project in Sonora. Finding that project not feasible he turned his attention to the canals in the Valley on both sides of the border. He met his old friend, Dr. W. T. Heffernan, who was surgeon at the Yuma Indian School. The trio was linked henceforth in the epic struggle to develop what was later to be known as Imperial Valley. Rockwood recommended to his Denver employers that they divert the waters of the Colorado to the Valley. The first canal survey from Pot Holes, above Yuma,

to the Mexican boundary and along the Alamo River westward to a point near Niland was completed by Mr. Perry in 1893. The Denver Company, following Rockwood's recommendation, organized the Colorado River Irrigation Company, but this company failed during the panic of 1893, and Mr. Rockwood paid off members of his surveying party with his own personal funds.

Rockwood decided in 1895 to revive the irrigation project and organized the California Development Company, which was incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey on April 26, 1896. Dr. Heffernan put his entire personal fortune into the venture, over $40,000, of which only $500 was ever repaid him. Others who joined in the project were A. H. Heber, L. M. Holt, H. W. Blaisdell, and S. N. Ferguson. By 1899 their funds were again exhausted, but it was their good fortune to have George Chaffey, an engineer who was connected with large irrigation projects in Ontario, California, and in Australia, to become interested. In April of 1900 Chaffey signed an agreement with the California Development Company to build the necessary canals from the Colorado River to the Valley, and in return he was to have control of the finances of the Company.

An intake structure known as Hanlon's Heading was built near Pilot Knob, and in May, 1901, the first water was turned through the Chaffey Gate into the new canal. This canal nearly paralleled the river across the border and then followed the Alamo River, an old overflow channel of the river, for eight miles. From this point onward the Alamo River was used. Within twenty-two months four hundred miles of canals were constructed and water was being delivered to the early pioneers of what was then named Imperial Valley. The name "Imperial Valley" was George Chaffey's suggestion.

At the time the Chaffey gate was built nothing was known, or even suspected, with reference to the rapid and sudden changes in elevation of the river bed, and the bottom of the gate was not placed as low as it should have been. Neither was there any realization that there was any appreciable danger to Imperial Valley by flood waters of the Colorado, until the diversion of the river was an accomplished fact in 1905. It was known, however, that there had been earlier breaks in the river and that a considerable amount of water from the river had flown into what is now known as Salton Sea, but the breaks had always closed automatically.

Mr. Chaffey resigned the management of the California Development Company in February, 1902, and Mr. Rockwood assumed complete charge of the affairs of the Company. The Imperial Land Company was organized in March, 1900, to make necessary land surveys and to promote the taking up of land by settlers under the Desert Land Act at $1.25 per acre, plus $11.25 per acre water rights. By the year 1905 the population of the Valley had risen to 14,000, and there were seven towns.

In 1902 the United States Government issued an adverse report on soil conditions in the Valley, seriously affecting the credit standing of the California Development

Company, and nearly stopping the flow of people into the Valley. Had this report been issued earlier, no doubt, the history of the Valley might have been changed to a considerable extent.

During the autumn months of the years 1902, 1903 and 1904 there was considerable difficulty supplying sufficient water to the settlers during the low stages of water in the river. Due to the height of the Chaffey gate above the river bed, it was impossible to get water through the gate and by-passes were cut around the structure from the river to the intake canal. These by-passes were always filled in before high water in the spring, but despite these efforts to obtain additional water, claims were piling up against the Company from farmers whose crops had been damaged because of lack of water.

In September, 1904, a new cut was made around the heading several miles below the border in order to supply additional water to the Valley people. Rockwood had made a study of the river readings taken at Yuma over a period of twenty-seven years and had found but three instances of winter floods during that period, none of them serious. He believed the cut could be safely used during the winter when water was low in the river, and that a new gate could be constructed before the summer floods.

The California Development Company officials had been endeavoring to obtain a permit from the Mexican Government to construct an intake at the point where the by-pass was cut, and as soon as the cut was made plans for an intake structure were prepared and forwarded to the City of Mexico for approval by the Government of Mexico. Despite the insistent urging of the Company's attorney in Mexico City, and despite numerous telegrams insisting that the matter be expedited, the matter was delayed and the approval was not obtained until December, 1905, nearly a year after the first flood.

DISASTER COMES TO THE VALLEY

But, as so frequently occurs, the unexpected happened and five flash floods came down the river during the winter months. The first heavy flood came about February 1, 1905, followed shortly by another, but these did not cause any alarm on the part of the engineers of the Development Company. However, another flood followed sometime during March, giving sufficient notice that they were up against a very unusual season, something unknown in the history of the river as far as the officials were able to ascertain. The surface of the river was high enough to send water through the headgate and work was immediately begun to close the by-pass. The dam was nearly completed when the fourth flood of the season swept it out and work was immediately begun on another dam, but it, too, was swept out by a fifth flood.

Efforts to divert the river to its old channel continued until June, with the water so high in the Colorado that all of the banks and surrounding lands were flooded and Mr. Rockwood ordered the work stopped until the summer floods had passed. By August of

that year the entire Colorado River was flowing into the Imperial Valley, through the cut, and through the overflow channels of New and Alamo Rivers.

Then began the historic struggle of men against the river, to save the homes and fortunes of the people who had settled on the barren land of the Colorado Desert, and to save the cities they had built. Salton Sea was rising at the rate of seven inches per day and the plant and salt beds of the New Liverpool Salt Company in the bed of the sea were being entirely submerged. The tracks of the Southern Pacific Company were being threatened by the rising waters, and it was necessary to move them to higher ground. The old overflow channels of the Colorado, New River and Alamo River were being widened and deepened. Cataracts were formed in New River. Mexicali was being flooded, and to save Calexico dikes were built around that town. If the back cutting of the New River continued until it reached Volcano Lake, a few miles to the south, the Valley would be lost—it would be impossible to divert the flood waters to the proper channel.

A channel was dug from the Alamo Canal to the Padrones River, diverting the flood waters to Volcano Lake, on the south side of the delta rim. But the Padrones broke a new channel to the New River and the Colorado was again flowing into the Salton Sea.

Six attempts were made to close the break at the heading, and the river was finally forced back into its own channel after the sixth attempt, on November 4, 1906, nearly two years after the first flood of the winter 1904-5. As the forces and equipment, as well as the finances of the California Development Company, were woefully inadequate, the Southern Pacific Company was compelled, in its own interest, to assume charge of the job of controlling the river. Before the river was finally diverted to its own channel, the Southern Pacific Company had spent nearly two millions of dollars on a job that was, as yet, only partially complete.

During the month of December, 1906, the Gila River sent another flood down the river, causing another break, that ultimately widened to 1100 feet, with a maximum depth of forty feet, and the Colorado was again pouring its waters into the Valley. President Theodore Roosevelt urgently appealed to the railroad company to again assume charge of the work, and a trestle of ninety-foot piling was built across the current. Three times this trestle was washed out, but on January 27th, it was finished for the fourth time and the dumping of rock and gigantic boulders from quarries as far east as Benson, Arizona, was begun. For three weeks, normal operations over twelve hundred miles of Southern Pacific Company's main line were practically tied up. Three thousand car loads of rock were hauled to the river and dumped into the break; eighty thousand cubic yards in fifteen days. Success crowned these efforts and on February 11, 1907, old man river was again in his old channel flowing to the Gulf of California, but not until another million dollars had been spent by the railroad company. Twenty-four years after the work was done, the railroad company received a check from the United States Government in the amount of $1,012,665.17. The estimated damage to property in the valley as a result

 of the breaks in the river was approximately five millions of dollars.

The Title Insurance and Trust Company, of Los Angeles, trustees for the bond issue of the California Development Company, applied to the Superior Court of Imperial County on December 16, 1909, to declare the California Development Company insolvent and appoint a Receiver, which application was granted. The Southern Pacific Company purchased approximately $325,000 worth of Receiver's certificates, which, together with a major portion of water rentals received, kept the property going. The court appointed Mr. W. H. Holabird, of Los Angeles, Receiver to handle the affairs of the Company.

The people of Imperial Valley on July 14, 1911, by a vote of 1304 to 360 elected to form the Imperial Irrigation District. The district voted $3,500,000 in bonds and the Irrigation Company was purchased from the Southern Pacific Company, which had assumed control to protect its interests for loans made and money spent in closing the breaks.

The breaks in the river had been closed, levees and other protection works were constructed—yet the Valley was not safe from the threats of future floods. Through the years millions were spent in the building of levees, and these works were threatened again and again. At one time the river rose so high that a wind would have caused the waters to flood over the levees. It was a continual battle in the Valley, either to provide more water during the fall and winter months, or to hold the river within its course during the spring and summer months. The officials of the Southern Pacific Company had definitely decided to furnish no more money or men to control the river—they believed, and they were fully convinced, that the truest and best interests of all concerned would no longer be served by the railroad company bearing the entire burden. The people were thoroughly frightened, and finally Congress appropriated the sum of $1,000,000 for protection works.

The settlers dreamed of an all-American canal, free from the influence of the Mexican Government and its employees, who were, in general, dilatory in cooperating with the Americans in matters concerning works on the Mexican side of the boundary line—a canal sufficiently large to provide ample water through the seasons, free from threat of flood or drought. In 1875-76 Lieut. Bergland, in charge of a government survey, declared a canal traversing the sand hills to be impracticable. But the settlers continued to plan and in October, 1918, after further surveys of the possibility of a canal across the dunes had been completed, the irrigation district signed an agreement with the Department of the Interior to build the canal as soon as possible. The district agreed to pay the United States Government $1,600,000 for use of the Laguna dam, fifteen miles above Yuma.

Further opposition on the part of opponents caused Secretary of the Interior Lane to further delay the project. The people of the Valley, however, realizing their predicament and their danger, did not give up, but continued to fight with greater determination and vigor. During 1919 and 1920 bills were introduced in Congress for the construction of an all-American canal. Congress appropriated $20,000 in 1920 to investigate the matter. The people of the Valley subscribed $171,000 and congressional

appropriations increased the total to $400,000. The investigation was completed and the Fall-Davis report was made in 1922, in which approval was given the all-American canal, and, in addition, the construction of the Hoover Dam in Boulder Canyon. This Fall-Davis report was the basis of the Swing-Johnson bill, which was bitterly fought in Congress, and which bill finally became the law of the land on December 21, 1928, when President Coolidge signed the act.

The construction of the all-American canal was begun on August 7, 1934, at Pilot Knob, near Yuma. This canal, on which every activity in the Valley depends, is 160 feet wide in the upper reaches, with cuts up to one hundred feet in depth and a maximum width at the top of approximately 570 feet. Equipment of an enormous size was required to move this tremendous amount of earth. Walking draglines equipped with buckets of 12 to 16 cubic yard capacity were employed, and were the largest of their type ever built.

Construction of the Imperial Dam, about twenty miles upstream from Yuma, was begun in January, 1936, and completed in August, 1938. The Imperial Dam is the diversion structure for the all-American canal system, and has for its principal features the California abutment, all-American canal headworks, sluiceway, overflow wier, Gila canal headworks, Arizona abutment, Arizona dike, the all-American canal desilting basins, the Gila settling basins and the diversion structure.

A small flow of water was allowed to pass into the all-American canal on September 17, 1940, and continuous operation was begun. This flow was gradually increased and water reached the East Highline canal early in October. On the 12th of that month a celebration was held at the East Highline canal turnout to commemorate the first delivery of Colorado River water to Imperial Valley through the new canal. During November, 1940, the East Highline canal was wholly supplied with water.

The main canal to the Imperial Valley is eighty miles in length, and the Coachella section, which branches out from the main canal about fifteen miles west of Pilot Knob, is one hundred thirty miles in length. In mid-1947, the Imperial Valley section of the canal was turned over to the Imperial Irrigation District by the Department of the Interior, and a few months later water on the Coachella Branch reached Mecca.

The completion of the canal system made approximately one million acres of land in the Valley available for irrigation. Westerly from the sand hills to Imperial Valley, the natural slope of the land is greater than can be utilized in the gradient of the canal, the total fall being 145 feet, while that of the canal is twelve feet, a difference of 133 feet. Four drops were constructed in the canal to utilize the fall in gradient, and the drop structures were designed and built to facilitate the installation of power generating equipment, the potential capacity of the four drops being 46,000 KW. In addition a drop of 55 feet at Pilot Knob will provide an additional 44,000 KW of power.

Two large hydro-electric plants have been installed on the all-American canal, and these now furnish light and power for the people in the Valley, and for their neighbors,

while powerful steam and diesel plants are included in the system to guard against any emergency. More than 435 miles of big distribution lines, in addition to the 1500 miles of distribution lines, are included in the public power system. The operation of the power system has shown a substantial profit, and will in time entirely liquidate the cost of the all-American canal system, an item of $33,000,000.

In addition to the all-American canal system, the Swing-Johnson bill provided for the construction of Hoover Dam, in Black Canyon, about 25 miles southeast of Las Vegas, Nevada. The construction of this dam was one of the most spectacular engineering feats in all history. Actual work was begun on September 30, 1931, and on September 30, 1935, President Roosevelt dedicated the structure and the dam and power house was accepted by the Department of the Interior from Six Companies, Inc., a group of six large contracting concerns engaged in the single venture, on March 1, 1936. Actual storage of water behind the dam to insure year-round irrigation and flood protection began in the winter of 1934-35.

Hoover Dam is the highest in the world, rising 726 feet above bed-rock, and its man-made lake, Lake Mead, is the largest artificial reservoir in the world, storing 32,359,274 acre-feet of water when full. This is sufficient water to cover the entire state of New York to a depth of one foot.

The early settlers in Imperial Valley were virtually isolated from the eastern part of the country, which could be reached only by horse or mule by a circuitous route around the southern end of the sand dunes. It was practically impossible to cross these dunes, some three hundred sixty square miles in extent, many of which towered to a height of a hundred feet.

At that time a paved road was believed to be impracticable due to the shifting sands, and a plank road was suggested. In 1911 the Board of Supervisors of Imperial County requested Supervisor Bennett, of Calexico, to lay brush across the sand hills east of Holtville, but he asked to be relieved of the task after a week's work on account of his age. Supervisor Ed. Boyd then assumed charge and the work was completed by October 26, 1912.

The first car to cross the dunes over the brush road was an air-cooled Franklin with Ed. Fletcher, later State Senator, riding the hood cowboy-fashion. He lost his hat, and parts of a shirt sleeve and a trouser leg, but the trip demonstrated a passable road to Yuma.

In the meantime funds were being collected for a plank road. Work was begun on the project during 1913, and six months later, after a lot of discouraging work, performed entirely by volunteers, the road was completed. During 1916 the old road was replaced by planks wired to heavy cross ties, and coated with asphaltum and sand. The road was six miles long, eight feet wide, and had turnouts at intervals where cars could pass each other. It was built in sections, 20 to 30 feet in length, so that it could be moved as the sand shifted and covered portions of the road. A man with a four-horse team patrolled the road constantly to keep it open and passable. The road did not follow a scientific

grade, but generally followed the crest of the dunes. To the tenderfoot, especially, the road was a nightmare and an adventure never to be forgotten.

The road was resurfaced during 1917, and it was replaced by an oil surfaced state highway in 1924, at a cost of $340,000.00. The sand was graded higher than the dunes, to prevent the sand from drifting over the road, and the road has been in constant use ever since.

With the completion of the Hoover Dam and the all-American canal across the sand dunes, a feeling of security has fallen over the residents of the Valley. Many modern air-conditioned stores and homes have been built, scores of them replacing earlier structures. During the year 1950 permits to the value of $3,039,266 were issued by the building inspector of the City of El Centro — homes, business houses, packing sheds, schools and churches.

Contrast this with the year 1905, when El Centro, then known as Cabarker Junction, was housed in a box car. The settlement was named in honor of C. A. Barker, a friend of Wm. F. Holt, the founder. On account of the confusing name, El Centro was later chosen to designate the settlement, which was incorporated as a city in June, 1905. The county seat was established in El Centro on August 6, 1907, having previously been located in Imperial.

Its selection as county seat attracted numerous enterprises, and many people came to the city to work and to live there. Packing sheds moved to El Centro, and more people came, necessitating the building of many homes. The earthquake of 1905 damaged practically every building that had been built of brick, but by November of that year the damage had been repaired and the growth continued.

Another severe quake hit the Valley during the year 1940 and the era of brick construction came to an end. Gunite and reinforced masonry supplanted the plain brick type of construction previously used in commercial buildings, and improved materials replaced prior types in residential construction. In spite of the large amount of home construction, there is still a definite shortage of homes.

Other cities of the Valley have kept pace. In Brawley, during the year 1950, building permits totaled nearly a million dollars. As in El Centro, these figures covered additional schools and churches, commercial buildings and homes. Schools damaged during the 1940 quake have been repaired and replaced; churches built, and additions made to the high school. Plans for the expansion of water storage, purification and distribution systems have been made—an eventual outlay of three quarters of a million dollars.

Just south of Brawley, adjacent to U. S. Highway 99, one of the most complete hospitals in the nation, the Pioneers' Memorial Hospital of Imperial Valley, was completed during the year, at a cost of $1,500,000, and opened to the public on October 29, 1950.

Erected as a memorial to the pioneers of the Valley, the hospital, containing 88 beds, is one of the most modern in the country. All of the X-ray, laboratory, service and

administration facilities were designed to accommodate an eventual 200 beds. Only equipment of the latest and most modern design was installed.

Other cities of the Valley showed considerable activity during the year 1950, Calexico spending $761,287 on new construction. Building construction as a whole was below that of 1948, probably due to the war in Korea.

Not to be outdone by the cities and towns, the rural areas are also forging ahead and creating new wealth. Prior to the year 1900, there was no agriculture in the valley—during the year 1950, the grand total amounted to $105,936,224, with field crops, such as alfalfa, barley, wheat, flax and flax products, sugar beets, etc., totaling nearly $30,000,000.

The assessed valuation of property in Imperial Valley in 1910 amounted to $12,148,000; in 1950 it totaled $51,085,184, truly a remarkable increase. The gross area of the district totaled 885,000 acres, of which more than 405,000 acres were under cultivation. The average acreage per farm for 4,779 farms was 103 acres.

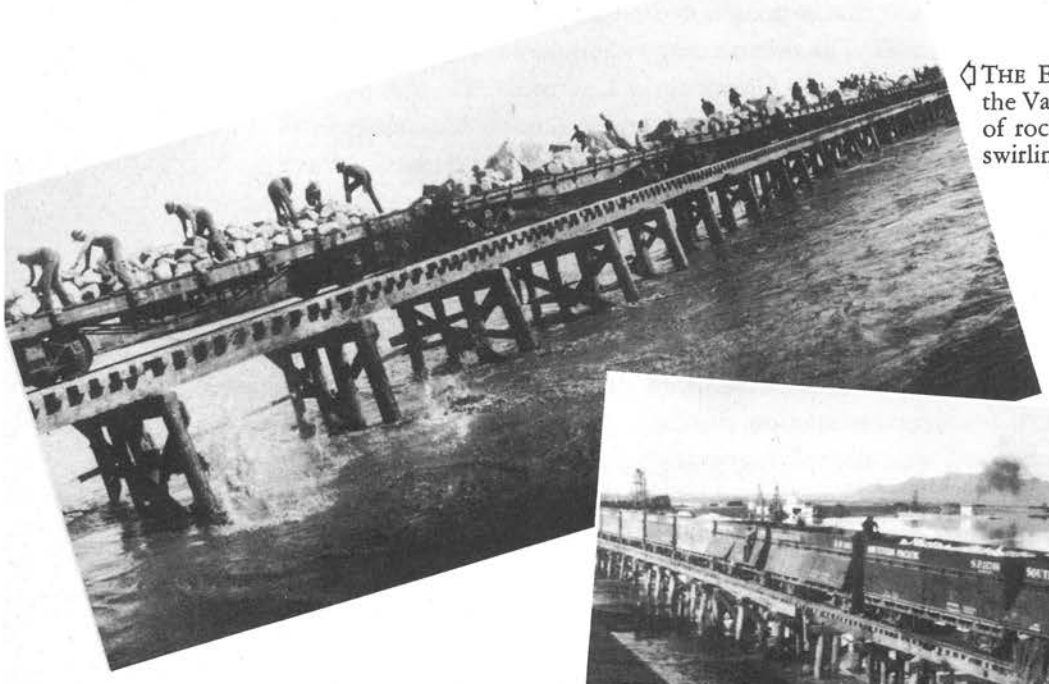
Not only is the acreage under cultivation increasing from year to year, with a corresponding increase in crop valuation, but a determined effort is being made to make the acreage more profitable to the farmer. The outstanding experimental station is the Meloland station operated east of El Centro by the University of California. The station, authorized by the State Legislature, was established in 1908, and deeded to the University in 1913.

The Valley's melon crop, seriously affected by mosaic disease, is the basis of a large part of the experimental work. Experimental work in the feeding of cattle is also being done, in an effort to ascertain the effects of selective feeding.

The Imperial Irrigation District is conducting experiments on a 540-acre tract leased from the United States Government. The tract is located east of the normally irrigated portion comprising Imperial Valley. The tract was classed as non-agricultural in a report made by the Bureau of Reclamation in conjunction with the University of California. The land is representative of a considerable area on the East Mesa, and if it is proved to be productive, the result obtained would apply generally to the lands east of the Valley's edge. The crops planted included sesbania, berseem clover, barley, and black-eyed and Canadian field peas. The results have proved satisfactory, although these were the first crops planted on the soil.

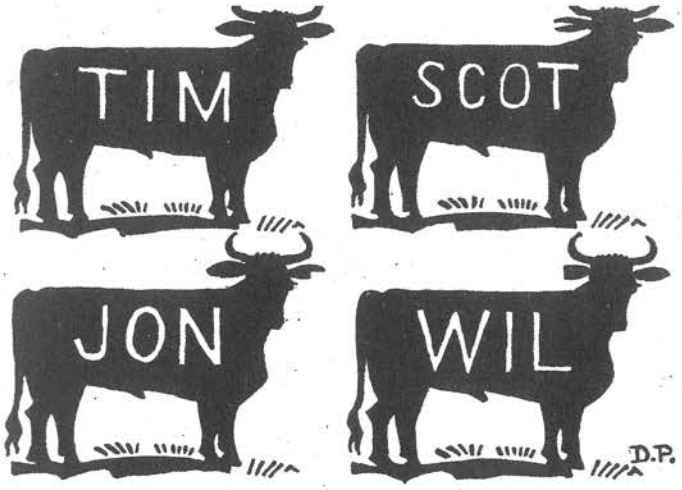
And so the story goes on and on. The people have rallied and recovered after every disaster, and have reached new heights, and are developing their land to the fullest. No longer does the threat of flood hang over their heads like the sword of Damocles; no longer does the spectre of drought dog their footsteps. Seventy thousand people today find happiness and contentment in the land of Barbara Worth, and they find living fun on more than a half million acres of land but recently reclaimed from the desert, and the story is not ended. Onward, ever onward, with heads high and faces turned toward the rising sun, march these people who would not be conquered by "*Old Man River*" nearly half a century ago.

THE OLD DESERT STAGE
Dry-land travel before the Valley became green.



THE EPIC STRUGGLE to save the Valley. Thousands of tons of rock are dumped into the swirling flood.

A railroad company matches its strength and resources against the forces of disaster.



NAMES ON COWS

By DON PERCEVAL

THE STATEMENT BY J. FRANK DOBIE that "the Texas Longhorn made more history than any other breed of cattle the civilized world has known"[1] sums up that period of 19th century expansion when the search for grass tamed or partially tamed more territory than any other factor. The mountain men had explored the West but the wilderness had closed in after them leaving little or no sign of their passing. Isolated areas had been developed by those seeking freedom or gold but it was before the horns of grazing herds that the frontier was pushed slowly but permanently westward and the history of the land was the history of the men whose brands had been burned on the hides of that longhorned multitude.

Who can write about brands without writing about the cattle business? The two are inseparable, but a study of brands covers a much wider field. So wide, in fact, that only a few of its highlights can be mentioned here and those in very condensed form.

So much has been written of the early days of the American cattle industry that, along with the names of its great men, the public have become acquainted with some of its famous brands. They recognize the fact that branding is an integral part of the business of raising cattle and have romanticized the brands by calling them the "heraldry of the range," their own particular range, of course, that lies between Canada and Mexico.

Most of the books and articles that have been written on this "Western heraldry" show so few brands that they completely miss the fact that the simile is really valid. The mere recording of a few dozen interesting brands proves nothing, but the sorting out of several hundred thousand brings a lot of unsuspected facts to light. Apart from that these books derive most of their interest in brands either from amusing anecdotes as to why a certain iron was chosen or from the fame or size of the outfits the brands identify. But when the brand itself is considered apart from its use, it is the ability and ingenuity of the designer that is important. What matter if it was used on only a few head when, from the first vague scratchings in the dust to the final cunningly wrought iron, an item has been added to American design that is often worthy of a high place in the folk art of the country. Those who glorify the nation's historical ironwork, the beautiful gates, the door hinges and even the cast iron trivets and fire dogs, are those who banish a few bent and rusty branding irons to "History section."

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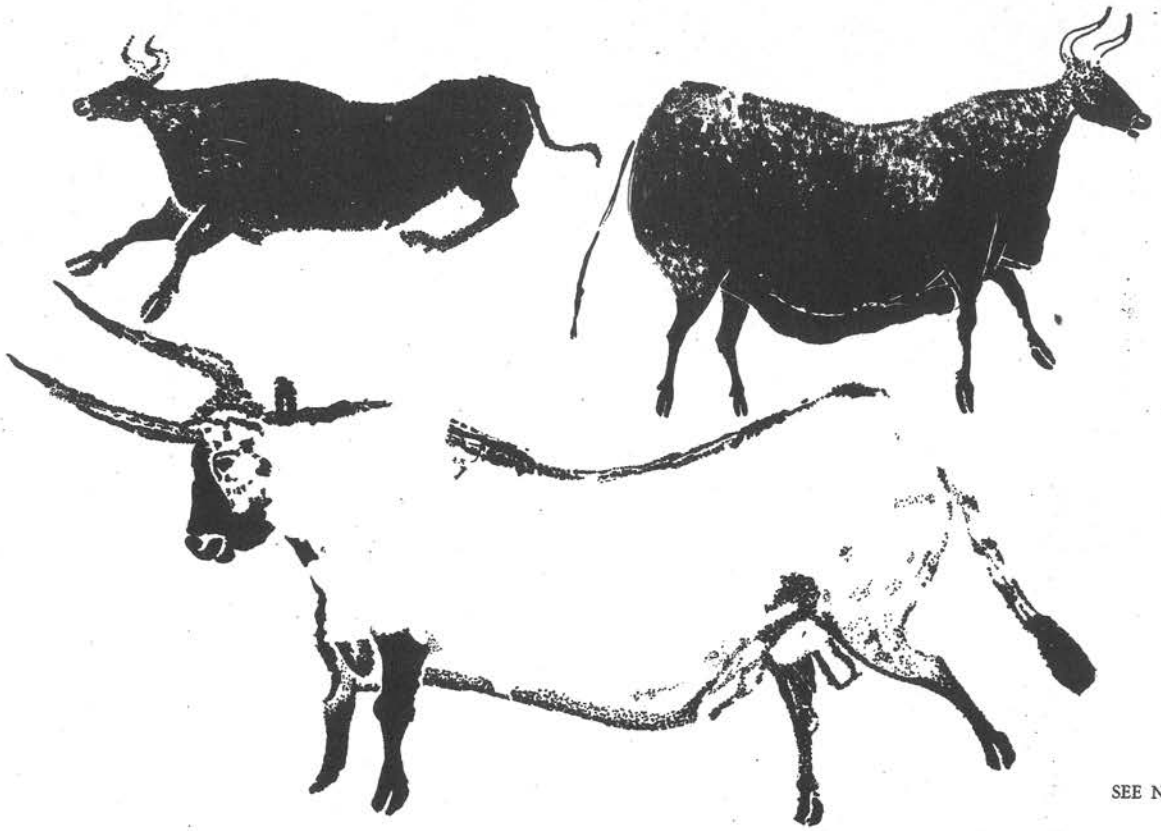
[1] Dobie, p. xiii.

PLATE 1.



SEE NOTE 5.

Cattle brands are not of American or of Mexican origin as many people seem to think. We all know the reference to the oldest profession in the world but I wonder if the cow waddy has ever realized that he is following a profession that, if not the oldest, is a mighty close second to it. Both the history of cattle raising and the history of brands stretch back into the dimness of antiquity, coming together at a point more remote than present knowledge can verify. "The ox was certainly one of the earliest, possibly the first, of all animals to be domesticated. As regards Western Europe there is no evidence of domestication in paleolithic times but there are plentiful remains in the Swiss Lake dwellings and other deposits of neolithic age."[1] However, paleolithic man certainly knew his cattle, judging by the many drawings of Bos Primigenius and Bos Longifrons in the Lascaux Caves near Montignac in France,[2] although he, probably, hunted them rather than milked them. We do know that "domesticated cattle existed in Egypt about 3500 B.C. and possibly much earlier, while Babylonian remains have been assigned to still more remote ages."[3] "The whole economic position of the Hittite kingdom was founded on agriculture and the raising of cattle."[4]

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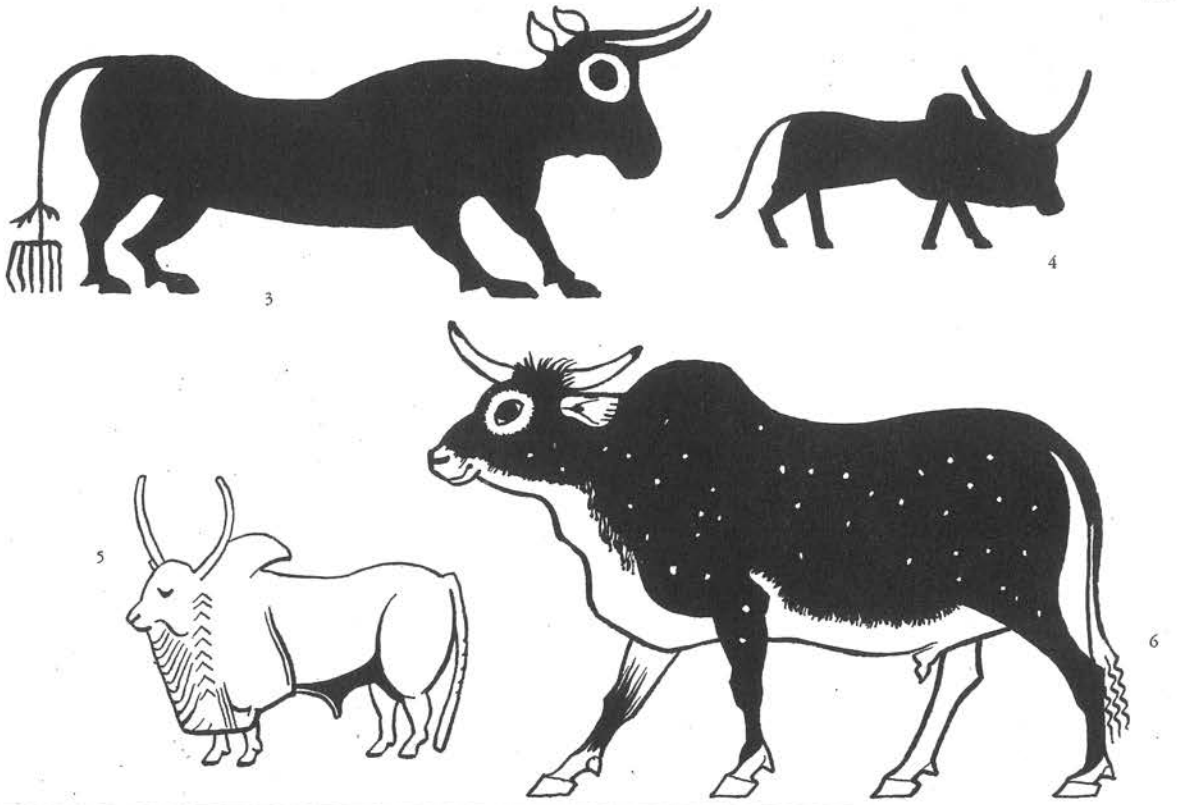
[1] Watson. [2] Windels. [3] Watson. [4] Hrozny.

[5] Bos Longifrons (upper two) and Bos Primigenius from plates in Windels.



From at least 3300 B.C., in the Chalcolithic period, the forerunners of today's Brahman cattle were domesticated in the Indus valley because from there "the most abundant and not the least remarkable works of art are the square seals of faience or ivory which bear in relief figures of animals, usually a bull, elephant or rhinoceros with a cult object, apparently a wicker crib or manger."[1] At the same time Brahman type bulls appeared on the red and black pottery from Nal in Baluchistan.

The herds of domestic cattle in Egypt in 1500 B.C. were beautifully drawn and cattle are plentiful in the early art of Cyprus, Greece and Rome. "In very early times Rome reckoned values in oxen and sheep, hence the word PECUNIA (money) from the same root as PECUS (head of cattle)" and these "were used as mediums of exchange. Among the Romans, for example, we find fines exacted in cattle down to the end of the 5th century B.C."[2]

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[1] Coomaraswamy. [2] Allan.

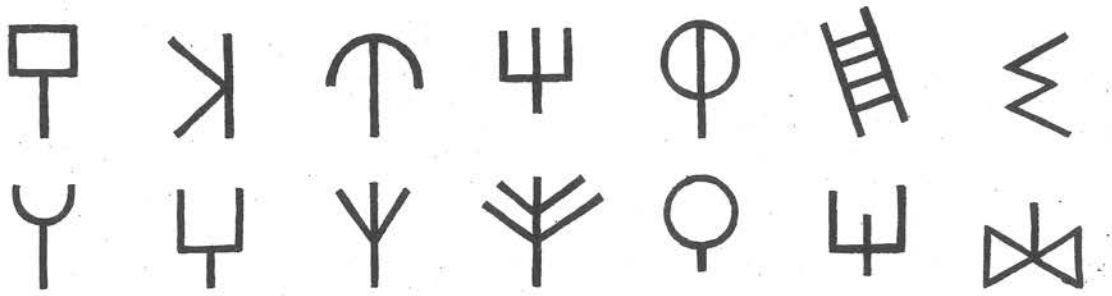
[3] From an amphora from Dali (Cyprus), Iron Age (Graeco-Phoenician, 750-600 B.C.) Pl. IX, Weyhe.

[4] From pottery from Nal (Baluchistan) 3300-2700 B.C. Fig. 6. Coomaraswamy.

[5] From a seal, Indus valley culture, 3300-2700 B.C. Fig. 5. Coomaraswamy.

[6] From the wall painting in the tomb of Neb Amun at Thebes, 1500-1480 B.C., British Museum, p. 21, Bradshaw.

PLATE 3. POTTER'S OR MASON'S MARKS, 6000 - 1500 B.C.



AMERICAN CATTLE BRANDS.

MALLET REVERSE K PICK PITCHFORK BUCKLE L LADDER LAZY W

CRUTCH SPUR TURKEY TRACK TREE FRYING PAN E CROSS HATCHET

As soon as primitive man became sufficiently domesticated to take pride in ownership he, probably, put some sort of mark on his goods to prevent confusion with similar articles owned by others and from that humble beginning came the whole present-day structure of Trade-mark laws and, as an offshoot, the laws relating to Marks and Brands. The Dictionary defines a brand as "a mark with a hot iron or otherwise" and to brand as "to mark or stamp indelibly." Whether this mark is on a product or on a cow it is a mark, sign or symbol "the primary and proper function" of which, as the Courts say, "is to identify origin or ownership of the goods to which it is affixed."[1]

During his many excavations in Egypt and elsewhere, Professor Flinders Petrie made a collection of owners' seals, potters' or masons' marks and others, some of which he dates as early as 6000 B.C.[2] Some of these marks are shown at the top of this page in comparison with American cattle brands. From the prehistoric settlement of Korakou near Corinth come bowls with potters' marks four thousand years old,[3] from the site of ancient Utica in Tunisia eighty potters' marks have been discovered on lamps dating from the 9th century B.C.[4] The catalog of the Yale University collection of Greek and Italian vases reproduces factory marks of the 5th and 4th centuries B.C.[5]

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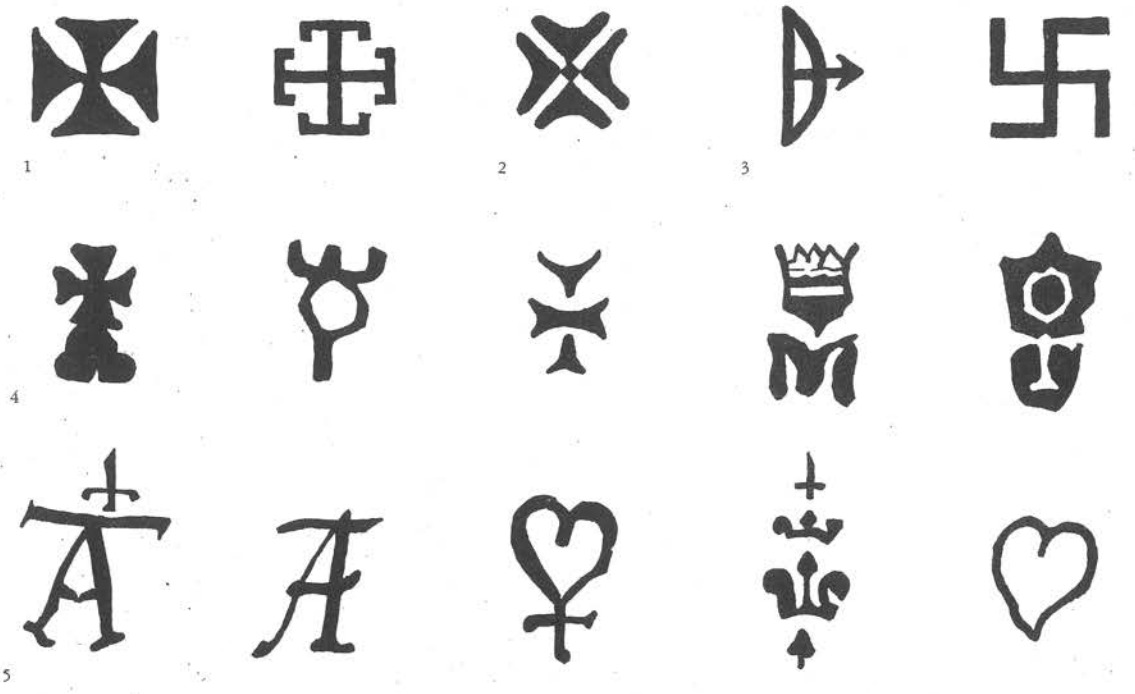
[1] Schechter, p. 19. [2] Thompson, p. 35. [3] Blegen, Fig. 3, No. 6, pp. 5, 11. From Schechter, p. 20.
[4] Report by leader of De Prorok Expedition, *N. Y. Times*, Mar. 15, 1925. From Schechter, p. 20.
[5] Baur, Vol. viii, 1922, No. 445, p. 225.
The sources of all brands used on this page will be found in Bibliographical Section.



During the Middle Ages most European merchants and manufacturers adopted their own particular marks and brands, some of which, such as the marks on silver, have persisted in almost their original form up to the present day. A guild of London goldsmiths existed as early as 1180 but it was not until 1300, twenty-seven years before its formal incorporation, that the use of the Leopard's Head (lion's mask) is mentioned. The familiar Lion passant was not introduced until 1544, but "we shall find in English law in the 14th and 15th centuries how unvaried and unbroken was the recognition given to merchants' marks as affording practically conclusive evidence of proprietary right in the articles to which they were affixed or in connection with which they were used."[6] Francis Blomfield (1705-1752), cleric, historian and topographer of Norfolk, England, writing of the time of Edward III (1330-1377) says, "The use of these marks was found so beneficial that at that time all merchants of any note had their peculiar marks with which they marked all their wares."[7]

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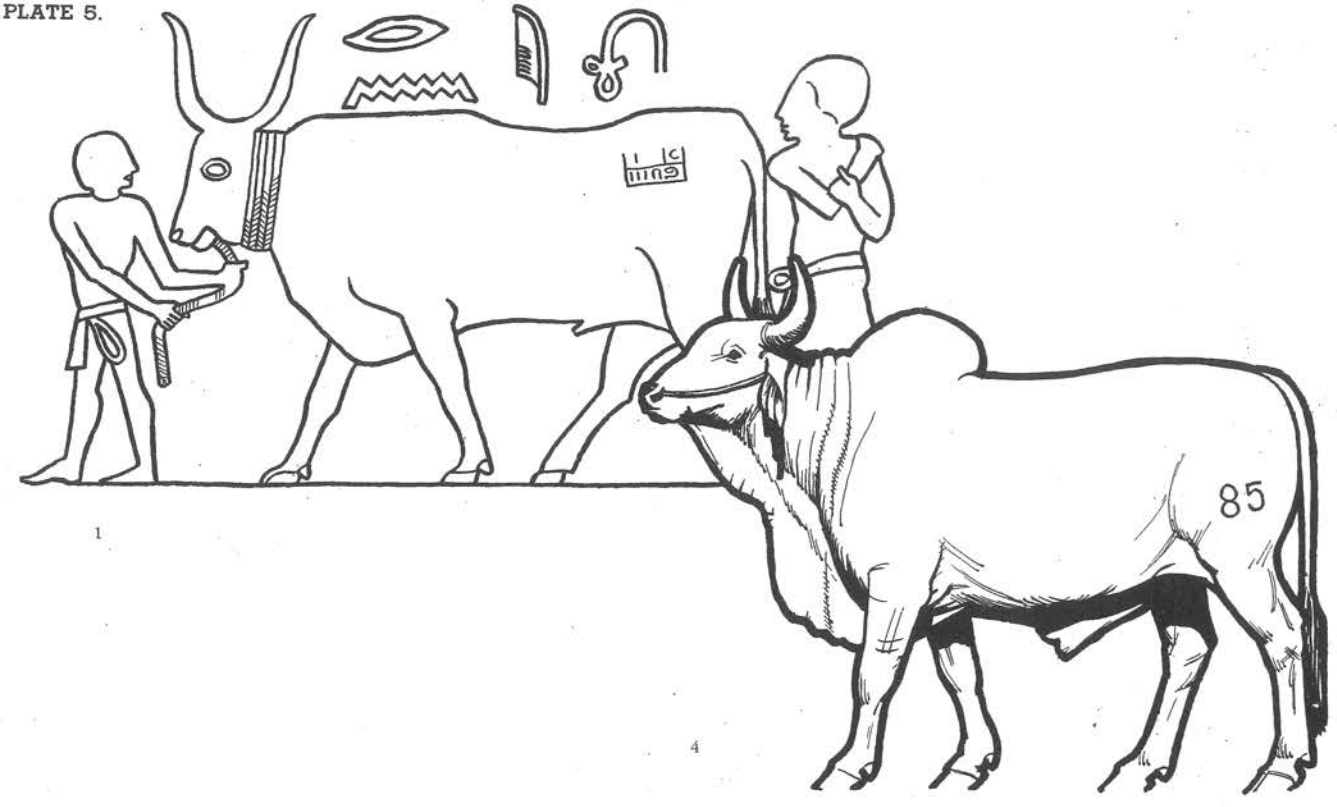
1 Seals, Kassite Dynasty, Babylonia (1840 B.C.). A symbol constantly used was the Kassite cross either of the kind called Maltese or in a simpler form. Smith.
2 Pottery design, Susa (Persia) before 3000 B.C. (Louvre, Paris, Inv. 12101) No. 9, Pl. XI, Weyhe.
3 Designs from punch-marked coins, Maurya period Indus Valley (600 B.C.-100 A.D.) Fig. 9. Coomaraswamy.
4 Armourers' marks: Spanish, ca 1550. Spanish, ca 1660. German, 1580-90. Spanish (Toledo), ca 1605. Toledo mark, Spanish, ca 1650-70. Wallace Collection.
5 Cutlers' marks: English, 1606-1676. Pl. facing p. 117, Schechter. From C. Welch, History of the Cutlers' Company of London.
6 Schechter, p. 27. 7 Schechter, p. 23.

PLATE 5.



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Brands on animals and slaves received the same protection by law as did the marks on manufactured goods, and branding seems to have been a fairly common practice in both ancient and medieval times. The authors of several books and articles on cattle brands make reference to ancient Egyptian brands and to research on the subject done by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. These same authors, however, quote no authorities and give no bibliography. Dr. J. A. Wilson of the Oriental Institute tells me that no research has ever been done on Egyptian brands but that from time to time questions have been answered about them by the Institute. My request for further information was put in the hands of Mr. Martin Kanofsky, who sent me ample documentation as well as sketches from which I made these illustrations. No exhaustive study was made but enough examples were found to prove the existence of cattle brands as early as 2500 B.C., with brands falling into three classes: (1) Numerals, (2) A series of parallel lines and (3) The name of the owner. The drawing above shows the earliest known brand,[1] the number 113,[2] from the tomb of a noble named Anta at Deshasheh, which belongs to the middle of the 5th Dynasty or between 2500 and 2350 B.C.[3] So similar to this early Egyptian example is the Brahman bull pictured with it that I include it to show a 19th century brand in India.[4]

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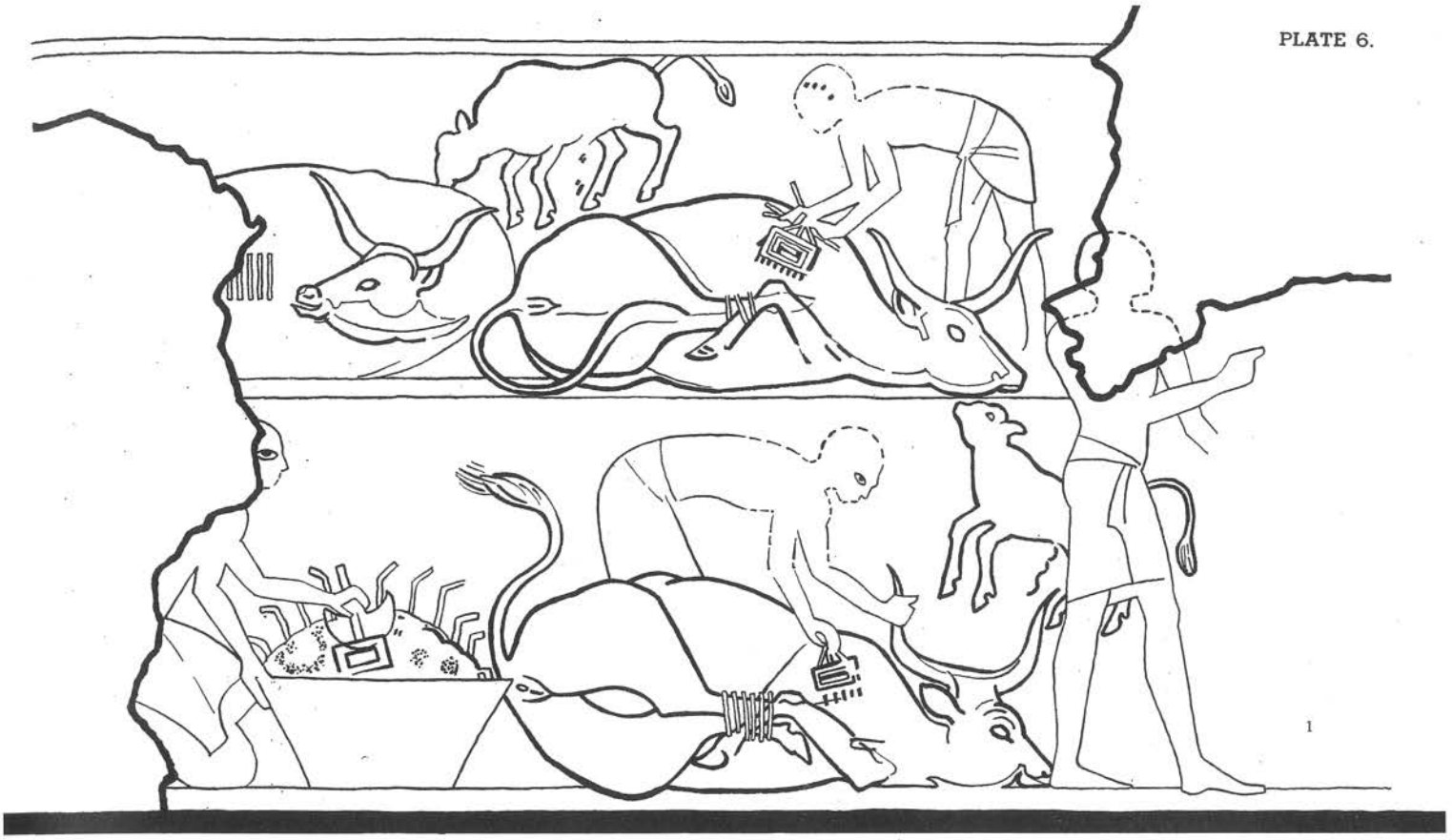
1 Petrie, Deshasheh, Pl. XI. 2 Petrie, p. 8.

3 Wilson, p. vii and Petrie, p. 4.

4 Hayes. Illus. opp. p. 6.



This illustration shows the actual branding taken from the tomb of two officials of Tuthmosis IV,[1] 18th Dynasty or 1421 - 1413 B.C.[2] To quote the description of the scene by Norman de Garis Davies,[3] "It is the cows, not the calves, which are being branded, perhaps with a view to a breeding register." This is an example of the second or parallel line type of branding where the branding tool, having been heated in a chafing-dish or brazier (lower left), was drawn across the animal's hide leaving the lines which the cow (upper left) is trying to lick. Judging by what I take to be the umbilical cord still hanging from the calf behind the standing figure (lower right) this branding took place soon after the calf was dropped.

Probably these brands recorded on the cow the blood line of the bull to which she was mated just as in Arabia "certain travelers report the custom of branding colts with a hot needle on the right and left of the breast in two columns of dots and dashes, to denote pedigree of sire and dam." "The longer the column is, the finer the pedigree. Tradition has it that this custom was started by Solomon, who so marked his seven breeds, and copied by the kings of Egypt, Persia and India."[4] This practice seems to have died out as it is not reported by modern authorities.

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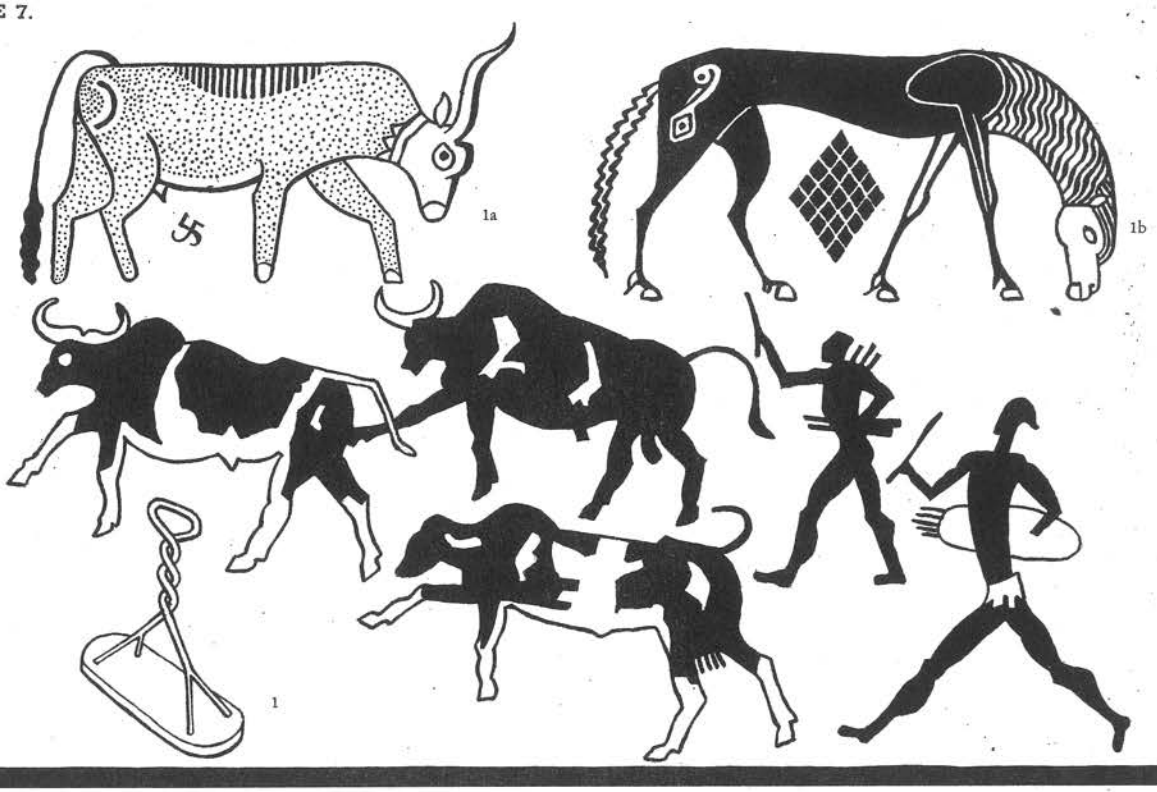
1 Davies, N. de Garis. Pl. XXXI.
2 Wilson, p. viii.
3 Davies, N. de Garis, pp. 32-33.
4 Brown, p. 72.

PLATE 7.



A form of stamp brand is crudely shown in the tomb of Huy, an official during the time of King Tut-ankh-Amon,[1] of the 18th Dynasty or between 1362-1352 B.C.[2] In this case it is King Tut's cattle which are being branded "with the prenomen of Tut-ankhamun."[3] On the under side of the brand as shown above are the raised characters of the King's name.

In all cases the drawings of early Egyptian cattle show them as half-bred rather than pure-bred Brahmans, as though the Indus valley cattle had been crossed with European stock resulting in a breed rather similar to that seen in the Southwest at the present time or to the cattle belonging to the Watussi or other tribes in Africa. The Bushman drawing[4] above indicates a very like breed.

Just when the Europeans started branding their stock is obscure but "branding to denote ownership was in common usage in Greek times and the letter Kappa, meaning that a horse was of great value, is often found. Other signs were bull-heads, serpents, crowns and crosses."[5] I have seen numerous examples of branded horses on Greek pottery in European Museums. Lady Apsley[6] tells of a fine looking but unridable horse brought by a Thessalian horse-dealer to the court of Philip of Macedon. It was dark brown, white starred and with a mark like an ox head on its quarter, hence the name Bucephalos. Alexander broke and rode the horse until it was killed in the battle of the Indus, 327 B.C.

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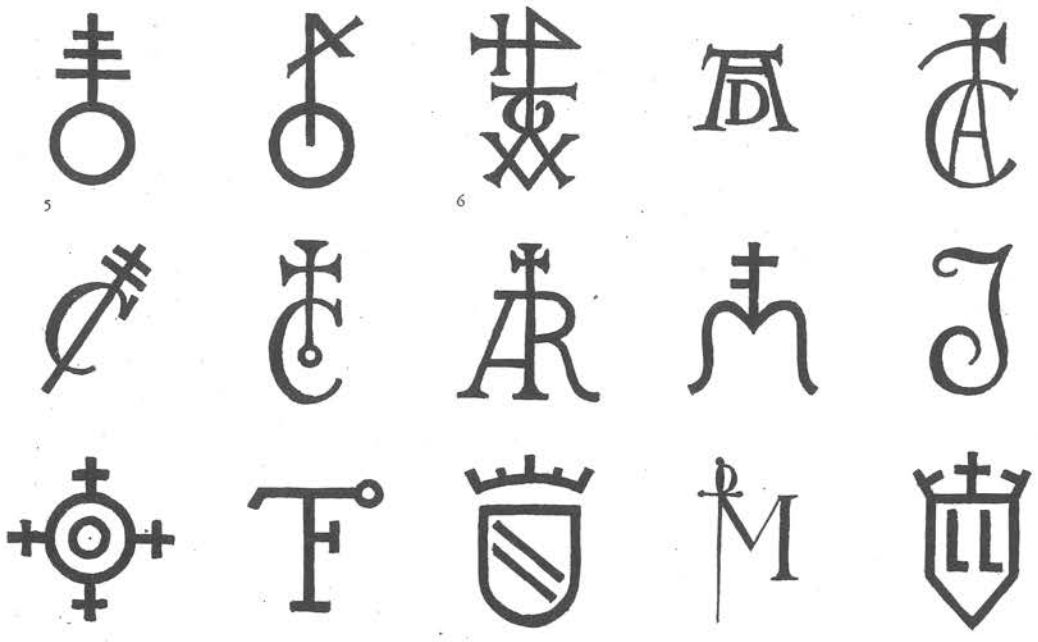
1 Davies, Nina, Pl. XL.
2 Wilson, p. viii.
3 Davies, Nina, p. 21.
4 Espasa, Vol. 44, p. 1160.
5 Fleitmann, p. 72,
6 Lady Apsley, p. 62.



The bull on the opposite page, from a 7th century vase from Cyprus (Louvre)[1a] may well show a crescent-shaped brand while the horse (7th century Greek, British Museum)[1b] could be either a brand or a Greek way of conventionalizing the muscles. Where convention and legend end and fact begins is always hard to tell, so just how the Cretan cult of the Minotaur found its way to the Iberian Peninsula to found Spanish bullfighting is equally obscure. But from a time beyond record to the present day, Spanish bulls have been branded with their breeder's brand. Espasa shows 105 of these brands under "Ganaderia"[2] and many others under each initial letter. The lower two lines on this page are all Spanish cattle brands from this source. It states that there were 102 associated breeders in Spain and Portugal in 1926 and that only bulls from these 'vacadas' could take part in 'corridas con picadores', and that plazas using non-association bulls were fined 1,000 pesos for each bull.[3] Most of the principal breeders of fighting bulls are mentioned, some of these ganaderias having been in continual operation since 1600.[4] How merchants' marks and cattle brands have been similarly designed and served the same purpose through the ages can be seen on the top line, two Cooper's marks from England in 1420,[5] a Merchant's mark of 1525 from Ipswich, England.[6] The monogram of Albrecht Durer (1471-1528), German artist, and that of Pedro Cottard, 17th century Spanish architect.

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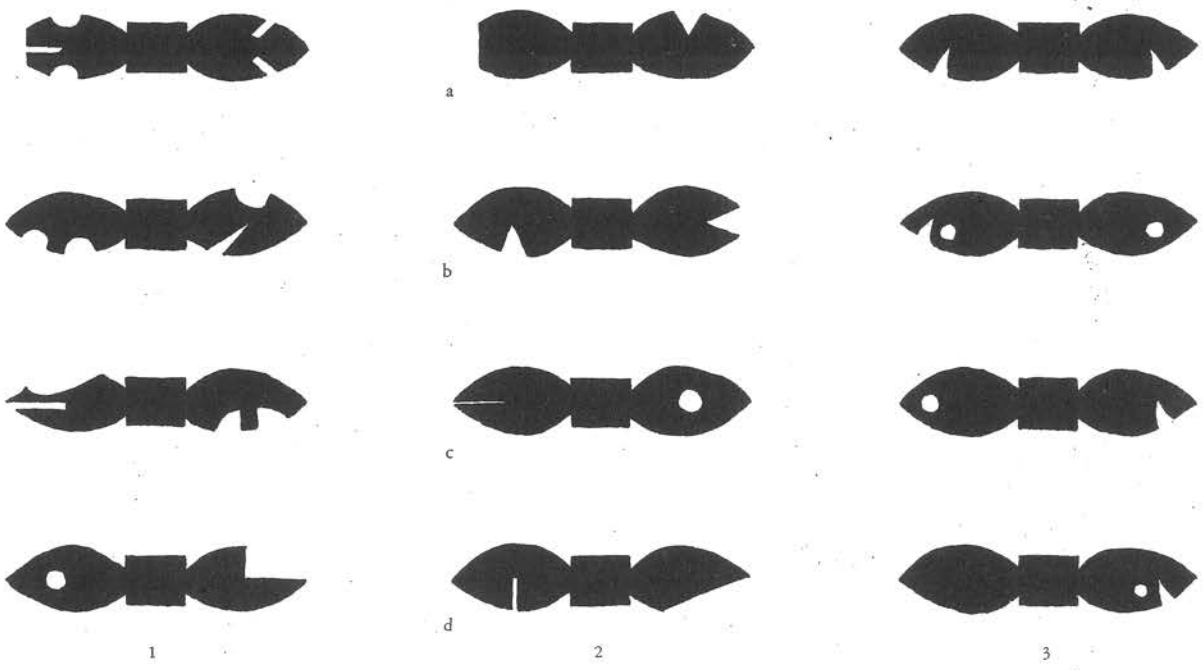
1 Merlin, *a* Pl. XIb, *b* Pl. Xa.
2 Espasa, Vol. 25, Pl. opp. p. 657.
3 Espasa, Vol. 25, p. 659.
4 Espasa, Vol. 25, p. 657.
5 Schechter, Front.
6 Schechter, Pl. opp. p. 24.



In conjunction with brands, earmarks have been used in the identification of cattle and sheep for some time. When this practice started I have no idea, but there are many examples of its use in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

The endless forms of early Spanish-American earmarks could be made a study in itself but here I show only four Californian marks in comparison with the same number of twentieth century American and British earmarks. Few of us realize how common earmarking is in Europe and elsewhere. British marks, I quote, "just as there is a heraldry of raddle by which every farm has its blazoning of red, blue, or black on shoulders, back, or rump of the sheep, so each owner has a distinctive mark punched in the ear of his lambs. It may be in the right ear, it may be in the left, it may be in both . . . in the tip . . . in the side. One register I saw showed over a thousand variations from a few simple brands."[4]

"The ear marks on sheep are so specific that they are still the countryman's name for breeding . . . sheep are marked variously; in the mountains buisting with tar is usual, the owner's letter, or grazing mark, shaped in iron, is dipped in hot tar and pressed quickly against the sheep's side, and the mark lasts pretty clear till the next shearing."[5]

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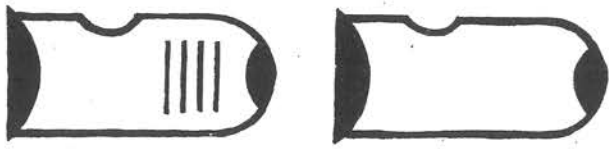
[1] Earmarks of Luisa Espinosa, 1863. Jose Fernandez Gomez, 1867. Maria Cota de Ruiz, 1854. Jose Eusebio Boronda, 1852.

[2] (a) R Crop, L Overbit or Upperbit. (b) R Underbit, L Swallowfork. (c) R Slit, L Punch. (d) R Undercut, L Underslope. There are, perhaps, 30 other earmarks and endless combinations.

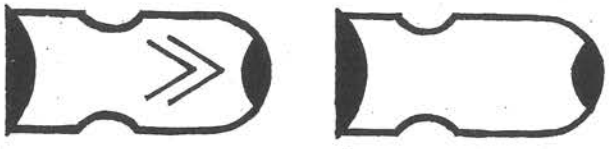
[3] British sheep earmarks, Gibbings, p. 150.

[4] Gibbings, p. 150.

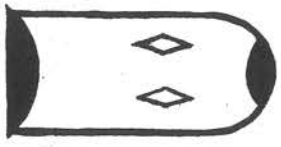
[5] Hartley, p. 16.



THE OLD AND NEW SWAN BRANDS OF THE DYERS' COMPANY.



THE OLD AND NEW SWAN BRANDS OF THE VINTNERS' COMPANY.



THE BRAND OF THE ROYAL SWANS.

3

The vew of the Game of Swannys belonging to the Maire and Burges of the Gilde Hall of Redyng after the marke above drawyn, browght in by Thomas Randall of Sonnyng on our Lady evyn th' Assumpcion in the xxiind yere of King Henry the VIIth.

Dated 1507. from Records of the Borough of Reading, ed. J. M. Guilding, i,p. 104.

4

"One of the oldest English proprietary marks, which still serves its original function, is the swan mark. In the theory of English law the swan is regarded as "bird royal in which no subject can have property when at large in a public river or creek, except by grant from the crown. In according this privilege the crown grants a swan mark."[1]

"A large body of law and custom grew up around the London swans, and Ticehurst has described 135 different marks with which private owners used to mark their birds, while it is known that as many as 630 marks were used between 1450 and 1600. The annual swan-upping, when the young birds are caught and their bills marked, still takes place on the Thames. Since the end of the eighteenth century, however, swan-rights have been exercised on the Thames only by the Crown and the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies."[2] "The Royal swans and those of the two privileged guilds are branded with distinctive marks at the annual swan-uppings. The Royal swans are branded with two diamonds, the Dyers' swans with one bar, those of the Vintners' with two."[3] Swan marks and ear-marks are rather similar in as much as both are cut out with a sharp knife or other instrument, but marks, whether cut, punched, branded or painted, were in a high state of development in the Old World long before Columbus set sail to discover the New.

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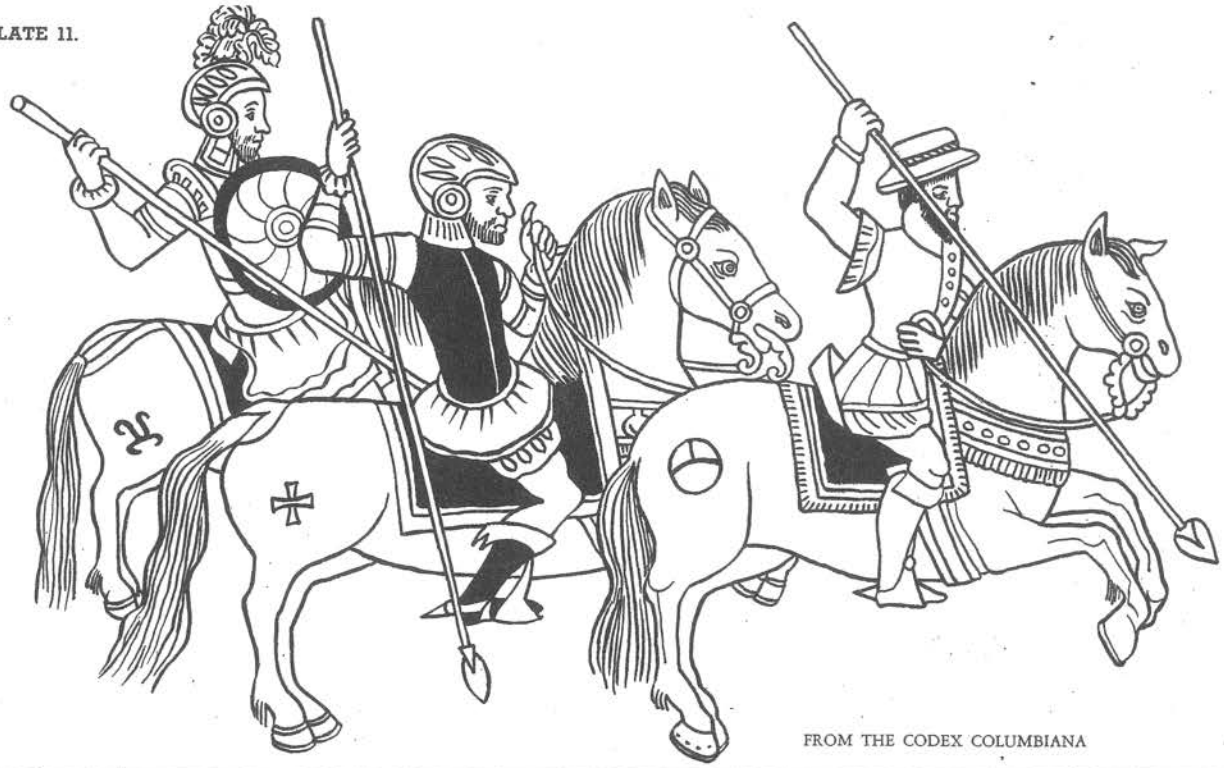
1 Schechter, p. 35. In part from W. Yarrell, *History of British Birds* (4th ed.), iv, p. 329.

2 Fitter, p. 1. Ticehurst, N.F. The Marks used by Swan-owners of London and Middlesex. *London Naturalist*, 1933, 67-84.

3 Ciba Review, p. 33.

4 Schechter, p. 36.

PLATE 11.

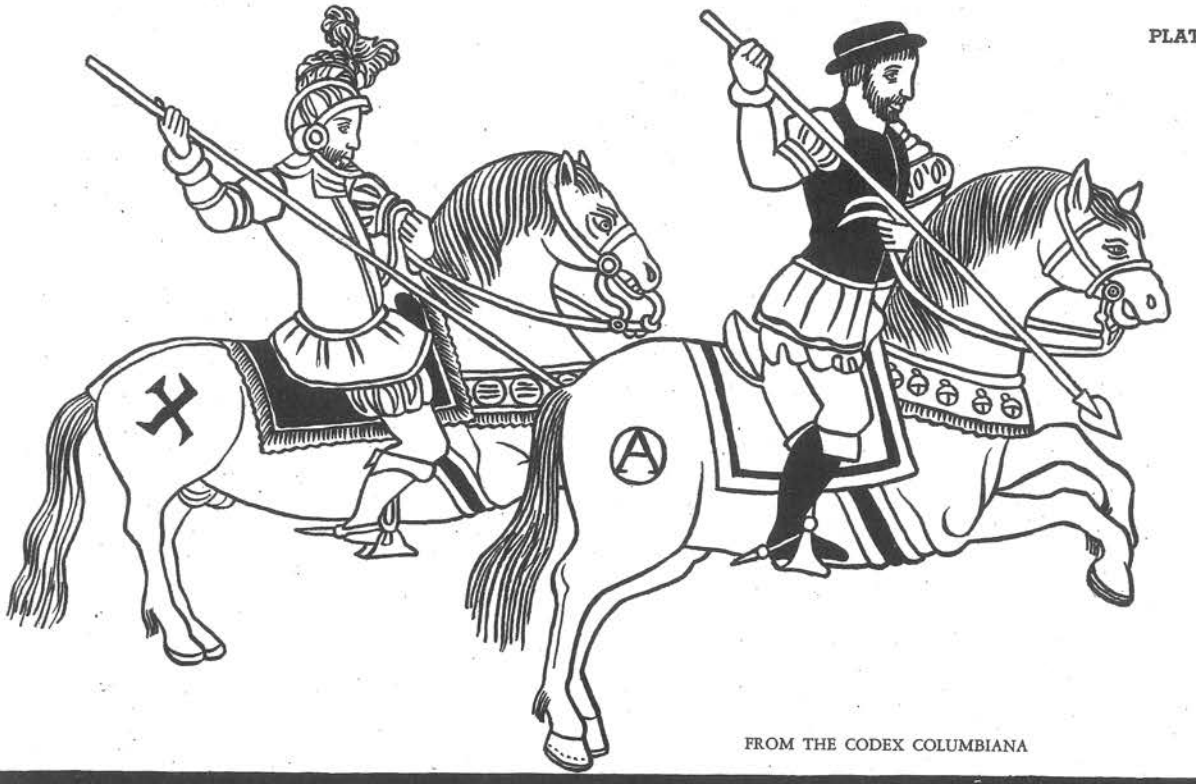


FROM THE CODEX COLUMBIANA

"Stiff and torpid from long confinement,"[1] sixteen horses were taken from the ships as Cortes made his landing on the shores of Mexico. Their colors, manners and usefulness were recorded in detail by Bernal Diaz[2] but it was left to the Tlascalan artists in the Codex Columbiana to show us their brands. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of these drawings because the Spanish arms and armour, which can be checked, were drawn with great observation and detail. Yet whose brands were they? Probably those of the ranches on the Indies for on Columbus' second voyage he took "the necessary seeds, plants, domestic animals, tools and implements for founding a mining-agricultural colony"[3] and "at Gomera the fleet took on fresh supplies for the voyage, and live animals in order to start flocks and herds in Hispañola."[4] Animals multiplied and "within thirty years the island animals formed the chief supply for the mainland expeditions. From the islands they were taken to the Isthmus in 1514 and to Mexico by Cortes in 1519."[5] "Most of the Horses came from Cuba, Jamaica, Santo Domingo or some other of the Antilles so that the voyage was not so long or so difficult as that from Spain."[6] Bernal Diaz, reporting the equipment of Juan Sedeno, said "some of which articles were indications of great wealth at that time, for horses and negroes were hardly to be procured for any money."[7]

1 Prescott, Vol. 1, p. 161.
2 Diaz, pp. 57-58, and Cunninghame Graham, pp. 55-59.
3 Morison, p. 390.
4 Morison, p. 399.
5 Denhardt, p. 223.
6 Cunninghame Graham, p. 21.
7 Diaz, p. 58.

PLATE 12.



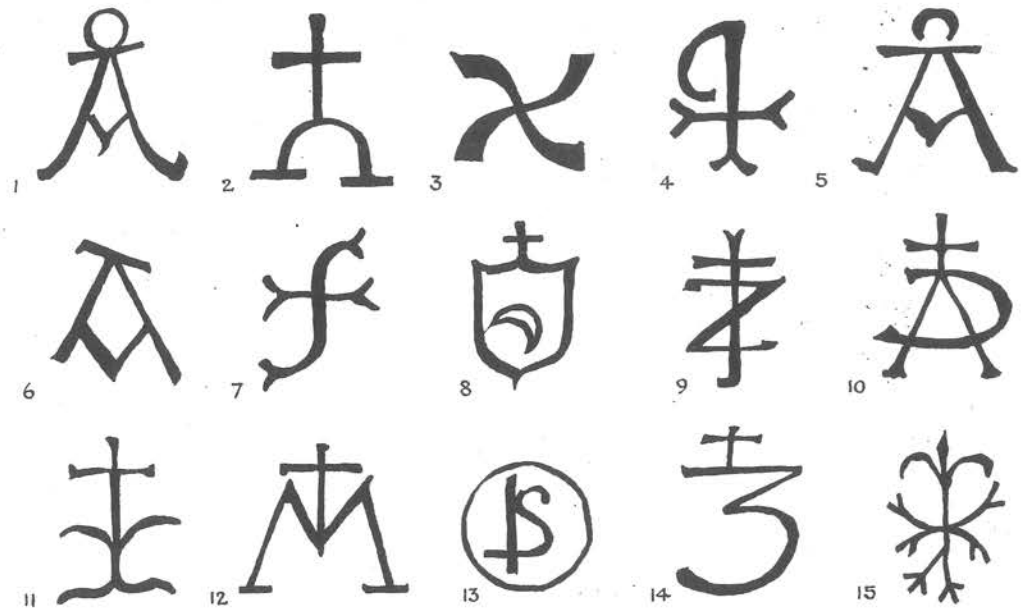
FROM THE CODEX COLUMBIANA

But I do not think that this meant a lack of animals but, rather, a lack of horses that were for sale or that were considered useful as chargers. Diaz certainly loved the horses of the expedition, both for themselves and for the way in which they turned the tide of battle and, perhaps, he told of their scarcity to make them seem more precious. Be that as it may, they were there and they were branded. On Cortes' marches other domestic animals are never mentioned but all subsequent expeditions provisioned themselves, as much as possible, on the hoof and cattle and sheep were soon brought to Mexico.

The mounted Spaniard was essentially a stockman and Columbus "complained of nobody except the troopers, who declined to do any labor that could not be performed on horseback."[1] Can you blame them? They had been raised on the ranches of Spain. How else would they have been able to handle their trail herds so easily that no chronicler found it worth while to mention anything but their size? Castañeda records the Coronado expedition as driving with them "1,000 horses and 500 of our cattle and more than 5,000 rams and ewes."[2] Vincente Zaldivar and his party, when ordered by Juan de Oñate to bring in a herd of buffalo to supplement their cattle, rode to the plains, stacked their arms, shook out their loops and went to work roping buffalo calves.[3] The attempt failed because the calves died when corraled away from the herd, rather than from any lack of roping or riding ability on the part of the Spaniards. This took place in 1599 and Oñate

[1] Morison, p. 435.
[2] Winship, p. 542.
[3] Bolton, pp. 223-231. Denhardt, pp. 92-94.

PLATE 13.



FOR THE NAMES OF OWNERS SEE BIBLIOGRAPHY

reported that "it was declared by those who had seen them that in that place alone there were more buffalo than there are cattle in three of the largest ranches in new Spain."[1] This reference to cattle in Mexico was not, by any means, the first, however. Gregorio de Villalobos, in 1521, brought in "a number of calves, so that there might be cattle, he being the first to bring them to new Spain."[2] This and other herds increased so rapidly that by 1529 the Cabildo ordered each owner to register a brand to avoid conflicts over ownership.[3] In his book, Antonio Cortes lists and shows 43 brands that were recorded between 1529 and 1539 out of the total of 144 brands in the books of Actas de Cabildo.[4] Fifteen of these brands are shown above and the entry in the book of one of them is quoted below in Spanish.[5]

Of Spanish-American brands it is often said: Why all the curlicues, why not a straight A or B? The answer is twofold. First, when the early "Mexican" irons were forged, men wrote *A*'s with curlicues, they carved *A*'s with curlicues and so they wrought

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1 Bolton, pp. 227-228.

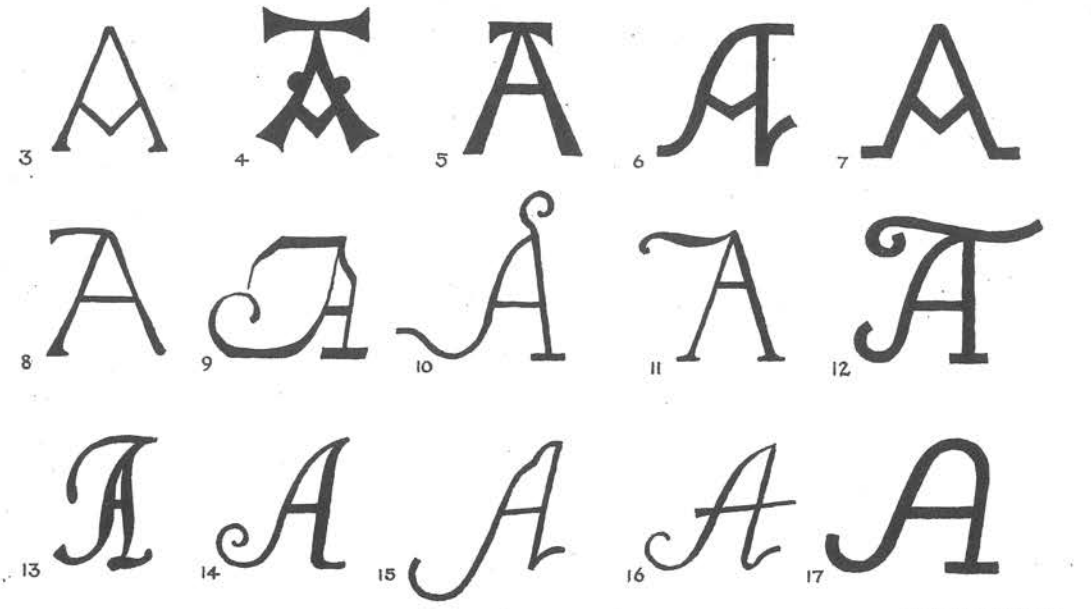
2 Dobie, p. 3, and Hackett, Vol. 1, p. 41.

3 Cortes, p. 37 . . . . . particularmente caballos, toros, cerdos, borregos, cabras, etc., los cuales se propagaron con tanta rapidez, al grado que fue preciso ya en 1529, dictar disposiciones para evitar conflictos sobre la propiedad. Asi, en 16 de junio de ese año se dispuso en Cabildo lo que sigue: "En este dia los dichos senores hordenaron y mandaron que se pregone que todos los que tienen o tobieron ganados bacunos o bejunos o yeguas tengan sus hierros diferentes unos de otros . . . manifiesten los hierros que tienen e los asiente en este libro de Cabildo."

4 Cortes, pp. 38-39.

5 Cortes, p. 41. "En 9 de abril de 1535 años ante mi el dicho miguel lopez diego muñoz presento un hierro desta manera para herrar sus ganados."

PLATE 14.



SEE NOTES BELOW.

A's with curlicues. And they liked them that way, they were used to them because Spanish *A*'s had been that way for a long time, as the drawing above should show.

Spanish ironwork and Toledo blades were some of the finest ever produced and "about 1560, Spanish cutlers founded workshops in America. The most famous seems to have been at Puebla de los Angeles, in Mexico, if we may judge by output."[1] And so we come to the second point: the man who forged the iron was an artist in iron. He had possibly been working on a church screen or a sword hilt when Don Antonio asked for an *A* branding iron. Scrolls and curves were his medium, he loved them and used them whenever opportunity arose. As the hot iron dulled and the *A* from Don Antonio's signature hissed into the water he might chant some of the old words that his father's father's father had brought from Toledo.[2]

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1 de Artiñano, p. 106.

2 "Blessed be the hour in which Christ was born . . . Saint Mary who bore Him . . . St. John who baptized Him . . . The iron is hot . . . The water hisses . . . The tempering will be good . . . If God wills." This and other incantations designed to regulate the length of immersion. de Artiñano, p. 106.

3 Carved stone, 1185, Sts. Maria de Alabanza, Spain. Webb, Pl. 4.

4 Pottery finial. c. 1520. Toledo, Spain. Van de Put, Pl. 12a.

5 Carved stone, 1588. Santo Domingo, Tepoztlan, Mex. Weismann, Fig. 57.

6 Brand of Juan Cantua, Reg. Apr. 22, 1851. Monterey Co., Calif.

7 Brand of A. V. Munguia, No. 7177, p.1. Sonora, 1931.

8 Carved stone, 913 A.D. San Miguel de Escalada, Leon, Spain. Lamina 113, Van Pelt.

9 Original MS map of De Leon's route in 1690. Bolton.

10 De Varga inscription, 1692. Inscription Rock, N.M.

11 Gregorian Chant, Duran MS. da Silva.

12 Brand of Jose Avila, Reg. Mar. 19, 1861. San Luis Obispo Co., Calif.

13 Arte de Escrivir, Madrid. 1608. Pl. III. No. I. Morison.

14 Also from original MS. map of De Leon's route in 1690. Bolton.

15 Montoya inscription, 1666. Steamboat Canyon, Ariz.

16 Alvarado signature, Bk. I, Brands etc. L.A. Co., Calif.

17 Brand of Jose Duarte, No. 3047, p. 2. Sonora, 1931.

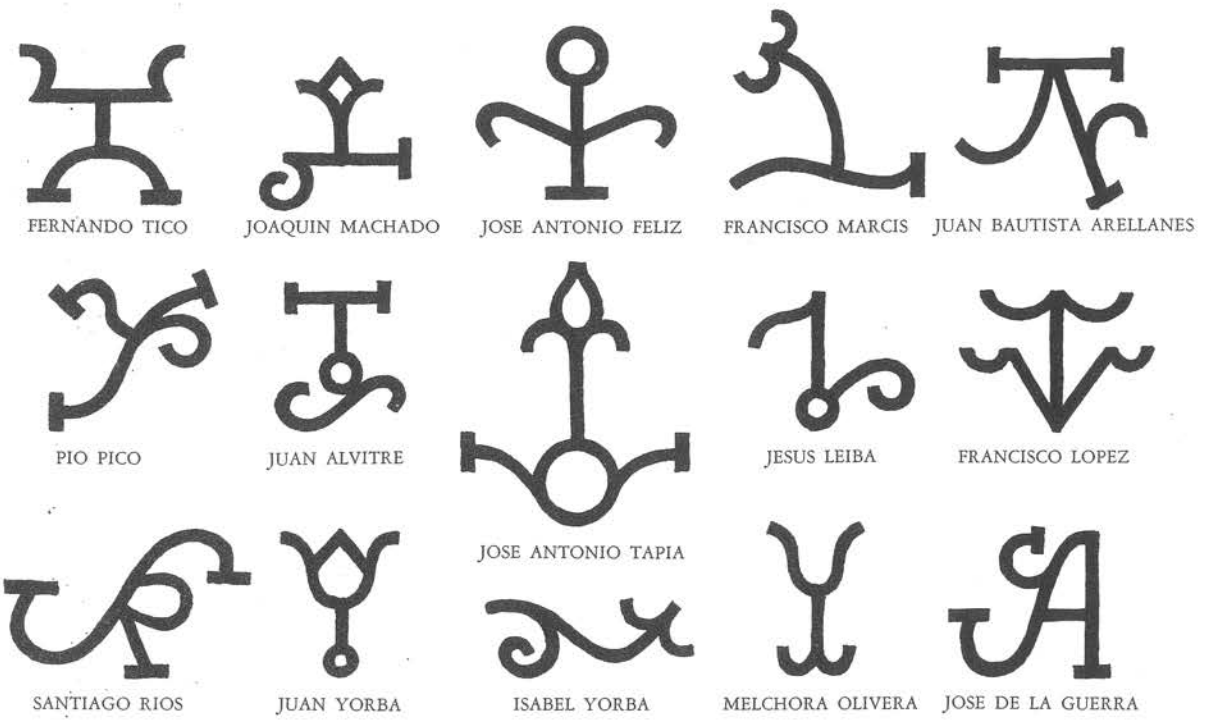
SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA SAN JUAN BAUTISTA SANTA CLARA SANTA CRUZ SAN LUIS OBISPO (CHURCH).

NUESTRA SENORA DE LA SOLEDAD SAN RAFAEL ARCHANGEL SAN MIGUEL SAN FERNANDO REY DE ESPANA SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA

SAN CARLOS BORROMEO SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO SAN GABRIEL ARCHANGEL SANTA INEZ

When, in 1768, Charles III ordered the immediate northward expansion of Spain's North American empire, it was not long before Gaspar de Portola was riding into Alta California with Catalan volunteers under Pedro Fages. With them came cattle and other animals collected from the Missions of Baja California by Fernando de Rivera[1] and so branded cattle first grazed on California's rolling hills and nooned under its oaks. Further herds were driven from Sonora but were, for the most part, eaten by the garrison, judging by Father Palou's report to the Viceroy in 1773 in which he tallied the stock of the first five Missions which totalled only 205 head.[2] Even these were branded because "as far back as 1770, every owner of horses, cattle, asses, mules and sheep was by law compelled to brand his stock."[3] It is likely that those Mission brands were the first five brands registered in California and the Missions served as recorders of all brands until their secularization by the Act of 1833. Before that time, however, the Mission herds had increased to a total of some 396,000 head of cattle, the Mission of San Gabriel, alone, owning "upwards of 30,000."[4] Although there are thousands more brands recorded in California today than there were at the period of the ranchos, a great number of modern brands would be eliminated if the Spanish rule, that 150 head of breeding stock were required before a brand was granted, was still in force.[5]

[1] Denhardt, pp. 115-116.
[2] Mora, p. 33.
[3] Bancroft, p. 344.
[4] Cleland, p. 288.
[5] Cleland, p. 13.

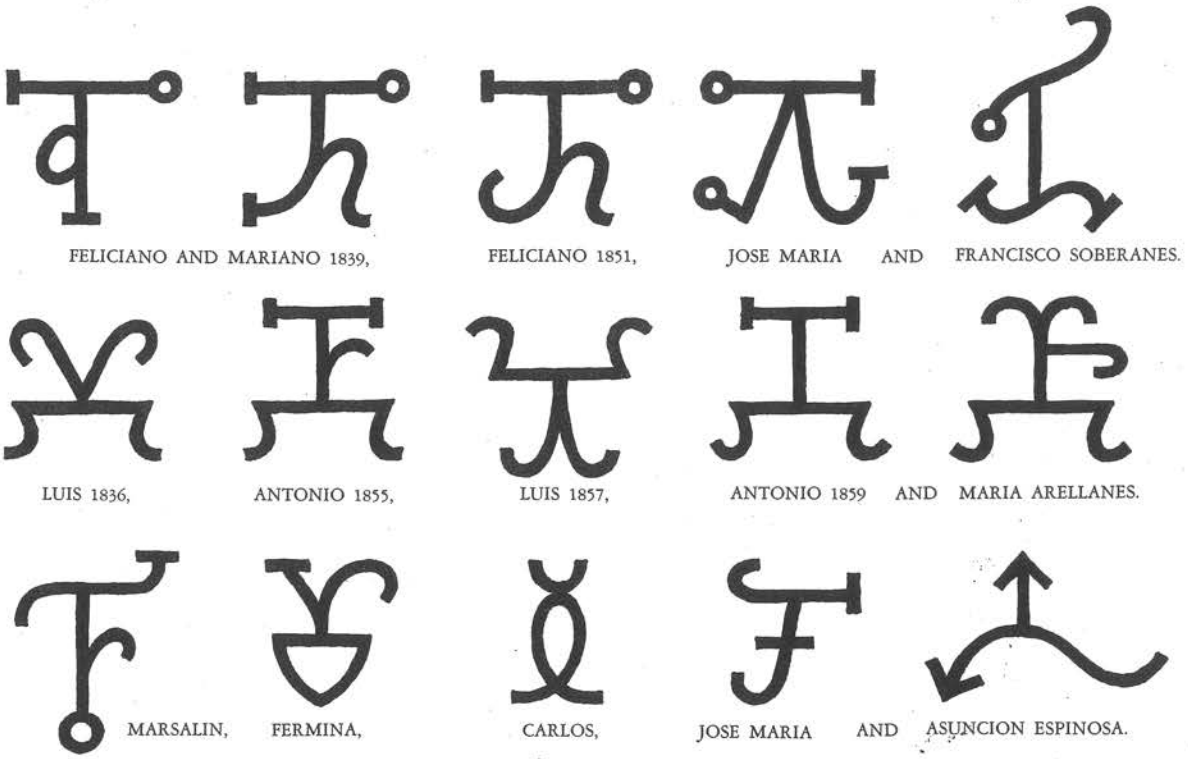


Despite this rule, hundreds of brands were recorded between 1835 and 1862 when the peak of the Spanish period was reached and many of these so-called Mexican brands were extremely beautiful examples of the ironworker's art as are those shown above.

From less than a thousand head of cattle in California in 1774, the herds grew so that "by 1800 there were 74,000 cattle, 24,000 horses and 88,000 sheep."[1] "The census figure of 262,000 cattle in the 1850's rose within a decade to 1,180,000 and three years later, in 1862, was 3,000,000."[2] Cattle were money and, as in ancient Rome, "contracts and notes were usually made payable in cattle, hides and tallow; judges levied fines and judgments in the same commodities."[3] The hide and tallow value of cattle prior to 1850 changed sharply to beef value when thousands of meat-hungry miners flocked to the Mother lode. Fortune-making trail herds left the cow counties for the gold fields, where cattle sold for unprecedented prices and the rancheros, seeing no end to this bonanza, indulged in that short-lived spree of lavish hospitality that colored the rancho period in the eyes of author and reader alike. But the end was already there. Although "50,000 head of loose cattle"[4] arrived from Texas in 1852 and 10,000 or so annually thereafter,[5] the Californians might have survived the competition but for the unprecedented floods in the winter of 1861 that drowned thousands of cattle and destroyed possibly a fourth

[1] Denhardt, p. 120. [2] Denhardt, p. 121. [3] Cleland, p. 31.
[4] Cleland, p. 310, note 17. [5] Cleland, p. 310, note 19.

PLATE 17.



of the State's taxable wealth.[1] Then the skies cleared and the sun scorched the earth, that year and the next and the next. Never had there been such a drought. The cattle died in thousands and not until the fall of 1865 did the rain come again in time to save the gaunt 67,000 cattle that could still stand but too late to save the ruined ranchers. Some of the Spanish families struggled through to register and re-register their brands but many disappeared forever from the brand books of California.

It is seldom appreciated just how long many of our Spanish-American families have been in the cattle business. Cattle raising has been continuous on the North American continent since 1529 or earlier and it is quite possible that some of the Spanish names in the 1950 Brand Books have descended in direct line from ancestors who recorded their brands on page 196 of Book 2 of the "Actas de Cabildo" from 1529 to 1540. Names like Aguilar and Alvarado, Davila, Dominguez and Flores were there in the 1530's as they are today. Gallegos, Gomez, Gonzalez and Leon, Lopez, Munoz, Perez and Salcedo, Sanchez, Sandoval, Serna and Trujillo, all have a possible brand history of 400 years. Perhaps many an obscure "Mexican" iron has been developing for four centuries while its "Gringo" neighbor, that brands thousands of pedigree cattle, three station wagons and a swimming pool, cannot trace its ancestors for a tenth of that time.

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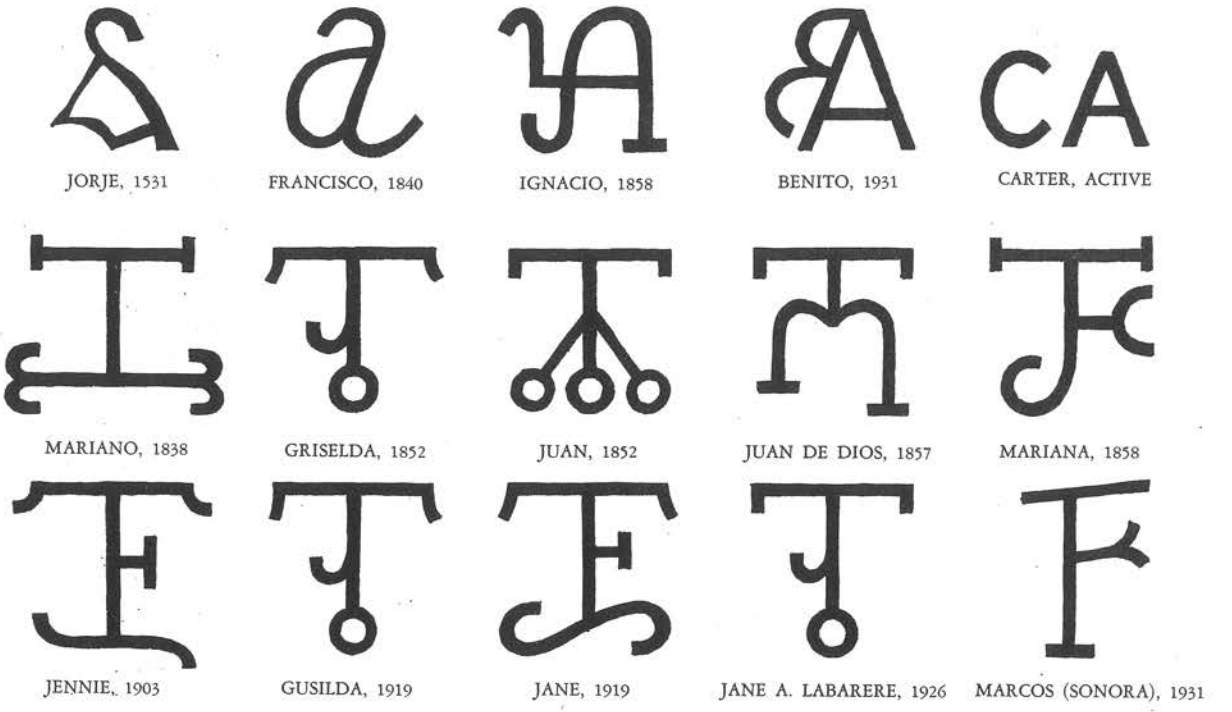
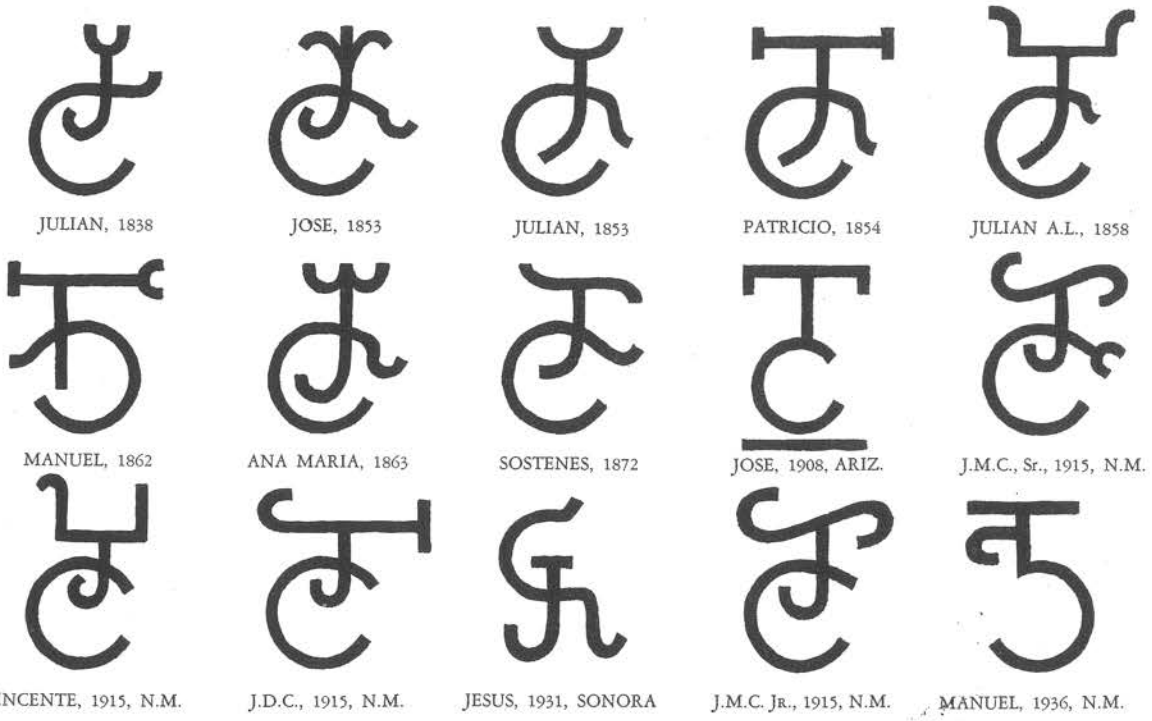
[1] Cleland. p. 127.



Perhaps being in Monterey County, the Alvarados escaped the worst of the drought and their brand has survived. Four hundred and twenty-one years have passed since Jorje de Alvarado's brand was presented for recording by the Cabildo in Mexico in 1529 and Carter Alvarado is still running cattle in Los Angeles County, California. In the intervening years Alvarado irons have burned the hides of countless bawling calves from Vera Cruz to Sonora, and northward into Monterey County, California. It is understandable that many of their brands should feature the letter A as did that of the original Jorje, Francisco in 1840 and Ignacio in 1858, both in Los Angeles County, Benito of La Trinidad, Sonora in 1931 and others up to Carter at the present day. But, to me, the most interesting Alvarado pattern was the T shaped design that evolved from an earlier brand recorded by Francisco Maria in 1837 where a fleur-de-lis took the place of the T in Mariano's brand of 1838. The pattern continued through Griselda and Juan in 1852, Juan de Dios in 1857 and Mariana Alvarado de Aguilar in 1858 to Jennie in 1903. By 1919 Gusilda had perpetuated, at San Ardo, Monterey County, Griselda's Monterey County brand of 1852 and Jane, also of San Ardo, had curled Jennie's Lazy S a bit more. In the California Brand Book of 1926 Jane's brand No. 2612 was still in her name but Gusilda's No. 4042 was in Jane's married name of Jane Alvarado Labarere. By 1940 Joe Labarere had 2612 and Edwin Labarere 4042 but changed name or no these brands had run over a hundred years in California.



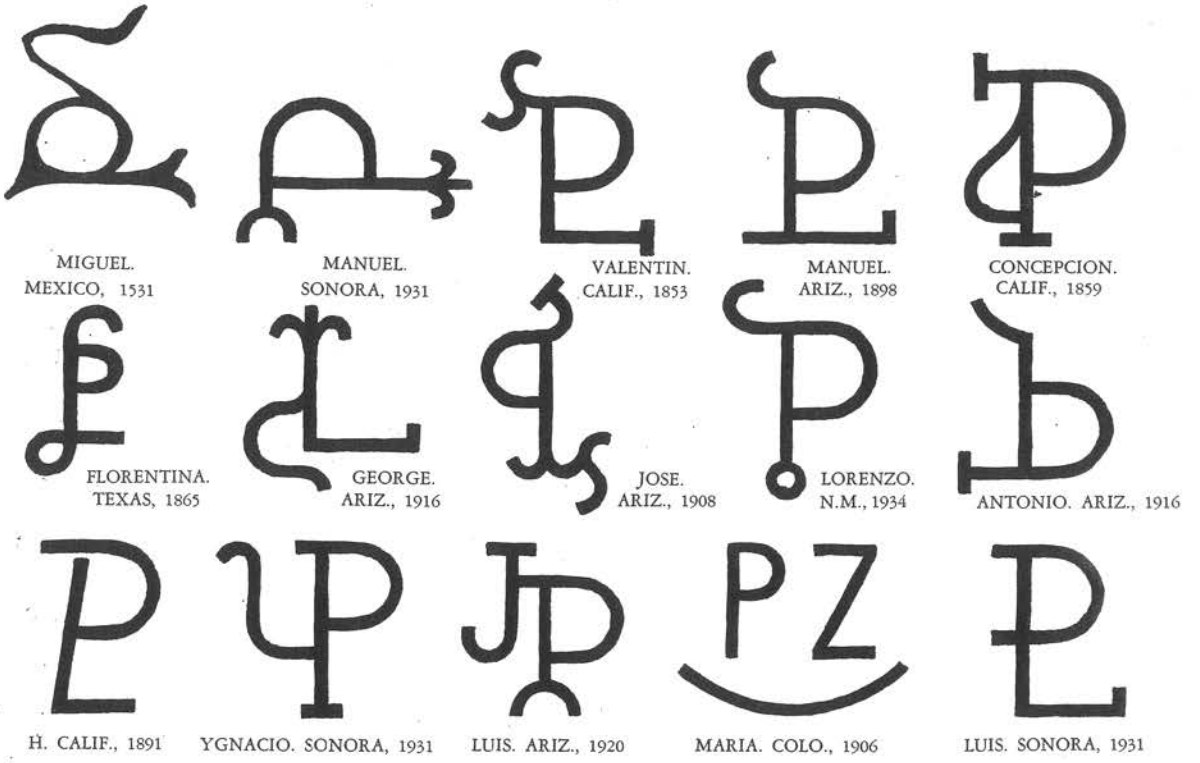
JULIAN, 1838 JOSE, 1853 JULIAN, 1853 PATRICIO, 1854 JULIAN A.L., 1858

MANUEL, 1862 ANA MARIA, 1863 SOSTENES, 1872 JOSE, 1908, ARIZ. J.M.C., Sr., 1915, N.M.

VINCENTE, 1915, N.M. J.D.C., 1915, N.M. JESUS, 1931, SONORA J.M.C. Jr., 1915, N.M. MANUEL, 1936, N.M.

To say that among the families of Spanish descent there was or is a tendency to form a brand type or pattern within the family would be just as wrong as to say that it never happened. As far as I can see at the moment about as many go one way as go the other. Naturally, large families registered more brands and tended more toward a repetition of design than families who were content with two or three brands which were handed down from father to son. This is particularly true where a ranchero registered brands in the names of his children, in many cases when they were still babies, and started herds that reached considerable proportions by the time the children came of age. In doing this the father almost always made the child's brand some variation of the design of his own iron. Of the forty Californian families that I have analyzed so far, seventeen show a tendency toward a family repetition, fifteen do not and eight had too few brands to show a trend one way or the other. Of the first group, six, the Chavez, Alvarados, Yorbas, the Lopez, Gonzales and the Martinez show over 50% of their brands following two or more family patterns. While eleven, the Avilas, Cotas, Dominguez, Higueras and Lugos, the Machados, Ortegas, Palomares, Sobranes, Velardes and Verdugos have two or more designs that repeat within the family but less than 50% of the family chose to follow them.

In this analysis I am using the word "family" in its widest sense, using it not only to include all relatives but to include all persons of the same name. This is, perhaps, not



so far fetched when the population of the "cow counties" of southern California in the first two-thirds of the nineteenth century is considered. Even two years after the discovery of gold in the north, the southern counties could muster less than eight thousand persons of European descent.[1] And of the rancheros who owned the granted land and ran sufficient cattle to be allowed a brand, I know of no two ranchos run by people of the same name who were not, in some way, related.

Included among the families whose brands show little or no tendency toward a pattern are the Espinosa, Quintana, Valenzuela, Aguilar and De la Guerra. I have also put the Rodriguez and the Garcias in this class although both of them show a considerable use of the initial letter of their names in their brands. These R's and G's, however, are of such a variety of shapes that they cannot be considered more than unrelated monograms.

The remaining names with sufficient brands to form a convincing sequence are Bernal, Boronda, Botiller, Castillo, Castro, Gomez, Gutierrez and Soto, but none of these families have stuck to brands that can, in any way, be called similar.[2]

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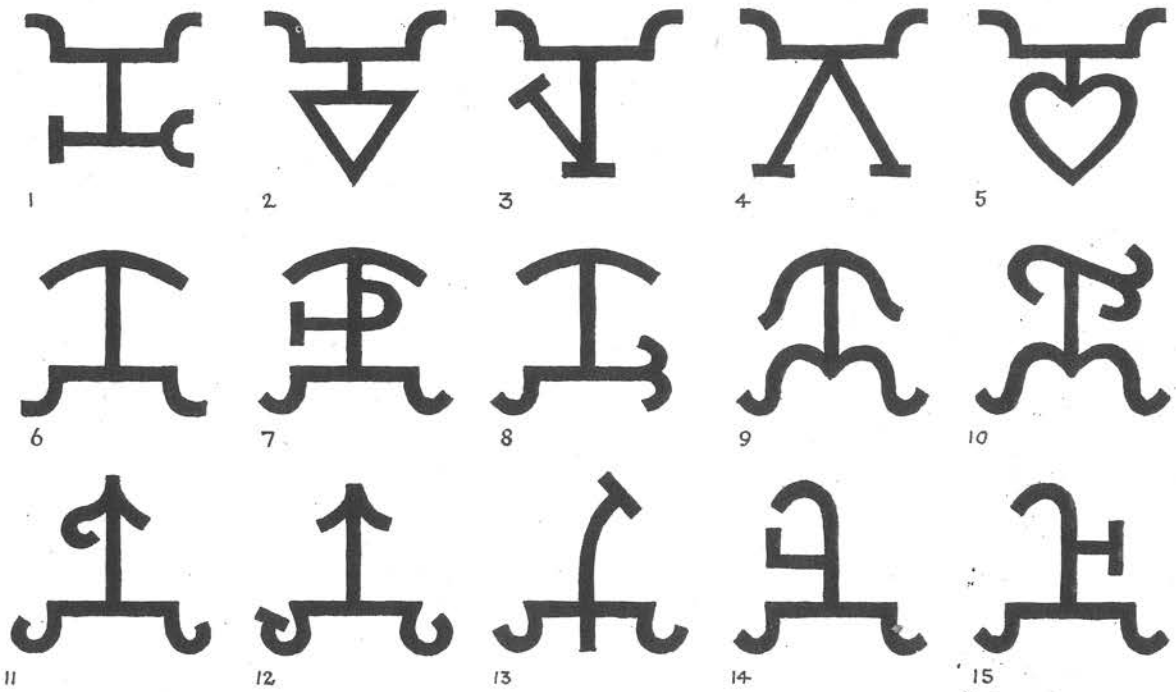
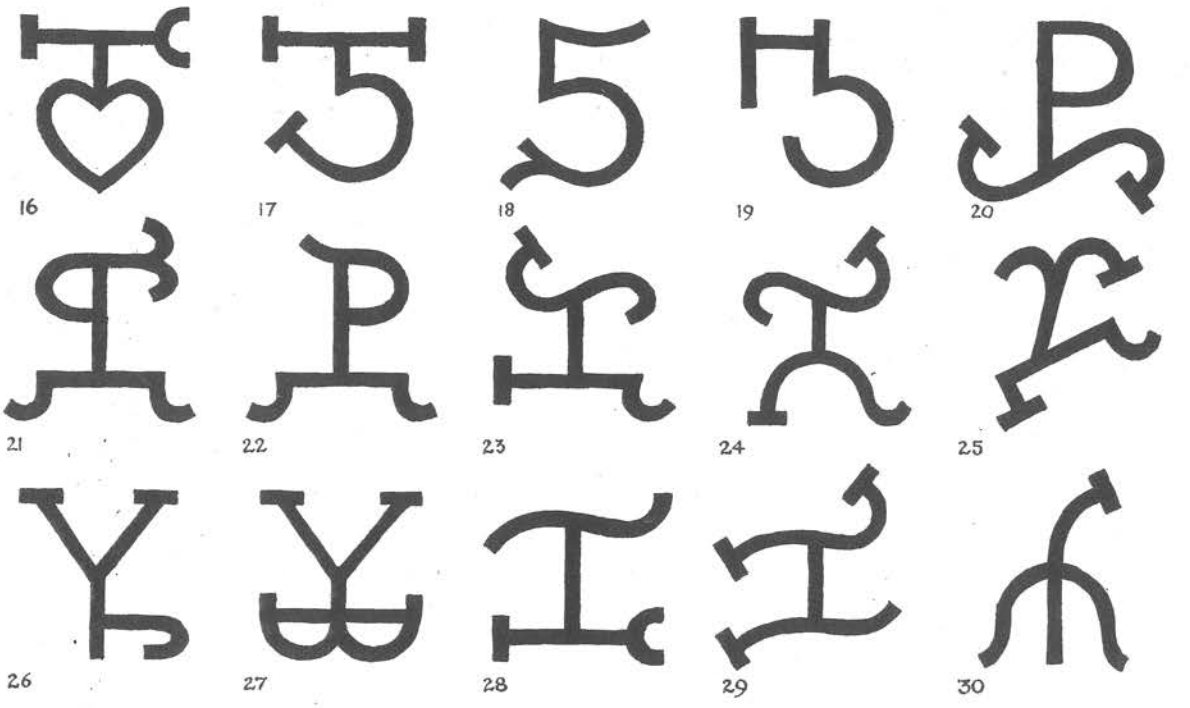
[1] Cleland, p. 4.

[2] The families mentioned on this and the preceding page had from ten to fifty-five brands. The eight eliminated as not recording enough irons to show a trend one way or the other had less than ten and were the Carrillos, Flores, Morales, Munos, Olivas, Sernas, Torres, and Valdez.



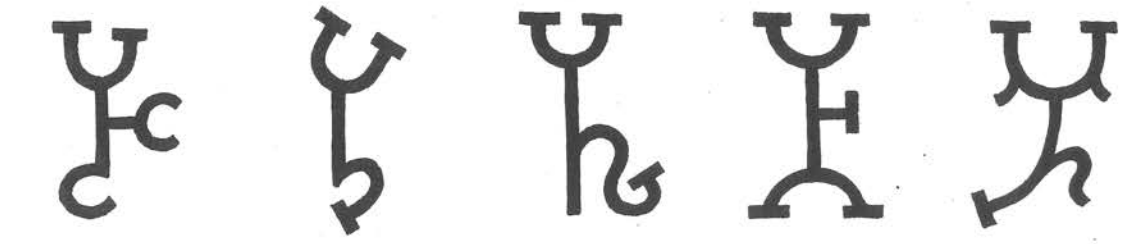
Jose Antonio Yorba (1746-1825) rode into Alta California with the Catalan Volunteers in 1769, married Maria Josefa Grijalva in 1782 and was invalided out of the army in 1797. For his military service he was granted the Rancho Santiago de Santa Ana on which he founded one of the great cattle-raising families of southern California. I had hoped to superimpose the family brands on the family tree but it became too large to be shown on these two pages; instead thirty of the Yorba brands (there are many more) are displayed. Jose Antonio had four sons, Jose Antonio II (1785-1844), Tomas Antonio (1785-1845), Bernardo (1801-1858) and Teodocio (1809-1865) of whom Bernardo recorded five brands (three shown, 1, 2 & 6) and Teodosio two (4 & 5). Of five daughters Maria Presentacion recorded 18 and Francisca 12 after she had married Fco Ortega. Bernardo first married Maria de Jesus Alvarado and recorded for their children Inez 20 and Raimundo 16; Raimundo, in turn, recorded 8 for his wife Concepcion Serrano. Felipa Dominguez was Bernardo's second wife and their twelve children nearly all ran cattle. In 1850 Bernardo (1, 2 & 6) transferred 2 to his son Prudencio and 6 to Jose de Jesus and recorded 13 and 30 for Marcos. The brands of further sons Andres and Trinidad are not shown but those of Felipe 9, Teodocio 10 and 21, Vincente 11 and Tomas 17 are. Prudencio, who had inherited 2, recorded a similar brand 3 for his wife Dolores Ontiveras Yorba. One of Bernardo's daughters by this marriage, Maria de Jesus, married Anastacio Botilla and



their sons both recorded brands in the Yorba style, Plutarco 28 and Dionisio 15. Two sons were born of Bernardo's third marriage, that with Andrea Elisalde, and both recorded brands which are the only two where a true Y creeps into the Yorba pattern, Francisco Xavier 26 and Bernardo Antonio 27.

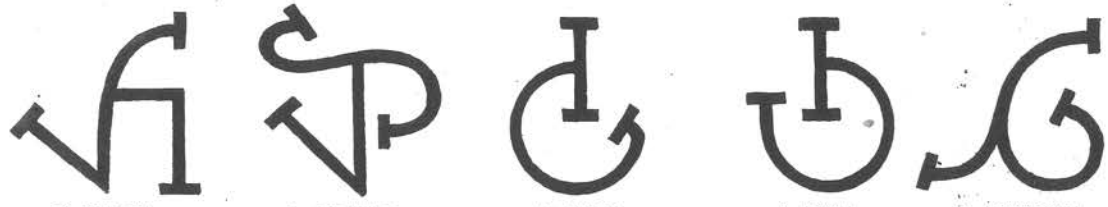
Of the descendants of the original Teodosio (4 & 5) no brands are shown here but it should be said that 5 was sold to Andres Pico in 1851 and transferred to Pio Pico in 1862, an obviously Yorba brand in the Pico family showing how necessary it is to trace a brand to its source in order to get it into the correct family pattern.

Jose Antonio II married Maria Antonia Verdugo and their son Ramon had three brands 24, 25 and 29; 24 was transferred to McFarland and Downey in 1854 and thence to A. F. Coronel in 1856. Another, 29, was sold to Isabel Yorba in 1869. The brands of other sons are not shown here but Concepcion, one of the daughters, recorded 23 after she had become Concepcion Yorba de Reyes and another daughter, Soledad, married Juan Avila and their daughter Rosa married Paul Pryor and 22 was recorded in the name of Rosa Avila de Pryor. Tomas Antonio, the last of the sons of the original Jose Antonio to be mentioned, married Maria Vicenta Sepulveda, who, after Tomas' death, married Ramon Carrillo and so it happened that Carrillo recorded 7 for Jose Antonio Yorba III, his stepson. 14 and 19 belonged to Alonso and Margarita Yorba of a much later period.



R. LUGO I. VELARDE F. HIGUERA J. AGUILAR C. SOBERANES

M. L. MESA E. F. DE VILLA M. DE J. DE QUINTERO PIO PICO B. GUIRADO

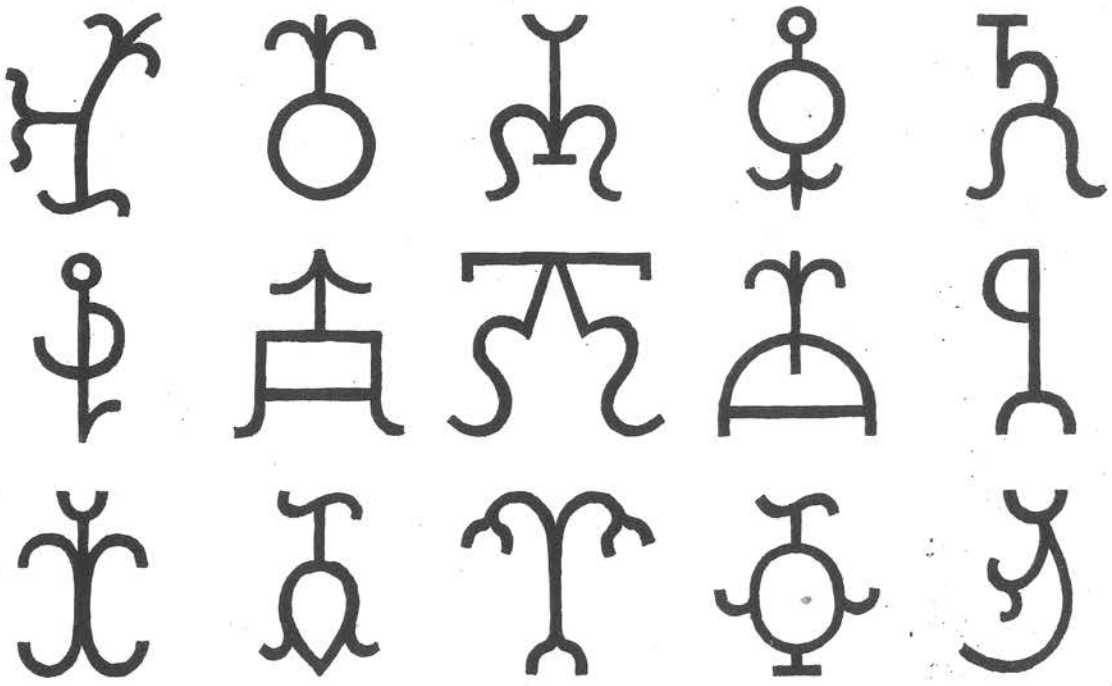


R. GARCIA A. SALAZAR V. FELIZ J. AVILA R. MENDOZA

The brands above are not the exceptions that prove the rule, they are simply the other side of the picture. As there are families whose brands run anywhere but to a pattern, so are there brands which look as though they should belong together but have no connection whatever. These are not isolated cases. I could fill pages with similar patterns of like-looking but totally unrelated brands. I state this in order to head off anyone who thinks I am trying to make too good a case for the "family brand pattern."

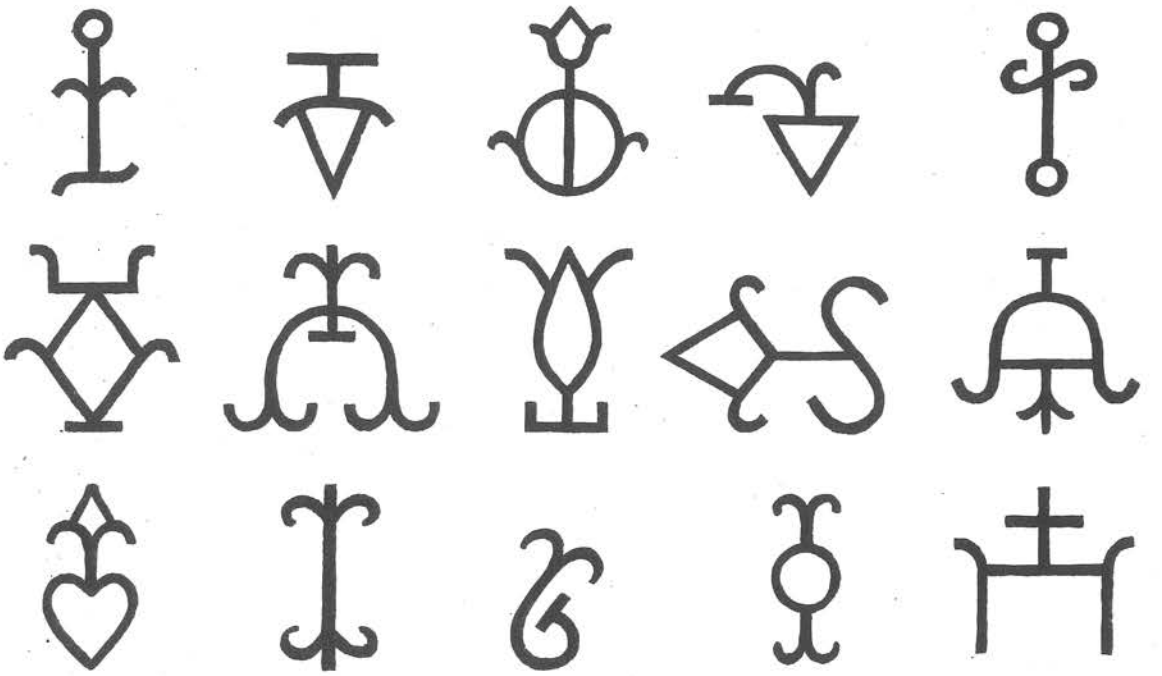
Brand types, even today, run in fashions in certain parts of the country. This would probably account for most of these similarities and just plain admiring another man's brand and deciding to have one like it would account for the rest. Among the nineteenth century Californian brands there are duplicates, generally in different counties, but, as with those on this page, there were often very similar brands used at the same time in the same district. I have even seen them registered on the same page in the county Record of Brands and Earmarks. I doubt if any of these similarities would be allowed by the Bureau of Livestock Identification among brands submitted for registration in these days. The Bureau does a fine job of screening proposed brands for possible confusion with those already recorded, but their preference for brands that can be read easily by anyone is fast doing away with the more beautiful designs of the old days.

It might stand in the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains or in a little valley close to the Rio Grande or, for that matter, anywhere under the washed blue sky of New Mexico where simple Spanish people have chosen to raise it brick by brick from the adobe soil it stands upon. Perhaps it has received a new coat of whitewash and glistens pearly white against the backdrop of the mountains or, perhaps, with a finish of adobe plaster it glows warm ochre amid the orange-yellow cottonwoods. It stands sun-baked and silent, its open door quietly beckoning the devout and the curious into its dim interior. An interior full of the musty religious smell of old wood, burned candles and drooping flowers, where painted Saints stare endlessly or writhe in eternal agony according to their appointed posture. But what has this to do with brands? Here would be the last place you would look to find them and, yet, so much a part of everyday life had they become, that here in New Mexican religious art rides Santiago Matamoros, the Moor killer, on a branded horse, San Ysidro ploughs with branded oxen and Mary, with the infant Christ in her arms, flees to Egypt on a branded burro. These artist countrymen could not imagine anyone, let alone a Saint, being so foolish as to leave his stock unbranded and so the horse bears S.T. for Santiago or some other iron, perhaps the Santero's own. But more likely, the brand of the ranchero who paid to have the Santo painted for his church.



Many and varied are the stories of how Texas got its first cow. Certainly, despite his name, Cabeza de Vaca had no cows with him when he wandered over the land, the first European to see the plains of Texas (1528). Coronado (1541), perhaps, drove the earliest cattle north of the Rio Grande but these were army supplies on the hoof rather than breeding stock. The mile on mile of waving grass prompted Casteneda to write, "Who could believe that 1,000 horses and 500 of our cows and more than 5,000 rams and ewes and more than 1,500 friendly Indians and servants, in traveling over those plains, would leave no more trace where they had passed than if nothing had been there."[1] Probably "the first cattle of any consequence, came with the establishment of the first Mission, located on the Louisiana line, in 1690."[2] But, no matter whether the cattle strayed from the early Missions or ranchos, north or south of the border, or dropped, footsore and gaunted, from expeditions or trail herds, their descendants, the wild Longhorns, roamed the Southern plains in such numbers that it is likely that there were more unbranded cattle along the border, in the pre-Gringo period, than there were branded. Such brands as there were, however, were of the beautifully wrought unreadable kind that the American stockmen classify as "Mexican" or "Quien sabe." But readable or not, each of the brands above[3] is, in itself, a perfect little piece of design. Balanced and rhythmic, traditional as the wrought iron grilles and screens of Spain. Almost any one of them, repeated between

[1] Winship, p. 542. [2] Dobie, p. 7. [3] Book 39 in Bibliography.



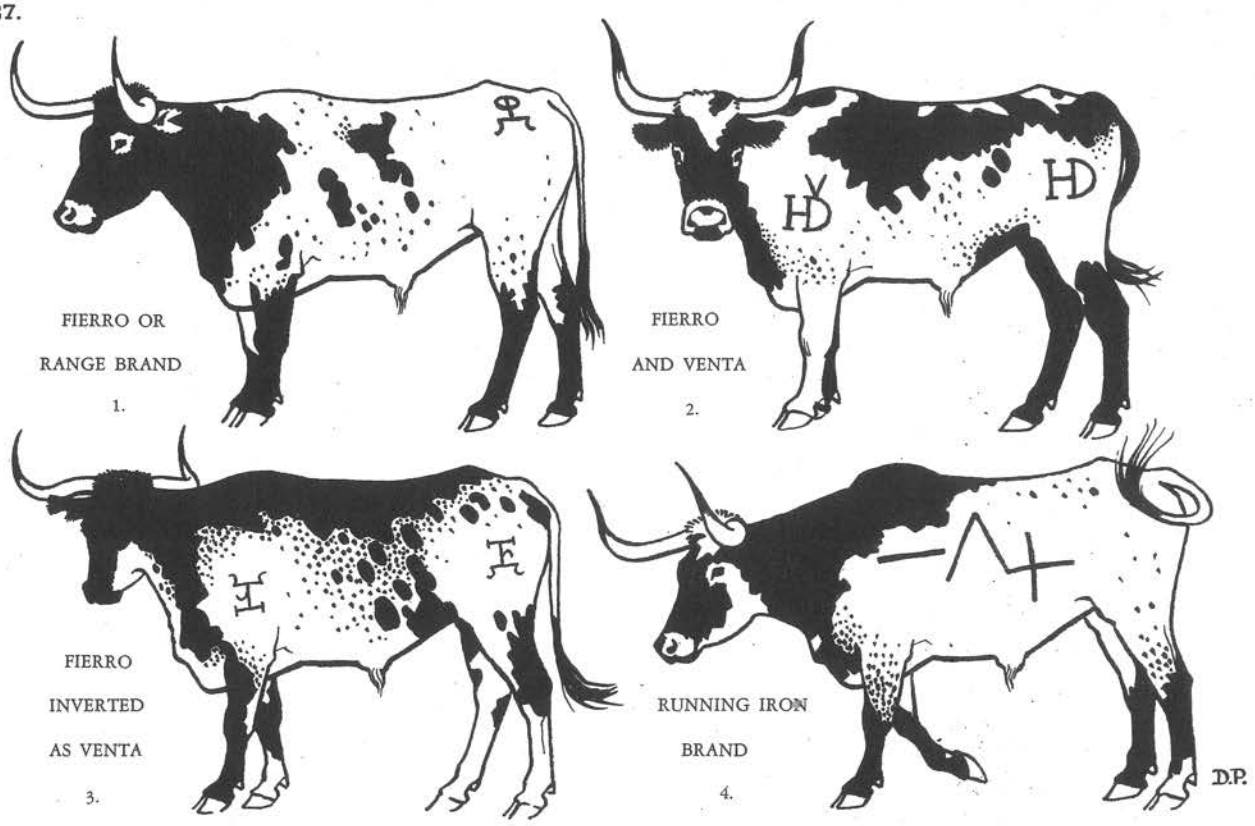
the uprights of a gate, would be considered magnificent. Admittedly, there were failures, awkward, ill-balanced, too intricate failures that were not only bad design but bad brands that tended to blot when applied to cow hide.

There are hundreds of these "Mexican" brands in use in the Southwest at the present time and thousands south of the border. The brands shown above are from Sonora because that, of all the Mexican States, comes nearest, geographically, to the Spanish-influenced States of the American Southwest that were the sources of the brand material used on these pages. In the Sonora Brand Book of 1931[1] there are 2,937 brands of the "Quien sabe" type and it was no easy matter to choose 15 from such a multitude. Each time I went through them I changed my selection because more than half of them are really beautiful designs.

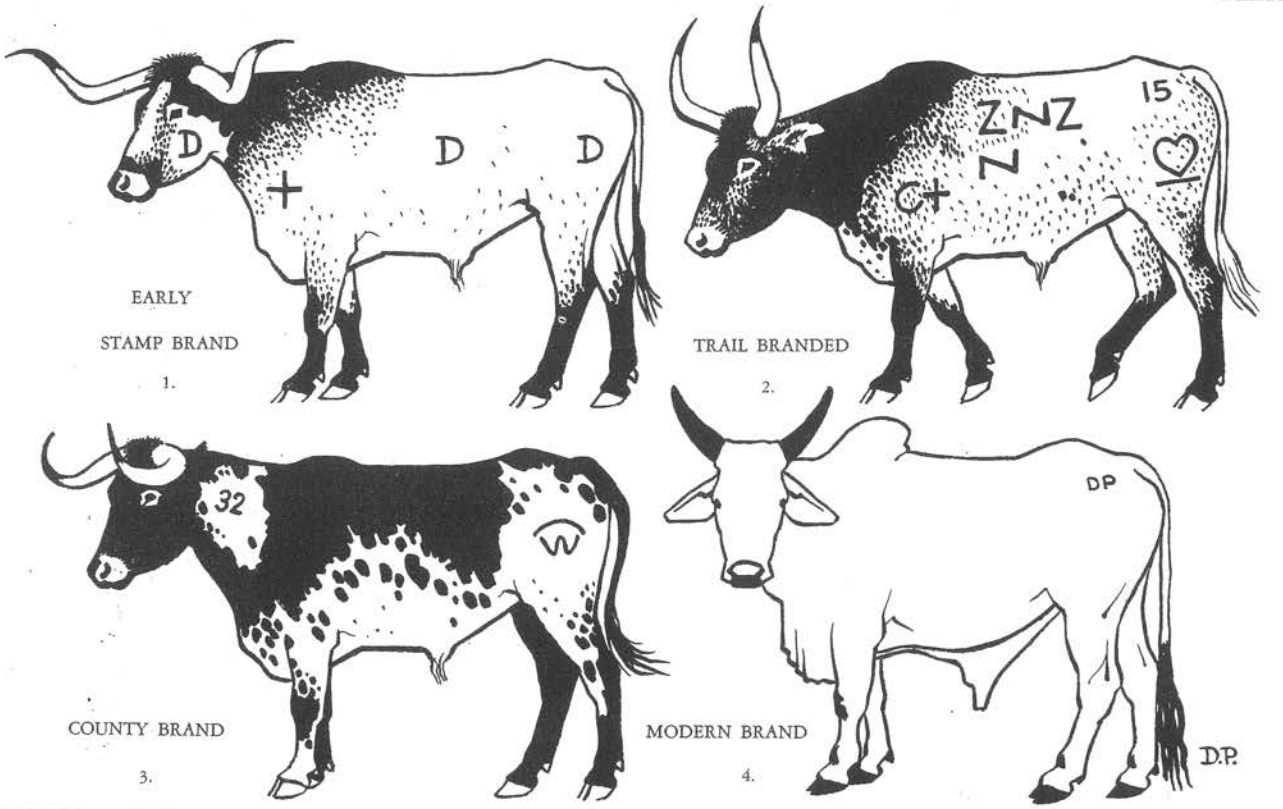
Here again I found brands that fitted into the patterns of branches of the family from north of the border as well as strong local patterns; the Valdez family of Horcasitas and the surrounding country makes a fine example. Before moving on to the equally interesting American cattle brands, it should be made clear that all Spanish brands were not of the "unreadable" type. Over half the Sonora irons are letters, numerals or symbols. California, well before the 1840's, had plenty of R's, 5's or 37's, as did Spain centuries before.

Book 38 in Bibliography.

PLATE 27.

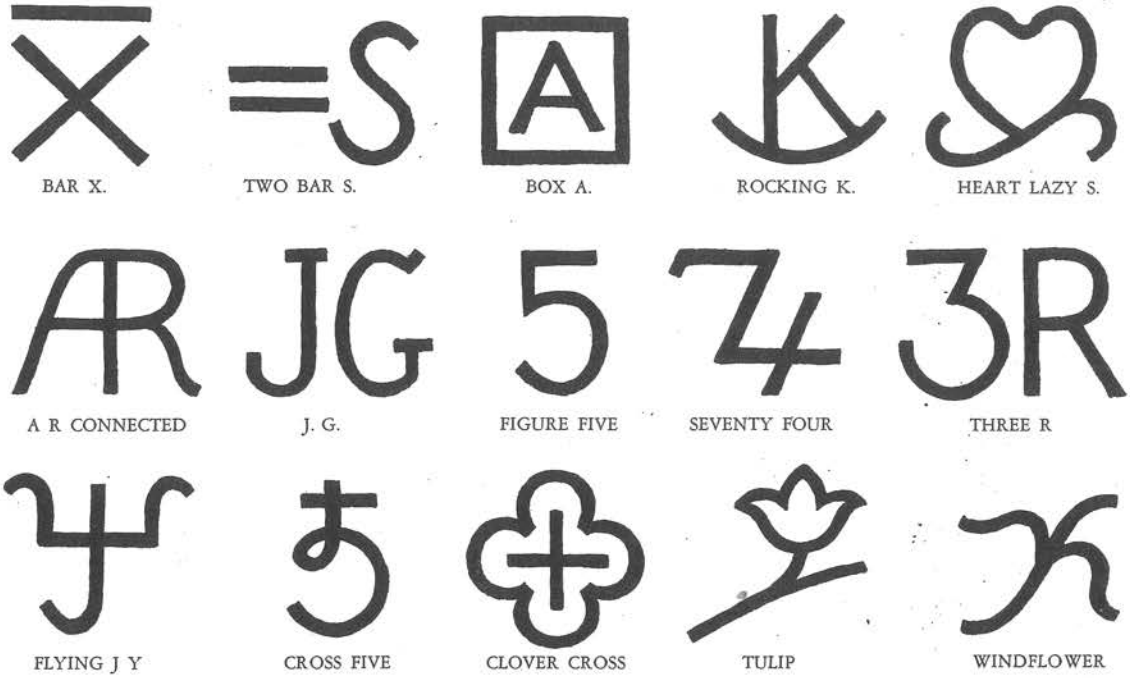


The names for and uses of different kinds of brands make an interesting study. Each was used to establish ownership or to record some fact pertaining to ownership. Each cattleman has always been required to record a brand or range brand, as it is sometimes called, for use on his cattle. In California this was the "fierro" or, more correctly, "el fierro para herrar los ganados." In Mexico, today, it is called "la marca de herrar." A man might have one brand and stick to it for all his stock or he might run two or three brands at the same time. He might use the same iron for both cattle and horses but most outfits had a separate horse brand. When a man sold cattle that were branded with his iron, he added another brand to show that the cattle passed out of his hands legally and that he had no further claim on them. This brand was called "el fierro para ventear" by the Spanish speaking ranchers and a vent, a counter brand or a contra brand by the American. It could be a different brand, it could be his regular brand inverted or with an additional letter or mark, or it could be the late owner's brand put on a different part of the animal from that which was called for by his recording. As far as I know, all the "Mexican" irons were wrought or stamp brands but many of the early American brands were made with a running iron. This was an iron rod, curved at the end, with which the cowman literally wrote his brand on the cow. Many owners seemed to write all over the cow and, naturally,



no two of his brands were ever exactly the same. When stamp brands were used the same habit persisted and many of the early cattlemen branded on three or four parts of the animal, sometimes on both sides. This excessive branding may have been useful on the range but, in later years, had a decided effect on the market price because of damage to the hide.[1] The same was true of the cattle that had been "up the trail" and carried the brands of several owners as well as trail brands.[2] When a trail herd was made up of cattle belonging to a number of different owners, they were trail branded or one brand was put on all of them in addition to the brands they already had. Certain well-known trail bosses had their own trail brands but any brand could be used and recorded for that purpose. The number of cattle with that brand was reported at the start of the drive and the Stock Inspectors saw to it that the number had not increased when they reached their destination. In addition to all the brands so far mentioned, a "critter" could have a County brand. This type of brand was used in Texas before it was fenced up to help to identify cattle that had wandered or drifted before a storm far outside the area in which their regular brand was known. With most counties or areas having a number, which was branded on the neck, estray notices could be sent to the county in question.[3]

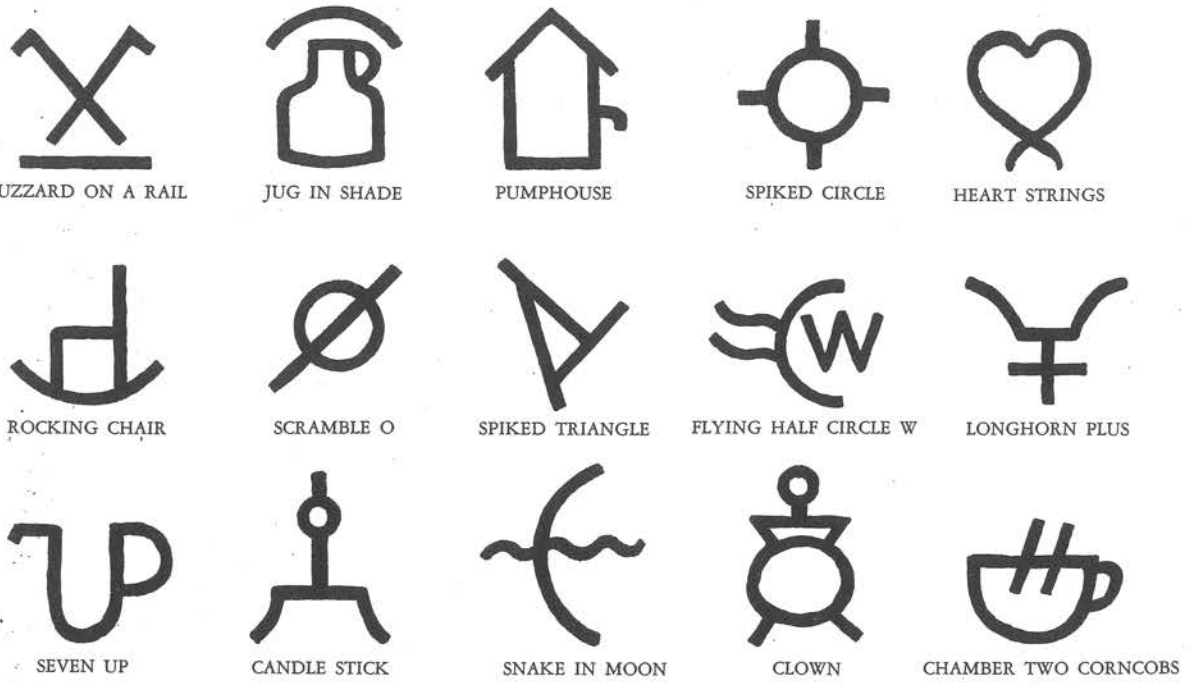
[1] Vaughan, p. 121. [2] Dobie. See photographs. [3] Potter, p. 15. *The Cattleman*, July 1946.



The main difference between Spanish type brands and American brands is that, while the Spaniard was content to call a brand "el fierro de Juan Valdez," the American wanted an iron that could be read. He even tries to work out an involved series of words to read the "Mexican" brands which were never intended to be read.

Over half the hundreds of thousands of American brands were made from the alphabet and/or the numerals. Every letter has been used in every conceivable position, straight, inverted, tumbling, lazy, walking, rocking and all the dozens of other things a cowman can do to a letter.[1] Every numeral has been similarly treated either singly or in two or three figure combinations. Monograms of two letters are endless, either connected or straightaway. And a letter and a numeral together, such as 3A, 7L, T5 or K9, have been used in all possible ways. Symbols form another source of brand material—Bars, Slashes, Circles, Half or Quarter Circles, Triangles, Diamonds, Boxes and Crosses used singly or together to form brands like the Circle Cross or the Cross Triangle. Symbols combined with letters or numbers make the hundreds of irons of the 5 Diamond, Circle S and Bar H type. But there is another side to American brands that often rivals the "Mexican" irons in their beauty of design. Of course, many Americans bought out the original Spanish owners and kept the brands but of the purely "gringo" designs there are hundreds that can be called works of art.

[1] Perceval, pp. 237-238. Brand Book. 1949.

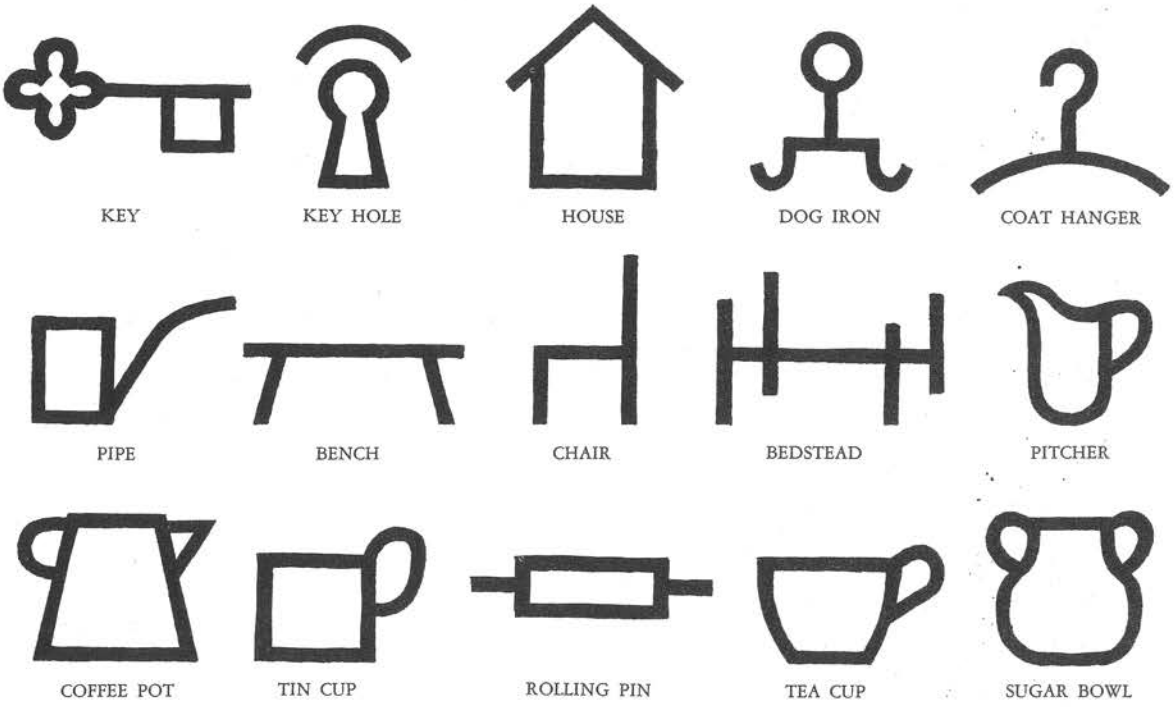


The cowman's desire to get something different from the brands around him has been responsible for the invention of a lot of strange looking and stranger sounding brands. Although conventions have grown up as to how brands should be read, it cannot be emphasized too strongly that a man can call his brand anything he pleases. There are dozens of examples of the same brand being known by three or four different names in different parts of the country, which means that you can only read correctly brands that are known to you. The Jigger Y and the Booger Y are instances of what their owners call these odd shaped Y brands, but who could expect a stranger to come up with the right name? One rancher called his misshapen Tumbling *T* a Drunken *T*, but who but the local boys would know it? Few cowmen could name the brands on this page correctly if they didn't already know them, except for the Buzzard on a Rail, the Rocking Chair, and the 7 Up. Most of them would call the Scrambled O a Slashed Circle—that is what it is, but not to this particular owner. Some of them might get the Flying Half Circle W, but almost all of them would draw a Flying Half Circle W quite differently if asked how a brand of that name should look.

On this score, it is a pity that the brand books printed by the different States do not indicate how the particular owner wants his brand read instead of leaving it to you to put your own interpretation on the iron and probably putting the wrong one.[1]

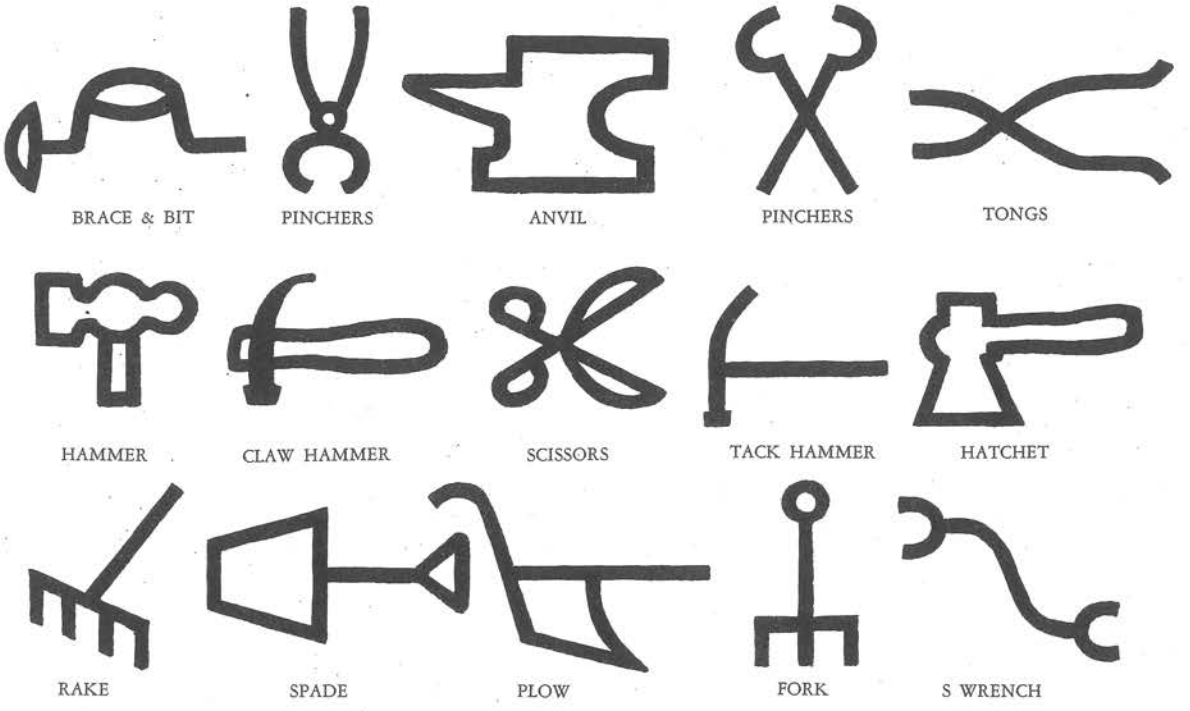
[1] The source of all the brands on this page will be found in Bibliographical Section.

PLATE 31.



To the average dude, a brand isn't a brand unless it has a Bar in it. Mention "cattle brand" to most people and it is an even money bet they will say "Bar X" to you. Readers of Westerns may come up with Bar 20 but all the thousands of non-Bar brands are lost to them. As a matter of fact, there are few things suitable for conversion into a brand that haven't been used. Almost every household article forms a brand, including the one that used to go under the bed. The brands shown above are not exceptional; there are dozens of them. There are Keys to fit every lock; the variety is amazing. Houses with wide eaves, narrow eaves and no eaves. There are Churches. There are Window sashes and Door handles, Faucets and Cooking pots, Frying pans and Kettles. An endless variety of Coffee pots and Tea pots, Pipes, Bottles and Vases. Cups, Mugs, Jugs and Pitchers, even Shaving mugs and Lamp chimneys. Wine glasses that were re-registered upside down during Prohibition. Corkscrews, Knives, Spoons and Pot hooks, Meat hooks, Boot hooks and Button hooks. Pocket Knives, Umbrellas and Safety pins, Violins and Dolls. Furniture can be seen above as well as the Rocking chair on the previous page. Many articles of clothing are popular. Boots, singly or in pairs, Shoes, and Slippers, Pants, Bow-ties and Hats of every type from Plug hats to Mexican Sombreros including military Shakos.

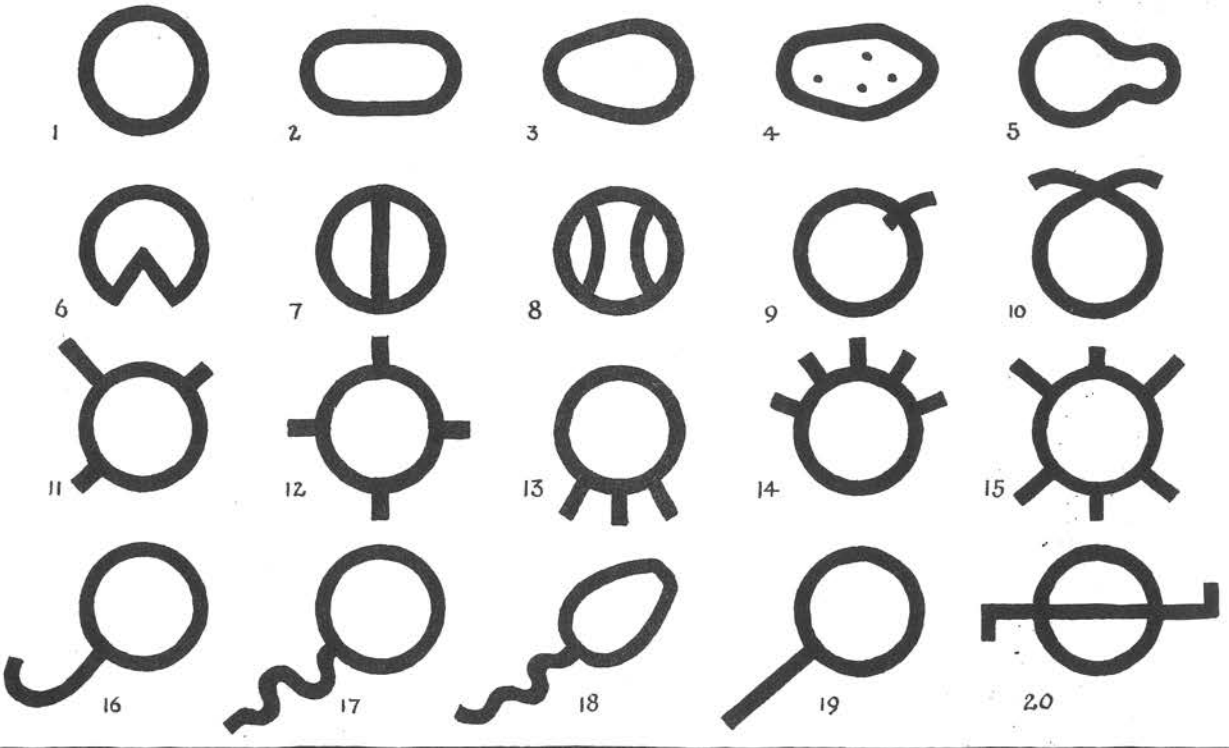
[1] The source of the brands drawn on this page will be found in Bibliographical Section.



Tools and equipment form another very interesting source of brand designs. Again, the brands I have drawn on this page are not hard to come by. I have collected thirty or more Anvil brands, all of them slightly different in design. Dozens of Hatchets or Axes and the same with Hammers and Scissors. Probably the greatest variety is in Wrenches which come from single ended Wagon wrenches, double ended straight, Box and S Wrenches to pairs and Crossed Wrenches. Speaking of Wagon wrenches, you could very nearly build a wagon from the parts that are lying around in brand form. There are Wagon hubs and Wagon wheels, Wagon rods and Cotter pins, Wagon springs and Wagon tongues, Singletrees and Ox yokes. Bridle bits seem to be a popular brand and one of infinite variety.

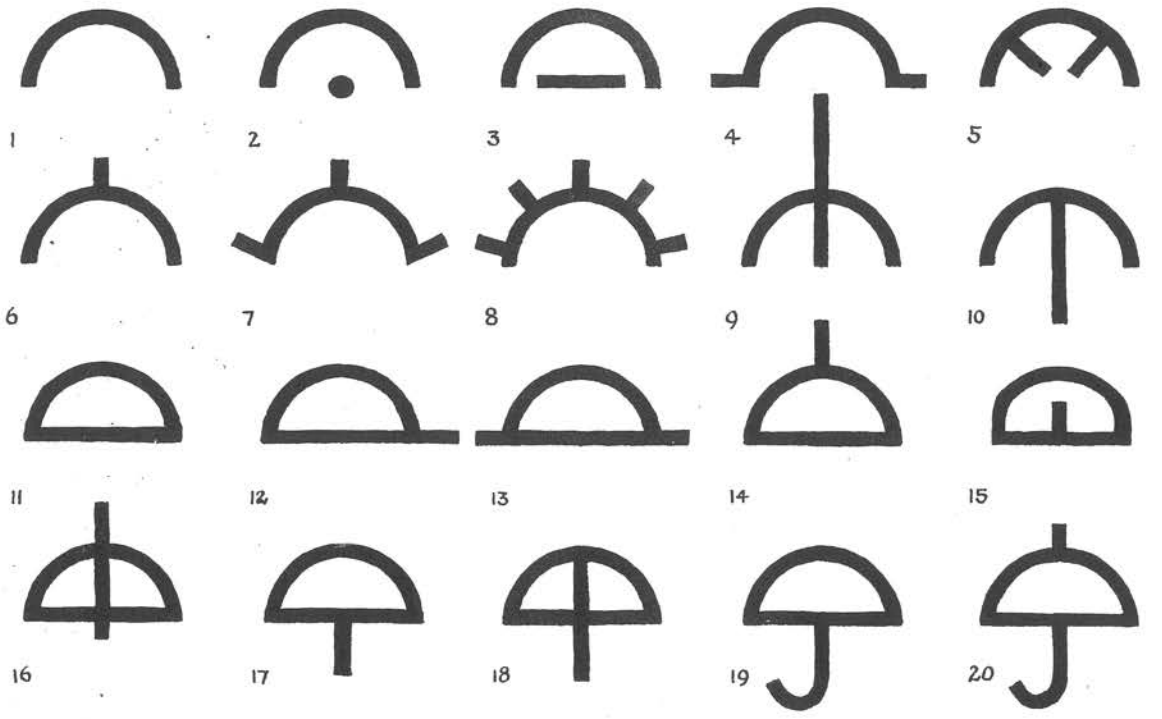
Of course there are a lot of brands of this type that are not at all common. You find one or two examples of each. Such combinations as a Hatchet and Maul, a Pestle and Mortar and a Pick and Shovel are rare. There is one brand of a Pick, a Shovel and a Gold pan but I don't know what the owner calls it. There is a Whip brand, a Satchel and a Gun. There are a few Sixshooters, Padlocks, Sheep shears and Sheep hooks, Flags, Flower pots and Fish hooks. Anchors are fairly common, as are Bells, Arrows, Horse shoes and Turkey tracks and, of course, there are a great variety of Stars, Moons, Hearts, Clubs, Spades and so on.

PLATE 33.



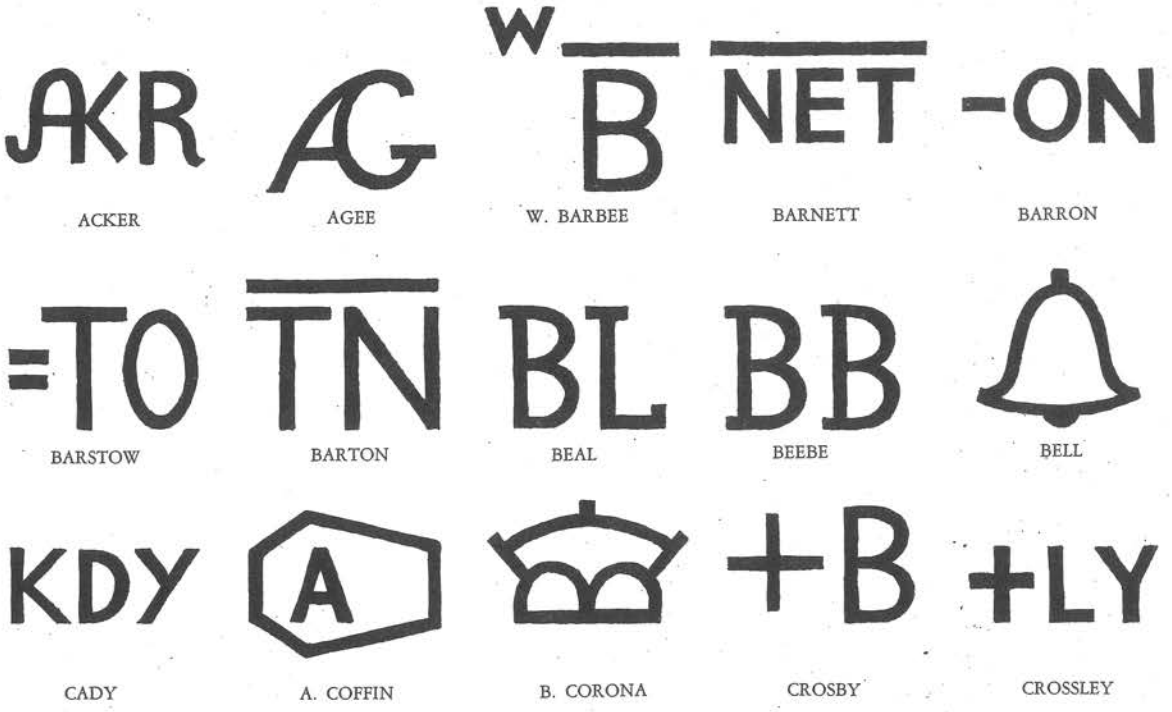
The ability of the old-time cowman to use less words and yet say more is reflected in his naming of cattle brands. No matter how long or how hard you think, you can seldom find a better name for a brand than the one it already has. Take these: 1. A circle is called a Circle. It may be called an O. But an O is generally the shape of the letter and can never be called a Circle. 2. a Mashed O or a Chain Link. 3. a Goose Egg. 4. a Potato. 5. a Gourd or Spanish Gourd. 6. Has been called Threequarter Circle Indented V but to most cowmen it is simply a Horse Track. 7. Can be called Circle One but it is more generally read a Buckle. 8. a Baseball. 9. Circle Tail, or a Tailed O. 10. a Flying Circle and other things that can't be printed. 11. Here the broken spokes make a Circle into a Wagon Hub. 12. a Spiked Circle or a Barbed Circle. Can you do better? 13. a Circle Spiked Down. 14. a Rising Sun. 15. is variously called a Turtle, a Terrapin or a Beetle, although Beetles often have more legs. If the head and tail were the same length as the legs and all were evenly spaced it would be a Pilot Wheel. 16. a Long Tail O. 17. a Corkscrew. That should be easily identified. And 18. a Tadpole or Pollywog. 19. has many names; the most common is a Frying Pan, but it has been called a Dipper, a Comet and a Wagon Rod. 20. goes under the name of a Double Damper.

The owners and recordings of all these brands can be found following the Bibliography.

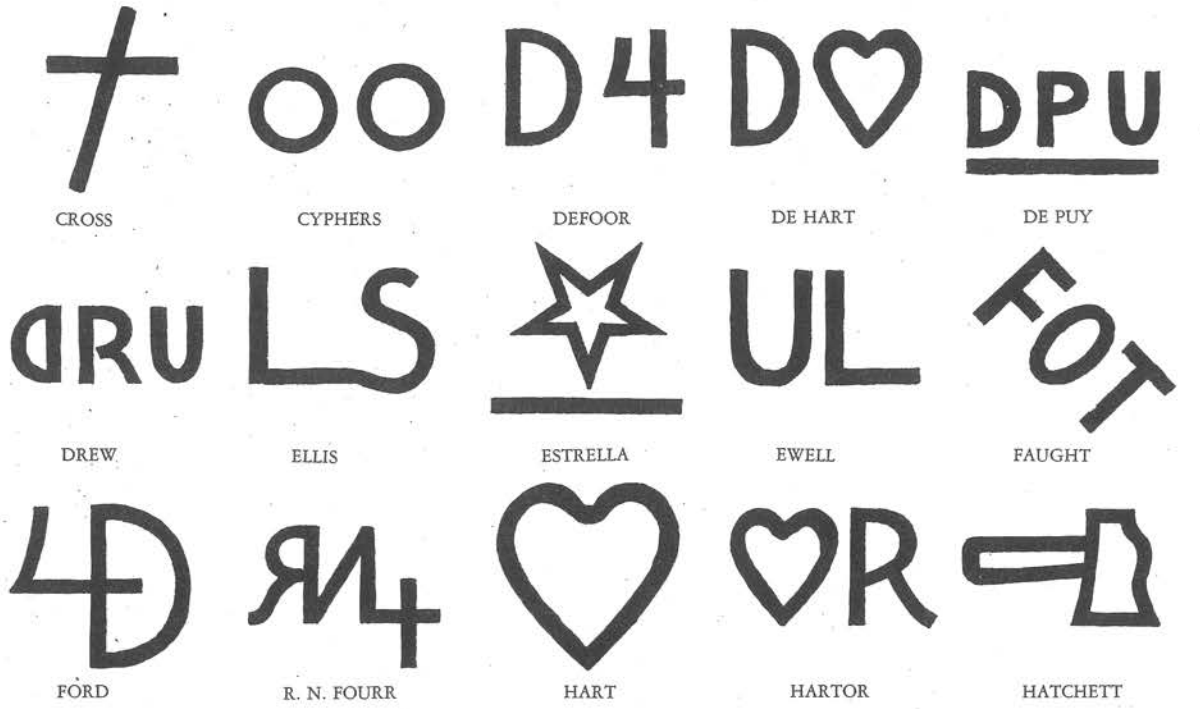


Here again are simple brands called by equally simple and effective names. 1. a Half Circle. 2. Half Circle Dot. 3. Half Circle Bar. 4. Hat or Open Hat. If the two lines representing the brim were longer it would become a Milliron. 5. goes under the particularly effective name of a Broken Wheel. 6. is a Spur, although it is only one of the many ways of making Spur brands. Very similar designs are sometimes called Wishbones. 7. a Crown. 8. a Rising Sun; often this brand has a base line representing the horizon. 9. a Pitchfork; here again there are many Pitchfork designs that are slightly different but basically the same. 10. a Pick. 11. a Lazy D. 12. a Lazy P; naturally the shape of the letter can change considerably. 13. a Hat; this could be square for a Plug Hat, high crowned or curly brimmed, just as the owner wishes. 14. an Oil Can. 15. a Buckle. 16. a Bow and Arrow, generally shown in a vertical position. 17. a Toadstool or Mushroom. 18. a Half Circle Cross. 19. a Lazy D J. And 20. an Umbrella. Each name seems to fit the brand like a glove and these are only a few of the hundreds of brands that I would like to include. Just turn the Half Circle on its side and it becomes a Crescent or a Moon and a whole new series of brands will come out of it. Naturally, no cowman ever knew them all but each new brand he heard of and saw had such an apt name that he was sure to remember it.

The owners and recordings of all these brands can be found following the Bibliography.



One or two examples of what I call "name brands" are often included in articles on cattle brands. The examples are good ones, usually the famous K T Bar of Katie Barr and Bar Y Y of J. H. Barwise and, thinking of ways to make other names into useful brands, I decided to see how many had been recorded in the Southwest. I don't think I have found them all yet but the Brand Books have already given me around a hundred and fifty brands (not including duplicates) that spell or signify the owner's name. Those that use a symbol, such as a Star if the rancher's name is Star or a Heart for Hart or a Key for Kee, approach a true heraldry, although all brands are distinguishing symbols, which is exactly what armorial bearings are. Perhaps, it seems a far cry from the blazoned shields of the French chivalry, that thundered into the battle of Agincourt only to break like a spent wave before the archers of England, and some of the Lazy S boys riding in from the herd but the similarity is there. Each Knight bore on his shield a charge or emblem which was often repeated on his surcoat and horse trappings as well as on the surcoats of all his retinue. If our knight was English, perhaps Fitzalan, the earl of Arundel, the charge would be "Gules a lion rampant or" or, in other words, a rampant lion in gold on a red field or background. This charge would identify everything and everyone bearing it as belonging to Fitzalan just as the Lazy S on the side boards of the chuck wagons and

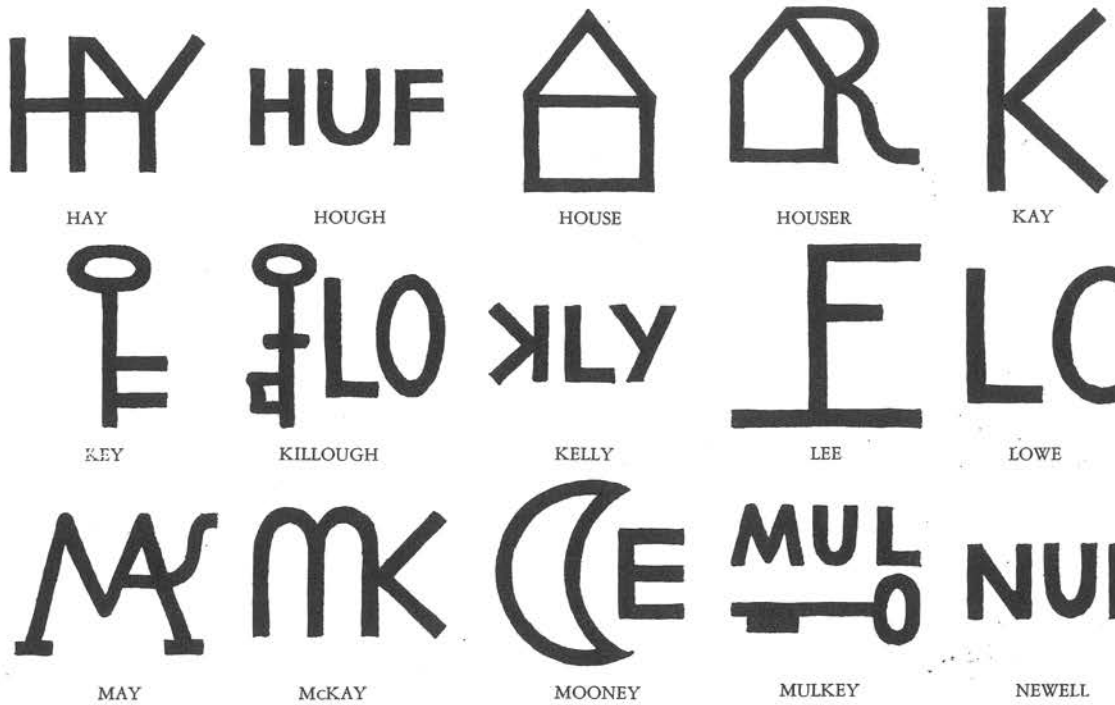


on the mules or horses that drew them, on the remuda and on the cattle identify them as belonging to Colonel C. C. Slaughter of Dallas, Texas.

Both "name brands" and heraldry show a similar desire to play on the bearer's or owner's name. There is not much difference when Fisch Brothers of Otis, Colo., or Mrs. M. C. Fish of Houston, Texas, use a brand in the shape of a fish and John Samon of 14th century England, who sealed with arms of "Three salmon swimming." The arms of Heron bore "Azure, three herons silver," while those of Fauconer were "Silver, three falcons gules" and Tom Horne of San Jon, New Mexico, brands his stock with a Cow horn.

H. H. Moon of Albuquerque had a Moon for his brand and W. E. Shields of Roswell, N. M., a Shield. J. B. Gunn of Stephenville, Texas, ran a Gun brand and H. F. Hand of King, N. M., a Hand. Hatchetts with Hatchet brands and Keys or Kees with Key brands can be found in several States. While there are dozens of Bow and Arrow brands, I have not yet found one belonging to a man named Bowes but if I did he would be using a mighty old brand because Bent Bows was the heraldic charge of the Bowes family. Other charges that are worth mentioning are Arrows borne by Archer, Birding-bolts or Bosouns by Bosun. Swinburne had the heads of Swine in his arms and Shelley bore "Sable, a fesse engrailed between three Whelk shells gold." Horsley's shield had Horse's

PLATE 37.

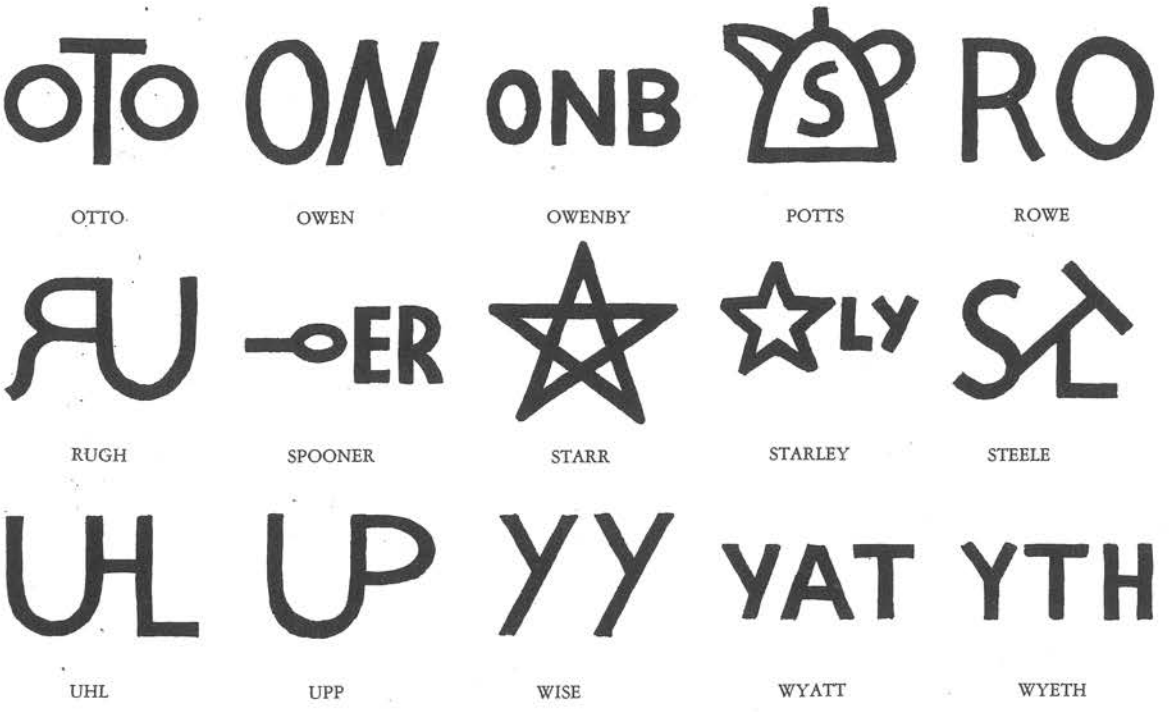


heads, Applegarth, three Apples, and Bacon pigs made up the arms of Bacon. Unfortunately the best Pig brand I have seen was used by E. P. Moorhead of Del Rio, Texas.

There are enough examples on these four pages to give a fair cross section of the "name brands" that are made up of letters only. I have omitted the brands of the ranchers whose names have only three or four letters such as the F R Y of Mrs. Annie Fry of Houck, Ariz., and the I V Y of Jas. Ivy Jr. of Phoenix and dozens of others who brand their letters "straightaway" and didn't have to think very hard about design.

Perhaps the most common type of "name brand" is the simple contraction of the name without materially changing the sound of it. These, again, become ordinary letter brands when they are not made into a monogram. Such brands as R I X for Ricks, D Y for Dye, C R O for Crow and K R for Kerr are typical.

By far the most interesting and ingenious "name brands" are those made up of a combination of letters and symbols or letters and numerals. There are not too many of this type of brand but those that I have found are choice. Of course, any name that begins with the letters B A R, such as Barbe, Barnet or Barton, is a natural. But the real cream of the Bar brands is the Barstow iron, which is a perfect example of a rancher purposely breaking the unwritten rules of brand reading to achieve his object. Normally this brand



would read Two Bar T O but here the two Bars are read collectively as Bars and the T and the O are pronounced together to rhyme with toe, hence Bars-tow. There are several ranchers by the name of Cross who brand a Cross on their cattle, but who can think of a more simple and effective name brand than Cross B for Crosby? The Crown Lazy B of Billy Corona is clever but so are others, the 4 D of Ford, the House R of Houser and the Moon E of Mooney. It always seems a pity when a cattleman with a naturally adaptable name fails to take advantage of this personal kind of brand. Of course there are a lot of names that could never be made into brands but, in working through hundreds of entries in State Brand Books, I have seen numbers of opportunities for making names into brands that I have never seen recorded. An Ampersand has been used as a brand by quite a number of cowmen but I have never seen it used in combination with anything else. Why not & R S for Anders, & R U for Andrew and B L & for Bland? I have shown two forms of the Buckle brand but have never seen R Buckle recorded by a rancher named Arbuckle. Or 4 M N for Forman. There are brands where an especially large letter is called a Big letter. A Big L and a small O, Lo, would make Biglow. I have seen several Lilly brands but never a Lilly Y T for Lillywhite, Wrench brands but never a Wrench R for Rencher, but maybe I will some day.

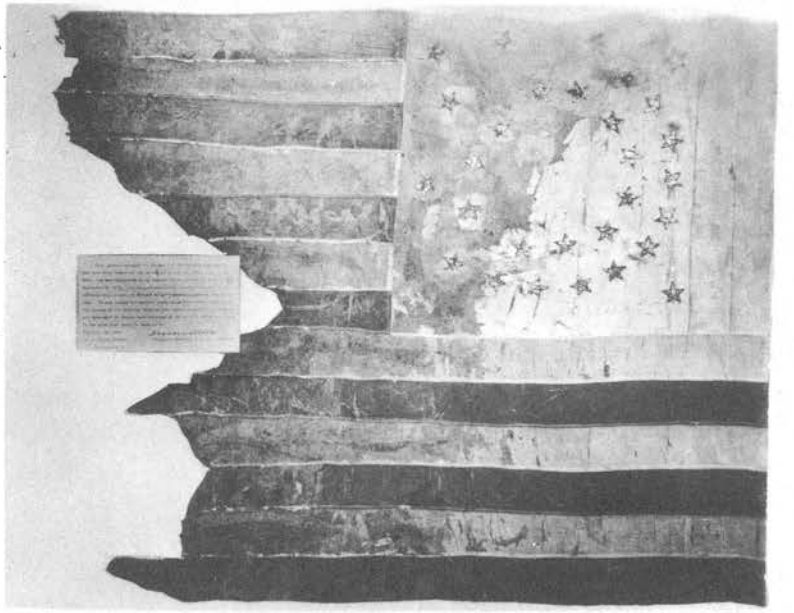
Some brands miss being "name brands" by a very narrow margin, for instance the K Lazy T of J. L. Carrow of Kingman, Arizona. If only the cross bar of the T had been swept back to form an arrow point the brand would have read K Arrow, but, perhaps, there was some good reason why it did not.

As I said at the beginning, this article has only touched on the subject of brands. The more you dig into it, the more interesting it becomes, and I have been able to include only a tenth of the material that has come my way. Collecting brands is fascinating but collecting alone is of little use. I have seen many so-called collections that are just hundreds of brands written down, unrelated and unsorted, with no supporting data as to who recorded them, where and when. The Spanish-American brands, in particular, show how necessary it is to find the original recorder and not to be content with the name of someone who probably bought the brand years later. Unfortunately a lot of this information is gone forever, particularly as the Bureau of Livestock Identification keeps records of transfers, forfeitures and abandonments for only five years in some States.

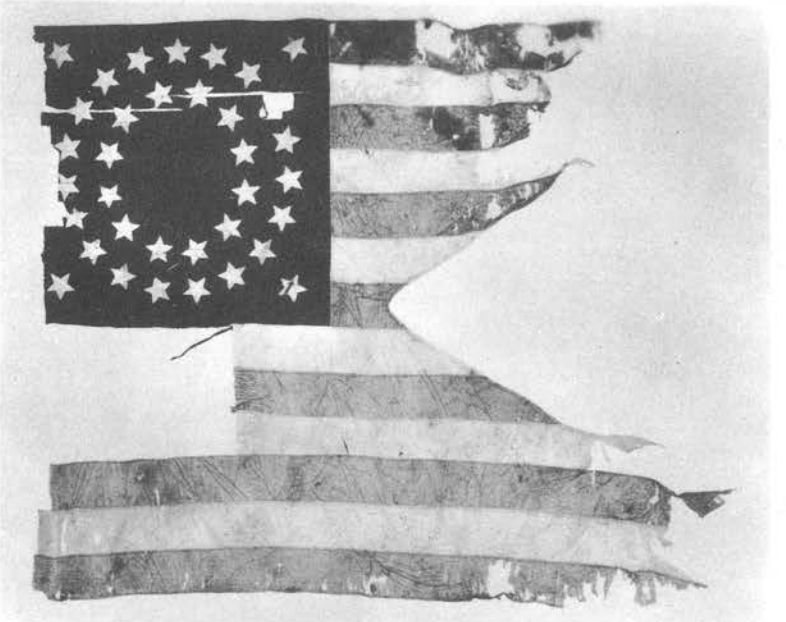
Any form of research is all-absorbing and one's friends are inclined to think that "he's a little teched in the haid" but it is, also, amazing how many people help with little pieces of vitally needed information. My family has become so brand-conscious that my five-year-old daughter decided to help with the illustrating and proudly produced the drawing below "for Daddy's book" and what better ending could I have than the interest of the coming generation?

I am indebted to Westerner Arthur Woodward for the use of his memory in tracking down information and for the loan of books and manuscript. To Westerner Gregg Layne for help with early family histories and for the loan of manuscript. To Westerners Homer Britzman and Harry James for the loan of books. To Dr. J. A. Wilson of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago for information sent me by Mr. Martin Kanofsky and to Mr. Kanofsky for preparing that information. To E. Boyd, who wrote *Saints and Saint Makers*, for pictures and reference about Santos. To the Bureau of Livestock Identification, Sacramento, for answering questions and for help given to me by the staffs of the Southwest Museum Library, the Los Angeles County Museum Library, the Los Angeles County Library and the Los Angeles City Library.

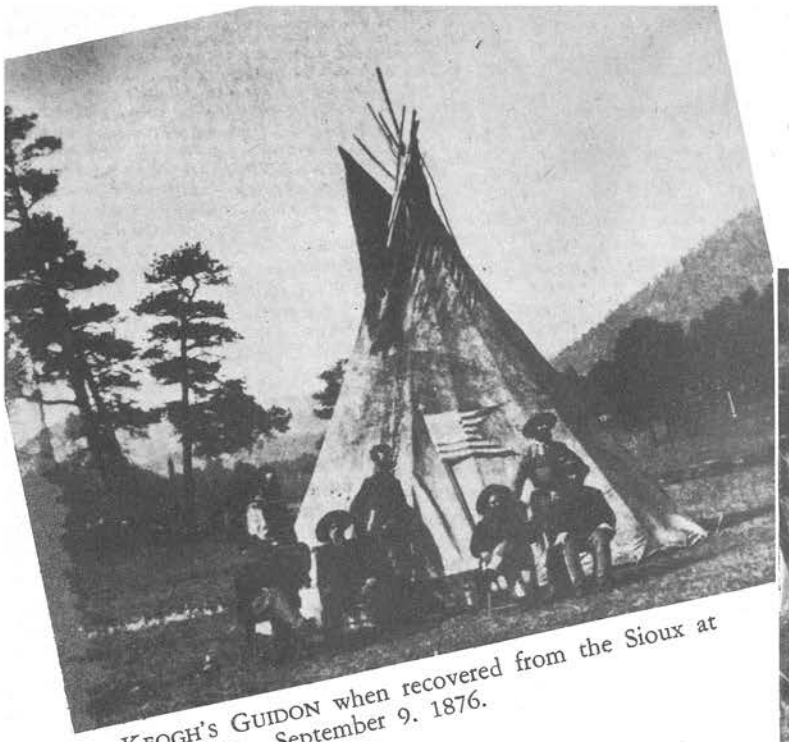
CUSTER'S BATTLE FLAGS



KEOGH'S GUIDON as it is *now*. (Reproduction of Signal Corps photo, made in 1920 at author's request.)

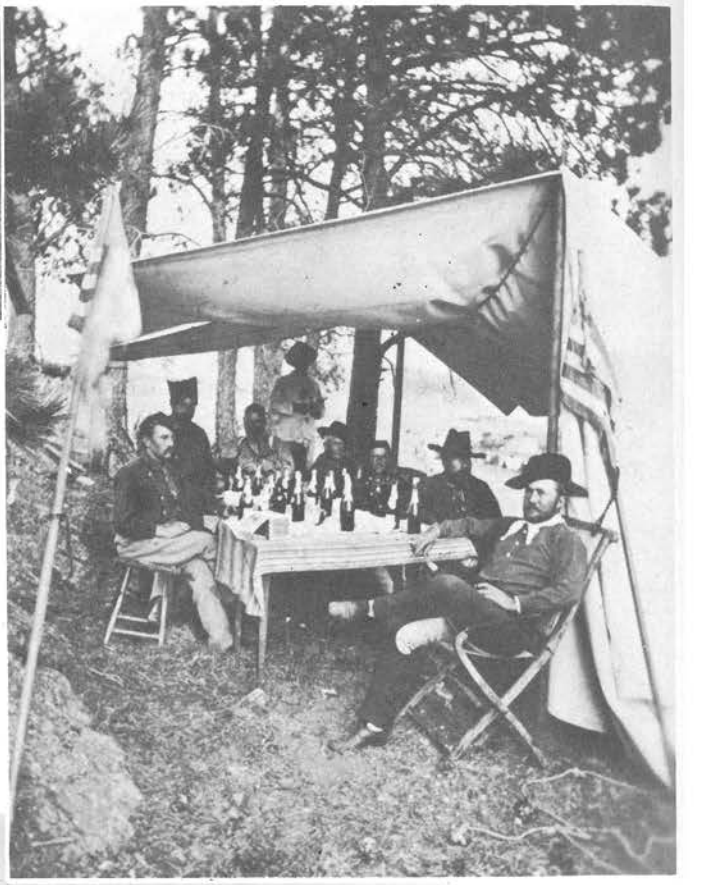


THE CULBERTSON GUIDON, picked up by Sgt. Ferdinand Culbertson of "A" Company, 7th Cavalry, June 28, 1876, from beneath the dead body of one of Custer's soldiers.

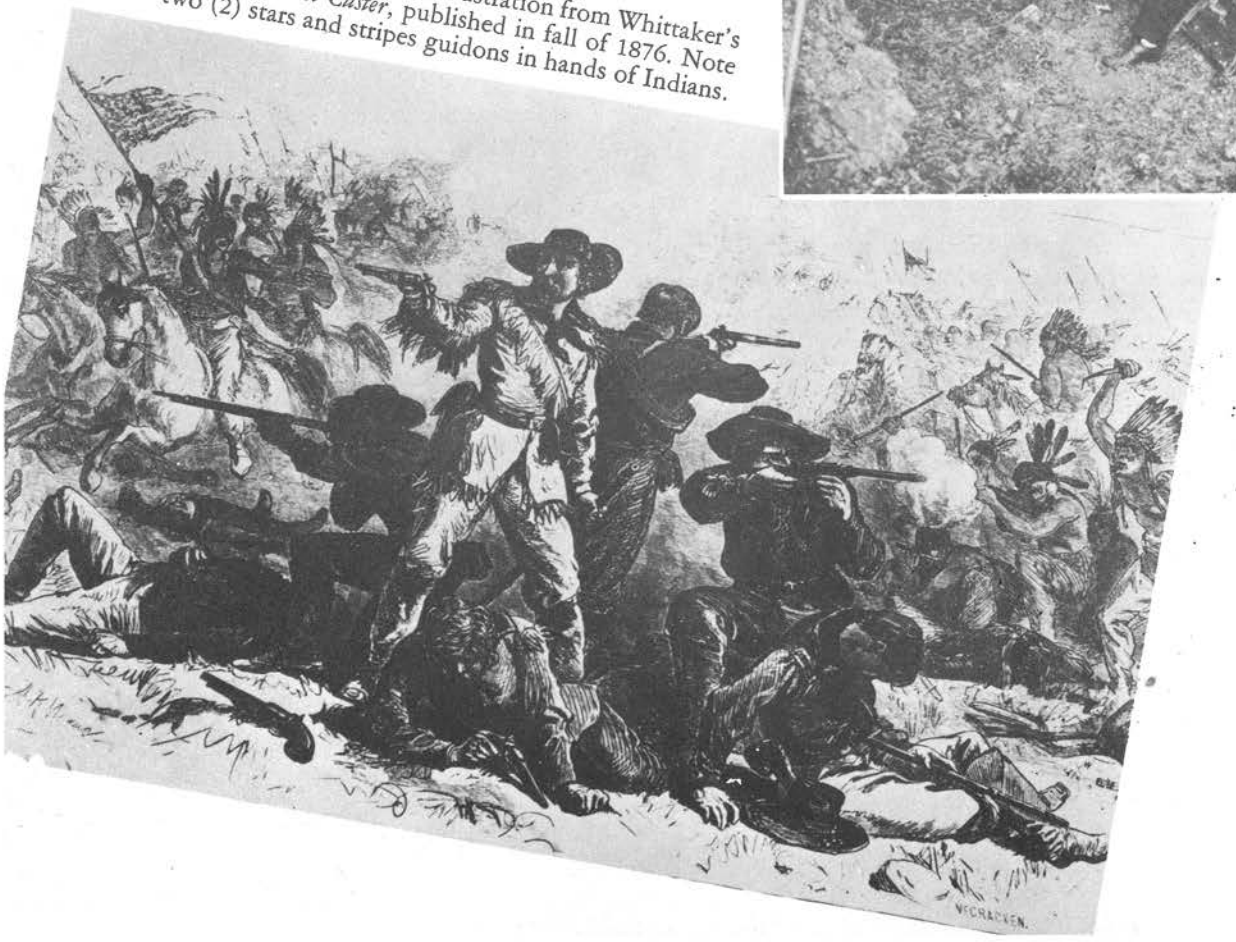


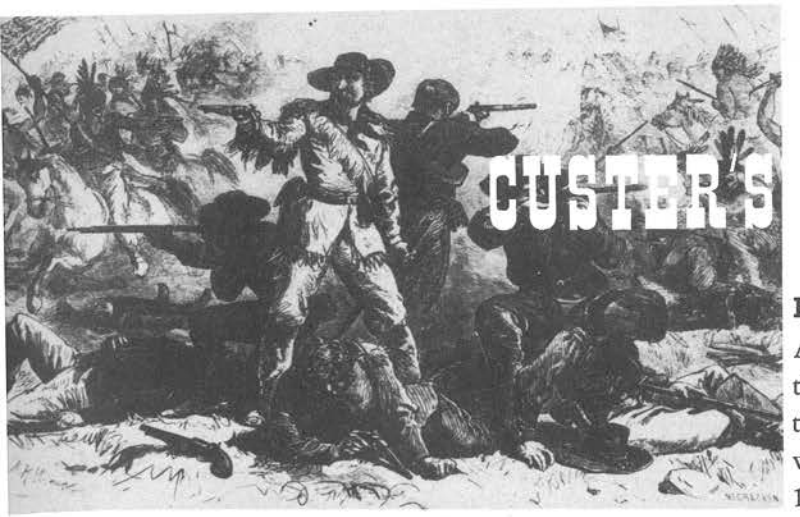
KEOGH'S GUIDON when recovered from the Sioux at Slim Buttes, September 9. 1876.

PHOTOGRAPH by the artist Illingworth during Custer's 1874 Black Hills Expedition. Two stars and stripes guidons shown.



"CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT," illustration from Whittaker's *Life of General Custer*, published in fall of 1876. Note two (2) stars and stripes guidons in hands of Indians.





CUSTER'S BATTLE FLAGS

By COL. W. A. GRAHAM

A GENERATION AGO, WHEN STRUGGLING through the tangled mass of contradictions, incongruities and fictions under which the real story of the Sioux War of 1876 was all but buried, I was fortunate to become intimately acquainted with Brigadier General Edward S. Godfrey. An honored member of the Army's retired list, he was one of the four then surviving officers of the Seventh Cavalry who participated in the campaign that marked the high tide of Indian prowess. The General became interested in my research, and by way of lending a helping hand, presented me with a reprint copy of his famous "Century" article titled "General George A. Custer and the Battle of the Little Big Horn," first published in 1892.

Having labored throughout several months to complete a manuscript copy of the Proceedings of the Reno Court of Inquiry held at Chicago in 1879, which, lawyer-like, I later reduced to a "working abstract" of some 145 pages, I was already fairly launched upon my quest for authentic information concerning the disastrous combat in which General Custer and nearly half the Seventh Cavalry were exterminated by the followers of Sitting Bull.

At that period of my study of this cryptic battle, minor incidentals were matters of small interest; but one descriptive detail in General Godfrey's article aroused my curiosity, and as he was then a frequent visitor to Washington, the next time I saw him, I asked him, among many other things, to elucidate it.

The statement was this: " . . . on the morning of the 23rd, General Custer mounted and started up the Rosebud, followed by two sergeants, one carrying the regimental standard, and the other *his personal or headquarters flag, the same kind of flag he used while commanding his cavalry division during the Civil War.*" It puzzled me that no mention was made of the *national* standard which, in every cavalry outfit I had ever seen, was carried at the right of the yellow regimental standard; and the allusion to a "personal . . . flag, the same kind he used . . . during the Civil War" seemed to indicate that Custer's headquarters marker was probably as unique as the man himself. A "personal flag," moreover, was to me something new under the sun, though I was later to learn that such flags were not uncommon during the Civil War period. Whether they were authorized by orders or regulations then in force, I have never learned: but I imagine that they were, for General Sheridan himself used one that became almost as widely known throughout the Confederacy as the South's own Stars and Bars.

"General Custer's personal or headquarters flag," said Godfrey, in answer to

CUSTER'S BATTLE FLAGS

my question, "was a forked pennant shaped somewhat like a guidon. It consisted of two bars, the upper red and the lower, blue; and in the center, it displayed crossed sabers in white. Cavalry regiments in those days," he continued, "did not carry the national flag, which was not issued to mounted troops until shortly before the Spanish-American War."* "You are familiar with the cavalry outfits you have known at Ft. Des Moines and on the Border, and have noted the national colors and the yellow standards that they carried. Yellow is, of course, the Cavalry's own color; but strangely enough, during the Civil War the Field Artillery carried yellow standards. During the 70's, however, all branches bore standards of the same color. All were blue. Branch colors were adopted during the late 80's." **

I made a memo of what he said—the foregoing is its substance as I recall it, for I cannot find my notes—and then forgot it, for the flags carried by the Seventh at the Little Big Horn did not appear to be a matter of much moment: but I have since discovered that everything connected with that famous battle takes on exaggerated importance to Custer "fans" and even to many historians. Indeed, one finds himself in the heat of argument over Custer's flags almost as easily and quickly as he does over Custer's tactics, which I suppose will forever provide material for debate.

During my first tour of duty in Washington (1919-1924), many officers of the "Old Army" frequented the Army and Navy Club, and my acquaintance among them steadily increased. When, in August 1924 I left Washington to take station at Chicago, I had met most of them, in the Club's reading room, at the luncheon table, or at meetings of the Order of Indian Wars, of which I was an honorary member. Those I remember best are Generals Edgerly and Godfrey of the old Seventh, Generals Miles and Scott, and Captain R. G. Carter of the Fourth Cavalry.

At the Soldiers Home, too, there were then numerous veterans of the old Seventh, but one of whom I now recall by name. This was Sergeant Fremont Kipp, who seemed in some sort to be a leader of the group.

From these contacts I learned much about the "Old Army" that is not to be found in books; and from Generals Edgerly and Godfrey, and the Soldiers Home contingent, I absorbed information about Custer and Reno and Benteen that made these figures appear lifelike. And about the battle of the Little Big Horn, too, I listened to many tales that never have been printed, nor ever will be.

Practically all of the Seventh's veterans at the Soldiers Home spoke of Custer's headquarters flag. They called it "his guidon," but I do not recall that any of them described it. All, however, were of one mind that after the battle neither "his guidon" nor the regimental standard could be found, and that "the Indians must have taken them."

That Custer's "personal flag" was lost at the Little Big Horn and never recovered

* Cavalry regiments were first issued National Standards in 1895.
** Yellow Standards were prescribed for Cavalry in 1889.

there can be no doubt; but as to the regimental standard, the evidence is definitely to the contrary. Captain E. S. Luce, Retired, formerly a member of the Seventh and now Superintendent at the Battlefield Memorial, has on display there, a blue standard acquired by him from the regiment, and asserted to be the identical standard referred to by Godfrey as one of the flags that followed Custer on the 23rd of June. Its presence at the Battlefield Memorial would seem to establish that the regimental standard was *not* carried into the fight by Custer. Neither was it with Reno, nor with Benteen: for regimental standards always follow the commanding officer. It follows, therefore, that it must have been left with the pack-train, furled and cased, in accord with what I understand was regimental custom. At any rate, the Regimental Standard was preserved and we need not rely upon verbal descriptions of it, for Captain Luce has graciously provided a color photograph which is herewith reproduced. (Plate I.)

Nor need we rely upon my recollection of Godfrey's description of Custer's personal flag, for Mrs. Custer herself provided a description to the Quartermaster General of the Army, which the latter in 1938 paraphrased as follows:

> "General Custer carried a red and blue horizontally divided guidon-shaped flag in the center of which was (sic) two crossed sabers in white. . . . description furnished by Mrs. Custer."

In Marguerite Merington's recently published book *The Custer Story*, a letter under date of 2 April 1865, from Mrs. Custer to her parents, is quoted, from which it appears that she had lately completed "another flag" for the General "like the old one, only larger," and she describes it as made of "red and blue silk, with white crossed sabres on both sides, and edged with heavy white cord." This flag, the book relates, was entrusted for delivery to the General to a Lieutenant Boehm who, in a letter written many years after, refers to it as "the cavalry guidon." The flag reached Custer safely, after Boehm, in fear of its capture by the enemy, concealed it by wrapping it around his body. The General, acknowledging to his wife the receipt of this beautiful specimen of her handiwork, alludes to it as "the handsomest flag in the Army." Her name, which she had embroidered on one of the points of the "swallowtail," was shot off the first time the flag was carried in action.

Finally, the cover of Mrs. Custer's book *Tenting on the Plains* displays a reproduction in color of the General's "personal flag," a red and blue guidon with naked crossed sabers in white. Though its dimensions are unknown, this famous flag may be reconstructed as shown in Plate II. So much for the regimental flags of the Seventh Cavalry at the Little Big Horn.

* * * * * * *

Next to consider are the flags borne by the troops, and known as "company guidons," one of which was carried by each of the twelve organizations of the regiment. Concerning the design of these guidons there has of late years been more disputation and uncertainty

than about the regimental flags, probably because of the emphasis the movies have placed upon the guidon as the distinctive cavalry banner. Despite the "thorough research" to which they always make claim, however, never yet has a moving picture shown a guidon of the design actually used by our cavalry between 1862 and 1885. Invariably the type in use *prior* to 1862 and *after* 1885 has been shown; a red and white swallowtailed flag horizontally divided. Though this type will not be illustrated, it is interesting to note that before 1862, the letters "U.S." appeared in white on the red bar, and the company or troop letter in red on the white bar. After its readoption in 1885, however, the regimental number appeared in white on the red bar, and the troop letter in red on the white bar, as before.

In the early 30's during my second tour in Washington, Dwight Franklin, an artist of national renown, wrote me from his home in Connecticut, desiring information on various matters of detail in connection with the uniforms, equipment, flags, etc., used by the Seventh at the Little Big Horn. Mr. Franklin was at the time engaged in modeling his famous group which depicts Custer's Last Stand. Some of his questions I could not answer, and therefore recommended that he contact Colonel Charles A. Varnum, Retired, the last surviving officer of the old Seventh. Colonel Varnum being then a very old man, who might not be up to answering letters, I suggested to Franklin that he make the contact through my good friend Colonel "Tim" Coughlan, also retired, and like Varnum, a former cavalryman. Both officers, since deceased, were then residents of San Francisco.

In one of his letters to me, Franklin had sketched a flag that he had seen in Mrs. Custer's collection. It was a swallowtailed stars and stripes with gilt stars, about 2′x3′ in size, and he wanted to know whether this was "Custer's personal flag." I did not know. I had forgotten all about Godfrey's description; both he and Edgerly had passed on, and I had neither time nor opportunity to make contact with any of the surviving old timers I had known ten years before. So I passed the buck to Coughlan, who, though a much younger man, I knew to be an intimate of Colonel Varnum.

Varnum at once identified the flag as a company or troop guidon of the design in use during the 70's; and Coughlan wrote Franklin that he had lately seen at Piedmont, California, an identical guidon, which had belonged to Captain Keogh's company of the Seventh, and was lost at the Little Big Horn. The Keogh guidon was recovered from the Indians early in September 1876 at Slim Buttes, by Captain (later General) Anson Mills' command of the 3rd Cavalry, and was then in the possession of Major W. S. Overton, Retired, General Mills' son-in-law. Franklin sent me Coughlan's report of Colonel Varnum's replies to his questions. I read them, but contrary to my usual practice, failed to make any notes. And again, I dismissed the matter from my mind, being at the time extremely busy with official duties.

The guidon question did not again arise until 1936, when, at Chicago, I received a telegram from Franklin, then employed as a "technical designer" at one of the principal studios in Hollywood, where a picture covering the period of the late 60's and early 70's

was being filmed; a picture that "involved" Custer and the Seventh Cavalry. In reply to his inquiries, which covered a wide field, I wired him, in part: "The guidons during this period were small swallowtailed stars and stripes and not the red and white guidons now used." This information I got from some source at Sixth Corps Area Headquarters: but what that source was I cannot now remember. It was, probably, General "Benny" Poore. However, the movie people, as usual, disregarded all technical advice, and the red and white guidon appeared in the picture, also as usual. Movie producers too often equip troops to suit themselves, preferring to be picturesque rather than correct, which is one of the reasons that most of the military pictures Hollywood turns out are full of errors and absurdities.

In 1938, the guidon of the 70's once more became a subject of discussion, though in what connection I do not now recall. In any event, to obtain an official pronouncement on the subject, I addressed the Chief of Cavalry, who referred the matter to the War College. Two letters were received from the War College, both dated in September, 1938, the first inclosing a summary of Army Regulations relating to the cavalry guidon, prepared by Mr. Arthur DuBois of the Quartermaster General's Office, and covering the period 1861 to 1885, both inclusive. The second letter contained a hand-painted picture of the guidon in use from 18 January 1862 to 4 February 1885. It was a swallowtailed stars and stripes with gilt stars. Mr. DuBois' summary was as follows:

REVISED REGULATIONS FOR THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

1861

1441 The flag of the guidon is swallow-tailed, three feet five inches from the lance to the end of the swallow-tail; fifteen inches to the fork of the swallow-tail, and two feet three inches on the lance. To be half red and half white, dividing at the fork, the red above. On the red, the letters U. S. in white; and on the white, the letter of the company in red. The lance of the x x x guidons to be nine feet long, including spear and ferrule.

* * *

G. O. No. 4 HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, January 18, 1862.

1. Under instructions from the Secretary of War, dated January 7, 1862, guidons and camp colors for the Army will be made like the United States flag, with stars and stripes.

x x x x x

* * *

Changes and Additions to Army Regulations up to June 25, 1862.

x x x x x

8. Guidons and camp colors for the Army will be made like the United States flag, with stars and stripes.

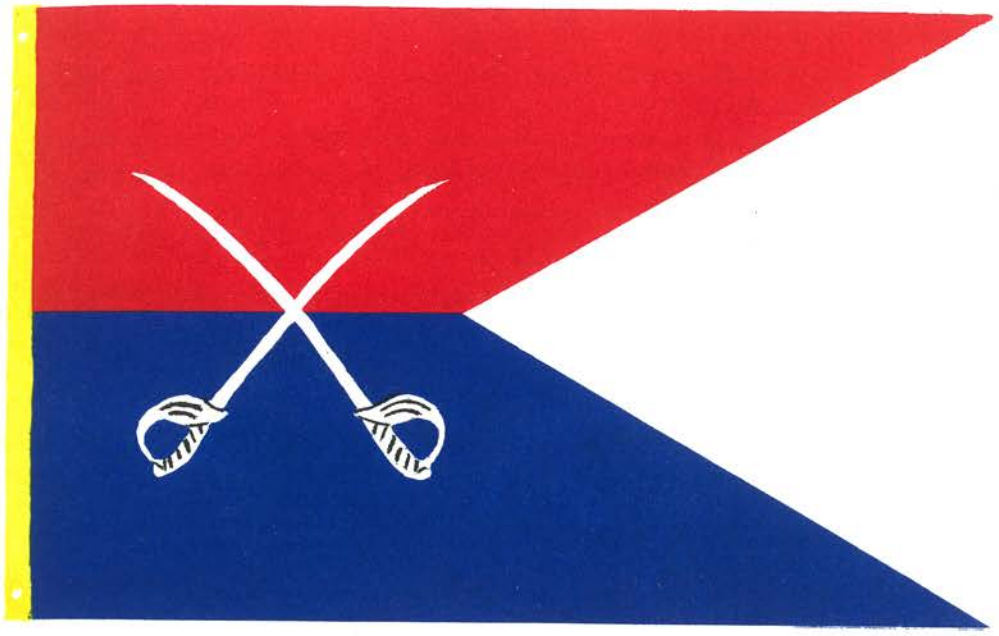
x x x x x

* * *

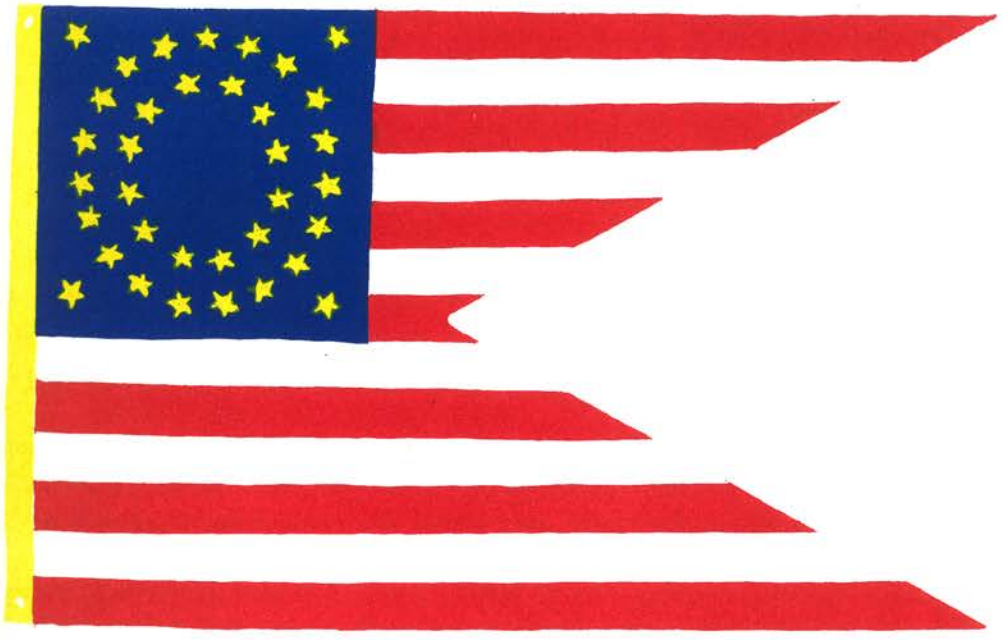
CUSTER'S BATTLE FLAGS

THE SEVENTH CAVALRY'S REGIMENTAL STANDARD of 1876. This flag was carried by the regiment on its march from the Yellowstone to the Little Big Horn.

CUSTER'S BATTLE FLAGS



CUSTER'S personal headquarters flag.



THE CAVALRY GUIDON prescribed by 1876 regulations.

REGULATIONS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES Date—Feb 17, 1881

x x x x x

Guidons for Cavalry

2792 To be made of silk, with stars and stripes like the National flag; made swallow-tailed. Stars to be gilt, one and one-eighth inches in diameter from point to point.

The guidon to measure from the lance three feet five inches to the end, and fifteen inches to the fork of swallow-tail, and two feet three inches on the lance.

The fork of the swallow-tail to be equidistant from the top and bottom of guidon.

The letter of the company to be embroidered in yellow silk, or painted on one of the white bars of the flag.

x x x x x

* * *

G. O. HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
Washington, February 4, 1885

By direction of the Secretary of War, par. 2792 of the regulations is amended to read as follows:

Guidon for Cavalry

2792 The flag of the guidon is swallow-tailed, three feet five inches fly from the lance to the end of the swallow-tail, and two feet three inches on the lance. To be cut swallow-tailed fifteen inches to the fork. To be made of silk, and to consist of two horizontal stripes, each one-half the width of flag, the upper red and the lower white; the red to have on both sides in the center the number of the regiment in white silk, and the white to have the letter of the troop in red silk, the letter and number to be block-shaped, four and three-fourths inches high, and held in place by a border of needle work embroidery three-sixteenths of an inch wide, of same color.

x x x x x

* * *

It seemed to me that the guidon question was now definitely and forever settled. I was mistaken; for during the summer of 1949, I received a booklet, descriptive of the battle, and then on sale at the battlefield. The author, an assistant to the Superintendent, requested comment on his work.

Having endured many years of criticism of my own writings I like to avoid criticism of the work of others as much as possible; but as he had asked for it, attention was invited to his error in stating that on its march from the Yellowstone, each company or troop of the Seventh bore a red and white guidon. I was astonished to learn from his reply that a red and white guidon, acquired from the widow of a former officer of the regiment, was then displayed at the battlefield as the identical guidon carried by "D" Company (Captain Weir) at the Little Big Horn, and that "its authenticity is indisputable."

Furthermore, I was informed that official letters from the Quartermaster General's Office dated early in 1938, constituted the basis of the statement I had questioned. Copies of these letters, dated in February and March, 1938, were sent me. They succinctly stated that "Army Regulations of 1835 to 1881 prescribed the Cavalry guidon to be horizontally divided red and white."

Here was conflicting testimony with a vengeance! And there was more to follow, for Dwight Franklin, now in California, turned up with a copy of the *National Geographic Magazine* published in 1917 and containing an exhaustive article on the "Flags of the World." Both types of the cavalry guidon were illustrated in color, and the descriptive note concerning the stars and stripes type stated that this guidon was used during the Civil War, and was "retired" by General *Sheridan* "when he became Secretary of War." As General Sheridan never did become Secretary of War, this statement was obviously in error. So I wrote the *National Geographic* asking the basis of the statement. In the meantime, however, I acquired another issue of the magazine, published in September 1934, in which appeared another illustrated article on the "Flags of the World." This repeated the 1917 statement, but substituted *Sherman* for Sheridan. As General Sherman *did* become Secretary of War *ad interim* for about a month during 1869, I thought it possible that he had issued some such order, and I had quite a correspondence with the *National Geographic* on the subject, but the basis for the statement that either Sheridan or Sherman retired the stars and stripes guidon and restored the red and white, never came to light, though one of the editors made a thorough search of the magazine's old files.

The last letter received from the *Geographic* however, contained a quotation from a limited work by Gherardi Davis, titled "The Colors of the United States Army, 1789-1912," and published during 1912. The quotation was as follows:

> "There is in the Library of the War Department a book entitled 'United States Army Regulations, based upon the Army Regulations of 1863 as altered or amended by orders, circulars, decisions and laws passed since 1863 and in force on the first day of January 1876. Compiled under the directions of the Secretary of War by Captain R. N. Scott, U.S. Army.' This book does not seem to be generally known. Section 777 of these Regulations reads in part as follows: 'Each battery of artillery and troop of cavalry shall have a silken guidon made like the national flag, with stars and stripes . . . AR PP 1468-9. G.O. Nos. 4, 19, 1862'."

During all this time, search was being made in other directions, for physical evidence. I knew from Finerty's *Warpath and Bivouac* and from Captain Anson Mills' official report on the Slim Buttes fight with the Sioux under American Horse, that on 9 September 1876, Mills had recovered from the Indians one of Custer's guidons, a pair of Captain Keogh's gauntlets, and several Seventh Cavalry horses. I knew also that somewhere there was a photograph of Mills and his officers, seated and/or standing before a captured Sioux

tepee, and displaying the recovered guidon. Though I have never succeeded in locating an original print of this photograph, I did find it reproduced in half tone in General Mills' book *My Story* at page 110. (Plate IV.)

Again Dwight Franklin came to front and center by producing the Varnum-Coughlan correspondence that I had read seventeen years before, and from which I learned again that this identical guidon, recovered from the Sioux at Slim Buttes, was in 1933 in the possession of Major W. S. Overton, Retired, at Piedmont. Upon making inquiry, I found that Major Overton deceased some years ago, but that his widow, General Mills' daughter, was still living at Piedmont; and through a former associate now resident in San Francisco, I contacted Mrs. Overton and ascertained that the guidon, a swallow-tailed stars and stripes with gilt stars, was still in existence, and could be seen at her home. With her kindly cooperation, I arranged with the Signal Officer at the Presidio of San Francisco to photograph it for Army record purposes, which was done during 1950. Mrs. Overton, I regret to say, has since deceased. Her daughters, however, upon my suggestion graciously donated the old guidon—an undeniably authentic relic of the battle of the Little Big Horn, to the Battlefield Museum, where it now is.

Reference to the Slim Buttes picture (Plate IV) shows that the Keogh guidon, when recovered from the Sioux, was in excellent condition. General Mills, however, as stated in his signed certificate which accompanies the guidon,* loaned it to the Museum of the Military Service Institution at Governors Island, N. Y., and when returned to him in 1898, it was so badly moth eaten that it was with difficulty pieced together. Its appearance in 1950 is shown by the Signal Corps photograph reproduced herewith. (Plate V.)

Another lead, for which I am indebted to Fred Dustin, author of *The Custer Tragedy*, also paid off. In his remarkable work, Dustin tells of seeing at a Detroit Museum, when he was a young man, a tattered and bloodstained guidon that was picked up on the Little Big Horn battlefield from beneath the dead body of one of Custer's soldiers. I wrote Dustin for a description, and asked him to ascertain whether this guidon was still on exhibition at Detroit, and where. His answer was disconcerting, for he remembered its colors as red and white. However, when the Detroit Institute of Arts was heard from, it developed that Dustin's recollection was at fault, for the guidon, still preserved as "Custer's battle flag," is a swallowtailed stars and stripes with gilt stars. Its story is

* General Mills' signed certificate states:

"This Guidon belonged to Co. 'I', 7th Cavalry (Captain Keogh), was lost with Custer at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876, and was recaptured by my command at the Battle of Slim Buttes, September 9, 1876, then in good condition, folded up in an Indian Reticule with a pair of Colonel Keogh's gauntlets marked with his name. It was loaned for several years by me to the Museum of the Military Service Institution on Governors Island and from want of proper care, returned so ravaged by moths that this is the most that could be made of it."

/s/ ANSON MILLS, BRIG. GEN. U.S.A. (RET),
No. 2, Dupont Circle, Washington, D. C.

Feb. 22, 1898

interesting. It was presented in 1895 to the Institute of Arts by a group of prominent Detroiters, the Hon. Don M. Dickinson among them, who acquired it from the wife of a retired sergeant of the Regular Army named Reidel. Mrs. Reidel had received it during 1880 as a gift from Sergeant Ferdinand A. Culbertson of "A" Company, Seventh Cavalry, a veteran of the Little Big Horn, who picked up the bloodstained relic June 28, 1876, when the survivors of Reno's command were burying the dead on the Custer battlefield. The Institute of Arts furnished me with a photograph of the guidon, which is reproduced herewith (Plate VI). It will be noted that the number of stars is 35, which, as nearly as I can estimate from their spacing, was also the number of stars on the blue field of the Keogh guidon recovered from the American Horse band of Sioux at Slim Buttes.

While in my opinion, the physical evidences now proven were enough to set at rest all possible question as to the type of guidon carried by the 7th at the Little Big Horn, I determined to find, if possible, the Scott compilation of 1876 Regulations referred to by Gherardi Davis, and also to ask Mr. DuBois of the Quartermaster General's Office, recognized as the Army's foremost expert on questions relating to flags, uniforms, insignia and equipment, to recheck his 1938 summary to ascertain whether, by any chance, some change in the governing orders and regulations during the period covered, had been overlooked or omitted.

Mr. DuBois obligingly rechecked the summary, and wrote me, under date of 23 December 1949, that his 1938 summary was found to be correct, and that "the guidon used by Cavalry in 1876 was of the stars and stripes design."

I have been unable to locate a printed copy of the Scott compilation of the 1876 Regulations (it is no longer in the War Department Library), but through the efforts of an officer in Washington, I secured a copy of the regulation prescribing the cavalry guidon, as it appears in Captain Scott's original manuscript, which was located in the files of the National Archives. The regulation reads as follows:

> "Guidons: — For Cavalry: — To be made of silk, with stars and stripes like the national flag: made swallowtailed. Stars to be gilt 1⅛ inches in diameter from point to point. The guidon to measure from the lance 3 feet 5 inches to the end, and 15 inches to the fork of the swallowtail, and 2 feet 3 inches on the lance. The fork of the swallowtail to be equidistant from the top and bottom of the guidon. The letter of the company to be embroidered in yellow silk, or painted on one of the white bars of the flag. The lance to be 1¼ inches in diameter and 9 feet long, including spear and ferrule. To have a waterproof case or cover to protect the guidon, when furled."

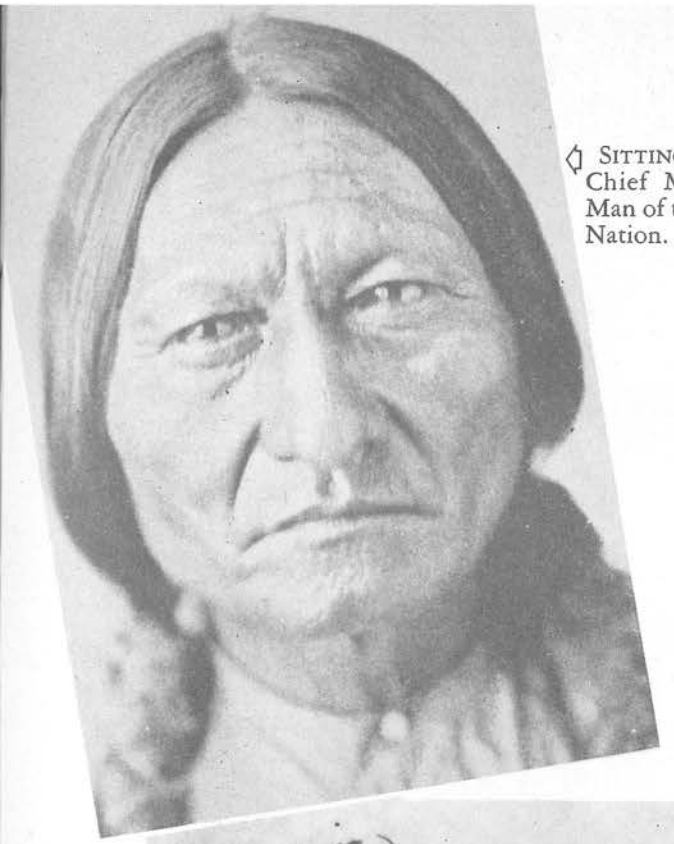
It will be noted that the detailed description above quoted applies only to the Cavalry guidon, whereas the quotation made by Gherardi Davis, and relayed to me by the *National Geographic* applies to both cavalry and artillery. It is only a guess on my part, but I believe the explanation is that the section quoted by Davis was probably

enlarged upon in both the Cavalry and Artillery regulations, and that each set out in detail a description of the guidon prescribed for the branch to which the regulations applied. The quotation from the Scott manuscript is from that portion of the 1876 regulations applying to cavalry alone. The guidon prescribed by the 1876 regulations is reproduced in colors. (Plate III.)

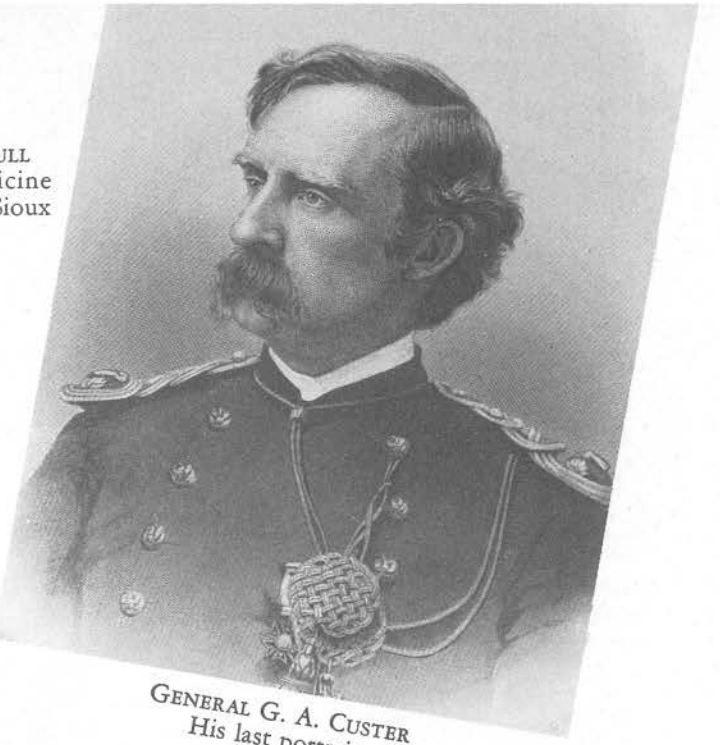
As not infrequently happens when one is engaged in research, much that bears upon the matter under investigation comes to light, which, though neither definitive nor decisive, is sufficiently persuasive, when added to direct and positive evidence, to lend both color and weight to the latter. Of this character is the illustration found in Whittaker's *Life of General Custer* depicting the last stand, in which at least two guidons are shown in the hands of the Indians. This drawing was made and the book published late in 1876, when details of contemporaneous uniforms, equipment and flags were matters of common knowledge, a fact which makes most significant that both the guidons pictured are swallow-tailed stars and stripes. The artist, Waud, bore an excellent reputation for reliability.

Of greater evidential value is the photograph made in 1874 by the artist Illingworth, who accompanied Custer that year on his Black Hills Expedition. It depicts a group of officers seated at a table under a tent fly, at the front of which, on either side, is displayed an unmistakable stars and stripes guidon. Both these pictures are reproduced. (Plates VII and VIII.)

Numerous artists of varying ability have spread upon canvas their conceptions of Custer's Last Fight. Don Russell of Chicago's "Westerners" has discovered no less than 89 such efforts. Most if not all the pictures they have produced are, in one respect or another, marred by easily detectable errors. But some day, perhaps, the subject will be painted or a movie will be produced that will show the Seventh Cavalry as it really was on the day of its worst defeat and its greatest glory. It may be too much to hope for, but I earnestly believe that sooner or later the public will demand the truth, even from those men who, in both fields, employ what they are pleased to term "artistic license" to cover up a veritable multitude of sins: sins because the errors they commit are for the most part deliberate or easily avoidable. And when that millennial day arrives, we may see Custer riding to his fate at the head of his regiment, followed by his color bearer holding pridefully aloft the red and blue guidon with white crossed sabers that proclaimed his presence; and after him, in column of twos, the long drawn procession of five companies of cavalry, each bearing at its front, a stars and stripes guidon, swallowtailed, bedecked with stars of gold. And we shall see Reno and Benteen, each leading his battalion of three companies, all carrying guidons of that same design: and far behind them all, furled and cased, in the protective custody of the rear guard, the blue standard that bore the hand embroidered Arms of the Republic and the title "U. S. 7th Cavalry."

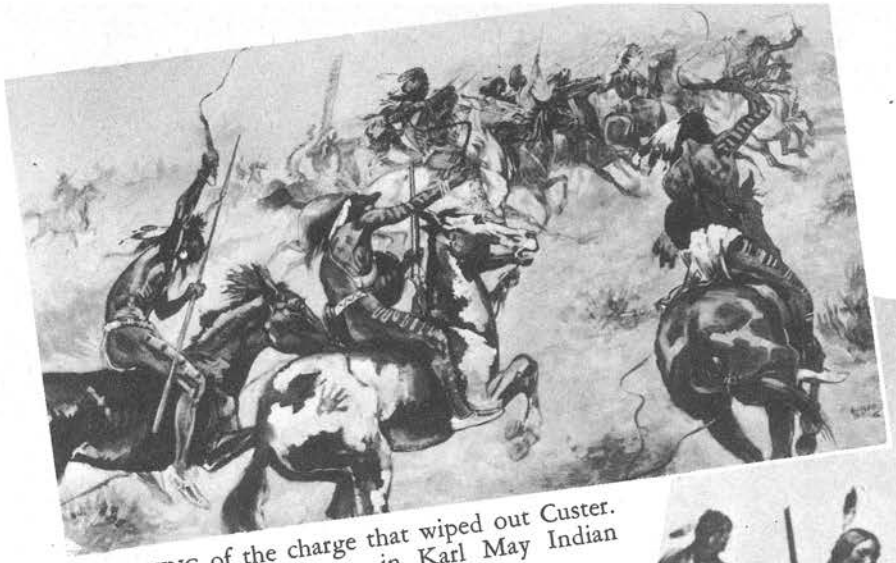


◁ SITTING BULL
Chief Medicine Man of the Sioux Nation.

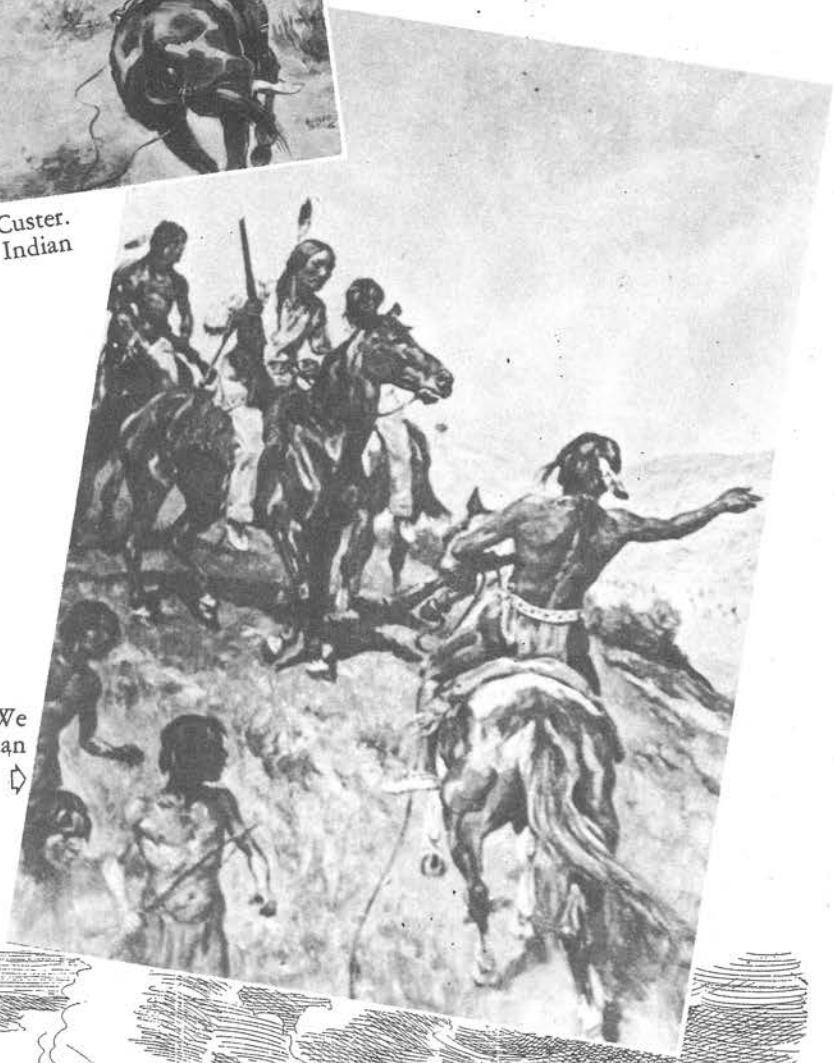


GENERAL G. A. CUSTER
His last portrait.

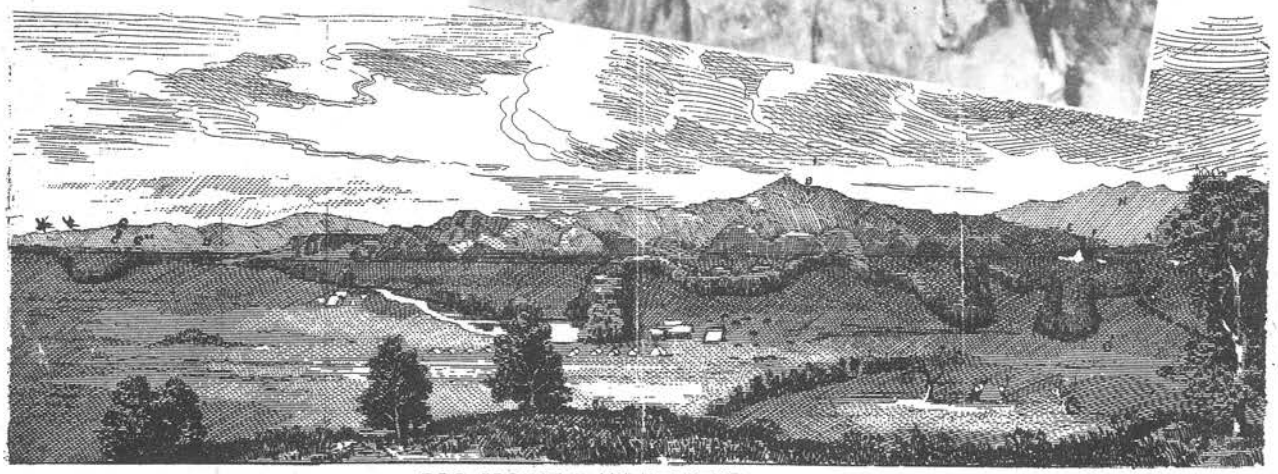
CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT according to Elk Eber. Original in Karl May Indian Museum, Dresden, Germany. Note that the central Indian figure has captured Custer's personal headquarters flag.



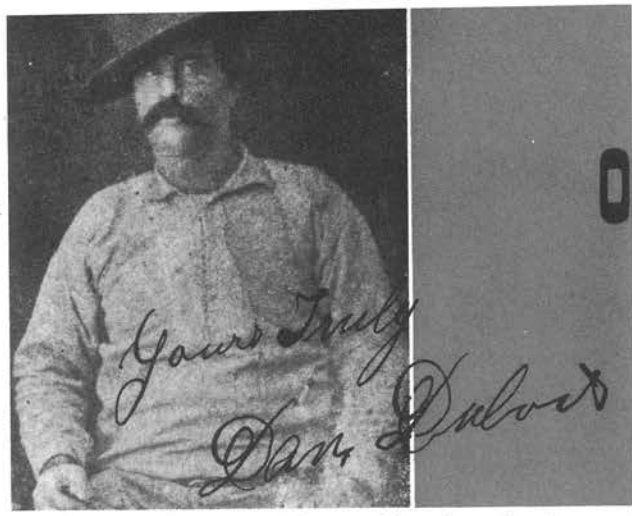
BEGINNING of the charge that wiped out Custer. Painting by Linde Berg, in Karl May Indian Museum, Dresden, Germany.



SITTING BULL receiving meassage "We have killed them all." Karl May Indian Museum, Dresden, Germany. Artist unknown.



BIG HORN BATTLEFIELD
Sketch made for *New York Graphic*, June, 1877.



OLD DAN DUBOIS

By F. W. HODGE

I HAVE BEEN TEMPTED FOR A GOOD while to jot down what knowledge I could gather concerning old Dan, or Uncle Dan, as Dan DuBois was popularly called, for I regard this colorful oldtimer as worthy of a place in the annals of the Southwest by reason of his robust character, the part he played in frontier history, and the fact that his like will never appear on the scene again.

Little authentic information regarding our subject is of record. His intimates would hobnob with him, but so far as I have been able to learn, only very few of these have survived, and none of them, with one exception, ever openly made a note about him. The exception was the late Evon Z. Vogt, then editor of the *Gallup Independent*, who on the friendliest terms spent an evening with Dan, while a census enumerator in 1920, during which he took occasion to jot down a few personal notes. This was the mistake of Vogt's editorial life, for even had he not been a newspaper man, Dan would never have permitted him to walk away with any information in writing that he may have revealed. When Vogt turned to go, Dan commanded, "Young man, give me that book!" Vogt obeyed. The notebook immediately fed the open fire.

On another occasion, it has been reported, Zane Gray went to Gallup, "his special mission being to spend a few days with our old-time citizen for the purpose of getting a little data on the life of the veteran trader with the view of writing a book in which he will portray a number of the pioneer characters of the community." We may imagine how far Gray got with Dan, even if he reached within interviewing distance of him, which seems to be open to doubt. The same experience, it is said, was suffered by Harold Bell Wright.

As Dan's daughter, Mrs. Amelia Garduño, recently informed me regarding her father, "about fifty years ago you could have gotten a lot of information from some of the old-timers in Gallup, but now they are all dead, and the younger generation haven't even heard of him."

There is little wonder, then, that there is such a paucity of information concerning the life of Dan DuBois; the little that can be rescued and woven into a fabric that does not seem too threadbare is due more or less to tradition, to the memory of Dan's few surviving relatives, especially his daughters (of whom more anon) and of a few friends who chanced to pass the word along, and to my own recollections of Dan, whom I claimed as a good and faithful friend.

Ordinarily one perhaps should open a biographic sketch by giving a word regarding

the parentage of the subject, the place and date of his birth, and other customary essentials. But even here one cannot be sure of his ground, owing to contradictory statements, some of which run counter to Dan's own assertions.

The "official" name of our subject was Dennis Donovan (Donovan being the maiden name of his mother), as shown by his record as an inmate of Sawtelle Soldiers' Home in Los Angeles, which also recorded the aliases Dan DuBois and Joseph Dubois. The family name, by the way, has been recorded indiscriminately both as Dubois and Du Bois, the latter form being preferred by the present members of the family. So much for his patronymic. Dan, however, was known by other names: The Navaho called him Besh-be-ha, "Iron Shirt," because, wounded in many places from head to feet, neither Indian nor white was able to kill him. The Zuñi called him Tato-thlana (from Spanish *tato*,' younger brother,' and Zuñi *thlana*,'big'). To the Apache he was known as Don Ignacio.

So far as can be gathered from the fragmentary data available, which have been sifted as carefully as possible, Dan was born about the year 1833 on a plantation between where "two rivers forked" above New Orleans. This is hardly in consonance with Dan's statement when he was inducted into the Sawtelle Soldiers' Home in Los Angeles in 1923, that he was born in California and was a resident of Los Angeles. Was this because Dan believed he would have a better chance for admittance to the Home if he claimed to be a Californian? Moreover, the family name DuBois comports more closely with the French of Louisiana than with the relatively few Frenchmen who came to California; and, besides, Dan spoke French—of a sort.

However that may be, Dan's father is said to have been a slave-trader, a business that had its effect on Dan's later life, he always being with the underdog in any fight, as we shall later see.

If we may judge by the various bits of information available, and what seemed to be an aversion to any intimate connection with the Catholic Church, of which Dan claimed to be a member, the following information communicated to me by Mrs. Garduño, Dan's daughter by his Navaho wife, may be regarded as surprising:

"In 1905 my husband and I were going to Mexico on vacation, and Father George Juillard, who was pastor in Gallup, asked me to see my uncle, the Bishop, who was in San Antonio, Texas. Then I told him that even if he was my granduncle, I didn't have the nerve, as he wouldn't believe me. He offered to give me a letter of introduction, and if that failed, to write back to Gallup, and he would get more witnesses to prove that I was my father's daughter. But I just could not go. He said the Bishop always knew where my father was through the priests. Later I asked my father, and he said the Bishop would have been very glad to meet me. Later Father Juillard told me the Bishop had died in Monterrey, Mexico."

Again we encounter contradictions and inconsistencies regarding Dan's coming to California. One statement is that he ran away from home and as a mere boy "went West,"

OLD DAN DUBOIS turning up in California, where he established a reputation as a roper and rider, and becoming a friend of Joaquin Murrieta, the notorious bandit. This was probably in the 1850's. Later he went to New Mexico with Louis La Bodie, who may have been related to Lorenzo Labodie, Indian agent for the hostile Mescalero Apache, with headquarters at Anton Chico in eastern New Mexico, in 1862. With La Bodie Dan went to Taos, then an important center of trade, where La Bodie settled.

Dan returned to the region where he was associated with the early army men who were endeavoring to stem the depredations by the Navaho against the New Mexico settlements. After Fort Defiance, Arizona, was established in 1851, Dan took assignments requiring nerve and cool judgment, often carrying the mail from post to post and serving as scout, guide, and interpreter. During this time Dan became acquainted with such characters as Kit Carson, Billy the Kid, Charles Goodnight, the Maxwells, as well as Navaho, Apache, and Pueblo Indian leaders.

According to another account, the DuBois family went first from New Orleans to St. Louis, but as they did not like this place, the grandfather (Dan's father) proceeded to California with his wife, whereas Dan and a cousin, following later, remained in New Mexico. Just where Dan's father fits into the account is not revealed, but it is said that he and his wife settled in Santa Barbara, where the wife died, an event that caused Dan to remain in New Mexico. It seems probable that the reference to Dan's grandfather should have been his father. At any rate, the entire account is greatly confused.

How many times Dan visited California, how long he remained, and when, are unanswered questions. If we may believe a story of adventure that Dan once related to me, and which bears evidence of verisimilitude, he was in California during his youthful days, and that agrees with his story of acquaintance with Murrieta. The account runs thus—

When still a youngster he was captured by the Apache and taken on a journey by them to the Seri Indians of Tiburón Island in the Gulf of California, then northward up the Rio Colorado to the Mohave Indian country where he observed "a very peculiar thing."

"You know," related Dan, "that while among the Mohaves I saw two white gals who were captives among them. One was a little thing, the other older. I don't remember the name of the younger one, who I afterward learned had died, but the other was called—let's see" (Dan thought a moment or two), "O, yes, 'Olivia'." It should be mentioned that Dan spoke Spanish as well as English.

Now, of course, the "two little gals" could have been no others than Olive and Mary Ann Oatman, who had been captured by the Apache in February 1851 at a point on the Rio Gila still known as Oatman Flat in southern Arizona. It will be recalled that Olive was rescued in 1856, when she joined Lorenzo, her brother, at Fort Yuma, the other members of the family having been massacred at the time the girls were captured. This story by Dan bears every evidence of truth, for, far from being a student of history, he could hardly have learned of the Oatman affair except through personal knowledge, and,

besides, another part of the story bears verification through present knowledge.

In mentioning his visit to the Seri of Tiburón Island with his Apache captors, I casually asked Dan how the Seri dressed, the kind of houses they occupied, and the food they consumed, all of which he answered promptly and correctly.

I never learned anything of Dan's release by the Apache, but his capture by them, if his age as given above is correct, would have been when he was in his teens, as Mary Ann, who died in captivity after a year or two, was still alive at the time of his visit to the Mohave, say about 1852 or 1853. Dan's chronology is rather meager, for dates meant little or nothing to him.

To complete this part of the story, it has been said that Dan lived with the Apache (which of the tribes is not related) and had a family "before going to the Narrows," wherever that may have been. His Apache wife couldn't walk, "so just scooted around like a baby would on its seat." What became of this family, if the story be true, is not revealed. As to its truth, the account was given to Mr. Vanderwagen, missionary at Zuñi, who knew Dan well for many years. Dan also asserted that in this part of the country he had several half-breed children. If we may assume the truth of the account, it might serve to explain Dan's voluntary and friendly presence among the Apache rather than as a captive.

We now come to the period of the Civil War. It has been asserted that, although a product of the deep South, Dan was heartily opposed to the slave-trading business conducted by his father on the Louisiana plantation, which was the reason for his running away from home. Piecing together the flimsy evidence, Dan was in New Mexico when the war began, so he entered the Federal service presumably in protest against slavery.

Dan's military record shows that under the name of Dennis Donovan he enlisted for six months' service, the place of enlistment being Camp Cleveland and the Mustering Officer Captain H. Douglas. The 129th Company left Cleveland, August 10, 1863, for Camp Nelson, Kentucky. Ten days later the company left that post for Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, "at which place it assisted in the capture of a Rebel garrison and more than 2000 Rebel prisoners, with a large amount of war materials of all kinds." The company remained at Cumberland Gap until December 1, 1863, and was mustered out on March 7, 1864, at Cleveland. Why he enlisted in Cleveland is one of the questions that remain unanswered. It has been said that he applied for war service in that city because he was a minor; but if Dan was born in 1833, or anywhere near that time, he would have been about thirty years of age when he entered the army. It probably was not long after the expiration of his term of service in the army that Dan returned to the Southwest, which he loved. I once asked him if he had ever been East. His answer was, "O, yes; I went to Kansas City once, but I didn't like the hurly-burly, so started back home the next day!" I presume Dan thought that I meant whether he had visited the East after settling permanently in the Southwest.

Back in New Mexico, Dan soon after left for the Ute country and for five years was

OLD DAN DUBOIS known as the "White Chief" among the Ute whom he led in a war with the Cheyenne. It is reported that Dan once rode up on a party of Ute engaged in burning a prisoner at the stake. The writhing Cheyenne, who spoke Spanish, yelled to Dan, "For the sake of your mother's milk, kill me!" Dan relieved the victim's torture by shooting him between the eyes. This story was related by the late Charles Kelsey, trader at Zuñi and a close friend of Dan, as the only recorded killing by him. However, I was once informed by Frank Hamilton Cushing that Dan could boast eight notches in his gun; but for this I am not prepared to vouch. That Dan knew no fear there can be no doubt, as the following episode will show—

When the Hemenway Archeological Expedition, under the directorship of Cushing, was conducting excavations at and near Zuñi in 1888, Dan was employed as general utility man, looking after camp affairs generally, building a corral for the mules, and slaughtering a steer now and then when driven from St. Johns, the meat being eaten almost at once, consequently it was as tough as leather.

It was during Dan's stay at Zuñi that we had an opportunity to observe something of his vagaries. He was ferocious when in his cups. On one such occasion he chased our little Alsatian cook, Eduard Haag, all around the camp and through the house, who feared that the end of his days had come, but Eduard succeeded finally in eluding Dan by seeking asylum under one of the beds.

At another time, while I was writing in my tent, I heard a commotion close at hand. Stepping outside, I found Dan looking down the barrel of a Colt 45 held by his brother-in-law, Luberto. Dan was saying, "Put it down; put it down, I tell you!" But Luberto, trembling of hand, was deaf to the command. A spade chanced to be leaning against my tent-pole. Entirely unmindful of the revolver still threatening him, Dan grasped the spade, and, holding it aloft, brought it down on the head of Luberto, felling him to the ground. Dan picked up the gun and the affair was brought to a close, except for Luberto's revival a few minutes later. The cause of the difficulty was Luberto's claim that Dan owed him some money which he had come to collect. As Dan always paid his debts, I imagine that the claim was hardly substantiated.

Cushing related a story of Dan's attitude toward anyone who did not wish to drink with him. Drinking, no matter what, was a ceremony, for more than anything else in Dan's estimation it foreordained all the joys of life—health, wealth, prosperity. Thus it was that a young engineer, fresh from the East, was invited by Dan to drink with him. The young man declined. "So you don't want to drink with me, eh? Anybody got a clock or a watch about him? No? Well, let's see." Dan commenced to tap slowly on the floor with the toe of his boot. "Young fellow, I'm counting ten and if you don't show some sign of drinking with me when I've finished . . ." The young engineer arose, stepped to the bar with alacrity, and who knows that a possible tragedy was thereby averted? I remembered this episode years later, which I shall relate in due course in connection with a similar polite invitation on Dan's part.

But let us come to Dan's happy romance. While local gossip asserted that he had many wives (including the crippled Apache who has been mentioned) and as many as a hundred children, such tales should be taken with a grain of salt, even if Dan boasted of them.

It was about the year 1868 that he married Rosa, youngest daughter of the noted Manuelito, the most prominent Navaho leader in recorded history. It is said that Rosa had been stolen from the Navaho by the Ute and sold as a slave to Lucien (*sic*) Maxwell of the enormous Maxwell Grant in northeastern New Mexico, where Dan became ranch foreman. After this marriage, Dan took Rosa to western New Mexico and was appointed to a position (probably as interpretor) at Fort Defiance. At that time Fort Defiance was the center of activity west of the Rio Grande.*

Their first child was Joaquin, named after Joaquin Murrieta, whom Dan admired so greatly. Employed at times as a cowhand, Joaquin died many years ago. As I remember him, Joaquin was a handsome youth whose features reflected his Indian ancestry.

The next child, "Lupe" (Guadalupe), lives near the Pyramid Springs ranch-house, between Manuelito and Zuñi, as a Navaho, but speaks excellent Spanish.

José Inéz, a son, helped his father at the ranch and is still living. He sometimes freighted for the late Charles Kelsey, trader at Zuñi.

Another daughter, Amelia, now Mrs. Garduño, who resides alternately in Winslow, Arizona, and at the old family Pyramid Springs ranch in New Mexico, was born, like the other children, at the Deer Springs (Ojo Venado) ranch between Zuñi and St. Johns, which was the family home until the removal to Pyramid Springs. Amelia's husband, who had been employed by the the Santa Fe Railway, died about 1940. I wish to note here my deep obligation to Mrs. Garduño for important information regarding her father and the family, without which this effort toward a biography would be even more of a skeleton than it now is. Mrs. Garduño's son, Dan B. Garduño, is prominently associated with the Boy Scouts movement in Phoenix, Arizona.

While on the subject of Dan's first family I wish to refer to an episode which Dan related to me.

At the time of the narration Dan occupied the small cattle ranch at Ojo Venado. Perhaps revealing an Indian trait, for the Navaho were born raiders in earlier times, Joaquin took one of his father's steers and drove it to St. Johns, where he sold it for twenty-five dollars, with which plethora of riches he commenced to gamble and, with a run of fool's luck, soon broke the only bank in town. Following the custom of the times,

*Since this was written I find in Frank D. Reeve's article on "The Federal Indián Policy in New Mexico, 1858-1880," chap. *III*, *New Mexico Historical Review*, *XIII*, p. 40, Jan. 1938, the statement that the new Indian Agent, W. F. M. Arny, in 1873 charged two agency employees at Fort Defiance, Thomas V. Keam (later noted Indian trader at Keams Canyon, Arizona) and DuBois, with being "squawmen," because Arny believed "they had acquired inimical influence over the Navaho. Perhaps, in this case, the agent misjudged his men, and certainly the act did not smooth the way for him at his new post."

Joaquin "set 'em up," with the usual result that almost the entire Mexican population became uproariously drunk and commenced to shoot up the town. Seeing the danger of the situation, a friend of Dan's rode post-haste to Ojo Venado to inform the father of the situation. In Dan's words—

"I jumped a horse and rode as fast as I could go to St. Johns, where I found things pretty bad. The doors and shutters of the houses had been taken down to carry away the dead and wounded, but Joaquin was not one of them. I rescued the boy and took him back to the ranch."

Thus abruptly ended the story; but not being satisfied, I asked Dan what he did to Joaquin by way of punishment. "Well," he responded, "I had to scold the boy, of course, but I couldn't help admiring him!"

About this time an episode of interest in Dan's career should be noted.

The Zuñi Indians conduct periodically a ceremony that takes them to a sacred lake. Among the members of the pilgrimage is Shúlawitsi, the Little Fire God, one of whose functions, during the return journey to Zuñi, is to set afire anything that chanced to be in the way, not excepting ranch fences and the like. It happened that Dan's fence was along the trail of the Little Fire God, consequently it suffered as the following shows:

Territory of Arizona } Before Marcos Baca y Padilla
County of Apache } J. P. Saint John Precinct
Criminal Complaint

Dannel Dubois a resident of Deer Springs, in and for the County of Apache, Territory of Arizona being first duly sworn diposes and says that heretofor to Wit, on the 12th day of July AD 1880 at Deer Springs in the County and Territory aforesaid One Juan Tomas and one Patricio residents of the Zuñe Village, did then and there Wilfully and intentionaly set on fire or caused to be set on fire my fence or inclosure on my property, with the intent of doing me Malicious Damage. About that time I went and told them not burn my fence and they exibited arms (pistols) in a rude angry and threatning maner, at the time above Stated there must have been about Forty (40) men altogether but cannott recognise only the aforesaid Juan Tomas and Patricio. Now therefor your Diponent asks of this Hon Court that a Warrant for the arrest may be issued against the said Juan Tomas and Patricio and be dealt with according to Law.

Subscribed and sworn to befor me this 17th day of July AD 1880

(signed) Marcos B. y Padilla—J. P.

The outcome of the complaint has not been revealed. The Patricio mentioned was doubtless Palowahti, the adopted brother of Cushing, who lived in Zuñi at the time.

I may mention here a rather mysterious person who has been regarded as Dan's daughter. It has reference to the DuBois-Maxwell association.

About the summer of 1900, after not having seen Dan for eleven years, my friend George Parker Winship (then Librarian of the John Carter Brown Library in Providence) and I were "spotted" by Dan on a street in Gallup. He was garbed in what seemed to be the same blue jeans tucked in his boots and made secure by the same leather belt, the same blue flannel shirt, and the same well-worn sombrero he wore when I last saw him. Dan was in no sense a dandy. Of course he invited us to have a drink, which I accepted in behalf of Winship and myself, knowing well of the dire threats directed to the young engineer which I have mentioned. Reaching a bar, Dan asked what we would have. Speaking

for myself, I said, "Well, Dan, it is still pretty early in the morning, so if it's the same to you, I'll have a ginger ale."

Staring at me, he said, "What's that?"

"Well," I responded, "it's a pretty good early-morning drink."

"You're nominatin' your pison, so order what you please."

Dan watched with rapt attention as the barkeep filled my glass with the fizzing concoction, whereupon he remarked,

"What did you call that stuff?"

"Ginger ale," I answered.

Dan took the glass, parted his piratical mustachios with one hand and with the other took a gulp of my drink, which he immediately spat on the floor.

"That's the damnedest stuff I ever tasted!" he ejaculated. "When I take a drink I want something with matches or currycombs in it!"

The day ended in a "banquet" to which Dan invited us in his home. I believe that almost every Mexican woman in Gallup must have been requisitioned to prepare that splendid meal, for when it was served, only the three of us sat at the long table laden with all the food that Gallup and Dan could offer. There must have been half a dozen tall layer cakes, which Dan restored to their vertical state when the warmth of the room threatened them with collapse. But the *piéce de resistance* was a lard bucket of whiskey flanked by three new tin cups, two of which Winship and I had great difficulty in surreptitiously disposing of by casting their contents over our shoulders when Dan wasn't looking, because the meal had not proceeded very far when he became too woozy to see much more than a blur. I recall a significant incident during the early part of the performance when one of the many women poked her head into our banquet hall, whereupon Dan whispered aloud to me:

"See that gal? Well, she has always thought she's my daughter, but she's really the daughter of Charlie [not Lucien] Maxwell!" This was the Lupe who married a Navaho and lives near the Pyramid Springs ranch. She is still called Lupe Maxwell by the family, notwithstanding Dan's assertion years before that she believed she was his daughter.

Dan was almost as fond of food as he was of his drink. One of his intimates believes that the phrase "Bring on the dinner, this sample tastes fine," originated with him; but of this I leave you to judge.

When Dan visited Gallup for the purpose of replenishing the supply of goods for his little trading post, which he purchased chiefly from C. N. Cotton, the first thing he did was to pay his bills. After that he proceeded to take in the town in a big way—perhaps for a week at a time. When anyone suggested that he go home, Dan would say that he had only just begun to taste his whiskey.

The late Don Lorenzo Hubbell of Ganado said that one time at Fort Wingate Dan became completely spiflicated and lay on the ice in an arroyo. Being bitterly cold, Lorenzo feared that Dan would freeze to death, so he took him home. In a temporary repentent

mood Dan afterward said that it might have been better if he had been left there to die.

And yet, speaking of drink, when asked what he thought of prohibition, Dan said that it was the best thing for the country and regretted that it had not come sooner. But Dan was then about 87, and evidently losing his grip.

Rosa having passed away, Dan found another wife in Doratea Escorcia, a Spanish-Mexican of comely appearance, devoted to her religion, industrious, and a good wife and mother. The marriage took place about 1887 at Cubero, New Mexico, which was Doratea's home. The children by this marriage were: Daniel, who died in infancy; Clara, who passed away when about six years of age; Margaret ("Maggie"), now Mrs. Montoya of Gallup, and Emily DuBois, head nurse at the Garden Hospital in San Francisco. Maggie and Emily respectively were named after the sister-in-law and the wife of Frank Hamilton Cushing, ethnologic researcher at Zuñi for the Bureau of American Ethnology—Margaret W. Magill and Emily T. M. Cushing, who also became the godparents of the two children when baptized at Zuñi by a Father Barrilla (?). Mrs. Montoya's husband, by the way, recalled when Dan rode horseback into the Page Bar in Gallup and ordered drinks for the crowd! I wish to express my sincere appreciation to Emily DuBois for the aid she, like her step-sister Amelia Garduño, has rendered me in assembling the data for this narration. A fifth child—not a full blood-brother, however—is José Inez, born in Albuquerque. José was turned over to an Albuquerque family named Caravajal, received a good education and learned the trade of carpenter. At this writing he has a State position in Gallup.

I have referred incidentally to Dan's innate honesty. There was never a time when his credit was questioned. Any of the merchants whom I have mentioned would have given him almost unlimited supplies for future payment in order that his little trading store at Pyramid Springs could continue business with the Navaho. On one occasion Lorenzo Hubbell gave him $1500 to purchase horses in California. In Prescott the gambling saloons were a little too much for Dan—he lost his entire wad; but after several months he returned with the horses. How he recouped the fortune we do not know.

Casual mention has been made of Dan's many wounds, of which everyone who knew him was familiar. Mr. Vanderwagen informed me that "Dan's body was filled with lead and arrowheads. Anyone could feel them under his skin." Evon Vogt wrote in 1920 that he marveled "that a man could carry so many wounds in his body and yet be alive. He had a scalp wound almost around his head where Apaches in a fight had cut him to the bone and would have killed him had not a lucky shot from a companion killed the Indian. In his chest he was wounded. There were arrow cuts in his leg, hand, and arm. A bullet he carried in his leg. The leg had been broken purposely by the Utes and caused him pain when he walked around with a cane."

While Dan and his family lived at the little Pyramid Springs ranch after his tenure with the Hemenway Expedition, the only visible means of support was the very meager

income from his wife's industry, her only patrons, so far as known, being the Expedition staff. I believe it was later that Dan was pensioned by the Government through the instrumentality of Mr. Page, hotel keeper and politician of Gallup. Manuelito then being the railroad station, the post office, express office, and point of supply generally, it was necessary for members of the Expedition to pass Dan's place frequently. To drive by without stopping for a while, however, Dan regarded as an unforgivable insult, such as he considered a refusal to drink with him.

One day I drew up in front of Dan's shack, around which, mostly asleep, were a score of Mexicans, most of whom were said to be section hands, but, following their bent, they had quit work when paid off, to return only when their wages were exhausted. After the usual greeting, I asked Dan who his friends were.

"O, they're the old gal's relatives. You know, when I married her I married the whole damn Mexican republic!"

On another occasion, according to Cushing, Dan was engaged in cleaning his revolver. The job finished, he thought that he would try the gun by using the wife's crucifix as a target. Imagine the effect on this good little Catholic woman, who burst into tears at the destruction of the image, her grief being so poignant that one might have thought the end of the world had come.

Penitent following his wife's distress, Dan said, "Never mind, little gal, I'll fix it up for you." Whether he managed to repair the shattered crucifix was never revealed, but one may imagine that a shot from a 45 at close range would hardly have left enough of it to restore. In leaving the authenticity of this yarn to you, please remember that while Dan was of the Catholic faith, yet he never followed it as a personal religion, even though he was the nephew of a Bishop; indeed one may well doubt that he was so sacrilegious as to commit such vandalism before his wife's very eyes.

As mentioned before, some of Dan's stories should be taken *cum grano salis*, for he was fond of telling tall tales to the too inquisitive. For example, he once said that, shot in the foot, amputation of the large toe became necessary. Pulling off the boot, the doctor performed the operation, but when he started to throw away the toe, Dan said, "Now, just wait a minute." He took the toe from the surgeon, put it back where it belonged, bandaged the severed member, drew on the boot, and "the darned toe growed just as it should have done!" This must have been before germs were invented.

As we know, Dan spent many years in or near Gallup and was a frequent visitor to his old friends, especially Edward Hart and C. N. Colton, prominent businessmen. Incidentally Mrs. Elmer B. Mason, daughter of Hart and now resident of La Jolla, California, owns Dan's precious rifle, which was presented to her father by Dan when he no longer had use for it. How I wish the old gun could tell its story! In its stock Dan had inserted a piece of mirror in order that he could have a hind-sight while traveling horseback. Such a precaution was necessary in those days, no doubt, for sometimes Dan drove

a mail stage on the Denver - Santa Fe run. One may wonder why the initial *M* was scratched several times on the gun. Did it have any connection with the Maxwells, I wonder? Later he and Lorenzo Hubbell ran the mail from Fort Wingate to Fort Apache, with headquarters at Deer Spring.

On one of these occasions (probably in the early '70's) Dan reported that Zuñi pueblo was completely deserted, the Indians settling in various Indian and Mexican villages until the following season. Dan stated that only a few cats greeted him as he passed through the pueblo. Doubtless the story is quite true, for following successive seasons of drought and failure of crops, some Zuñi families have moved to other localities —like the Hopi and Jemez pueblos—in recent years.

Reaching Gallup one morning, I called on Cotton, whom I asked about Dan, as usual. "I haven't seen him for several weeks," he replied. "The last time he was here he told me that he had been laid up with a bad sore in his hip. Nothing he tried for healing the wound was effective—not even wagon-grease did any good; but one day he got a Mexican to bend a hook at the end of a piece of bailing-wire and to probe the wound. 'Then, what do you think?' said Dan. 'Damn me if he didn't pull out a bullet; then I remembered being shot there about forty years ago!'"

Another time Dan called on Cotton wearing an ugly fresh scar across his forehead. Asked how it occurred, Dan promptly responded, "Oh, a friend of mine tried to part my hair with a pick-handle!"

We have seen something of Dan's character; now what of his appearance? A few undated photographs kindly lent to me by his daughters, and a couple that I have had for a long time, reveal somewhat of his features. When last I saw him, about 1921 or 1922, he was living in a little coal-mining town west of Gallup. He was then about 87 or 88 years of age, perhaps a little older.

When he entered Sawtelle in 1923, he gave his age as 87, but the date of his birth he did not know. His torso was rather barrel-shape; his eyes were gray, as likewise was his hair. All the while I knew him his complexion was florid. Dan's absence of teeth was accounted for by the fact that, suffering from pain in the mouth, he extracted every tooth with a piece of wire. He evidently believed in the efficacy of baling wire in surgical operations. O, yes, I forgot to mention earlier that Dan, like many frontiersmen, "would cuss with almost every breath." His favorite expletive was, "Well, well, I hope I never go to hell, but I know I will!"

I have mentioned Frank Hamilton Cushing, the ethnologist, several times. I find, however, that as early as 1883 Cushing wrote from Zuñi to Dan introducing, of all persons, Adolf F. Bandalier, the noted historian of the Southwest, who later was more closely associated with Cushing during the Hemenway Expedition in 1886-1889. The letter, which was lent to me by Mrs. Garduño, is interesting enough in this connection to read:

"Dear Friend Dan:

"I give this to the care of a jolly good friend of mine, a man of the highest cultivation, a student of the same branch of science which I am following, and at the same time far more profound and celebrated in it than am I.

"His name, though celebrated—*Adolphus F. Bandelier*—you may not be acquainted with. Of course by reading it you will recognize a countryman, and one who can converse with you either in French, Spanish or English. He is on his way to Chihuahua and the city of Mexico, but he will take time during his journey, to examine all ancient ruins of interest, he comes across. With this in view, I take the liberty of introducing him to you, with the hope that you or Joaquin may possibly show him some in your neighborhood. Kindly direct him on his way; and any other courtesy you may show him, will be most highly appreciated by

Yours faithfully,
F. H. CUSHING

"Kindly present and take my regards and Mrs. Cushing's to your family and yourself. We send you a few newspapers."

Dan had been awarded a Federal pension at the instance of Mr. Page, hotel man and politician of Gallup. When the pension was granted I have not inquired. It was Dan's friend Cotton, however, who was instrumental in having Dan admitted to the Sawtelle Soldiers' Home; and it was Hart to whom he gave his Sharp rifle before leaving Gallup for California.

Mrs. Garduño informed me that her father had a wonderful voice, that on one occasion "he promised to sing high mass in Latin," but when he failed to appear at rehearsal, he was asked the reason for his absence. He laughed and answered that the church would have tumbled down if he had set foot in it.

In 1899 Dan was singing in a saloon when a negro entered and asked him to sing again, and, when he had finished, the negro said that only one person could sing that way and he is my master. It turned out that the negro had recognized Dan's voice. They had been playmates on the old plantation in Louisiana and his mother had been Dan's nurse, whom Dan had always referred to as Aunt Mary Hilda, while the colored man, known to Dan's daughter as Uncle, was a frequent visitor at the DuBois home. "After that," says Mrs. Garduño, "his name was John Shato. While prospecting near Prescott, Arizona, John was shot and killed by an unknown assassin."

On May 25, 1923, only seven months before his departure for Los Angeles to spend his last days at Sawtelle, Dan had a unique experience in Gallup, the event marking the dedication of the enlarged "El Navajo," the railroad hotel and station: The celebration and housewarming were conducted by fifteen Navaho medicine-men and witnessed by 2000 Navaho and a number of frontiersmen, including Dan DuBois, "oldest scout on the Santa Fe Trail," and many others from all walks of life. In an article in *The Santa Fe Magazine* for July, 1923, we find that "Dan DuBois, companion of Kit Carson, limping now on crutches under the weight of ninety years, with scar of a scalping knife all the way around beneath his long hair and with such a record of thrilling frontier adventure

as few men, living or dead, possess." The article is illustrated with a photograph bearing the caption "The Pursued and the Pursuer of Other Days. Hash-kay Yashi, oldest living medicine-man of the Navajos, and Dan Du Bois, the last of the frontier scouts, in peaceful contemplation of the housewarming of El Navajo Hotel. Sixty years ago these two warriors were engaged for many months in an earnest and persistent effort to shoot each other, and this is the only 'shooting' that ever was done at either of them with impunity."

"After the ceremonial in which one was actor and the other spectator, these two old men trailed out without a word, each to his hogan in the reservation. It was a curious meeting, but apparently more interesting to the spectators than to the principals. There was no exchange of reminiscences. If they had common memories, they remained memories; which perhaps was just as well, for these are wise old men, taught in the grim school of the frontier."

Further, in the body of the article "Dan Du Bois was the friend and companion of Kit Carson and aided Carson in the bitter campaign of 1863 in which the latter guided the military expedition which rounded up the rebelling Navajo Indians at Fort Sumner, N.M., where they were held until the final pipe had been smoked and the Navajo went to the great reservation to remain in peace."

This is a pretty story, but it chanced that Dan was in the Union army in the East from August 10, 1863, until March 7, 1864, the very period during which the Navajo were "rounded up."

A local paper of unknown date, but doubtless only a short time before Dan went to Sawtelle, reported—

"Mr. Dubois is now located at Coyote Canyon, about three miles south of town. He lives alone in what was formerly his trading post. He is now eighty-four years of age and is in very poor health. He has been retired from the trading business for some time, but is unable to take himself away from the scenes of his early activities, and it is his desire to cross the Divide when the proper time comes amidst what there remains of the New Mexico Wild and Wooly West. J. L. Hubbell, of this city, is now looking after his personal needs and wants."

"Mr. Dubois selected a piece of land in Coyote Springs district in the early days, which is considered the garden spot of the Southwest. The quarter section of land which he selected had on [it] thirty-five springs, from which flowed the purest water. Through a transaction by purchase the government bought the land back from Mr. Dubois, after he had proved up on it as his homestead, and it is now held as a reservation of the government."

FINALE

For the benefit of those in the future who may seek information on the final chapter of Dan DuBois, let us quote from the official report by the Veterans Administration at Sawtelle:

"The veteran received care here until March 13, 1925, the date of his death. The cause of death is shown as broncho-pneumonia and arteriosclerosis. Burial was at 9:00 a.m. on Monday, March 16, 1925, in the cemetery at this center. Our cemetery office informs us that the veteran was buried in Grave 15, Row E, Section 27 of the cemetery and that burial was under the name of Joseph Dubois. There is nothing on file in this office to explain this change in name at the time of burial."

A notice published in a Gallup newspaper at the time of his death voiced the sentiments of those in New Mexico who appreciated Dan DuBois' virtues and overlooked his frailties:

"The death of this man who was a pathfinder and pioneer, who made life easier and safer for those who came after him, will be mourned, particularly by those who knew him for so many years. Toward him and all like him there should be a feeling of gratitude for their heroic services and adventurous spirit that made possible settlement and development of the country."

So let's leave old Dan here. In the words of the cowhand who was uttering what he regarded as a prayer over the remains of his buddy who had just been hanged for horse stealing:

"In life he did his damnedest, angels could do no more!"

* * * * * * *

DAN with another old veteran at Sawtelle. —Courtesy of Mrs. Garduño.

DAN DUBOIS and Charles M. Cotton, son of C. W. Cotton. The son died in Long Beach, California, September 3, 1951. This photo taken at the time Dan entered Sawtelle.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

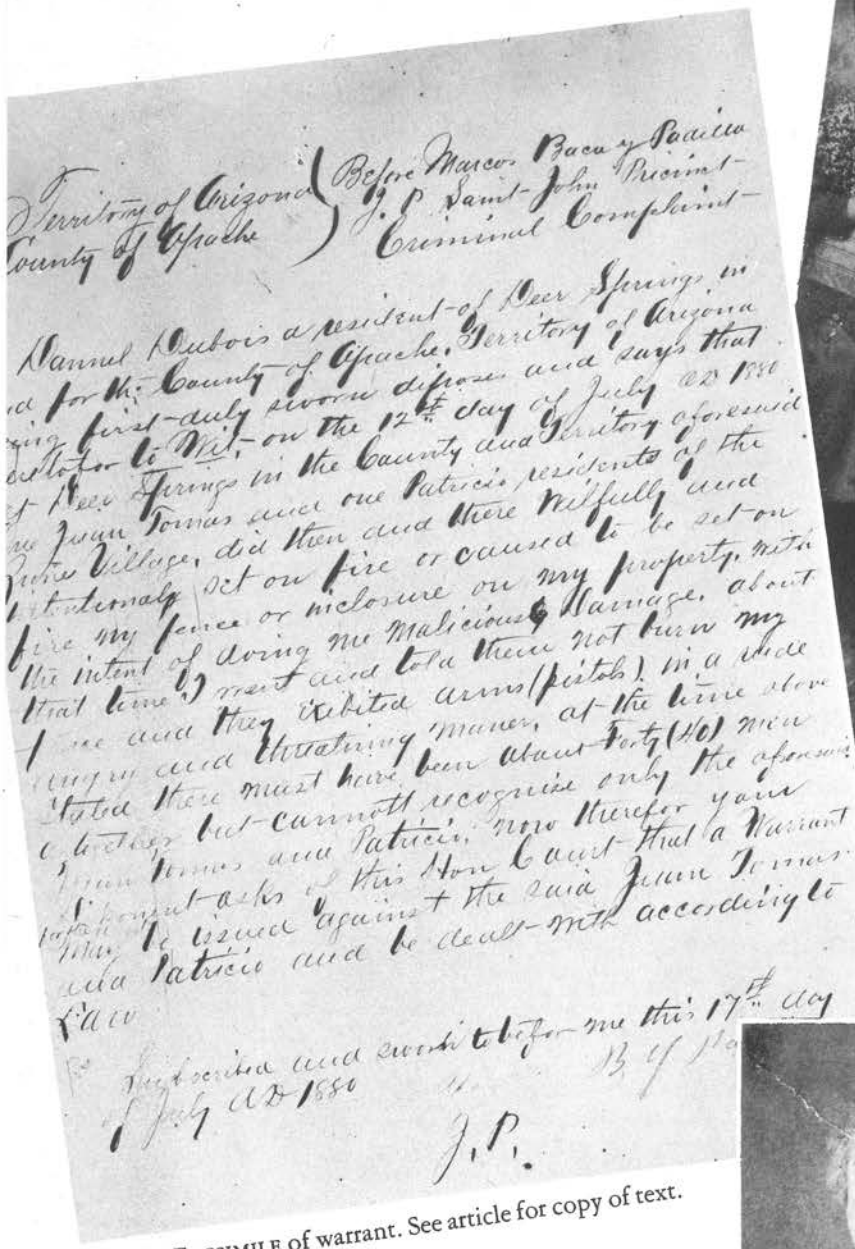
Columbus, O., February 28, 1950

Know Ye That the records of this office show that

Dennis Donovan

was enlisted as a Pvt. in Company "I"
129th Regiment, Ohio Vol. Infantry on the 1st day of July
1863, at Camp Cleveland, Ohio, by H. Douglas, Capt.
and was mustered into the United States service as such for the period of
6 months, on the 10th day of August 1863 at
Camp Cleveland, Ohio, by H. Douglas, Capt.
U. S. A. Mustering Officer, and that he was mustered out with the Company on
March 7, 1864 at Cleveland, Ohio by H. Douglas, Capt. Age at enlistment was 19 years.
The 129th Company was located as follows: Left Cleveland, on Aug. 10, 1863-for Camp
Nelson, Ky. On 20th of August left Camp Nelson for Cumberland, Gap, Tenn., at which
place it assisted in the capture of Rebel garrison and more than two thousand Rebel
prisoners, with a large amount of war materials of all kinds. The Company stayed at
Cumberland Gap, Tenn. untill Dec. 1st. No further information.

Lee M. Huber
Adjutant General of Ohio



Territory of Arizona
County of Apache

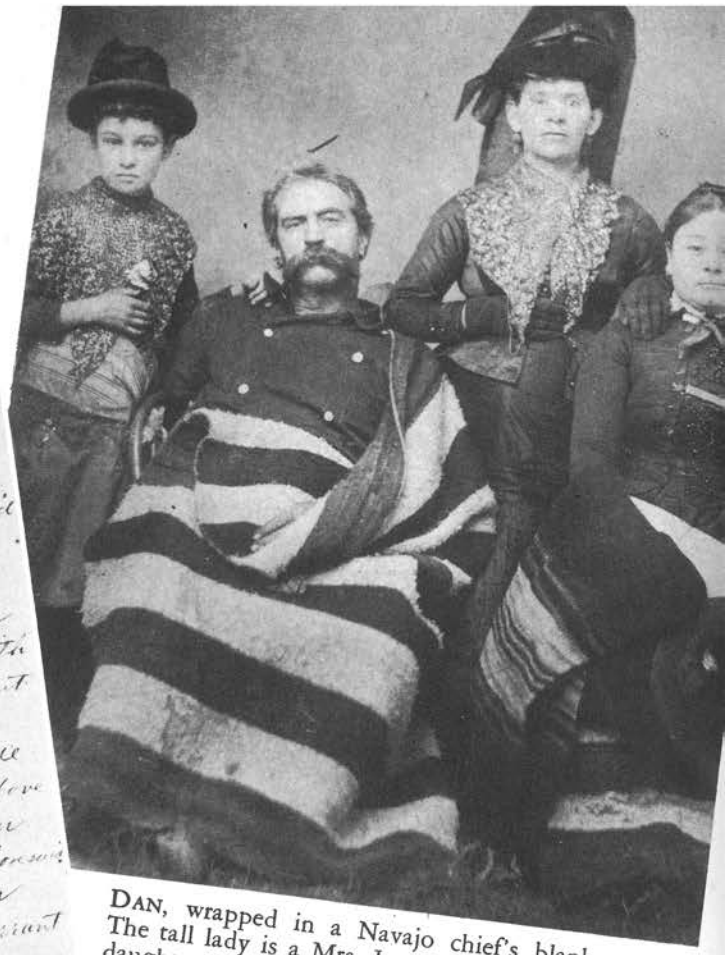
Before Marcos Baca J. P. Precinct
J. P. Saint-John
Criminal Complaint

Samuel Dubois a resident of Deer Springs in
the County of Apache Territory of Arizona
being first duly sworn deposes and says that
on or about the 12th day of July AD 1880
at Deer Springs in the County and Territory aforesaid
one Juan Tomas and one Patricio residents of the
Zuñi Village did then and there wilfully and
with intent aforethought set on fire or caused to be set on
fire my fence or inclosure on my property with
the intent of doing me Malicious Damage. About
that time they went and told them not burn my
fence and they exhibited arms (pistols) in a threatening manner, at the time above
stated there must have been about forty (40) men
altogether but cannot recognize only the aforesaid
Juan Tomas and Patricio. Now therefor your
petitioner asks of this Hon Court that a Warrant
may be issued against the said Juan Tomas
and Patricio and be dealt with according to
law

Sworn to subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day
of July AD 1880

J. P.

FACSIMILE of warrant. See article for copy of text.



DAN, wrapped in a Navajo chief's blanket. The tall lady is a Mrs. Jones; the child is her daughter. The stout lady is Dorotea, Dan's wife. Photo about 1897.
—Courtesy of Miss Emily Dubois.

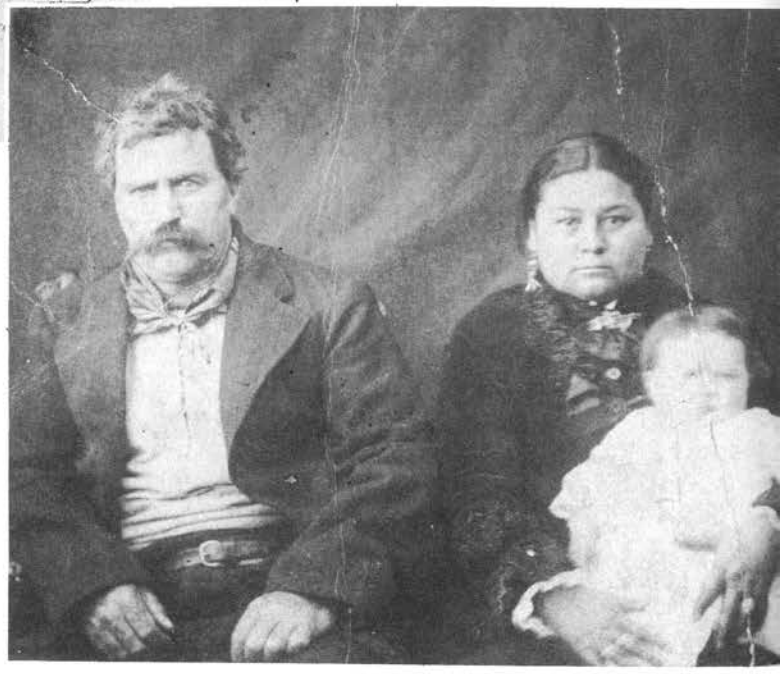


PHOTO about 1887. The baby in this pose is Margaret.
—Courtesy of Mrs. Garduño.

SETH JESSE GRIFFIN

PIONEER GENTILE IN ZION

By A. R. VAN NOY

FOR A NUMBER OF MONTHS IT WAS my privilege to have possession of the diaries, notes and correspondence of Seth Jesse Griffin. Mrs. Van Noy and I met Mother Griffin in 1938, and while we sensed there was a story, it wasn't until she understood the aims and accomplishments of the Westerners that she became interested, and produced these interesting papers. With aid from some published material, her wonderful memory, and recollections of the children, the story of this man's life took form. Residents of Ogden, Utah, contributed their bits from the sound-track of memory.

Griffin's first diary began January 14, 1874, and ended abruptly January 25, two days after his mother's death. The diaries take up again August 24, 1891 with, "get gasoline, Rec'd calendar." There follows a complete series to December 31, 1919. The years to 1927 are missing, and if kept, have never been located. The last entry is September 18, 1930. He passed away on September 21, 1930, and lies in Forest Lawn.

While the story of a merchant is somewhat of a departure from the usual tenor of the Brand Book, the writer would hazard in defense, that the pioneer blood in Griffin's veins, while directed into more prosaic channels, contributed to the building of the West just as materially as the more spectacular deeds of contemporaries. As the story unfolds, we see a man who was an influence for good in his community. A man who was always willing to do his bit to make the life of his fellow man easier, but not a crusader. The Griffin home was always open, and while his venturings were sometimes somewhat bizarre, they were always on the side of law and order.

Seth Jesse Griffin was born some eight miles from Eldora, Hardin County, Iowa, January 14, 1860. His father served in Company F, 32nd Iowa Infantry, and two years after discharge moved the family by covered wagon to Linn County, Kansas. Mrs. Griffin passed away there. Seth finished school, then was apprenticed to learn the painter's trade. In 1881, his older brother, H. L. Griffin, a produce dealer in Ogden, Utah, sent for him. December of that year found Seth working for H. L. at a salary of $100 per month, as an office clerk. Ogden in the winter of 1881 wasn't exactly a sleepy town. Its muddy streets and wooden sidewalks, hitch racks, homes and "houses," preachers and prostitutes, laborers and leeches, were typical. The town could supply the needs of all and sundry, wet or dry. Seth didn't smoke or drink, so his circle of acquaintances centered about church groups, mostly the First M. E. His plans didn't contemplate staying in Ogden—he saved a little at a time planning a trip around the world. Then he'd settle down. Something changed that.

SETH JESSE GRIFFIN

The *Ogden Morning Herald*, December 28, 1887 (Vol. VII, No. 203), tells the story:

ONE MORE

A serious accident which befell a party of coasters.

Late last Monday evening a rather serious accident occurred to a party of young ladies who were coasting on a large schooner on 3rd St. hill. Eight of the party were on the schooner at the time and were going at a rapid rate down the hill, and were endeavoring to guide the sleigh along the sidewalk of the street mentioned when it ran against a house. Miss Tillie Harris who was one of the occupants of the schooner was thrown against the building, her face striking with great force. Her nose was injured, her teeth knocked loose. Miss Callie Johnson, another of the party, was thrown off, and, alighting on her left leg, sustained a fracture of both bones of that limb, between the knee and ankle joint. Three other members of the party were slightly injured, thus making five out of the eight who were hurt. All were cared for as speedily as possible, and last evening the two or more most seriously injured were progressing towards recovery. Miss Johnson is the daughter of M. O. Johnson, Esq. of this city.*

The *Standard*, Ogden, Utah, Sunday, June 3, 1888:

MARRIED

Griffin-Johnson, in this city, June 1st, 1888, Callie M. Johnson to Seth J. Griffin, Rev. Geo. Jayne officiating. The happy couple were united in holy wedlock at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

Callie M. Johnson was Caroline, the daughter of M. O. Johnson, and Caroline Wilson Johnson, born in Woodson County, Kansas, October 19, 1870. Her mother died October 23, 1870, of pneumonia. Johnson and family went to Salt Lake City at the invitation of John W. Lowell, then engaging in the implement business in Utah. Callie's eighth birthday was spent on the train. The union brought together a Son and a Daughter of the American Revolution.†

Seth provided a little four-room house at 462 Third Street, and there they set up housekeeping. From that day on, Seth's business stayed at the office, and Caroline ruled the home.

The first child, Irene, was born May 6, 1889. The second, a son, Kenneth, September 5, 1890. Obligations were increasing, and the $11.00 payment on the house must be made each month. Identical entries of September 1st and October 1st, 1891, "wages cut down" doubtless made Seth decide to do something about it. The expense of repairing a caved-in cesspool the following spring didn't help.

* *Historic Genealogy, Wymans & Lowells*, Coral Gables, 1941. No. 134.

† *History of Utah Since Statehood*, Vol. II, 330-331.

December 2, 1892. "Start in business for S. J. Griffin for a change." He had secured the exclusive Northern Utah agency for Remington typewriters, Columbia bicycles, and in addition sold office supplies, safes, seals. He ranged far and wide seeking business, and did well in a community where the *Standard* of December 3, 1893, published four pages of delinquent taxes.

June 9, 1893. "Baby came half an hour before 1 AM this morning." Loyal, the second son. Griffin continued actively and successfully in his business. The second daughter, Lucille, was born September 21, 1895. Griffin then is after some business in the State House at Boise, and made no entry of the event.*

The telegrapher's shot-gun blast may have announced to Salt Lake City that Utah was now one of the states, but Griffin makes no comment.† The entry of March 2, 1896, explains it. "HLG Co. incorporated I buy 1/5 interest and am again in the produce business." For the next few months he is gradually turning over the office supply business. A typical entry: "W M Van Buren Grand Junction wants peach pits F M Gordon G Junction Hay Victor Safe & Lock Co Keenan Mfg Co Butte wants H Radish." Also, "Irene fell from a tree and broke her left arm just above the wrist." The *Standard* announced its affiliation with the United Press for more complete and prompt news service, and down Salt Lake way Harry P. Hynds made the headlines by shooting one Walter J. Dinwoody. The papers say Hynds was a gambler.

Callie and the baby Lucille returned from California in time to spend the summer in the cañon, living in the wide-striped tent. July 22, 1897, they "went to SL Jubilee with wife and baby tonight." The Golden Anniversary of the arrival of the Saints. The house at 462 Third Street was a bit small, so it was remodeled extensively during the summer of 1898 while the family was in the cañon. Typical entries for the year: "June 10 took supper at Mrs. Kuhns with wife and Dr. Baker and wife. Played cards, etc." August 30 "Dolan Fruit Co. (Grand Island, Nebr) make deposit quote keg pickles." November 3; "Loaded first car celery today Alice comes every day Wife saw Dr. Mrs. Baker over in evening."

Seth doubtless had his own ideas about the Spanish War, but left no written comment. He served on the jury in December, and concluded the year with "I never lived a more happy nor prosperous year than the twelve months just past S J Griffin."

Early in 1899 the *Standard* commented editorially that the tax of ten cents per pound on tea for war revenue was the handiwork of the Democrats in the Congress. Republican Griffin agreed. June 6 he writes: "had a heavy frost Gentle Bros Mrs King and Mrs Kuhn spent the evening at our house Pleasant time Burned 11½ tons R S (Rock Springs) coal from last October." The snow-slide was still apparent in Ogden cañon on July 23rd.

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* *Ogden City Directory 1892-3* (Bus. 255 25th; Res. 462 23rd).

† *Voice In The West*, W. J. Ashton, New York 1950, p. 214-5.

September 11: "HLG paid us $4,500 accrued dividends and gave note for 4000 stock in HLG Co. Burt and I give up our keys." Three days later the firm of Blackman & Griffin opened in the Kay Block. A lease at $150 per month had been signed, optioned for three months at $17,000. Into produce with his cousin now. The end of the century saw the new firm prospering. H. H. Hudman was an addition to the staff.

In a civic way Seth was active, as witness June 2, a lecture on temperance at the Industrial Home, by Judge Boreman. It wasn't too popular a subject and "4 others were there." June 12: "Went to Baptist Church to hear solo then to Bible Class and then to Presbyterian Church minister reception Nice time."

September 20: "Roosevelt in town Mary McLeod up from SL Went to prayer meeting fine time L K Rayburn Geo went North." Bully! Teddy was in town, and the town knew it. He spoke at the Grand Opera House, stayed at the Reed Hotel. Elsewhere, the Boers were slowing giving way to Her Majesty's legions and the Galveston hurricane disaster monopolized the headlines.

Loyal Griffin passed away in February 1901. "Set up with Pa last night Pa's funeral today Large attendance and services very consoling Was buried from Congregational Church Beautiful flowers Cold wind & some snow." Date line, February 6.

February 18, 1901: "Kenneth all right Went to Mrs Dial's funeral in afternoon They went home in evening Campbell & Stebbins have onions Helfrich promised to pay on the 15th or 18th Did he?" An old and dear friend passes on. June 26, 1901 ". . . . . Jno Pingree's boy burned to death . . . Take broken mixt off list put on Common chocolates . . . . Willie Rutledge has scarlet fever" Griffin's church work is increasing. He has a Sunday School class, and will later be made a trustee of the First M. E. Church. Also, he heard "Salvationist Joe the Turk" and on November 24 writes "Rain went to C S (Christian Science) lecture in City Hall 7 there."

As Blackman & Griffin grew, so did the Ogden Valley. Early on a nice summer day Griffin and his two boys rode their bicycles to the Wasatch Packing Co. plant to watch them can peas. Ogden Valley Day was a big affair. The firm bought out another creamery and moved it to Ogden. They were consulting with the Z. C. M. I. relative alfalfa seed for the Big Horn Basin.*

Independence Day was the "Coldest Fourth within memory of the 'oldest Inhabitant' Snow on mtn tops 20 above zero Staid at home by grate fire all day Went to Glenwood fire works show on brow of hill." September 1st the Republican Party held its state convention in Ogden. September 6 he notes "President shot." Locally, two outlaws, Tracy and Cassidy, played a close second to the martyred president on the news front. The building of the Lucin Cut-Off dropped a fat plum into B&G's lap, and no doubt remained as to their permanence. Seth built a cabin in Ogden canon the same summer, 1903, which still stands.

* *History of Box Elder County — 1851-1937*, p. 50.

Seth's temperance activities were doubtless viewed with alarm by some people because on June 4 "Architect Geo Graves was in and told me the whiskey people were going to make it very unpleasant for me in the canyon and might burn my house. Went to prayer meeting as usual." Callie didn't know of this until many, many years later. Further annoyances that fall, the poplar roots clogged the sewer, and he was arrested for riding his bicycle on the sidewalk. He says "judge turned me loose upon learning the facts." At the close of the year he's going to "investigate steam and gasoline launches."

March 1, 1904, the partnership was incorporated for $20,000 and April 18 "Bought the Ogden Imp Co property 8,500 house cost more than this & size lot 30 x 330 house 30 x 125 Billie Smith & Wife Salvation Army people were with us last night & today until 6 PM." The Griffin door was always open. The World's Fair in St. Louis was "wonderful," and while there Seth ordered a genealogy of the Lowell family. They returned tired out on September 30 and cousin Burt took the first vacation in eleven years. The launch *Investigation* had materialized on the lake above the dam.

By May 10, 1905, Griffin had been approached no less than four times for a loan ranging from a "Stake" to a precise "$400.00." These opportunities he declined. Ordinarily a soft touch, there must be an explanation. July 31: "Came down the cañon as usual Increased B&G authorized stock to $100,000 Rushmers were up to dinner & boat ride See Mrs Donaldson Went up at 540." Griffin was riding the bicycle back and forth, sixteen miles; average time one way 45 minutes. Later in the year the Slaterville Creamery was sold to B. & G.* Of the quarterly meeting of the church board Seth says: "It was decided to call the new church a Mrs Hill Memorial upon consideration of J W Hill paying $1,000." Concurrently the city voted sewer bonds, and E. H. Harriman was an Ogden visitor.†

Griffin had been much interested in the Anti-Cigarette League, and tried to disband it early in 1906, feeling it no longer served a purpose; his motion failed. May 22: "At 2 AM we saw Geo A Lowes and 15 other houses burn A grand & awful sight Rudy Koons was married to C Thornhill of Am Falls Ida." Callie did her part assisting refugees from the San Francisco disaster, and then they moved to the cañon as usual. Prof. Warman and his wife were house guests, even if Callie took a dim view of his "physical culture" lessons. She was to have the Ladies Aid on August 2, but the day before "our colored cook Mollie Jones got to drinking & was taken to the Crittenden Home." One Mary was sent up as a replacement.

Three of the fifteen hundred attending the State Teachers Convention in January 1907 stayed at the Griffins. The cañon cottage was damaged slightly by flood following torrential rains in February that caused much loss in and about Ogden. William Jennings Bryan spoke at the Weber Stake shortly before the panic of '07 broke in New York. Seth

* *Beneath Ben Lomond's Peak*, Ed. Milton R. Hunter, pp. 158-9, 296-7.

† *Op. cit.*, 458-9.

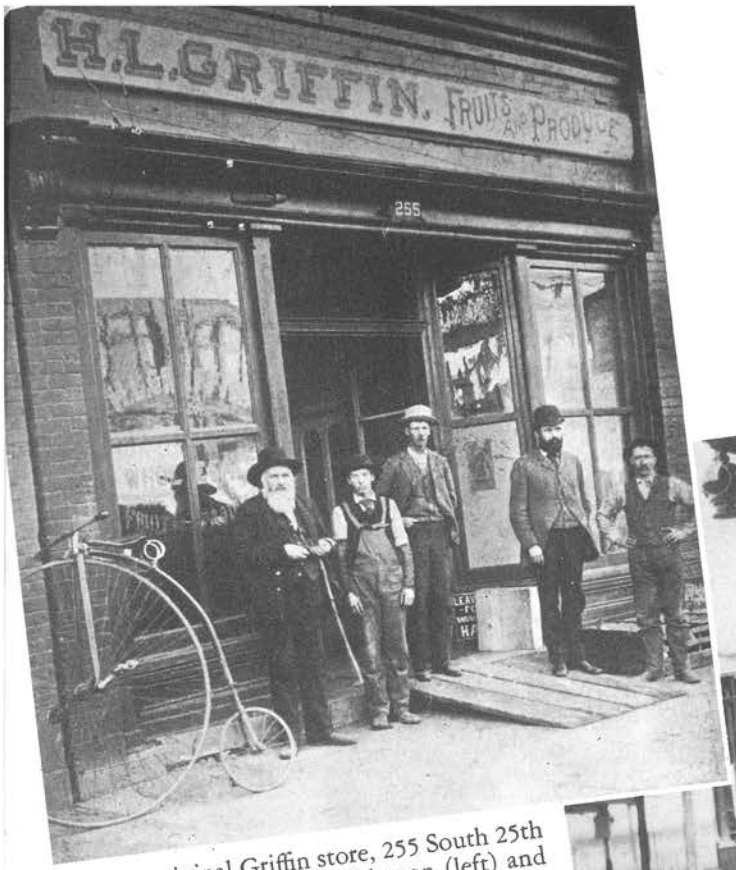
notes "Panic in NY We feel it." Clearing house banks in Ogden paid sums in excess of $50.00 by clearing house certificate only. Brother H. L's building was damaged about $10,000 by fire October 29. December 24 tells its own story: "Went home at 545 & staid there to avoid meeting the help as we had no presents for them."

February found the family returning from a month in California, ready to drop into the usual cycle of activity. Griffin was a delegate to the Credit Men's convention in Denver. He mentions "White City or Lakeside," "Moffatt Road 11,662 feet elevation" and a freight derailment at Tennessee Pass that delayed their home-bound train. The entry of April 7 is interesting: "Miss Houghton up to treat wife also Irene Loyal has been going to Dr Kilburn for weeks Pd 9.00 for Doctor fees today Folks not very sick either. This is 'going some' Fine day Dr Mills up 2 times to see Kenneth who is better & Irene who has a bad cold Spent pleasant evening at home and went to bed early." Bonds for a new Ogden High School failed to pass the voters that fall, and Irene departed for Mills College on the Overland Limited.

Despite the dolorous tone of many entries they are in California for the Tournament of Roses parade January 1, 1909. Something typically Southern California appears January 9: "Saw Spencer Cole Spent evening with Andersons at the Azusa Tongues Church very weird performance." Back in Ogden after a trip to Alaska with the entire family, Seth "went to prohibition lecture presided over by Apostle McKay." Later in the year he's elected a director of the Credit Men's Association at Salt Lake. The Utah Medical Association met in Ogden, was welcomed by Ezra Rich, and four visiting medicos were injured on their way to the Hermitage when their auto turned over on the Dugway. President Taft's visit on September 26 was easily the event of the year. Griffin says "Pres Taft came to town at 1 PM Was taken to Canyon made a speech in park on his return Had several views of him Clear & warm but rained in PM."

A lesser gathering, but typical of local governments of the period, tells of a mass raid, arrests of gamblers and thirty-five women, whose fines enriched the city coffers by $1,500. The *Standard* notes "a check for $300 signed Mrs. Dora B. Topham by M.M.W. was noticeable in the receipts." The Griffins attended the opening of the Ogden Grand Opera House December 13th; the play, *Commencement Days.*

May 16, 1910: "Option on Berry property expires tomorrow Bought it." An addition to his holdings. The firm is dickering for the purchase of the Grand Valley Creamery. May 23: "this night there was a total eclipse of the moon and a good view of Halley's comet." November 3rd the firm opened bids for a new creamery building and Griffin says "bids range from 13 to 18,000." One month later the contractor started work. December 10: "Rain all day Had meeting of our directors & declared usual dividends etc. May 19 M in 10 months." He writes at year-end: "We all went to opening of Dee Hospital it is fine." The *Standard* thought that water mains should be extended as rapidly as possible, and noted "carload of Mormon emigrants arrived over the Union



THE original Griffin store, 255 South 25th Street, Ogden. M. O. Johnson (left) and Griffin employees. The high-wheeled bike was one of Seth's proudest possessions.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN visits Ogden. Seth Griffin was at the depot.

EMPLOYEES of Blackman & Griffin. Seth is fifth from the left. Ribbons denote participants in Victory Liberty Loan, World War I.

CREAMERY HAS LARGE CHURN

A new 1,000-pound capacity Simplex churn has just been installed in the Blackman & Griffin creamery at the rear of 2546 Washington avenue, and the plant now has a capacity of from 4,000 to 5,000 pounds of butter per day. The churn is of the most improved design and brings into use the most sanitary methods of butter-making known to man.

The Blackman & Griffin plant, which was formerly considered a very complete creamery, has been greatly improved recently by the addition of a number of very expensive improvements. It now stands as the most sanitary, the most up to date and the best equipped plant in the intermountain country.

—oo—

...ate to Lagoon and

...number of warranty deeds were filed in the county clerk's office yesterday transferring the property of the Statersville Creamery company to Blackman & Griffin of this city.

For some time the creamery concern has been acquiring the property of other creameries and now the entire creamery business of the county will be controlled by Blackman & Griffin.

DEEDS.

Business Men Have Outing On New Motor

Superintendent Scott of the Harriman Lines Entertains a Party of Twenty Ogdenites.

The Union Pacific motor car No. 1 made its third trip across the Ogden-Lucin cut-off this morning, and by a special invitation from Superintendent Scott the following Ogden business men were given an opportunity to enjoy the sea voyage on rails:

J. T. Hurst, A. Kuhn, C. D. Ives, Edgar Jones, Wm. Van Allen, George H. Matson, Joseph Scowcroft, J. W. Abbott, John Pingree, Hyrum Pingree, L. W. Shurtliff, A. R. Heywood, R. E. Hoag, J. H. Douglas, S. J. Griffin, S. W. Badcon, John Watson, J. S. Carver, George Browning and J. F. Barker.

Fully 500 people viewed the new car as it stood on the main line before the start and through passengers on Southern Pacific No. 6 left their train for a peep at the new contrivance which has received so much notoriety during the past year. Camera and kodak fiends were out in full force, but the cloudy sky put a damper on their hopes.

About 10:20 the car quietly left the station for the trip across the lake. Scarcely a sound was made by the car's engines as it started to move, and but a few seconds were required before the car was under full power.

The party went as far as Lakeside, where a lunch was partaken of, after which the return trip was begun and they will return to the city late this evening.

May 10th 05

The steam launch of S. J. Griffin capsized in Ogden river above the dam yesterday afternoon. The occupants, Messrs. S. J. Griffin, John Deegan, Kenneth Griffin and Dr. Ives, were thrown into the water, and had they not been good swimmers, would have drowned. In passing under the bridge, which is just above the dam, John Deegan caught hold of one of the bridge timbers to steer the launch, which caused the boat to dip and run so full of water that the occupants jumped into the river and swam ashore.

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS

AUCTION

Saturday, May 1, 462 23rd St., starting at 2 p. m.

I WILL SELL THE FULL CONTENTS OF THE 7-ROOM HOUSE FOR C. J. GRIFFIN, WHO IS GOING TO CALIFORNIA. GOODS CONSIST IN PART: ONE SHAFFER PIANO WHICH WILL BE SOLD ON TERMS. EVERYTHING ELSE CASH; LOVELY LIBRARY TABLE, 3-4 SECTIONAL BOOKCASES, ONE WRITING DESK, ONE LARGE ROLL TOP DESK, REMINGTON TYPEWRITER, 7 ROCKERS, DINING TABLE AND CHAIRS, LOVELY CHINA CABINET, GOLDEN OAK BUFFET, SINGER SEWING MACHINE, 2 CHIFFONIERS, DRESSERS, BRASS BED, SPRINGS AND MATTRESS, SEVERAL OTHER BEDS, STAR RANGE, GOOD CONDITION; ELECTRIC PLATE, 2 GAS STOVES, GAS HEATERS, KITCHEN CABINET, CUPBOARDS, ELECTRIC WASHER, GOOD CONDITION; ICE BOX, CARPETS, RUGS, LOTS OF GOOD LINOLEUM, TOOL CHEST, GOOD TOOLS, LAWN MOWER, LOT HOSE, [illegible]

DAILY UTAH STATE JOURNAL. MO

June 29 1907

BIRD OF FREEDOM CAUGHT IN CANYON

BALD EAGLE IS CAPTURED IN A CAVE ABOVE IDLEWILD.

Retreated to a Cave, Where He Resisted Capture—Measures Five Feet From Tip to Tip of Wings—Taken Without Being Injured in the Least.

Yesterday, in Ogden canyon, Kenneth Griffin, who is camping with his folks for the summer, succeeded in securing a half-grown eagle in a cave above Idlewild. The bird was not captured without considerable resistance, and a climb nearly to the top of the mountain to reach the cave, which was several feet in extent. The bird retreated to the uttermost corner, which could only be reached by crawling through a space many feet in extent and not over a foot in width.

The boy will probably endeavor to sell his prize to Ringling Brothers' circus next Monday. It is a fine, healthy specimen and measures over five feet from tip to tip of the outspread wings. It was taken without being bruised or injured in the least.

BIRT G. BLACKMAN DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS 9/5/18

After an illness of several months, Birt Griffin Blackman, for years a well known business man of Ogden, died at his home, 2355 Jefferson avenue, at 2:15 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Blackman was born at Marshalltown, Iowa, in 1858, and came to this city in 1884, where he became identified in fraternal and business circles.

He is survived by his wife and five children. His son W. H. Blackman, who has been in training at Camp Vail, N. J., was discharged from service Wednesday and will arrive home for the funeral as soon as possible.

The decedent was a trustee of the Carnegie library here, vice president of the Pingree National bank and president of the Blackman & Griffin company. Mr. Blackman held high positions in Masonry and was past master of Weber lodge No. 6, Free and Accepted Masons; past high priest of Ogden chapter No. 2 Royal Arch Masons; past commander of El Monte Commandery No. 2, Knights Templar, all of Ogden, and past grand high priest of the grand chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the state of Utah, and was a member of the Order of High Priesthood of Utah Masons, the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masonry, thirty-second degree; El Kalsh Temple of the Mystic Shrine, and Queen Esther chapter No. 4, Order of the Eastern Star.

Pacific. They will reside in Salt Lake City." Three-below weather greeted the infant 1911, and Griffin was appointed on the Y.M.C.A. committee of the Weber Club. In February he made a hurry-up trip to Los Angeles to check his commission business there. The "dry" election of June 27 found Ogden staying wet, 4713 to 3051. Callie worked hard getting out the dry votes too. The same paper noted that E. H. Harriman had been victorious in the merger suits. The new creamery turned out the first batch of butter June 25, "one churn of 800 lbs." September 5: "At official board meeting we stood by Rev Fisher in supporting standing for the Mormon Church." And, Thomas Corwin Iliff had been a guest in the Griffin home too. Anyway, he just fought polygamy (?).

In less serious vein the entry of September 7 should not be misinterpreted: "Cool Heard Senator Clapp & then went to prayer meeting Enjoyed them both." The shop crafts brotherhoods on the Harriman lines went on strike, and while Griffin was duly sympathetic, he didn't extend any financial aid. The Utah Loan & Trust building burned that fall, a "loss to the community." January 14, 1912: "Every one but me forgot my 51st birthday Quite a joke." February 5, 1912: "Had stockholders meeting First I had attended for 3 years having been in Calif heretofore." Cousin Burt had the situation in hand, anyway. March 14, 1912: "Cloudy & snow at 6 PM went to SL to banquet in Hotel Utah by the Sons of Am Rev Home at 1030 HLG was there good time." The Bamberger Electric was convenient.

April 2, 1912: "Won a Waltham watch which Cash Faulkner raffled Am ashamed that I took a chance." April 15, 1912: "Fine Irene & 25 other girls gave a dance for the 400 Fisk and 3 other SL men were up Wife and I went & came home at 2 AM." After this Mrs. Griffin went to California and Kenneth returned from California in time to go up the cañon for the summer. This annual pilgrimage was the opportunity to refurnish the town house, including a rug that came back. They went to "films" (Griffin's name for movies) and saw Maude Adams in *Chanticleer*. A new domestic, Carrie Riddle, stood the pace for ten weeks, then quit. August 21, 1912: "Cool Irene had her announcement party of 25 of Ogdens society girls were present & had a fine time." October 10, 1912: "Rev B A Fisk and wife and Lula Bailey are at our house Great Time & all happy Fine Day Irene married to Mr. Fisk at 8 PM at the M E Church Dinner at the Virginia for the wedding party of 30 All went off fine Irene & Ripley left at 1030 for Los Angeles." November 5, 1912: "Rain & Cloudy Had a quiet election State went as Mormons said for it to go All ate 2 meals at church." Wilson 36,579, Taft 42,000, Roosevelt 28,174, Socialist 9,023.*

Griffin concluded the year with "All is well with the Old and New Year so far. I have 5 shares of F U Bank stock at Coalville 33 shares Pingree Bank Stock and 70 of cement stock on which the dividends are about $200.00 less than the interest I am paying. My hair is whiter, my eyes poorer than a year ago. I feel as buoyant as ever Thank God."

* *World Almanac — 1948.*

Early in 1913 Griffin was mildly annoyed to find that his partner in the Los Angeles commission house (Crane) wanted to buy out, and failing that, requested a manager be sent to take over; he was going on his own. The officers of B&G had a meeting, in a rather serious vein, since they lost $3,500 in 1912. They concluded to work harder all around.

March 6, 1913: "Clear & balmy Kenneth was made a Mason by Geo Graves, Jno Spargo, Rev Carver, Toponce (Alexander), Claude Ives and Dr. Parker. Very Impressive Home at 11 PM Saw Dr Worrell Kenneth will have to be operated on."*

March 29, 1913: "Fine day at 510 I arose after a sleepless night Wife slept little too at 8 she Ripley and I went to the Dee Hospital & at 9 AM missed car and walked—Kenneth was put to sleep for 1 hr & 4 minutes Dr McCune Joyce, Morrell and Dr Worrell hunted for & removed a big stone from his ureta the boy is very sick." Kenneth came home April 20th.

William Jennings Bryan passed thru Ogden April 27, and Mrs. Griffin, Irene and her husband shook hands with him.

The usual cañon summer followed, and Ogden held its first Fashion and Auto Show that fall. Business-wise, the "potato market is off" and the firm had tough going. December 21: "Thawing fast Arranged loan of 5 M with Pingree at 8% Robbery Wife and I went alone to watch night services at church Our canyon neighbor Vorhies buried today Kenneth & Pam Loyal & Myra still keep company."

The assassination at Sarajevo didn't rate a remark in Griffin's notes, but he is dismayed at reading "Lifeless Bodies of Earl Wattis and Frank N. Scudder Found by Parley M. Parry, District Manager Utah Power & Light Company. . . . Frank N. Scudder was a clerk in the firm of Blackman & Griffin." Business is slow, and the firm circularizes more than ever, even to previous car-lot buyers of alfalfa. The Bamberger Electric reached Idlewild, and Loyal and Howard (Hudman) departed for Cornell College in Iowa. After a satisfactory Christmas, Griffin writes, "My past years life had gone along like a river. The more I study God's allness and oneness the better I feel. Wife has been sick much of the past year."

The *Ogden Standard* of January 29 and February 3, 1915, tells of the failure of H. L. Griffin Co. Seth writes "H L Griffin Co assigned to Rudiger Papers will be filed tomorrow Poor brother he was kind to all but himself Snowed all night and all day 8 in. Went alone to Emanuel Kenneth out as usual My wife making silk carpet rags." The next day "H L G failed in business 34½ years ago he began his business career." The electric line up the cañon was convenient and Griffin no longer rides the bicycle all the time. Callie's entertaining continued at the same pace and Seth goes to Salt Lake City several times a month on either business or Masonic matters. Edison passed thru Ogden October 17, and they were at the train to see him. The firm passed dividends for the year.

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* *Reminiscences of Alexander Toponce*, p. 229 (Masonic Activity).

Griffin bought a Buick touring car in the summer of 1916, automatically retiring old "King" and the fringed-top surrey. First thing, a flat tire, but "putting on the demountable rim was easy." Their entertainment included "*Melba* at the Alhambra," *The Birth of a Nation*, and "Billie Burk in *Peggy* was charming." Troop B, First Cavalry, Utah National Guard, returned from the Mexican border, and Griffin was on the welcoming committee. Along with all this, a motor trip to Yellowstone.

July 13, 1916: "Heber J. Grant said Apostle D. O. McKay recommended me for position on State Prohibition Board, but I suggested Rev. Brainerd." November 7, 1916: "Lucille voted the Democratic ticket for first vote Cloudy Ripley & Kenneth had their machines out for the Republicans at 12.50 each We all ate at the church." Despite this straying from the fold on Lucille's part, other things seemed to work out. The firm declared a 5% dividend and Seth says "Never felt better."

The war years were trying for Griffin, in a way. On March 23rd he was no doubt hurt when he wrote "cloudy chilly Hay $40 a ton corn 2.75 and stock starving." June 5, 1917: "this is registration day for war." July 10: "bought new Goodyear tire $41.00 speedometer reads 9,900 miles." They spent the summer in the cañon, sans boys who were in the Army. On October 27 Callie left for Rochester, Minnesota, via the old home in Kansas, for a major operation. Seth met her there, and was checked himself at the Mayo Clinic. They returned December 21 to the "flu" epidemic raging in Ogden as well as elsewhere. Lucille reported from the Boston Conservatory of Music that she was well, and progressing favorably in her voice culture. Business was good, and the election "had been quiet." Burt Blackman was taken seriously ill, and of his passing on December 4th, "Mr. Blackmans passing has left a big hole in my life." This left the welfare of the firm on Griffin's shoulders, a full-sized job considering the attitude of Blackman's widow.

May 10, 1919: "Fine parade Celebration of the driving of the Golden Spike took place Grand event."* June 9th the teamsters A. F. of L. struck the Griffin plant. "Union wants us to pay $4.00 a day for driving trucks We will when we have to." They "put the boys" (Blackman) to driving, and broke the strike. Slackening business caused the lay-off of two stenographers. The Belgian Monarch and his Queen visited Ogden, and Griffin notes "Chief Browning of the Ogden Police in the Griffin Buick with Loyal at the wheel headed the parade for the royal visitors." Among movies the *Miracle Man* and *Daddy Long Legs* evoked favorable comment. They heard Chauncey Olcott and saw Billy Sunday conduct his revivals at Salt Lake. No major set-backs, especially after the stolen Buick was recovered in Parley's Cañon. Loyal rode the Bamberger home that time.

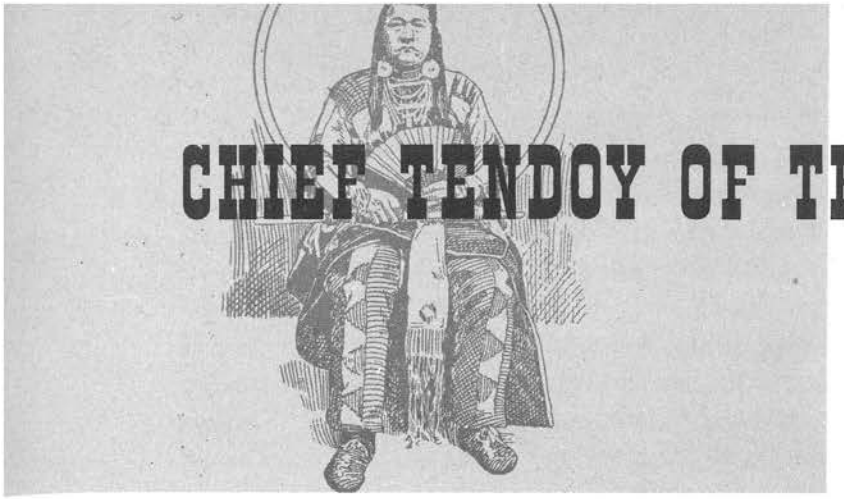
During this period, Griffin had tried to buy Mrs. Blackman's stock. However, she traded it to James Pingree, who then had pseudo-control of the firm and on December 30, 1919 "We elected Jas Pingree president of B&G Co Hurrah." December 31: "this has been a good year for us We are all fairly well and have a new girl Francis Loyal's wife."

*Local newspapers carried excellent accounts.

This entry ends Griffin's personally kept notes until January 1, 1927. During the years intervening, one disaster rode the heels of another. Pingree's association with Blackman & Griffin can be likened to a shot-gun wedding. It was more of an intrusion; tolerated yes, but not sought. The capital stock was largely paid up, and $50,000 was on time deposit in the Pingree bank. The failure of that bank tied up the checking account of the firm. It is reported that Pingree died the night before he was to depart for Leavenworth. That didn't help Griffin.

To complicate matters, H. H. Hudman was a Pingree Bank director, and liable for twice the amount of his stock. Griffin bought Hudman's B&G stock. He was in control of an impoverished firm. Another banking connection was found, the Ogden State Bank. Loans were necessary, and were made. Griffin's personal security went on many of them. Only a small portion of the money in the Pingree Bank was ever recovered, and this, coupled with the failure of the Ogden State Bank, put Blackman & Griffin on the rocks. The bank tried to liquidate the firm to counter-balance some real estate loans that were not working out. This was too much, and Griffin, broken in health and spirit, went to California in 1925. Callie liquidated the remaining little resources, including the summer cottage. She joined Seth in Los Angeles in 1926. This concluded the Ogden life of this couple.

Griffin attempted to carry on in Los Angeles, and in a modest way did so. His health never did recover sufficiently for him to be active again, and the shortness of breath and cough stayed with him. His last written word was September 18, 1930: "Wife Lucille and Mr LeClair went to party at Bicknell Park by Real Estate folks Home at 12 I am about the same." He still watched over his little brood, even unto "the mortal end, but all is well." He passed away in his sleep, September 21, 1930. Yes, all was well at last.



CHIEF TENDOY OF THE BANNACKS

By WARREN F. LEWIS

MY STORY IS A SIMPLE ONE AND will not be long. The story of Tendoy is not great in the usual sense, for his were no great exploits of military prowess such as distinguished his Nez Perce neighbor to the west, Chief Joseph; he led no epic trek nor stirred the lyre of a Longfellow as did Hiawatha; rather, his was an adventure in friendship for members of a race alien to his own, an adventure of which he himself was undoubtedly unaware, but which left a warm regard for him in the hearts of all white men who knew him.

And so

I tell of Tendoy, Bannack Indian chief,
A very Arthur of his red-skinned race,
And well beloved by red and white alike.
He knew no fear of any living thing,
Nor harbored hate, excepting for his foes
The thieving Blackfeet and the rascal Sioux.
But for the white men, Tendoy had regard;
He neither hated them, nor loved them well,
But knew with instinct that the paler race
Was sweeping, like an ocean broken loose,
Across the prairies that his people claimed,
Across the mountains tipped with winter snow,
Beyond the valleys of the Yellowstone
And on to where a mighty river rolled —
Too wide for man to swim or shout across.

And though he saw the pale horde pouring past,
In white-topped schooners, with their squaws and goods,
And saw his long-loved valleys slowly fill
With smoking teepees built of logs and mud,
He only raised his face expressionless,
To where the vagrant eagle screamed and soared,
And in his way, "You know, Great Spirit, best"
Was all he said.

CHIEF TENDOY

Perhaps he dimly saw
Beyond the empty valleys and the plains
Where no man dwelt, the march of progress there;
Could see the white man's village filled with more
Of men than there were blades of grass upon
The ground on which he stood; could see and taste
The sulphurous fumes which belched from tall gray stacks
Then settled on the grass and mountain trees
With deadly venom — 'til all the place was grim
And destitute of any growing thing;
Could hear the rumble of the angry mines,
And see the hordes, like little mountain ants,
Go pouring underground or streaming out
With precious yellow metal; and in all
This dream—this vision of approaching doom,
He saw no hope for any of his race.
He saw the antelope and the bison killed,
He saw his brothers driven to the west
And robbed of all that nature once bestowed
On them.

Yet, dreaming thus, he saw a file
Of pale-face pioneers come slowly through
A mountain pass. And looking up again,
Chief Tendoy said, "*You* know, Great Spirit, best"—
Then went to meet them, and to guide them on.

My early interest in the Bannack Indians was a natural one. My father and uncle had had a government contract to erect some buildings on the Lemhi Indian reservation and for the year and a half they were there I lived, as a small child, with my family among the Indians. It was at this time the Bannack Indians gave me the name "Tooshbampi"—meaning "light" or "white" hair. Later, when I had grown older, I firmly considered that this appellation entitled me to membership in the Bannack Indian tribe and I felt akin to any and all red men!

My interest in Tendoy dates from later boyhood. When we were living in Butte, Montana, I used to hear my folks discuss their experiences while at the reservation and tell about the various Indians they knew. Tendoy was one of them, and, like others, they extolled his good qualities and told how he had played no inconsiderable part in aiding the white man settle in Idaho and southwestern Montana. One story in particular impressed me and I shall refer to it later as the *Tendoy legend*. This story was to the effect that at one time the Bannacks held a council of war and decided to go on the warpath

CHIEF TENDOY and to surprise attack Salmon City, Idaho, which was not far from the reservation, and to massacre the settlers there. As the story goes, Tendoy tried to dissuade his tribesmen from this course of action, stating that to do this would only bring down the wrath and punishment of the Great Father at Washington who "had more soldiers than there are blades of grass upon the ground." Despite his eloquence, Tendoy failed to influence the council in its decision. However, in the dead of night, he slipped away from camp and warned the settlers of the impending attack, but first exacting a promise that they would never tell his people of his action. Because of this knowledge the people of Salmon City prepared themselves for this possible attack in such a manner that they were able to avert what might have been a bloody massacre.

I thought about this Tendoy legend for many years and wondered as to its authenticity. Was it merely an old timer's tale? What were Tendoy's motives that would cause him to go counter to the wishes of his own people? Was this an example of a real life "Western movie thriller" in which heart interest prevailed? My imagination ran riot—had Tendoy been secretly in love with the local school ma'am? What a story *that* would make . . .

A few years ago I determined to investigate, if still possible, this Tendoy legend, writing to many old timers yet alive in Idaho and Montana; I wrote to historical societies, to the Department of Indian Affairs at Washington, to the Fort Hall reservation where the remnant of the Bannacks now live; I was fortunate to meet and to correspond with George La Vatta, himself a Bannack and one-time member of the tribe of Tendoy Third. Thanks to the Tendoy legend, because of this correspondence, I learned much of interest about Tendoy and his people and the universal high regard in which he was held.

John Hailey, for many years librarian of the Historical Society of Idaho, wrote of the Tendoy legend as follows:

> "I know nothing of the particular instance to which you refer, but think it was hostile Indians from other tribes planning a raid and Tendoy's men who warned the people to look out, for Tendoy was always very friendly to and with the white settlers. He was a fine and noble, good honorable man. He had complete control and commanded respect of all his tribe, and also of all the white settlers."

T. A. Rees, son of John A. Rees, who wrote much about Idaho and the Indians, felt much as John Hailey did. He wrote:

> "Chief Tendoy and his tribe were always friends of the whites. Chief Tendoy was a Shoshoni Indian and was chief of the Lemhis, a branch of the Shoshoni tribe. I had never heard my father or any one say anything about the Indians trying to attack Salmon, but in 1877 Nes Perces led by Chief Joseph went on the warpath and passed within a few miles of Salmon but never attacked anything at all."

Since Rees, in the foregoing letter, mentioned Tendoy as "a Shoshoni Indian and Chief of the Lemhis" and since I have spoken of him as a Bannack, it may be well to explain this seeming discrepancy at this time.

CHIEF TENDOY

According to the handbook of the American Indian the Bannacks are a Shoshonian tribe whose habitat previous to being gathered on reservations cannot be definitely outlined. Bannack, according to this same book, is derived from "Panaiti," their own name. John Rees, however, in his "Idaho Chronology and Nomenclature" says that "Bannack" is derived from "bamp"—hair and "nack"—a backward motion, alluding to the manner in which the tribe wore a tuft of hair thrown back from the forehead, although he also mentions that "they call themselves 'panaita' which they claim means 'southern people'."

Apparently the Bannacks were split into two groups, one living in southeastern Idaho and closely affiliated and intermarried with the Washaki Shoshoni, and the other living in southwestern Montana and in the Lemhi Valley in northeastern Idaho. It was to the northern group that Tendoy belonged and although southwestern Montana knew him well, it was the Lemhi Valley that was his home and that has forever associated its name with his.

In connection with the word "Lemhi" it is interesting to know that although sounding like one, it is actually not an Indian name. In the middle of the nineteenth century many of the churches were troubling themselves about the future spiritual condition of the red man. In 1834 the Methodists sent Rev. Jason Lee to the Willamette Valley; in 1836 the Presbyterians sent Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. Henry H. Spalding to the Columbia River; in 1840 the Catholics sent Father De Smet to the Bitterroot Valley and, not to be outdone, in 1855 the Mormons sent Elder Thomas S. Smith to northeastern Idaho where he named the lush valley he found—Limhi Valley. This name, taken from the Book of Mormon, became corrupted to the name "Lemhi." It seems that in the Book of Mormon a Nephite king by the name of Limhi made an important journey which took 22 days to accomplish; strangely enough it took Smith 22 days to go from Salt Lake City to his destination, and seeing in this and other occurrences a close parallel to the Book of Mormon story he named the valley for the Nephite king!

According to John Rees in his *History of Lemhi County*, at the time Lewis and Clark visited the Lemhi country in 1805 there were about five hundred Shoshonis then occupying the land under Chief Cameahwait. In 1855 the Mormons found the country still inhabited by Shoshonis under Chief Snagg together with some roving Bannacks, but the gold miners in 1866 found a mixed tribe which was composed of Shoshonis, Tukuarikas and Bannacks who had gathered into one congregation and had selected Tendoy as their chief, and as they did not constitute a separate tribe, they became known as Tendoy's band. After becoming settled on the Lemhi Indian Reservation they soon coalesced into a tribe now called the "Lemhis."

Thus T. A. Rees in his letter was quite right in calling Tendoy "Chief of the Lemhis" for he was known by that appellation quite as frequently as by "Chief of the Bannacks" or "Chief of the Shoshonis."

It may be of some interest that Tendoy was the grand nephew of Cameahwait,

 brother of Sacajawea of Lewis and Clark fame. Also that his own mother was a Bannack from southern Idaho and he, himself, was a product of tribal intermarriage.

But returning to the Tendoy legend. I had corresponded with the Honorable Frank Eliel, Montana State Senator, who had a deep interest in the Indians. Regarding the legend he wrote:

"Many years ago I saw Chief Tendoy rather frequently. I have a vivid remembrance of his appearance and of his dignified bearing. He was a fine type. The story to which you refer about Tendoy warning the people along the Salmon River of a raid that was planned is true. Many years ago I heard this great service that Chief Tendoy rendered the white settlers referred to frequently. The Bannack Indians always favored the whites. In this respect they differed from their nearby related tribe the Shoshoni or Snake Indians. The Shoshoni tribe is far more numerous than the Bannack, and if my memory serves me the Shoshonis were not always friendly in their intercourse with the Bannacks, notwithstanding that they were closely related. It was probably the need for the friendship and the protection of the whites that induced Chief Tendoy to render service to the white settlers whenever opportunity offered."

Shortly after receiving the foregoing letter I had another from him saying:

"Since writing to you a few days ago with reference to the activities of Chief Tendoy of the Bannack Indians, I referred your inquiry to Chief Justice Calloway of this state, who has for many years taken a keen interest in all that pertains to the settlement and early history of Montana. I had a prompt reply from Judge Calloway and I give you here the substance of his letter. 'It was generally understood at Virginia City and in the Ruby Valley in the spring or early summer of 1878 that some of the Bannacks were in a truculent mood. These were followers of Major Jim who was probably an under chief of Tendoy. Tendoy was the head chief of all the Bannacks, you will remember. Of course you know how independent the Indians are and how little power the head chief really has. If 100 or 200 warriors wanted to go out under Major Jim, Tendoy could not help it. There is no doubt that the main body of the Bannacks under Tendoy remained friendly to the whites and it is not at all unlikely that Tendoy did warn the settlers along the Salmon River of the coming of Chief Joseph in 1877, and he may have warned them to look out for Major Jim's rascals.' "

It would appear, then, that there was some substance to the Tendoy legend and that Tendoy *had* warned the settlers of an impending raid. In this Frank Eliel seems quite positive. But I have long ago given up searching for Tendoy's motives. He probably liked the pale faces in the same manner that many of us are enthusiastically partial to French or German or Mexican people.

It is important to note that of those who have corresponded or commented about him *all* have spoken highly of Tendoy, of his poise or character or friendship.

His qualities of leadership and of friendliness for the whites are also stressed in the

CHIEF TENDOY

Handbook of the American Indian as follows: "Tendoy, chief of a band of mixed Bannack, Shoshoni and Tukuarika Indians making their headquarters in the Lemhi Valley, Idaho; best known through its friendly attitude toward the whites. About 1869, the attention of the government having been called to the miserable condition of these Indians, they were found on investigation to be almost destitute, but Tendoy had been able to improve the condition of himself and a few followers by his sagacity in trade with the settlers in the mining camps of Montana which he frequently visited.

"On the establishment of an Indian agency in Lemhi Valley the Indians promised obedience to the agent and friendliness toward the settlers, and owing to the influence of Tendoy these promises were kept inviolate. He rendered valuable service to settlers by protecting them from roving bands of unfriendly Indians, and through his influence no white person in Lemhi Valley was molested during the Nez Perce War. In 1878 the agent reported that 'some of the Indians would doubtless join the hostiles but are held in check by Tendoy, who appears to have proven himself master of the situation.'

"Some of the Indians with whom he associated in the buffalo country advised him to steal horses and kill a few whites, then the authorities at Washington would think more of him and grant his people a larger appropriation. To this he is said to have replied, 'I have not the blood of a white man in my camp, nor do I intend such.' "

Instances of how Tendoy protected the whites were recounted by the Bannack Indian, George La Vatta, in a magazine article which he wrote entitled *The Line of Tendoys*. La Vatta wrote that whenever Tendoy heard of a caravan of white settlers coming overland he would send one, or a group of his braves to follow them and protect them and to send him word in case of danger of attack from other tribes. He said that many times Tendoy rode all night to protect some small caravan from being wiped away by some tribe that was at war.

According to La Vatta, on every occasion, in every talk that Chief Tendoy made to his own people, as well as to members of other tribes, he told them that the white people were the Indians' friends and that the only trouble was that they did not understand each other; that if a white man could talk to the Indian, or the Indian could talk to the white man in his own language there would be no bloodshed.

Apparently Tendoy saw his first railroad near where Inkom, Idaho, now stands. He was much impressed and later did much to protect the railroad workers. He camped one whole summer in Beaver Canyon, averting many attacks and always keeping in the background, although the workers sensed there was some unseen force protecting them.

It is told that one evening Chief Tendoy was talking to his people when one of his tribe came to him and told him of an attack that was going to be made, near Boise, on a large caravan of immigrants. Tendoy ordered his warriors out and started for the place of attack. He arrived just in time to save three of the party, the others having been killed. They were preparing to kill these three when Tendoy rode up with a small band of followers.

He bluffed them out by telling them that he had a large reserve band of warriors just over the hill waiting for the signal to come on. He took the three white men with him, also their mules and cattle, to Boise and left them in charge of Charles Howard, who was then in charge of the barracks. After these white men had told Howard how Tendoy had saved them Mr. Howard presented Tendoy with an American flag and told him his memory would live forever and his friendship for the white man would never be forgotten.

Another incident, typical of the many which endeared Tendoy to the hearts of the settlers, was printed in the *Fergus County Argus*, *circa* 1880. The story "How Tendoy, Bannack Indian Chief, Found Lost White Boy and Restored Him to his People" follows:

"Chief Tendoy, of the Bannack Indians was well known to the earlier residents of Madison and Beaverhead county. There are many men in Montana who were attached to this old chieftain, the last notable figure of the Bannack Indians. He had befriended many and was always ready to brave combat with Indians of other tribes in behalf of his white friends. One of these is Amos Williams, of Butte, who, as a boy, was lost from the train in which his parents were travelling to Virginia City, found by Tendoy and restored to his people. Williams' story of this incident is as follows:

"It was in the early 60's when there was not a white man in the valley of the Yellowstone and the marauding Cheyennes, Crows, and Sioux held the valley as their hunting grounds and fought many a bloody fight as to who should have possession of the immense bands of buffalo, which made their home there.

"In the western part of the valley the more timid Indians came to hunt. These were the Shoshones, the Bannacks, the Flatheads, and the Sheepeaters. Occasionally these Indians fought each other, but generally they combined in large numbers and were prepared for never-ceasing warfare against the more belligerent tribes, for the buffalo of the Yellowstone were a necessity to all of them.

LEFT AT CAMP

"Upon one of these hunts, Chief Tendoy reached a point not far from the site of the town of Big Timber. Then the place did not have a name. Our party, not knowing the character of Tendoy's people, saw Indian signs when we camped on the Boulder, as the creek is called. And that night we drew our wagons into a corral and the men slept upon their arms, dreading an attack and praying that the Indians would prove friendly. There was an air of suppressed excitement about the camp and few slept. But the night passed without incident and the morning found every one ready to take up the trail for Virginia City, which was our objective point. I was only 10 years old, and as I had shared in the dread of the night, I could not sleep. While the older people were making preparations to move camp, I cuddled against a big boulder and was soon asleep.

"In the confusion of moving camp I was not missed, and it was many hours before my absence was discovered and a frantic effort was made to find me. In the meantime I slept comfortably for a few hours and then awoke to the realization that I was all alone on the boundless prairie. I remember that I hit the trail in the direction I thought the wagons had gone. I could not go the other way, for the creek was too deep and wide for me to ford, so I trotted along the wagon tracks for a while, until I came to a gravelly place where there was not a sign of a wagon wheel to follow. However, that did not daunt me in the least, for a long way up ahead of me I saw some specks on the side of the valley which I thought were the wagons and I started after them. Somehow, although I thought I walked and ran for a hundred miles it seemed to me that I never got any nearer nor were there any signs of a wagon track again.

A LOST BOY

"This frightened me, but after a while I curled up under a tree beside a little creek bed and went to sleep again. When I awoke it was dark and I was all alone, the stars looking down at me—silently and every star seemed to eye me curiously as if I were out of place in that solitude, and I was.

FOLLOWING HIS SHADOW

"Somebody had told me the proper way to travel in the morning in order to reach the gold mines of the new country was to keep the sun behind me, and at sunrise I started out, walking with my shadow dodging along just ahead of me. I forgot about the sun being in a different position in the afternoon and when night came I was again on the same little creek I had left in the morning, tired out, hungry, and discouraged. I cried myself to sleep that night and slept in misery until dawn. Then I followed the creek bed down toward the river for hours and finally found where it came into a bigger stream and there I sat in disappointment for the creek was too big for me to ford and I realized I was lost with no possible means of finding my way out of the wilderness.

"In the meantime things were happening at the train. I was not missed until noon. Some of the men remained with the wagons while others, heavily armed, rode back on the trail confident that they would pick me up at the old camp and soon have me with my mother again.

"They easily took up my trail from the old camp to the gravel bed and there they lost it and although they hunted all day long, they could not find me and returned to camp that night. All of next day the hunt was continued. That night there were many sad faces about the camp fires in the train for it was believed that I had

been captured by the Indians or had fallen prey to wolves.

"Against the protests of the women in the train, it was decided to abandon the hunt for me, on the following morning, and continue the trip to the gold fields. While the horses were being hitched up for the start, half a dozen Indians, headed by a young buck, then in the dress of a sub-chief, rode up on the little eminence a few yards from the camp and stood looking down upon the immigrants, the women making frenzied efforts to get into shelter, while the men were scrambling for their arms.

PEACE SIGNS EXCHANGED

"The captain of the train, as soon as a semblance of order had been secured, stepped forward out of the circle of the corral and gave the sign of peace. It was promptly answered by the Indian in the lead who slipped from his horse and walked toward the camp, leaving the rest of his party on the hill top. The captain of our train also dropped his rifle and stepped forward to meet the advancing Indian. The Indian extended his hand for a handshake.

"'Which way, white man?' came the query in good English.

THE LUST FOR GOLD

"'To Alder, to dig gold,' was the reply.

"'You will find many white men there' was the answer of the chief. 'What is your name?'

"'Smith,' replied the captain. 'Who are you?'

"'I am Tendoy of the Bannacks. My father is head man of the tribe and my home is in the valleys in which the white men are flocking. Why do you come? Are not the valleys out of which the sun rises fertile enough for you to till?'

"The white man could not answer.

"Then the mother of the boy who was lost came forward and asked Tendoy if he had seen a boy wandering on the prairies. The Indian replied in the negative.

"'I am a friend of the white man,' said the young Indian, 'and if your boy is alive I will bring him to you. Have one of your men come with me and show me where your boy was last seen and if the wolves have not gotten him, I will find him. There are no Indians near save those of my tribe and they will not harm a hair of his head, for we have pledged our words to be friends of the whites, even if they are taking our lands. Show me where last his footprints were seen and my trailers will follow and find him.'

MOTHER JOINS THE SEARCH

"Overjoyed, my mother, who was a horsewoman, and my father, were soon in saddles and on the way to where the boy's footprints were seen by the searchers three days before. The rest of the immigrants promised to wait over one day. It was only a few hours until the Indians were shown the footprints that marked my disappearance and from there the Indians took up the trail, detecting signs that the white men overlooked. The trail was a long and a dim one, but it was followed unerringly, mile after mile, until finally the place where I had lain the first night was found. Then a great circle was made and my second night's place was located after a few hours trailing, for I was weakened and did not travel far, even if it did seem miles to me. After that the way was easy, and at noon of that day they came upon me sleeping exhausted beside a big creek I could not ford, while only a few hundred yards farther down was the trail we were following. I had travelled in a circle, and had I been able to cross that creek I would have taken the back trail, fondly believing I was on my way toward the wagons.

"There was great rejoicing in the camp when I was brought there, and Tendoy was feasted and reward was offered but the Indian would have none of it and after bidding the people of the camp goodbye, he and his party returned to their camp and the hunting of buffalo.

"I met Tendoy many times, and he was a warm friend. It had been years since I saw him, and the last time was when he visited Butte. Then he was wearing an old dilapidated plug hat which had seen a great many better days, and as soon as I exchanged greetings with him I took him into a store and bought him the finest silk hat I could find. That, people tell me, became his most cherished possession and he wore it on all state occasions."

And thus was Tendoy's friendship for the whites repeated time and again. With but one exception, Tendoy's friendliness, leadership and dependability were also stressed in the annual reports of the Indian Bureau and in official letters on file there, excerpts of which I have.

In 1878 none other than Governor Potts of the Territory of Montana wrote to the Indian Commissioner at Washington on behalf of Tendoy and the Bannacks. He wrote that "Tendoy is noted for his friendship toward the whites and has complete control of his people." Governor Potts further wrote that, understanding there was some dissatisfaction among the Indians and that "being well acquainted with Tendoy and many of his head men to a degree scarcely ever attained by a white man, I sent a messenger to Tendoy to meet me at Bannack City in Montana. He promptly complied with my request . . . and I had a full and free talk with him. Among other things he said his people wanted to farm and raise cattle but nothing was furnished them. He pledged anew his friendship to the whites, and I firmly believe he will keep his word. I have the utmost confidence in his promises."

It appeared that Tendoy also wanted ammunition to use in Buffalo hunting in the Yellowstone and through the intercession of Governor Potts the Bannacks were granted this request.

In 1879 John A. Wright, the Indian Agent, wrote in his report that "Tendoy, Chief of the tribe, deservedly enjoys the confidence of the settlers, and since his return in May talks a great deal in regard to the welfare of the Indians, and is apparently anxious that they shall be taught industrial habits and become self-sustaining farmers. He thoroughly comprehends the necessity of turning to other and more reliable pursuits because of the scarcity of buffalo and other game upon which they have been subsisting."

In 1880 the agent, E. A. Stone, reported that "Tendoy is the acknowledged chief. He is a noble specimen of the Indian, and the fast friend of the whites, and is deservedly respected by all who know him." This agent complains in his report that had the government furnished him with the implements for the Indians to work with he would have had many Indian farmers by then.

It would appear that the government changed its agent at the Lemhi Agency rather frequently for in 1881 we have a report by still another agent, John Harris. His report gives a very intimate and interesting picture of our Bannack chief.

> "I arrived here on the 19th July, took over the property of the agency on the 20th, and on the same day the Indians held a council by way of welcoming me to the agency. The proceedings commenced with an address from me, in which I endeavored to set forth the desire of the government to see the Indians everywhere happy and comfortable, and that their only way of being so was by learning to do what good white people wanted to teach them. I then spoke of the advantages of education for their children, and a knowledge of farming for themselves, giving them to understand that the government wanted the Indians to learn all that the white people knew that was worth knowing. I next talked to them of the evils of whiskey drinking, and told them in conclusion that the fathers at Washington felt an interest in the Indians because they believed in a book that told them that the Great Spirit had made of one blood all the people of the world.
>
> "The interpreter translated my address a few sentences at a time. When I had concluded there was a general conversation for a few minutes between the chief, subchiefs, and head men. Then the Chief 'Tendoy' replied to me in a most eloquent speech beginning with words of welcome, and then taking up in succession the various points in my address. He said they were glad they were now learning something about farming; he believed it was good, and a great many of the Indians who did not think so formerly, were getting to think so now. As to a school they were all in favor of having one, but he (Tendoy) had asked for one so often that he was nearly tired of asking. He had mixed a good deal with the whites when a child and had learned a great deal from them, and he wanted his children to learn to read and write like white children. He (Tendoy) and his people had always been the friends of the

whites, and he thought the big fathers at Washington ought to give them a school so that their children might have a chance to learn the same as the children of other agencies. He concluded with the assurance that he would be happy to be my friend, and would give me all the help he could; and this sentiment was heartily indorsed by all the sub-chiefs and head men."

In 1891 Tendoy was still maintaining his fine reputation for the agent wrote "Tendoy has always been a great and influential man among his people, has always been a true friend of the whites and has always exerted his best influence to the peace and welfare of his people . . . I have no courts of Indian offenses; I talked with Chief Tendoy and his leading men last spring and asked if they would not like to have a court; they concluded they would not."

Eight years later, in 1899, the Lemhi Reservation apparently had an agent typical of so many in the Indian Service who, failing to understand the good qualities of their charges, do more harm than good. Despite the foregoing reports in which we were told of Tendoy's outstanding character, his great desire for advancement in education, his desire that his people be taught farming and new industrial habits, despite this, E. M. Yearian, our agent of 1899, says: "In Christianity they have made no advancement. In conversation with Tendoy, the chief, about Christ, he said, 'Me no savvy Christ: white man heap smart: Indian no see.' Their idea is a happy hunting ground where all Indians go and their real God is their stomach. However, if less attention were given their bodies and more to their souls they would be better off. Sunday is their best day, and is given to horse racing, gambling, and dancing . . . their progress heretofore has been retarded by their non-progressive chief, who has used every effort to prevent them from advancing or exercising individual thought in order to hold them under his tyrannic and uncivilized power."

Poor old Tendoy! What an indictment in his declining years and after his long record of being a conscientious leader of his own people. Had more of these agents been less concerned with the souls of their charges and more interested in their material benefits the lot of the American Indian may have been a vastly better one.

The last report on Tendoy was made in 1907 by A. F. Duclos, the agent at that time, and this report closes the book on this fine old Indian. It is regrettable that at the age of 73 Tendoy took to tippling and on one such occasion fell off his horse and shortly thereafter died. After detailing apprehension and trial of the one who had given the liquor to Tendoy, the agent, like all of his predecessors except Yearian, extolled Tendoy and stood up for him as follows:

". . . since I took charge of this Agency, in July 1905, Chief Tendoy has been an invalid, and this is the first time he secured any liquor to my knowledge. Chief Tendoy, in early days, rendered invaluable assistance to the white settlers, protecting them from marauding bands of Indians who were passing through the country, especially during

CHIEF TENDOY the Nez Perce War. Due directly to the influence of Chief Tendoy the Nez Perces did not molest any of the white settlers in Lemhi Valley during the war, which made the old timers in this country feel very grateful to the old chief."

Because of this high esteem for Tendoy many of these settlers attended Tendoy's funeral, May 14, 1907, on the reservation.

"Owing to the fact that Tendoy had rendered valuable services to the white settlers in early days, in keeping his Indians peaceable," Duclos further reported, "I thought it would be proper to secure a casket for his interment. I was, however, unable to do this as no casket of suitable size could be obtained, as the chief was such a large man. It then became necessary to have a casket made at the Agency, which was done, and this was accepted by the Indians. I started a subscription toward securing a monument for the old chief's last resting place, and same is meeting with general response from the settlers in the valley."

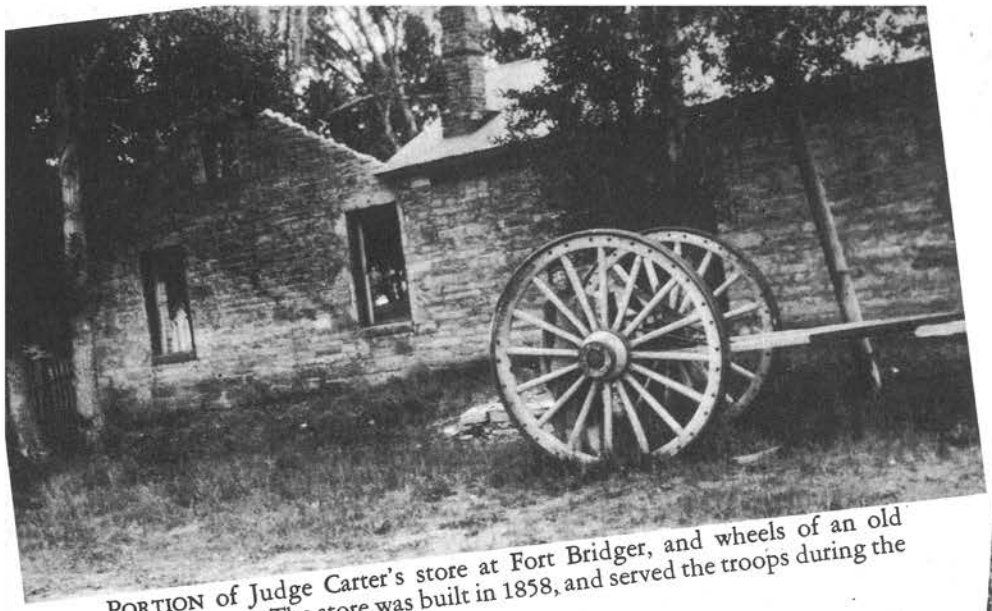
Agent Duclos' subscription met not only with general response but with a *generous* response and several hundred dollars was raised for Tendoy's monument, which is of handsome natural pink sandstone and which still stands today, near Salmon City, Idaho, bearing the simple inscription—ERECTED BY HIS WHITE FRIENDS.

Certainly Tendoy's sincere friendship for the white pioneers of Montana and Idaho made him one of the colorful minor Indian characters of his time.

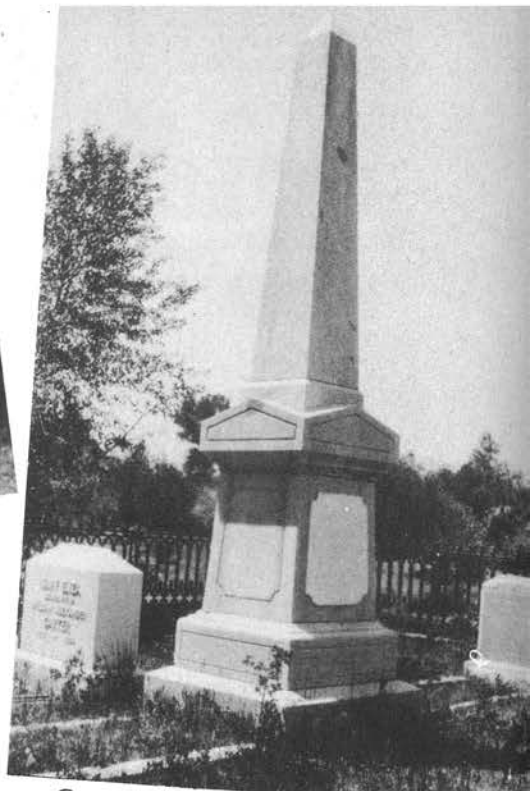
TENDOY, CHIEF OF THE BANNACKS
A rare photograph. From *Montana Historical Contributions*, Vol. IV, p. 207.

A typical Bannack Indian.

(right)
MONUMENT, near Salmon, Idaho, to memory of Chief Tendoy. Erected with funds donated by his white friends. Inset shows likeness of the Chief.
—From *Union Pacific Magazine*, February 1926.



PORTION of Judge Carter's store at Fort Bridger, and wheels of an old freight wagon. The store was built in 1858, and served the troops during the Utah War.

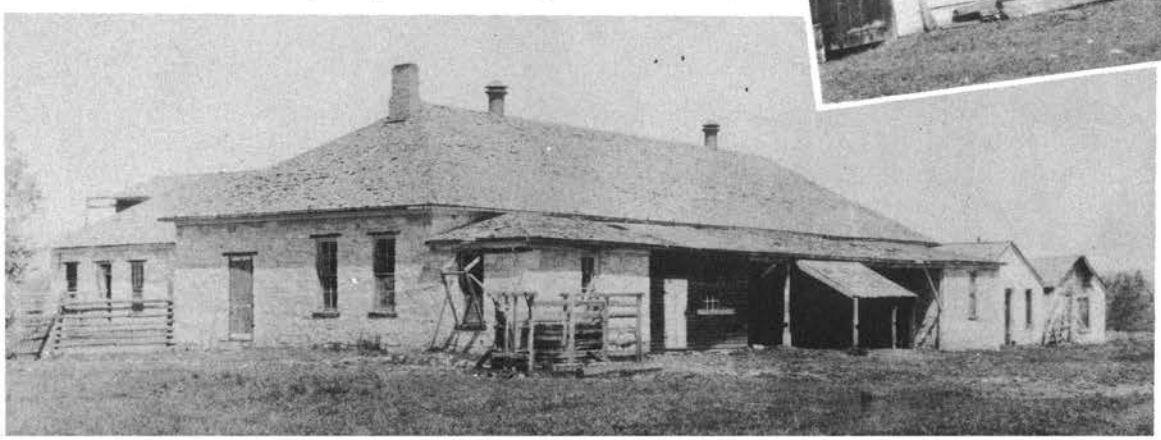


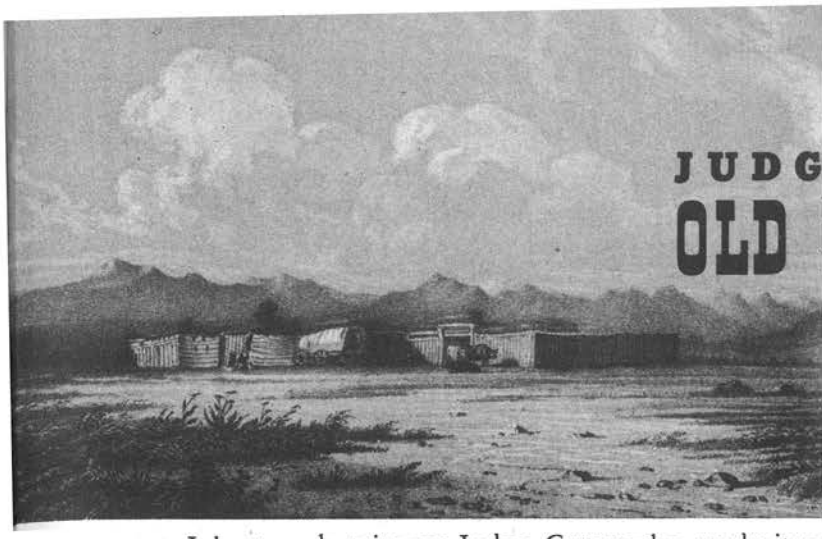
GRAVE of Judge Carter, his wife and his sister. Fort Bridger, Wyoming.

FORT BRIDGER as it appeared in 1885.

OLD mess house, warehouse, and under it the butcher shop

SOLDIERS' barracks (*center and left*), built in 1882-83. Commissary and guard house (*right*), built in 1857-58.





JUDGE CARTER AND OLD FORT BRIDGER

By EDGAR N. CARTER

TO ME THE STORY OF OLD FORT BRIDGER is the story of my father, Judge William Alexander Carter. The old fort was named after Jim Bridger by Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, but it was Judge Carter who made it what it was—the most notable of the old frontier posts, not excepting Fort Laramie.

Fort Bridger was more beautifully situated than Laramie, located as it was at the foot of the picturesque Uinta Mountains, a spur of the great rockies and the source of a number of fine trout streams—Black's Fork, Smith's Fork, Henry's Fork, Burnt Fork, Birch Creek and Beaver Creek—all tributaries of Green River and all alive when I first knew them, with the native blackspotted, or cutthroat, trout.

For easy shooting there were flocks of sage hens. They nested in the sage-brush on the high mesas, or benches as they were commonly called, and led their babies down into the meadows for water and a greater variety of bugs, and the seeds of different grasses. I have often walked across meadow lands on my way to a fishing stream, and have run into a flock of young sage-chickens crouched in the grass and looking for all the world like grey, sun-dried buffalo chips. My twenty-five cent bamboo fishing pole served me then in a dual capacity for I had only to reach out and knock one of the silly birds on the head.

There was other game in the country round about; cottontail and jackrabbits, coyotes of course; herds of antelope on the benches and near the foothills; and deer, elk, bear and mountain sheep in the higher reaches of the Uintas. Bob-cats and mountain lions were to be found for trapping or shooting. In the early days beaver were plentiful in all the above mentioned streams, where their dam-building habits made trapping them a profitable necessity.

The fame of the Bridger country as a sportsman's paradise traveled far and wide, even across the ocean to the old country, and during the summer and fall months, singly and in groups, highly placed army officers, railroad presidents, and notables in other callings, came to enjoy what the country offered in the way of fishing and hunting.

Judge Carter's home was usually the mecca for these individuals because they knew, from experience or from hearsay, that the Judge would put them up to the limit of his capacity; often furnishing them with teams, buckboards or mountain wagons and saddle horses, all gratis, of course, and in the name of Virginia hospitality.

There were many groups of scientists—bug hunters—who came to scour the bad lands in search of fossil remains of the great prehistoric creatures that once roamed over

JUDGE CARTER AND the valleys and hills, mesas and mountains, of southwestern Wyoming. In these excursions Judge Carter was intensely concerned and interested and there was no limit to the extent to which he would go to help these scientifically minded men in their projects. Hayden, Cope, Leidy, Marsh, Geike and Osborne were the Judge's intimates.

But I must tell you something more about "The Judge" as he was familiarly known to everyone, not only in the state in which he lived, but among his many friends in eastern cities, St. Louis, Washington and New York, where his business interests were mostly centered.

Judge Carter was a Virginian, born April 15th, 1818, on an old family plantation known as Pittsylvania, near Alexandria. In his boyhood days he learned, along with his readin', writin', and 'rithmetic, all the things that needed doing about his home. But whatever these things may have been, his greatest ambition was for education, and more education. He craved college education and spent all his spare time in study. By the time he was seventeen he was ready for college, but his own father had died when he was only seven and the step-father he later acquired either could not or would not assist him in his ambition.

In his disappointment he ran away from home and went to Front Royal and then to Centerville, Virginia, from which place he appealed for funds from his great uncle, one W. H. Foote, who was the owner of a fine estate adjoining Mount Vernon. At Centerville he continued his studies and taught school until July first, 1836, when at Warrenton, Virginia, he enlisted in the army and, with other troops, was ordered to Florida where the Seminole Indian War was in progress. After about a year he was released from the army and was at once appointed sutler at Saint Augustine. He operated stores, also, in Georgia and Tennessee, and six years later he sold his various interests, at the urging of his Uncle Foote, and returned to Virginia, where he confidently expected to take up his work on the Virginia estate as Foote's heir. But, as sometimes happens, the old man had changed his mind and now William must make other plans.

William's next move was to Columbia, Missouri, taking with him his two brothers. On their nearby farm the brothers carried on their farming operations. Early in 1857 William was summoned to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, by General W. S. Harney, a warm friend of Seminole Indian days, who proposed to William that he accept an appointment as sutler at one of the three proposed frontier military posts to be established in Utah Territory. The offer was at once accepted and in September, 1857, William was on his way west with the troops under the command of Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston. After the terrible experiences of a three months' trip across the plains in bitter winter weather, he, with his brother Richard and the others in his party, pulled into the site of what was to be his home for the balance of his days.

To drop a man down in the center of a Government Reservation, twenty-five miles square in those days, and say to him "the job is yours, go to it," was enough to discourage

the stoutest heart. But not Judge Carter. He at once set about building his store in which to carry on his business, and a house as a home for his family. He, as well as the army, needed building stone, so he located a limestone outcropping west of the reservation and set a crew of men to work opening up a quarry. A lime kiln followed, and shortly a nearby vein of bituminous coal was discovered and mined.

The army must have meat, and hay, and lumber, and wood to burn, and grain for the mules and other animals. William bought cattle, built a slaughter house and established a butcher shop. He had suitable meadow land fenced and irrigated and put up stacks of hay sufficient to supply his own and the army's requirements. He sent crews of men into the Uinta Mountains some thirty miles to the south to cut, and stack on the banks of Black's Fork, hundreds of cords of wood to be floated down to the post when the ice in the stream broke up in the early spring. Subsequently he bought saw mill machinery in the east and established three saw mills in those same Uinta Mountains. One of the mills was equipped to turn out shingles.

Sufficient acreages of land were plowed and sown to oats and wheat to furnish grains to the Government troops, to freighting companies, to the Pony Express, and for his own use.

One is appalled at the man's multiple activities. While all this building and farm work was in progress the business of storekeeping must be carried on; the needed stocks of merchandise ordered from the east and to be shipped by rail to Atchison, Kansas, and from there by ox teams to the new store at Fort Bridger. He was postmaster, justice of the peace, president of the council, district judge, paymaster to the Government troops at the post, and banker and custodian of personal funds of soldiers and officers. And evidently he took on any other responsible job he was invited to assume.

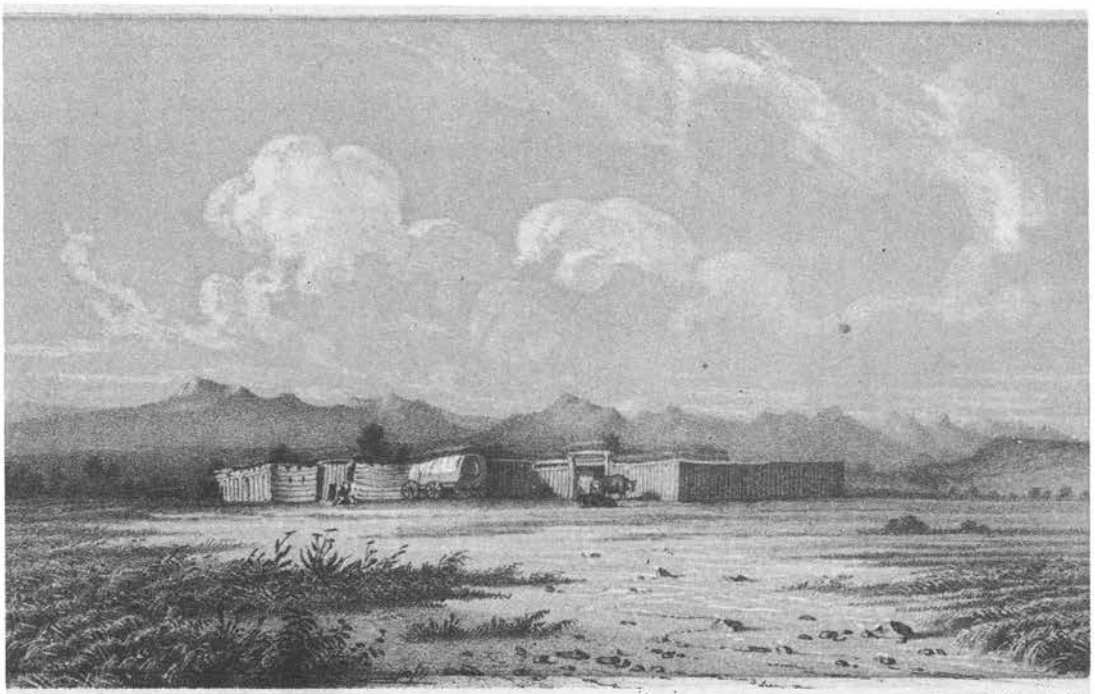
By February, 1859, William could no longer stand the enforced separation from his family, and on the 8th of that month he returned to his Missouri home. Having completed the purchase, in St. Louis, of some ninety thousand dollars worth of all sorts of goods required for his store, he chartered a stage coach for the return trip and brought with him Mary Eliza, his wife, and their two daughters for their first crossing of the plains. Great herds of buffaloes were encountered on the way in those far days and Indian attacks upon stage stations were a constant menace. Many such trips were made by the Judge and members of his family, in after years, but always in the company of freight outfits or with troops.

How well I remember all the exciting life at Fort Bridger when the troops were stationed there: card parties, dances, picnics, amateur shows, the coming and going of high ranking officers as well as railroad officials and prominent scientists. And how different the life was when the old post was finally abandoned in 1890. The proud old flag came down, the Army band played to the marching of feet to the railroad, and Fort Bridger was left to its own thoughts. Memorable events, many of the old timers, had passed and were passing.

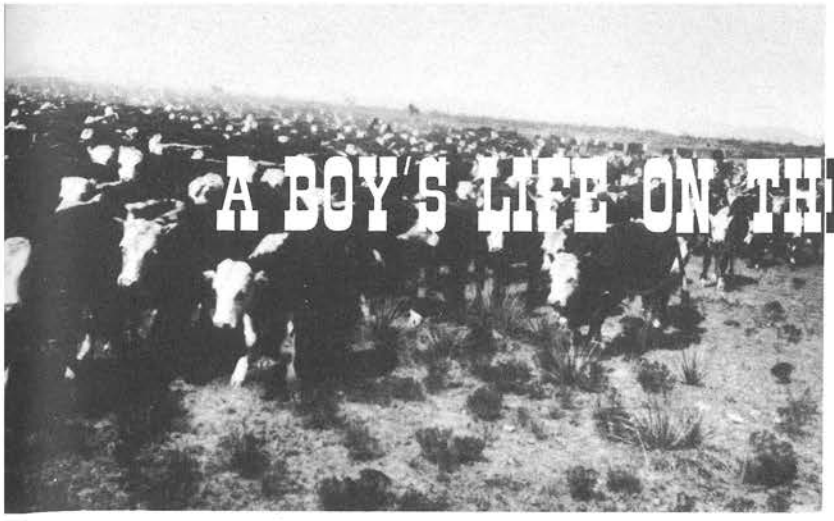
JUDGE CARTER AND OLD FORT BRIDGER

Automobiles, paved roads, motels and other evidences of a new era have usurped the places once occupied by an entirely different sort of life. Bullwhacker, muleskinner, wagon master, post trader, sutler, are words that have slipped into the past along with the early pioneers whose callings the words designated.

Memory has a way of reviving the thoughts of old timers who are thus carried back, in spirit, to the days that were yesterdays. For the privilege of reliving, if only in memory, the life we once knew and of which we were a part, we give thanks to God.



FORT BRIDGER, BLACK'S FORK OF GREEN RIVER



A BOY'S LIFE ON THE BELL RANCH
NEW MEXICO

By MARION A. SPEER

FOR 18 YEARS BEFORE MARRIAGE my father, George T. Speer, was a cowboy. I do not know how many trail herds he helped to drive north out of Texas. I am certain he worked 24 herds. I remember him telling of taking a herd to Caldwell, South Haven, Hunnywell, Ellsworth and Dodge City, all in Kansas. He often returned to another herd, to take some homesick boy's place and help finish the drive. Thus in some years he worked two herds. He made two drives to Wyoming and one to Montana. He met my mother, Minnie Bell Yoachum, at Dodge City. Her parents had a small hotel and furniture store there. He and mother were married on March 4, 1884. They took up a homestead near Sedan, Kansas, and lived in a dug-out made in the north side of a canyon.

I, their first child, was born in that dug-out, January 2, 1885. A brother and playmate arrived on January 8, 1887. By this time father had become disgusted with trying to be a dirt farmer. Prairie fires, droughts, and pests made life tough, with plenty of hard work thrown in. He longed to be back in the range country with cattle and cowboys. In March of 1887, he arrived over the Fort Worth and Denver railroad at Clayton, New Mexico, with his small family. It is here that my part of this story really gets started. We shall forget all about the present day status of the Bell ranch, for it is no more. We shall know it only as I remember it in 1887, '88, '89 and '90.

Clayton is a famous place to me. It is there I remember eating my first flapjacks. We ate in a Mexican restaurant near the depot. Father was on his way back to the Bell ranch where he was known and where he already had a job. He hired a Mexican with a wagon and four horses to move us and our trappings to the Bell ranch. There were slush, snow, mud, and swollen creeks to contend with. The second night out a March blizzard swept across the land. We had reached the tumbled-down ruins of the old Hatchet ranch. It was dark and miserable. Here I remember seeing my first drifting and bawling cattle going south with the cold wind.

We found protection for ourselves and the horses. Father and the Mexican saw to our comfort as best they could. However, in the morning the weather was still, clear and cold. The next day we reached a ranch of some Spanish people. They were friends of our Mexican teamster. We spent several days there while the weather got settled and the trails dried up some. It is here at this ranch I had my first introduction to Spanish hospitality. These Spanish people could not seem to do enough for us. The room we had was white-washed inside. We cooked in a fireplace, oval in shape, built in one corner of this room.

This was the first one of the kind I had seen, but they were in general use by Spanish people in New Mexico at that time. To me my new experiences of this world were getting bigger every day. I received many new impressions that linger with me to this day.

Once again we were on the road. We crossed over a low range of mountains. These were covered with cedar and the scent was new. Did you ever smell burning cedar? We stopped for our noon meal and our campfire was made of cedar wood. The smell of that burning cedar and the baking of sourdough biscuits in the Dutch oven has stayed with me all these years. We all walked through these mountains to help out the teams. Father had a rope tied to the wagon. This he would use to keep the wagon from upsetting and rolling down the hillside. In the afternoon we reached a ranch owned by a Mr. Frankenthal, an Englishman and a bachelor. Frankenthal was a friend of father's and he agreed to take care of us while father went on to the Bell ranch to prepare a place for us. Father paid the Mexican, who returned to Clayton.

To celebrate our being at the Frankenthal ranch a dance was given. I remember for the first time seeing cowboys take off their guns and pile them on a bed. I went to sleep but on awakening in the morning the dance was still going strong. There were only three women, one of them my mother.

Frankenthal had a couple working for him, Jim Milam and Mrs. Milam. She was cook and housekeeper while he did regular ranch work. They had a pretty girl about my age. I had a black-headed china doll that meant everything in the world to me. When we left, mother gave the little girl my doll. Mother told me that I was a boy and did not need the doll, that the little girl would enjoy it very much. Losing that doll was the first tragedy of my life. Now at 65 I would give a lot to have that doll.

Upon father's instructions we left the Frankenthal ranch and went to the Tom Pridmore ranch. This ranch was 15 miles west of the Frankenthal ranch and north of the Bell ranch. Tom Pridmore had two boys, 14 and 16, well trained in the use of guns. They never left the ranch without them. Again I score a first. One day we children and our mothers watched a prairie wolf hamstring a fat steer, eat what it could and then leave. When the men came in, they put the poor critter out of its misery. These prairie wolves gave the cattle-men of New Mexico plenty of trouble.

At long last father came after us. He had built two tent houses north of the Canadian river and opposite the home of Wilson Waddingham, owner and manager of the Bell ranch. Wilson Waddingham had bought two Spanish grants, Pablo Montoga and Baca Location No. 2, of 719,000 acres of land in all. Upon this land the Bell ranch was established in 1872. The headquarters or home ranch started then has always been headquarters. It is this home ranch that I remember so well. They had a store there and a post office, still known and in use as Bell Ranch, New Mexico.

Wilson Waddingham had ambitious plans for a productive farm on the ranch and proceeded to make them come true. Father was in charge of a large force of Mexicans

clearing the river bottom lands of mesquite and rocks. Others were building a dam, ditches, and flumes to take water from the Canadian river onto the land. All went well until floods came down from the mountains and with them went the ambitions of Wilson Waddingham. Lumber from the Bell ranch was picked up as far as 200 miles down the river. With the washing out of the irrigation works, father's job as foreman of this work ended. He was given a new job as a fence and bog rider and we moved over near Liberty. More about this later.

We lived in tents north of the river and the Waddinghams lived south of the river. Their home was a lovely place built of native stone. Farm headquarters was on the south side of the river, where it made a long bend northward. Andy Suiter, a Scotchman, was in charge of farm operations and engineer in charge of development.

While father looked after his work, life was interesting for mother and her two boys, especially for me. We often went out to hunt for Indian arrowheads. We found many of them and they can be seen today in our museum. Cowboys would stop for a visit and have a look at us, the only two white children on the ranch and a novelty in that country. Their work was on the range. They had to look after the welfare of 22,000 cattle, exclusive of calves. There were no less than 1000 horses on the ranch at that time. Many times I had the rare privilege of going out with the cowboys. Surely I would be a cowboy as soon as I could saddle a horse. I remember some of their names. John Bell, Lige and Joe Wriston, brothers, Billy Wilson, Dow Harmon, Dan McCrone and Lon Bousley. John Bell had a small herd of his own that he ran on the Bell range. He had some feed lots near the farm headquarters. It is here that I saw the finest beef the world has known.

We often went across the river to visit the Waddinghams. Waddingham was a tall man with snow white hair. He walked erect and fast. Mrs. Waddingham was an artist and her work was recognized as among the best of the time. She was then doing a painting, to enter at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, called "Innocence." It was of a small child in the nude chasing a butterfly among honeysuckle blossoms. I don't know how she came out at the fair, for we left in 1890.

We had our hunting and fishing. The men would seine the river and we had all the channel cat fish we wanted. We would go north of the river to the rough and broken country, gather mustang grapes and wild plums. Whenever we wanted deer or antelope we just went out and got one, for there was enough for all. Coyotes were numerous. I have seen them sit on their haunches and watch us as we would drive by in a wagon. But, let a rider come along on a horse, and they were gone.

I remember the Mexicans on the Bell ranch as a happy-go-lucky lot. There was a village of them on the ranch when Wilson Waddingham bought the two grants. The new owners made no attempt to move them off, just let them stay and live by their own methods. They were always anxious to help mother in any way they could. I remember two of them to this day. Cruize Voka and Cruize Lasar. (This may not be the right spelling of their names.) They all smoked cigarettes. Never before or since have I seen cigarettes

lighted the way they did. They always had with them a small piece of flint rock, a piece of steel, and a small rag. They would strike the flint with the steel, set fire to the rag, then light their cigarette. It is a long way from that to the present method with many types of fancy gadgets. Do any of you remember seeing this done?

There was fun and there were heartaches. Father had a single-shot rifle, 50-70 in calibre, and a big heavy contraption for a gun. One morning after a light snow he wanted to get some deer meat. He went north to the low hills where plenty of deer ranged. On the way he went through a patch of chinaberry bushes loaded with berries. He was gone about an hour and seeing no deer decided to return to camp. On reaching the chinaberry bushes he discovered that a bear had been through them eating berries. He looked for Mr. Bruin but saw nothing but his tracks. Father got nervous and decided he had better get out and get he did. He started to run and it did not take him long to reach camp. He had lost his hat and was wet with sweat and completely fagged out. All this from seeing nothing other than the tracks of an innocent bear in quest of food the same as father. To the day of his death father would disappear when you started to tell this story.

One day early in 1889, a cowboy brought in a crazy man he found out on the range. He was bareheaded, barefooted, his clothes in tatters. His feet were full of mesquite thorns and cactus. Some of these were festering and he was in a terrible condition for a live human being. They went to work on him as people of the frontier do. Mother helped to clean him up. She pulled thorns from his feet and fed him hot food which he gulped down without chewing. The next day Wilson Waddingham sent two men with him in a wagon to Las Vegas. No more was ever heard of him.

While at this camp I rode stick horses, sometimes using mother's broom for my bronco, which I would lose and get a spanking for doing so. Next day I would do the same thing over again. I don't wonder mothers grow grey. I had a small lariat. I practiced on everything I could find. Cowboys would take me for a ride with them. Naturally I longed for the day when I would have a saddle of my own, a string of lively horses, a saddle gun, a sixshooter, and a belt full of bright shiny brass cartridges. Too, I would have a John B. Stetson hat. There would be a sack of Bull Durham in my shirt pocket with the round white tag hanging down for all to see. My four-year-old dreams of that day are still fresh in my mind. All too soon we had to move to our new home near Liberty.

Soon after barbed wire came into general use the Bell ranch enclosed their two grants with a wire fence. This fence was 143 miles around. That was some fence-building job. Much of it was through rough country, over hills and across creeks. It took constant work and patroling to keep this fence in repair. To the southeast section of this fence located near Liberty, father went to his new job of riding fence and bog. We moved to a cabin, or should I say house, across Terra Blanca Creek a mile northeast of Liberty. It was outside of the Bell fence, a half mile south. It had two rooms with a covered driveway between. Under this shelter father kept his new Studebaker wagon. This house was built of cedar

poles set upright in the ground. The bark was peeled off on the inside and mother spent many hours cleaning these bright smooth poles. Dirt floors and a dirt roof completed our home. It looked rough on the outside but was neat and clean on the inside. I helped mother to put this home in order while father went to the small cow town of Amarillo, Texas, to get his new Studebaker wagon. It is here I entered into a new angle of ranch life at Bell's.

The McCrone family *was* Liberty. They had a small store there, and the post office, of which McCrone was postmaster. There was a saloon or two. In these visitors could get meals of a kind. The McCrones had three grown boys. Each of these had his own brand and a small herd of cattle. Our next neighbors were at old Fort Bascom, north of us and on the Canadian river. Fort Bascom was in fair condition at this time. I remember seeing in one room a lot of army guns, saddles, harness and many other items used in frontier army forts. I often wonder now what happened to all of this material. Nine bodies of soldiers were removed from the burial plot while we lived at Liberty. Our next neighbors were the Thomas family, who lived near the north base of Mt. Tucumcari. A Mexican, with a band of goats, lived on the south side of Tucumcari. One day we gathered at the Thomas ranch and went to the top of Mt. Tucumcari. I was so impressed with that wonderful view that it has lived with me to this day, 61 years later. I could see cattle, horses, antelope, whirlwinds and dust pointing skyward and in the distance a lone rider loping across the plain.

As at the farm I roamed this country at will, many times going beyond the safety of mother's protection. I had a chance to see and learn many things, which I did. Somewhere south of that New Mexico home are some small caves in cliffs along the Terra Blanca. In these caves I had a complete store stocked with empty cans. These I had filled with rocks, my make-believe goods. I had tomatoes, corn, milk, fruits, tobacco and dry beans. I gathered all the empty cartridges I could find to make my stock of ammunition complete. My apparent customers were bobwhite quail, antelope, badgers, and some puppy coyotes. One day a cowboy brought me a sack full of empty whisky bottles. These I threw away, for Wilson Waddingham did not tolerate drinking or gambling on the ranch.

My most thrilling experience while living here on the Terra Blanca was being taken along with a herd of 3500 fat steers, fall beef crop of the Bell ranch, which were being trailed to Clayton. This herd of steers was the pride of Wilson Waddingham. He wanted this herd of fat steers to be the envy of other shippers. This was in the fall of 1889. They were loaded on cars of the Colorado and Southern for the Chicago market. I rode with the cook and I watched him prepare camp, cook his meals, using iron kettles and Dutch ovens. I ate just as much as any hardriding cowboy. I tried to imitate him in all that he did, for surely some day I would be big and have all the things that went into the life of a cowboy. Father had a cutting horse that he called "Bill" which he enjoyed showing off. He would take off the bridle and Bill would do the work just as well. However, I saw plenty of horses that would do the same. This interesting trip with Bell ranch steers took two weeks. When the steers were loaded and on the way to Chicago, the boys with others

in Clayton had a lot of cowboy fun. Some got tight, went to the hardware store, bought cartridges, went out in the street and used them up, I guess just to hear them pop. I learned more about cowboys, cattle and how to handle them in these two weeks than one can learn in a lifetime sitting by a radio.

We had a lot of cowboy visitors there at our home on the Terra Blanca near Liberty. I do not remember the names of many of them. I do remember Charles Siringo, known then as the "cowboy detective." He and father rode line together for the LX. I heard them tell the story of Billy the Kid and others so many times that I could tell a good story myself. Charles Siringo had taken part in his first capture while hunting for stolen cattle from the LX. Jim East, sheriff and peace officer of Tascosa, Texas, came to visit father and his family. This wild and rough cow town was located on the north side of the Canadian river, down from the Bell ranch. It was a rendezvous for cowboys and cattle. Black Jack (Tom) Ketchum, who later worked for the Bell ranch, stopped by one day and mother fixed him something to eat, for which he paid her well. History tells us of his outlaw life and of his being hung at Clayton, New Mexico, not many years after I had seen him at our home.

Indee, east of Mt. Tucumcari and at the west base of the escarpment before climbing up on Billy Dodson's Llano Estacado, was a hard and tough place. I remember only two or three small adobe buildings but the spot had a wide reputation for outlaws. Many Bell horses had been disappearing. Word came that these had been seen near Indee along with some of the private stock of the cowboys. A bunch of the boys went over to Indee to do something about this, including father. A fight took place and three men were killed. Who they were and to which side they belonged, I do not know. I do know that they went back the next day in the new Studebaker wagon and buried them on a low hill just west of Indee. I went along on this part of the fracas. I was learning the ways of the west and learning them fast by seeing events of this nature take place.

Father had once worked for John Chisum. He drove a freight wagon between the Chisum ranch and Las Vegas at the time the Santa Fe railroad had reached this New Mexico town. Father wanted to visit the ranch and some of the boys he knew there. As a sort of a vacation he loaded his family in the new Studebaker wagon and to the Chisum ranch we went. We stopped two days at old Fort Sumner. Events of Billy the Kid were still fresh and plenty hot. About all the people I saw at Fort Sumner were Mexicans. The Maxwell house, where Billy the Kid was killed, was still standing. East of the parade ground was the cemetery. Of course not even then would one go to Fort Sumner without a visit to that cemetery. I remember the grave of Billy the Kid and two of his pals, all killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett. The other two graves were those of Henry Bowdry and Tom O'Fallord. These young men and others of the west sought adventure, excitement and they reaped its full measure. Father helped to make the box that Billy was buried in and I have a watch that father got from him in 1880 in a horse trade. This horse trade took place at Tascosa, Texas, when Billy paid that cow town a visit.

ON BELL RANCH

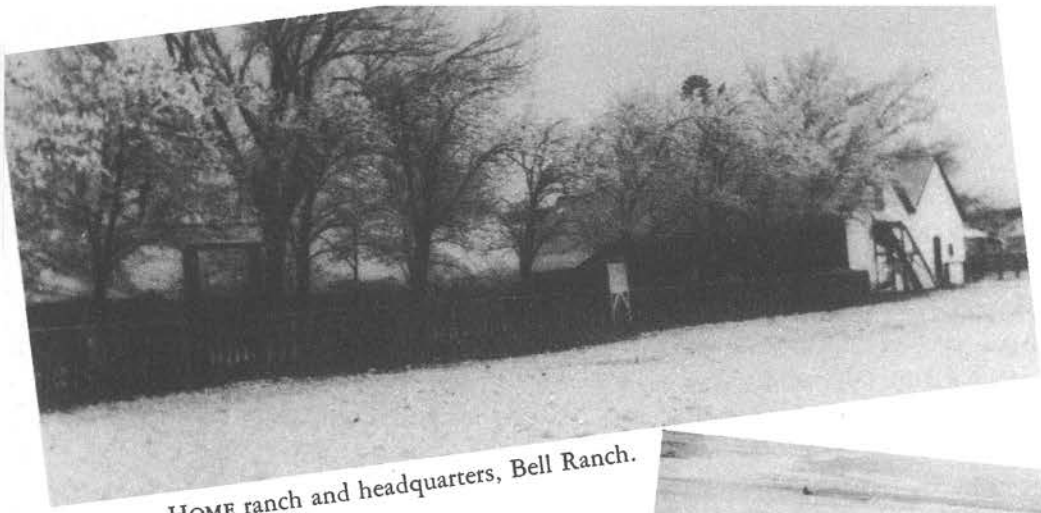
From the Chisum ranch father took us up into the hills to have a look at Lincoln, New Mexico. This same Lincoln was the center of the Lincoln County War. The court house and jail were there on the south side of the road. It was here that Billy the Kid escaped after killing his two guards, Bell and Olinger. There was the hole in the wall at the foot of the stairs made by the bullet that killed Bell. This building was once the store of Murphy and Dolan, leaders in one faction of the Lincoln County War. I have in the museum some bullets mother and I picked up there one day after a rain storm. Our trip here was made in the fall of 1889. About all that I remember of Fort Stanton was its stone buildings and Negro soldiers.

Back at Liberty again, Wilson Waddingham sent father to Las Vegas after a load of freight that included some Christmas goods. Brother and I were taken along. As I remember, it was a hundred miles from the Bell ranch to Las Vegas. I enjoyed it all as much as a boy nearing five could. I gathered wood for camp, carried water, helped with the horses and learned how to use a Dutch oven. This was our last winter at Liberty and the Bell ranch. Father was making ready for our overland trip to Montague county, Texas. Grandfather Speer had 1000 acres of Montague county land, on Denton and Dye creeks, which he had bought for fifty cents an acre. He had asked father to come here to make his home, help him clear the land of post oak and black jack timber, make rails for fences and farm the land.

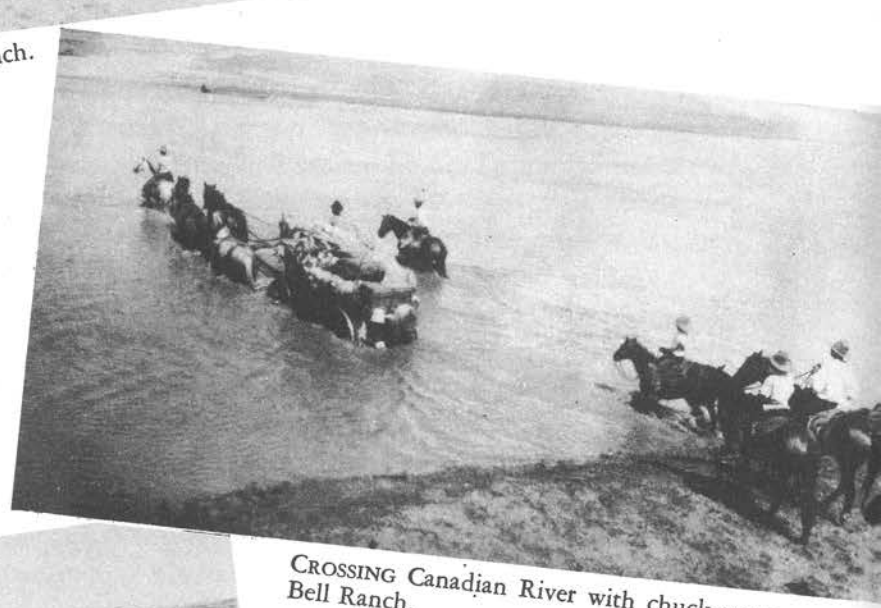
Father built a mess box in the tail end of the Studebaker wagon. It was early summer before all was ready for our departure from the Bell ranch and New Mexico, the summer of 1890. We bid the McCrones at Liberty goodbye and made the Thomas ranch at Mt. Tucumcari the first day on the road. Next morning we waved the Thomas family a last farewell. We went on out by way of Indee, stopping to have a last look at the three graves on top of the low hill. Badgers had dug some holes down into them. Leaving Indee we were in the rough, hilly country or escarpment west of the Llano Estacado or staked plains of the Panhandle of Texas. As we drove up through this rough escarpment we gathered all the wood we could haul for use on the plains for there was no firewood of any kind, excepting buffalo and cow chips. Once upon the plains our trail led east across the Panhandle to Washburn, Texas, located on the Fort Worth and Denver railroad.

I shall never forget that covered wagon drive across the Panhandle of Texas. Should I make this trip today, I would think of Billy Dodson and his men of the Llano Estacado. Not a fence, not a thing to bother us and not a human being did we see. This was in the early summer of 1890. Antelope by the hundreds were seen, some coyotes, birds of many kinds, especially plover. Water was plentiful in small pools or in low twisting swales. The dark green grass was knee-high, waving in a gentle breeze, showing a beautiful sheen as it waved to and fro. All life was gay, happy and frisky.

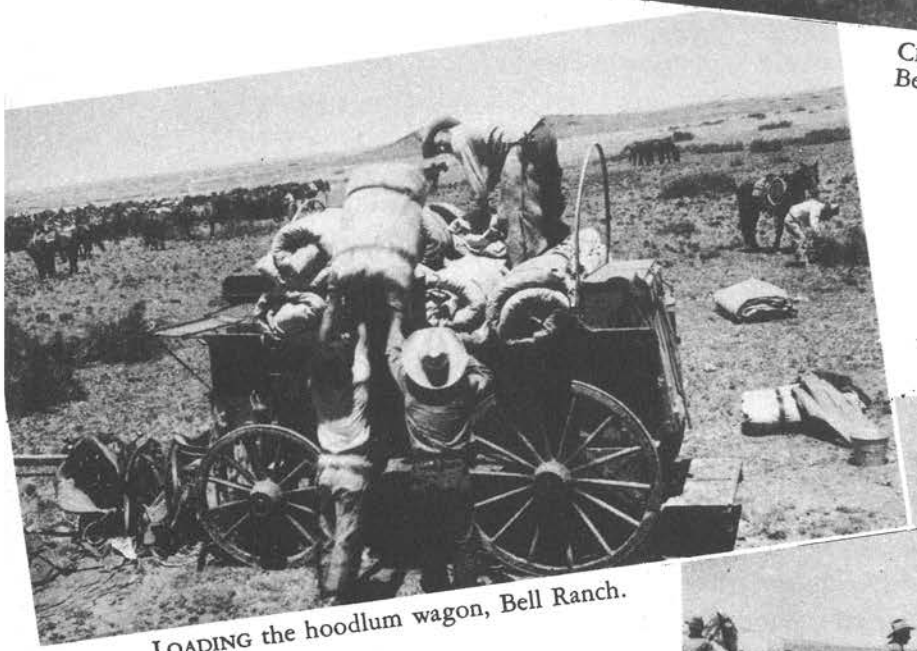
So goes my story of a boy's life on the old Bell ranch and my introduction to the life of a cowboy.



HOME ranch and headquarters, Bell Ranch.

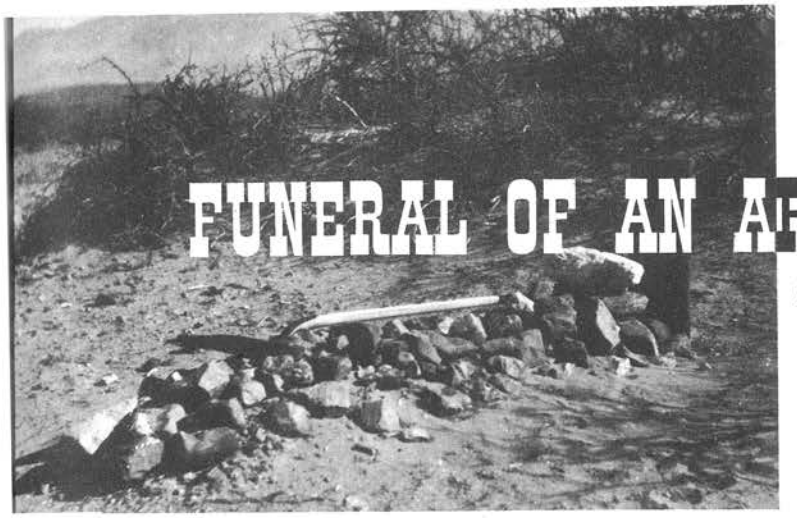


CROSSING Canadian River with chuck wagon, Bell Ranch.



LOADING the hoodlum wagon, Bell Ranch.

MOVING CAMP and loading the Bell Ranch chuck wagon.



FUNERAL OF AN ARIZONA COWBOY

By EARLE R. FORREST

ONE DAY IN AUGUST, 1904, BABBITT'S CO Bar chuck wagon drove into Flagstaff, followed by a dozen cowboys—the regular CO Bar hands and several "reps" from other outfits who had been with us. We had been out for nearly six weeks branding calves and looking for "sleepers" and strays west and south of the San Francisco Mountains. We turned into Babbitt's corral just across the road from their log livery stable that stood on the edge of town in those days. That road has long since become a street. The corral was only a block from Babbitt Brothers' brick building, the largest in town, in which was their department store, the largest in northern Arizona.

Flagstaff in those days was a little cowtown, with sheep and lumber added; but it was the largest north of Prescott, and many of the citizens spoke of it as a "city." But regardless of the "city" angle it was still a typical cowtown of Old Arizona, with a population somewhere between twelve and fifteen hundred whites and Mexicans, two Negroes, a dozen or so Chinamen, two or three Japs, five saloons and gambling halls—enough to collect all of the loose money from cowboys, lumber-jacks and workers in Riordan's lumber mill.

As the wagon stopped in the center of the corral Bill Babbitt, range manager of the CO Bar, rode in. His face had a serious, kind of stricken expression as I remember, and we knew at once that something was wrong. Bill usually had a cheery smile when he greeted us.

He dismounted and quietly said, "Boys, 'Old Bill' died yesterday in the hospital. He got sick up at the ranch and I brought him down; but the doctor said he didn't have a chance. It was typhoid pneumonia." The typhoid was bad enough, but in that high altitude pneumonia was more often fatal than not.

Bill Townsend, born in Missouri, had been a cowboy all his life. In the early days he had driven cattle over the trails from Texas to the Kansas shipping towns—Abilene, Ellsworth, Dodge City. He had worked for Bill Babbitt on his ranch somewhere in Oklahoma, south of Dodge City; and Bill brought him to Arizona that spring of 1904. Early in April, Babbitt had abandoned Fort Rickerson in the Fort Valley, and moved to the old Bucklar Ranch on Hart Prairie, far up on the western slope of the San Francisco Mountains. The home ranch for the summer was established there and Townsend was put in charge. He seldom went out with the wagon, but remained at the ranch, riding the mountain.

He was just fifty-six, and had an old mother living back in Oklahoma; but to us young punchers he seemed like an old man, and so we called him "Old Bill." But he

FUNERAL OF AN had *lived* during those fifty-six years. He knew cattle from their horns to their tails, but like many another old-time puncher his "gatherings" of fifty-six years were limited to his bed-roll, saddle, Navajo saddle blanket, boots, spurs, chaps, gun, Stetson, the clothes on his back, and some extra shirts and socks in his war bag.

"He's at the undertaker's now," Bill Babbitt continued. "Tomorrow I'm taking him back to his mother in Oklahoma. I thought maybe you'd all like to go and see him."

Yes, we all did want to see him and pay our last respects. And with Bill Babbitt in the lead we crossed the road to the undertaker's little shop.

The undertaker's "funeral home" wasn't much; but it answered the purpose for the Flagstaff of those long ago days—a one-story building of two rooms beside Babbitt's log livery stable. It was built of sheeting boards laid up and down with the cracks stripped, and topped off with the usual false front that such buildings sported in those days. When I was in Flagstaff many years later it had vanished along with the livery stable and the corral. It stood just back of the present Monte Vista Hotel.

When I look back, in memory on that scene I often think that we must have been a pretty tough looking bunch of cowpunchers as we trailed behind Bill Babbitt into the undertaker's front room which was his office. Not a man in the outfit had shaved for weeks and we were all badly in need of a hair cut. Covered with trail dust and dressed in our working clothes just as we had come in from the range, we must have been picturesque looking, too, in our high-heeled boots and spurs and Stetsons; some wearing chaps with wide flaps, some with fringe down the outside, and one or two wore jumpers; but most of us were without coats or jumpers. Some had not even thought to leave their guns at the wagon. Yes, we were a pretty hard looking gang all right, but I think "Old Bill" would have wanted us that way, just as we were on the range, for we were the boys he had known and worked with.

The undertaker, I have long forgotten his name if I ever knew it, was sitting in a straight chair cast out of some barroom, tilted back with his feet on a ramshackle table that served as a desk. His long, drooping mustache was stained with tobacco, and a big Stetson was pushed back on his head. He was dressed in a blue flannel shirt, buttoned at the neck but without a necktie, and black broadcloth pants (that was before they were called trousers) were stuffed into high-heeled cowboy boots. Bill Babbitt was the only man in the outfit with a necktie and coat, but he wore a Stetson and high-heeled boots with his pants on the outside. Like all cattlemen of those days he wore boots on all occasions.

When Babbitt told the undertaker that we wanted to see "Old Bill" he unwound his feet from the table, got up and put on a black Prince Albert coat to add the proper dignity to the occasion, I suppose, and led us into the rear room which he called his workshop.

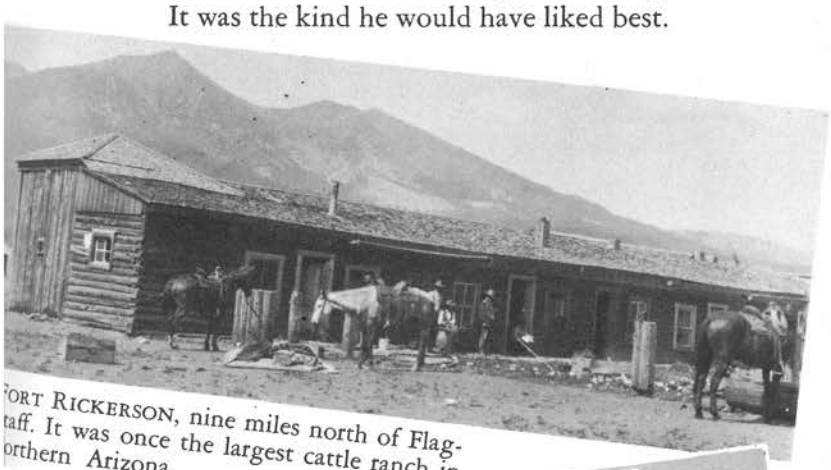
"Old Bill" was laid out on some rough boards supported by carpenter's horses; and as we gathered silently around this strange bier, our hats in our hands, we thought of the days we had spent at the ranch and riding the mountain with this oldtimer who

ARIZONA COWBOY was a cowboy before most of us were born. The undertaker had forgotten to remove his hat, but when he saw us holding ours he quickly took off his.

The strangeness of that scene in the little undertaking establishment did not strike me as unusual until later years. It seemed perfectly proper at the time for it was a part of old-time cattleland of those far away days when Flagstaff was still a cowtown and Arizona had not yet emerged from the frontier stage. I have often thought since then, what a scene that would make for some artist's brush—the undertaker standing at the head of the "bier" with those dusty, bearded cowboys just in from the range, gathered about with bowed heads to pay their last tribute of respect to a comrade who had gone to his "last roundup." Spurs jingled whenever anyone shifted his feet, a fitting requiem for "Old Bill," for he had heard this all his life and he could understand such music better than any other.

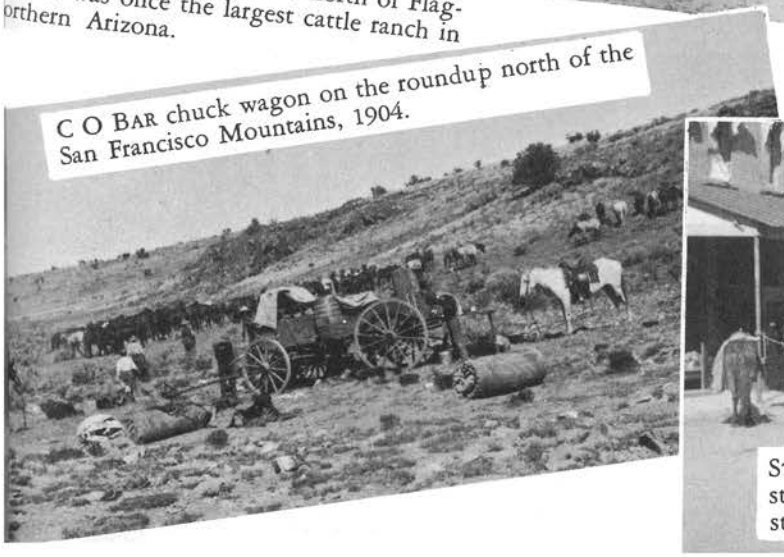
We stood in silence for a few minutes, each busy with his own thoughts. That was "Old Bill's" only funeral in Flagstaff, but I imagine that he approved as he looked down from another range. Then by common consent we turned and walked slowly out, our spurs jingling a dirge for our old comrade of the Arizona cattle range.

The next day Bill Babbitt took "Old Bill" back to his mother in Oklahoma where a regular funeral was held. But no other ceremony was more sincere than those few silent moments observed by the cowboy comrades with whom he had ridden the range. It was the kind he would have liked best.

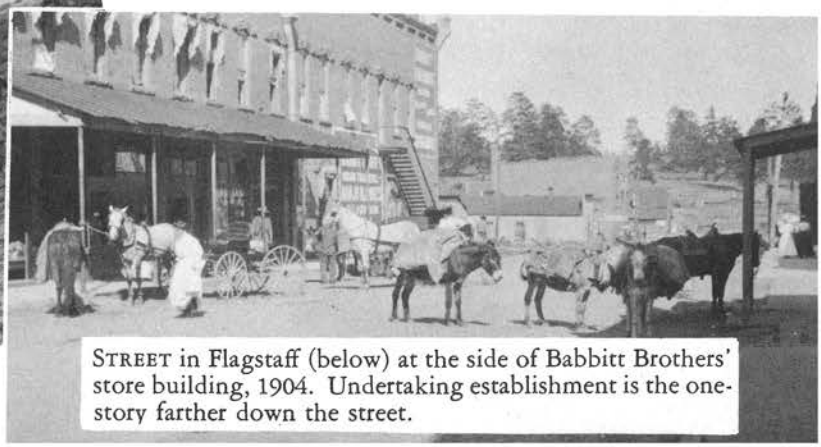


ORT RICKERSON, nine miles north of Flagtaff. It was once the largest cattle ranch in orthern Arizona.

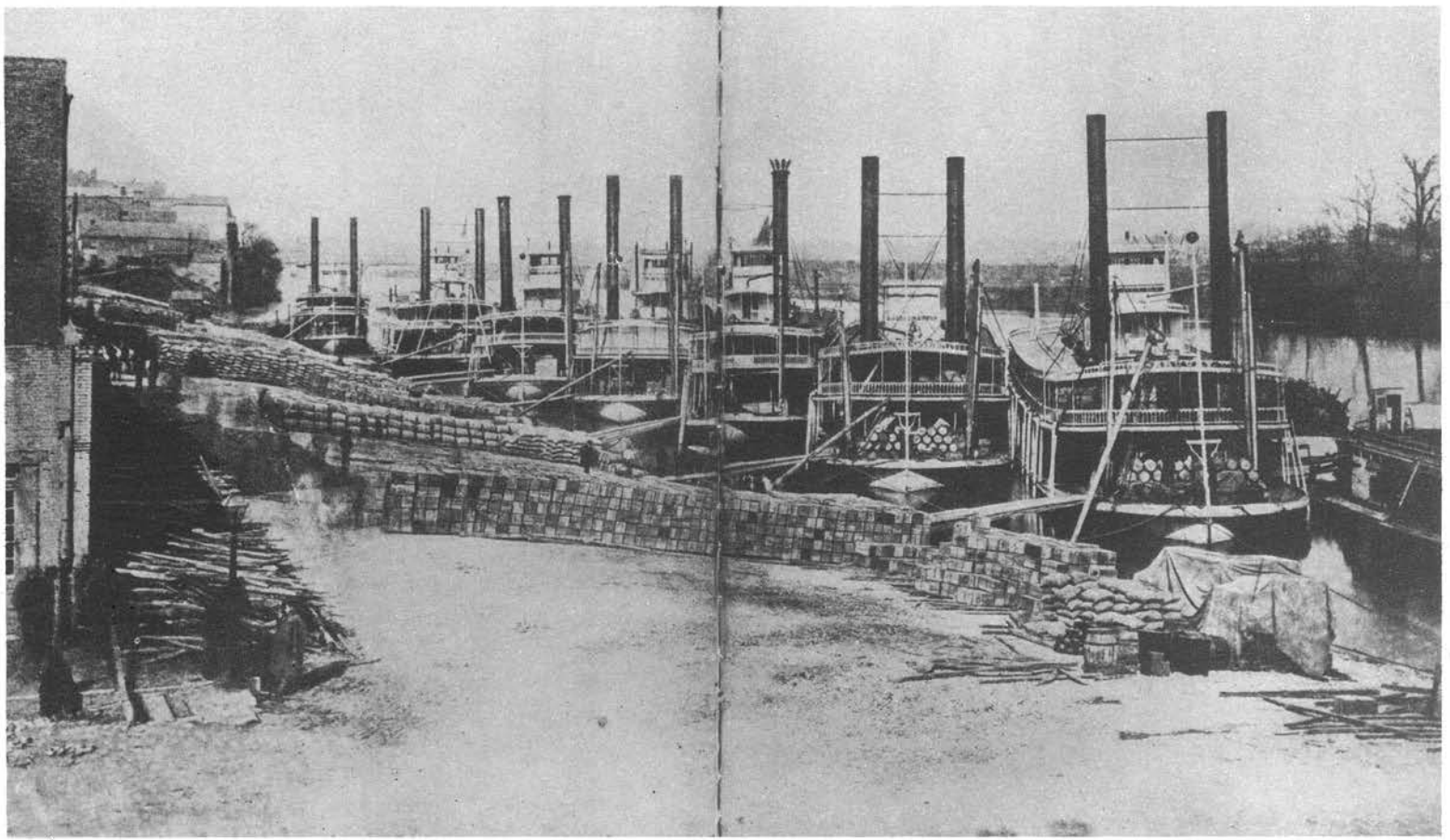
RUINS of the bunk and cook house at the old Bucklar Ranch on the Hart Prairie. Taken in 1926.



C O BAR chuck wagon on the roundup north of the San Francisco Mountains, 1904.

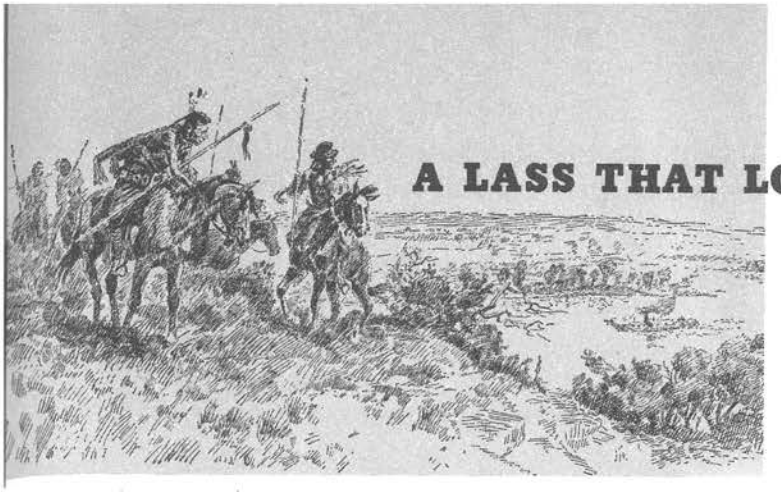


STREET in Flagstaff (below) at the side of Babbitt Brothers' store building, 1904. Undertaking establishment is the one-story farther down the street.



THE only known picture of the famous *Belle Peoria* is this Civil War scene, taken December 18, 1862. The Belle (second from the left, sixth from the right) is shown tied up at the Nashville wharf thirteen days before the battle opened around Murfreesboro, at which point Bragg was threatening Nashville. On the snow-covered wharf are piled barrels of whiskey (government issue, familiarily known as "Cincinnati rot-gut"). Roustabouts are rolling ashore barrels of sugar, molasses, and sacks of coffee. Thousands of barrels of flour are still to be unloaded. The boxes, in symmetrical piles, are government hard-tack, each box stenciled "Pilot bread from U. S. Government Bakery, Evansville, Ind." The boats, identifiable from left to right, are: the *Rob Roy*, the *Belle Peoria*, the *Irene*, the *Revenue*, the *Palestine*, the *Lizzie Martin*, and the *Mercury*. Most of the river vessels shown in this unique photograph were already famed as Ohio River racers.

—from *Photographic History of The Civil War*, Vol. 2, p. 162.



The White Man's Fire Boat.

A LASS THAT LOVED THE SOLDIERS: BELLE PEORIA

By JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

A paper delivered before the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners by Merrell A. Kitchen.

IT WAS A LUCKY BREAK FOR THE CAUSE of the Union that the outbreak of the Civil War, which was to determine whether that Union was to be preserved or permanently dissolved, occurred at a time when the steamboat industry on the rivers of the Mississippi watershed had just about reached its greatest development. In 1861, when the war began, about 2,000 vessels were registered on the Western waters.

While a good many of these boats, and perhaps an even larger proportion of captains, pilots, and other trained personnel, went with the southern Confederacy, the vast majority of both boats and boatmen remained in the service of the North. It is extremely doubtful whether, even supported by the many powerful ironclad gunboats turned out by northern shipyards, the Union armies could have successfully prosecuted their campaigns for the subjugation of the southern river states without the aid of the vast fleets of commercial transports which carried and supplied the armies on numberless occasions.

The stories of most of the commercial steamboats which operated on the Western waters in that fiery epoch have been completely ignored in history, though countless references to their work are buried in the labyrinths of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies and Navies. Many of them had stirring experiences not only in the Civil War itself, but before and after that conflict, and in regions as far removed from it as those of the Indian disturbances in the Northwest, and the gold rush to Montana.

Steamboats were never products of an assembly line, like diesel engines or railway cars. Each was as individual as a human being, with its own characteristics and its own unique career, notable or obscure, long or short. It is seldom possible to piece together today from surviving evidence more than a fragmentary chronicle of the wayfarings of any one of those brave old packets of eighty or more years ago. But enough can sometimes be salvaged to suggest in outline experiences various and rugged enough to satisfy any canons of adventure.

One such vessel referred to now and then in the official records above mentioned and a few other documents dating from those valorous days was a steamer lyrically christened *Belle Peoria*. She was a medium-sized packet constructed of good Pennsylvania lumber and Pittsburgh iron products which came on the stage at about the right time to play a modest part in the lurid drama of the War between the States. She was built in 1859

BELLE PEORIA at Pittsburgh[1] by the Duquesne Engine Works, owned and operated by the famous old boat-building firm of James Rees and Sons.[2] She was a side-wheeler 180 feet long by 32 feet in the beam, and was powered by engines having 15-inch cylinders with six-foot stroke, and two boilers.[3]

Only one picture of the *Belle Peoria*, to the writer's knowledge, exists today. It was made in 1862[4] and is not very detailed, as she appears near the far end of a long row of steamboats snubbed up at the levee of Nashville, Tenn. But it is enough to show that she was a graceful vessel, clean and well painted, having her pilot house mounted on a texas, which was not always the case with vessels of her modest size. Captain Way says[5] that her master was Captain Jim Clarke, but whether continuously or only during a certain period does not appear.

The *Belle Peoria*, sometimes referred to as *Peoria Belle*, was doubtless christened in honor of the Illinois city of that name, and she has been mentioned as a St. Louis packet,[6] but no evidence has been found as to where she operated before the outbreak of war in 1861. However, in December, 1862, she was evidently employed by the United States Army, as that was the month in which her picture was taken at Nashville, where she was helping with the transport of supplies for General Rosecrans' army before his advance on General Bragg's Confederate forces at Murfreesboro.

But she must have left Nashville hurriedly, because on December 22 she was at Memphis, Tenn., as one of the 59 transports which General Wm. T. Sherman was assembling there for an expedition against Vicksburg via the Yazoo River.[7] This was one of those military operations in the drowned lands of the upper Mississippi delta which, in view of the swampy nature of the country and its rudimentary roads, could not have been conducted without water-borne transportation backed by powerful naval support. In fact the story of the Civil War in the Mississippi delta is the story of the most extensive and prolonged amphibious operations ever carried on in the world prior to World War II.

Sherman's present operation called for the movement of the 13th Army Corps, 32,000 men with 60 guns, on the 59 transports convoyed by 12 ironclads of Rear-Admiral David D. Porter's Mississippi Squadron, 250 miles down the Mississippi and then 12 miles up the Yazoo River to a landing place only four miles northwest of Vicksburg. Here the troops were to disembark, deploy, and advance across a mucky island intersected by deep bayous until near enough to assault the Confederate entrenchments, strongly held

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1 Frederick Way, Jr., *Way's Steamboat Directory* (Sewickley, Pa., 1944), p. 17. Mr. Way states that the yard in which the *Belle Peoria* was actually built was at Monongahela, Pa.

2 *R. L. Polk & Co's. Marine Register* (Pittsburgh, Pa., 1899), p. 161.

3 Way, op. cit.

4 *Photographic History of the Civil War* (New York, 1911), Vol. II, p. 162. (Cited as *Photo. History.*)

5 Way, op. cit.

6 *Photo. History*, II, 162.

7 *Official Records, Union and Confederate Armies* (Cited as *O. R.*, all references being to Series I), Vol. 17, Pt. 1, p. 615.

by artillery and infantry, on the slopes and crest of the Chickasaw Bluffs extending north from Vicksburg.

Sherman's forces landed on December 26 and spent the next two days floundering, against bitter resistance, across the swamp and bayous to the base of the bluffs. There was only one pontoon train, under Capt. Janney, Engineer Corps, and this was carried, along with two companies of Indiana infantry, on the *Belle Peoria*. Incessant rains made the country even more of a quagmire than usual but, overcoming almost incredible difficulties, the troops got into position by the morning of the 29th, Capt. Jenney's pontoons providing the crossing of Chickasaw Bayou.[8]

The assault jumped off early in the afternoon, but it got nowhere against the withering cross-fire of between 15,000 and 20,000 Confederates from their works on the high ground. Smarting under a loss of nearly 1,800 men[9] the troops lay tight for a couple of days while "Uncle Billy" tried to figure some way to pry the rebels from their burrows and get up to the road on the plateau behind Vicksburg. While his efforts proceeded at the forward fringe of the swamp, the *Belle Peoria* and her consorts lay huddled back in the narrow channel of the Yazoo as Confederate sharpshooters sniped from the woods of the north bank at the steamboat crews on the unprotected decks, and occasional overs from enemy artillery on the hills plunged into the hulls or churned the water alongside. Around the bend a short way up river Porter's ironclads were duelling with the Confederate batteries at Drumgould's Bluff, trying to protect the crews of open small boats who were dragging for torpedoes (floating mines) in the channel under the enemy's guns.[10]

By January 1 even the resourceful Sherman had to give up a bad job and reembark his forces. Personally he directed Capt. Janney to leave damaged pontoons behind and use the bridge materiel wagons to salvage and bring back to the river some 200 boxes of artillery ammunition abandoned on the field.[11] This, then, made up the cargoes of the *Belle Peoria* and the ordnance boat, *General Anderson*, when they backed out of the Yazoo with the flotilla next day and headed once more up the Mississippi to a rendezvous, often used in those days, at Milliken's Bend.

The *Belle*, now well initiated in the ways of amphibious warfare, largely duplicated her performance at Chickasaw Bluffs a few days later when she carried troops of Gen. G. W. Morgan's division of the 13th Army Corps 50 miles up the Arkansas River on Gen. John A. McClernand's expedition against Arkansas Post, the key defense of the capital of Arkansas at Little Rock.[12] On a fleet of 69 transports, 10 more than had visited the Yazoo, but shepherded by Porter's same ironclads, 33,000 troops were transported to Notrib's Plantation, three miles below Fort Hindman, the main Confederate defensive

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[8] Ibid., p. 626.
[9] Ibid., p. 625.
[10] *Official Records, Union and Confederate Navies* (Cited as *O. R., Navy*), Ser. I, Vol. 23, pp. 573 ff.
[11] *O. R.*, 17, part 1, p. 626.
[12] *O. R.*, 17, part 2, p. 573.

work of Arkansas Post. Here, while the transports almost choked the stream with their swarming hulls, the army disembarked and on January 11, 1863, after a devastating bombardment by the gunboats, assaulted Fort Hindman and after several hours of hard fighting captured the work with 5,000 prisoners and 17 guns. This victory relieved Grant of the need for guarding against strongly based enemy attacks from west of the Mississippi when he laid close siege to Vicksburg a few months later. After razing Fort Hindman, the Union army returned to the Mississippi, as it had come, on the transports.

It was six months after the affair at Arkansas Post before the *Belle Peoria* again appeared in recorded history, and then in a region far removed from the scenes of her former activities. How she arrived there requires a little explanation. While the flames of the civil conflict raged through the Southern states, firebrands kindled from it set off minor conflagrations in the Northwestern wilderness. Encouraged by rumors of the desperate straits of the Federal government and of the weakness of the border settlements owing to the departure of volunteers to the South, in August, 1862, the Sioux Indians along the frontiers of Minnesota and Dakota broke out in fierce revolt. In the valley of the Minnesota River a thousand settlers, men, women and children, were massacred before the savages could be checked. They were then driven northwestward toward Devils Lake, but could not be pursued farther before winter set in.

During the cold season the Indians recruited their strength and by the spring of 1863 were ready to present a united opposition to any forces which might be sent against them. It was planned by the government that a column of 4,000 troops, mainly infantry, under Gen. H. H. Sibley, should start from Minnesota and drive the hostiles from the Devils Lake region toward the Missouri River, while another force under Gen. Alfred Sully should ascend that river and intercept their retreat westward.

Sibley moved as planned, and late in July defeated the Indians in three successive engagements on the prairies. But when he reached the Missouri not far below the present site of Bismarck, Sully had not arrived and the Indians escaped across the river. Sibley had to return to Minnesota, and the Indians recrossed and followed him at a respectful distance.

In the meantime Sully had met with delays and did not get started up river from Sioux City, Iowa, until June 20, when he moved out with about 4,000 troops, mostly cavalry. Sully was a renowned Indian fighter of the pre-war regular army, who had gained new laurels as a Union general in Virginia. He was familiar with the upper Missouri River country as far as Fort Pierre through having been an officer in Gen. Wm. S. Harney's expedition against the Sioux in 1855. That expedition had temporarily occupied the old fur trading post at Fort Pierre and then, in 1856, retired 200 miles and established Fort Randall as the most advanced army post on the river.[13]

In 1863, Sully, on leaving St. Louis, took along four steamboats to carry supplies.

[13] Major Fred T. Wilson, U. S. Army, "Old Fort Pierre and Its Neighbors," *South Dakota Historical Collections*, Vol. 1, pp. 288 ff. (Cited as S. D. H. C.)

His cavalry, when assembled at Sioux City, did its marching overland. The boats were the *Belle Peoria*, *Shreveport*, *Alone*, and one other, each carrying a guard of one company of the 30th Missouri Infantry.[14] The *Belle* probably became one of the number because she was already employed by the Government on the Mississippi.

The summer of 1863 proved the driest of record on the upper Missouri. After leaving Sioux City the boats spent half their time hung up on sandbars and did not reach the extensive bottom opposite the abandoned fur trading post of Fort LaFramboise until August 1. Here Sully had decided to establish his advanced supply base, 370 miles above Sioux City and 200 above Fort Randall. Owing to the low water the boats had been obliged to unload part of their cargoes at Crow Creek and then double-trip these goods to the destination.

It seems probable that Sully had selected the location for his base because he had known it in 1855-6, when some of Harney's troops had wintered there. It was a long, fertile valley of about 10,000 acres, lying between the river on one side and the prairie bluffs on the other. The general now accorded to his principal steamboat a permanent, if modest, place in the nomenclature of the Northwest by naming his base Camp Peoria, and the whole valley Peoria Bottom, by which name the latter is known to the present day.[15]

Sully got away from Camp Peoria on August 14 with his main column and marched a hundred miles up river to the mouth of the Little Cheyenne. Here he had to wait until the 19th for the *Belle Peoria* which brought his field rations for the march into the interior. His wagons having been loaded from the boat, he finally started out on the 21st, marching northeast up the Little Cheyenne to try to overtake Sibley.[16] In this, of course, he did not succeed, but, what was much more effective, he did intercept the principal body of the Indians on September 3 at White Stone Hill, where he routed them in a running fight and destroyed most of their camp equipage and winter supplies. It was quite a battle, for the frontier. Sully reported his loss as 20 killed and 38 wounded; the Indian losses as about 150.[17]

After three days devoted to the work of destruction the column started back and on the 11th at the mouth of the Little Cheyenne, Sully "found the steamboat" he had "ordered to be there";[18] presumably the *Belle Peoria*, once more loaded with rations, and grain which was sorely needed by the horses of the cavalry and wagon train, half starved on the sparse grass of the drought-stricken prairies. It also became possible to make the wounded more comfortable and to ship a number of the empty wagons back to Camp Peoria.

On getting back to the camp General Sully promptly vacated the latter, moving

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[14] George W. Kingsbury, *History of Dakota Territory* (Chicago, 1915), Vol. I, p. 288.
[15] Doane Robinson, *Encyclopedia of South Dakota* (Pierre, 1925), p. 581.
[16] Wilson, op. cit., p. 307.
[17] General Alfred H. Sully, reports and correspondence in "The War of the Outbreak, 1862-1865," *S. D. H. C.*, VIII, pp. 120-130.
[18] Ibid., p. 129.

troops and materials 18 miles down river to a point on the east bank within about three miles of the present State Capitol of South Dakota in the city of Pierre. Here the first Fort Sully was begun and enclosed before cold weather set in, and here the troops remained through the winter, while the steamboats left for the south before the river froze over. The general accompanied the boats to St. Louis, to direct preparations for another campaign in 1864, in which he hoped to finally subjugate the hostile Indians.

As early as possible in the spring of 1864 eight steamers loaded with supplies and some additional troops started up the Missouri. Besides carrying an infantry escort each boat was armed with two 6-pounder cannon. The *Belle Peoria* does not appear to have been a unit of this flotilla; but she went up river nevertheless on a commercial voyage and fell into the orbit of the Northwestern Indian Expedition later on, as will be shown.

The chartered vessels reached Fort Sully at the end of June and then accompanied Sully's force of 2,400 troops to the mouth of the Cannonball River 240 miles farther up, where Fort Rice was established as a base in the hostile territory.[19] Leaving a garrison there, Sully pushed west with 2,200 men, beset by drought, grasshoppers, and furnace-like heat, into the Badlands of the Little Missouri. Here on July 28 at Tahkahokety, or Killdeer Mountain, the expedition fought a pitched battle with probably the largest army of plains Indians ever brought to action; 1,600 lodges, or 6,000 warriors, according to Sully's estimate. After a severe struggle lasting nearly all day the Indians were totally defeated and widely scattered, and their camps and equipage destroyed. From the battlefield Sully's forces pushed on toward the Yellowstone which they reached, not without several more lively engagements, on August 12, exhausted and destitute of food for man or beast.[20]

On leaving Fort Rice, General Sully had ordered three steamboats loaded with provisions to meet the column at a specified point on the Yellowstone. The small steamers *Alone* and *Chippewa Falls* were there when he arrived, but the largest vessel, the *Island City*, had struck a snag when entering the mouth of the Yellowstone and sunk with a large hole in her bottom. This was a major disaster, as she carried most of the corn brought up for Sully's animals and barrelled pork for the troops, together with building materials for a fort to be erected on the Yellowstone. The cargo was a total loss, and the plan for the projected fort had to be abandoned, while the meager supplies on the two other boats were barely sufficient to keep troops and animals alive on their return march to Fort Rice which they reached on September 9.[21]

Meanwhile, insofar as we can reconstruct events from fragmentary evidence, the master of the *Belle Peoria* had yielded to the spell of Montana's golden sands and put his vessel into the rush of steamboats which in that spring of 1864 made the race of 2,285

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[19] Joseph Mills Hanson, *Conquest of the Missouri* (New York, 1946), p. 54.
[20] Sully, op. cit., pp. 360 ff.
[21] Ibid., pp. 318 seq.

miles from St. Louis to Fort Benton. In spite of the war there were plenty of adventurous spirits eager to reach the lately discovered El Dorado and the river provided the easiest and safest route for reaching there. The boats were crowded, and although few got clear through to their destination owing to shoal water or other obstacles, many came within a few hundred miles of it and then returned, leaving their passengers to make the rest of their way by land or on other boats which were already above.

Whether or not the *Belle Peoria* had actually reached Fort Benton, she was on her return trip to St. Louis in August when she passed the mouth of the Yellowstone and there encountered the recently wrecked *Island City*. The master of the latter, Captain Alexander Lamont, hailed the *Belle Peoria* and made a deal whereby this vessel took aboard the machinery of the sunken boat for delivery, together with Capt. Lamont and his crew, at St. Louis.[22] The strange voyage was carried out as far as Omaha, where the master of the *Belle* received a tempting offer to carry cargo back up river.

He accepted, leaving Capt. Lamont stranded, but not helpless. Coming up in the spring the *Island City* had towed a barge as far as Omaha, where it was still tied to the bank. The captain transferred his machinery and crew to the barge and floated on down stream. After some rather hair-raising adventures he finally reached St. Louis, where the machinery was placed in another hull and did further good service for many years.[23]

The present writer has still to discover, if, indeed, it can be discovered, what business took the *Belle Peoria* back up the Missouri from Omaha, or what she was doing during the remaining months of 1864. But she evidently returned south before the Missouri became ice-bound, for she shows up in January, 1865, at Memphis, Tennessee, engaged in the petty warfare which was still plaguing the borderlands of the Mississippi in that last winter of the Civil War. From their works around the well-fortified city the Union garrison could look down upon the swamps and bayous of Arkansas across the big river and know that, although the whole region had theoretically been subjugated for the Union, it was still haunted by upward of 10,000 Confederate soldiers under the astute command of the Missouri swamp fox, General M. Jeff Thompson.

In fact, the forty-odd thousand Union troops in northern Arkansas and southern Missouri occupied permanently only a scattering of the garrisoned towns and strong points, many of them held by no more than a single company apiece. These posts could communicate with one another, usually, only by means of strong detachments using the few main roads or, perhaps even more often, by steamboats on the numerous navigable rivers and bayous. Over the country in general the Confederates could roam at will. In the raw and rainy winter season it was a water-logged wilderness, dotted at wide

[22] Hanson, op. cit., p. 59. Information derived by the writer from personal conversations with Capt. Lamont in St. Louis about 1905. The captain's experiences and those of some of his crew formed the basis for several chapters in the writer's story of the Indian campaign of 1864, *With Sully into the Sioux Land* (Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1910).

[23] Ibid.

intervals by wretched little farms and an occasional impoverished plantation once of better sort, connected only by boggy wagon tracks. The land was of little practical value to the lurking Confederates and of still less to the dominant Federals who, however, were obliged on principle to keep on the trail of their enemies. The two expeditions mentioned below, in which the *Belle Peoria* figured, were merely typical of many in that somber country.

At 8 o'clock on the evening of January 19, 1865, Lt. Col. Otto Funke with 450 men of the 7th Indiana and the 2nd Wisconsin Cavalry reported at the Memphis levee and were embarked with their horses on the steamers *John Raine* and *Belle Peoria* for an expedition into Arkansas almost directly across the river.[24] The *Raine*, with 200 cavalry under Capt. John M. Moore, was sent 11 miles down river to attempt the capture of "Reves' band," a Confederate organization more formally identified as the 15th Missouri Cavalry, under Col. Tim Reves, reported to be encamped in that direction. The *Belle* proved too small to carry more than 110 horses. So with only that number of animals and their riders she started at moonrise, 2.00 A.M., January 20, and nosed across to Mound City, Arkansas, a landing four miles above Memphis. There the little column, debarking in the darkness, struck out at 4.00 A.M. for Marion, another hamlet, 5 miles back from the river. They were after nothing less than two of Jeff Thompson's brigade commanders, Gen. A. S. Dobbin and Col. Oliver Lyles, said to be accompanied by only a small escort.

But as Funke approached Marion he picked up rumors. The "small escort" grew to 400 rebel cavalry. Then gray videttes were actually encountered just beyond the village and carbines began to crack. Funke prudently dropped back a mile, and after daybreak continued retiring slowly toward Mound City. The enemy followed through the swamp and timber, nudging the flanks of the invaders and "keeping up sharp firing," said the Union report, "but not pressing us in the least." Perhaps not; but the colonel noted the fact with satisfaction when Moore's detachment joined his own by a road from the south, and was glad when he could see, through the gathering dusk, the tall stacks of the *Belle Peoria*, and then those of the *John Raine*, which had also come in. The horses were reembarked promptly while the troopers skirmished as infantry and the enemy fire crackled all around in the brush.[25]

When the loaded boats finally cast off lines well after dark and backed into the river, a dense fog had settled over the water and all they could do was to hold head to the current through the long night, landing at Memphis only after daylight. Funke reported the loss of but two men killed and three wounded on the raid, while 12 prisoners, 20 horses, and 6 mules were captured. But nothing more was said of the projected seizure of Gen. Dobbin, recently one of the redoubtable Gen. Jo Shelby's most resourceful subordinates, and some way one gets the impression that swamp-hunting rebels had rather the best of this bit of border small war.

[24] *O. R.*, Vol. 48, part 1, p. 55.
[25] Ibid., pp. 55-57.

BELLE PEORIA Only four days after the trip to Mound City a more formidable incursion into the bayou country started out from Memphis on January 26, 1865. It consisted of detachments from 9 Union cavalry regiments, numbering 2,600 men, under command of Col. E. D. Osband, and it left Memphis on a fleet of 14 transports, of which the *Belle Peoria* was one. Obviously the boats must have carried an average of 185 men and horses apiece, hence the *Belle* was one of the smaller vessels.[26] The expedition disembarked on the morning of the 28th at Gaines Landing, Arkansas, about 150 miles below Memphis.

Leaving steamboats and crews in dismal surroundings to await their return, the troops, accompanied by a pack train of mules loaded with supplies, struck out west to Bayou Mason, and then next day 12 miles farther, "on a road through an almost impassable swamp," to Bayou Bartholomew. Destroying corn, cotton bales, and an occasional grist mill along the bayou, they moved on across the state line into Louisiana. Still following the bayou through ceaseless freezing rains the road, often nothing more than the top of the bordering levee, became so bad that on January 29 a number of the pack mules became "completely exhausted from fatigue and frequent miring down and had to be abandoned."[27] On January 31, near Hollaway's Ferry, a Confederate supply depot containing "commissary stores, about 100 stand of arms, and a large amount of ammunition" was discovered and destroyed, and then, a few miles beyond, "the C. S. transport *Jim Barkman*, loading corn for the troops at Camden" (Ark.), on the Ouachita River, into which the Bayou Bartholomew empties. These were troops of Gen. Sterling Price's Army of Missouri.

The steamer was captured, together with her crew. After using her for several days, finally to ferry his own command across the bayou for the return march to Gaines Landing, Col. Osband on February 4 "burned the steamboat and sunk her hull in a narrow part of the channel." This is the sole reference in history to the *Jim Barkman*. One would like to know more about this shadowy old nomad of the cypress swamps.

The return of the Union invaders to the waiting transports must have been a rugged ordeal. A few phrases from Col. Osband's rather pungent official report, written after the return to Memphis, are revealing.[28]

"Owing to the continuous heavy rains," he wrote, "the country was completely flooded . . . After a few horses had passed over the road it became a perfect quicksand, while on each side the land was so spouty that it afforded no footing whatever, the animals immediately miring down." This on February 5. The next day "was the most severe weather we experienced, being not only wet but intensely cold. Several contrabands (refugee negroes) perished from cold and exposure in their wet condition." On that day a detachment of the 4th Illinois Cavalry, returning from a side raid to a

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[26] Ibid., pp. 68-72.
[27] Ibid.
[28] Ibid., pp. 69-72 passim.

locality named Prairie Mer Rouge, reported that they had there "burned about 200,000 bushels of corn and some cotton."

On arrival at Gaines Landing on February 10, Col. Osband, from the steamer *John Raine*, wrote a dispatch in advance of his full report to Department Headquarters at Memphis. Therein, with obvious relief, the colonel said: "After the most fatiguing scout of my life I arrived here at 2 p.m. today, . . . my command well, and within one day's march of this place . . . The command have (sic), in the 14 days of their absence . . . failed to provoke a skirmish even from the enemy . . . But they have marched 300 miles, made 4 ferries, and built 2½ miles of bridges . . . To describe the roads, the poverty of the people, or the sufferings of my command during this terrible march would be impossible. I think 20 negroes died in one day from exposure, and it is not an exaggeration to say that at one time one-half of a regiment might be seen dismounted, struggling with their horses, every one of which was mired and down . . . The people have neither seed, corn, nor bread, or the mills to grind the corn in if they had it, as I burned them wherever found. Practically, the line now and hereafter of the Confederates is the Ouachita . . . I cannot imagine that one company of cavalry can obtain subsistence for more than thirty days in the whole country."[29]

Out of this land, desolated by the cruel hand of war, on February 11, the gaunt and mud-caked Union soldiers and their rawboned horses stumbled thankfully aboard the *Belle Peoria* and her consorts and were borne quickly back to Memphis. Probably the crew of the *Belle* reflected that even the rigors of the Northwestern wilderness might be better than the dank miseries of these Southern lowlands.

But soon now came April and Appomattox, and in a few weeks the last embers of the internal conflict flickered out everywhere. Even Jeff Thompson finally got around to surrendering, but that was not until June 5. He and his ragged legions were so hard to get at that the Union authorities bowed to his lofty dictum that he would surrender only on "the terms granted to General Robert E. Lee."[30] But he was in a position to be exacting. The Federal officers empowered to receive his submission could not even interview him until he sent them a guide to conduct them to his headquarters in the fastnesses of the upper St. Francis River. The proceedings were unique in warfare.

Gen. Thompson still had 7,454 men in arms; that is, that number were finally paroled, not to mention the uncounted individuals who just took off for home without bothering. This was no paltry army, put behind trees with a water hazard in front. It was a bigger army than Burgoyne had at Saratoga, or Scott in the Valley of Mexico. Moreover, these fellows still had plenty of fight in them, even though their commander was persuading them to quit, just "to spare the people of the desolated country the horrors of an invasion."

But they took a dim view of handing over their guns to the damyankees, and most

[29] Ibid., pp. 805-6.
[30] Ibid., p. 236.

of their weapons were either secreted or destroyed. The Federal Provost-Marshal-General reported less than 500 arms turned in by these 7,500 parolees.[31] The Provost comforted himself with an assurance that there were "213 new guns, never issued to troops, stored in an arsenal in the center of the swamp," which would be delivered when they could be gotten at through the high water. One wonders whether they ever were delivered, or are still there. The Confederate transportation tendered to the victors testified eloquently to the character of that theater of operations. There were no horses, mules, or wheeled vehicles whatever; nothing, in fact, "except 300 or 400 dugout canoes." Truly an amphibious army.

The war over, the *Belle Peoria*, modest veteran of a half-dozen military campaigns, now retired, so to speak, to civilian life. Quite naturally she returned to her dangerous haunts on the upper Missouri, where the gold rush to Montana, created a territory in 1864, was increasing in tempo as adventurous spirits released from the armies sought their fortunes in the diggings. Unfortunately we do not know when the boat started on her last voyage into the Sioux country, where, although the larger bodies of hostiles were dispersed, warriors singly or in groups were likely to fire on passing boats at any bend or crossing. It is probable that her military service ended in April or May, and that she started soon thereafter from St. Louis on a commercial trip "to the mountains," expecting, when she reached the upper river, to utilize the high water of the June rise to attain her destination. This was the practice with most boats, which, after getting as far as they could, discharged their cargoes and started home as soon as possible to escape getting stranded on the shoaling sandbars. Sometimes they failed to make it and were left "high and dry," possibly to float again with the help of another boat or through a later rise in the river, but at the worst, to remain permanently in the shifting sands.

It was the ignominious fate last mentioned which befell the *Belle Peoria*. Whether she was upbound, or had already been up and was returning, when she dragged bottom, we do not know. But the season and the circumstances of the next reference we have to her seem to indicate that she was going down stream. This reference occurs in Capt. C. J. Atkins' log of the steamer *Benton*, of which he was one of the pilots, in his entry for August 10, 1865.[32] The *Benton* on this date was herself returning to St. Louis from the mouth of Poplar River, 425 miles below Fort Benton, where low water had forced her to stop and discharge her cargo to be convoyed to Fort Benton by other transportation.

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[31] Ibid., p. 237. The writer once read an account, unfortunately mislaid, by a Union soldier who was present at the surrender of Thompson's troops. He stated that when they marched aboard the steamboat where their arms were to be laid down, most of the Confederates, instead of piling them on the deck, walked across the latter and threw their guns over the side into deep water. The Union guards watched the procedure grimly, but did nothing to prevent it. Despite this last flash of defiance, the throng of disarmed men, who were nearly all without food, were issued 28,000 rations by the Federals to live on while getting home, though this was not stipulated in the terms of surrender. Imagine the Soviets and/or satellites doing such a deed!

[32] Captain C. J. Atkins, *Logs of Missouri River Steamboat Trips, 1863-1868*, Collections North Dakota Historical Society (Bismarck, 1908), Vol. II, p. 311.

BELLE PEORIA

Coming down she had already, on July 25, helped the *Deer Lodge* to get free from a hard grounding 70 miles above Fort Union, and on August 9 had found the steamer *Spray* hard aground not far above the mouth of the Moreau.

Having laid up for the night just above the Moreau, the next morning, August 10, so Capt. Atkins recorded, the *Benton* "sounded the first crossing" below the Moreau. "Ran about twenty miles, laid up for wind and to sound. *Belle Peoria* here on middle bar, high and dry." A footnote to this entry in the Captain's log states: "The *Belle Peoria* was abandoned at this time; there was no water anywhere near her." The log then continues, "Got aground below bar, got off, went out, sounded and concluded to wait until wind ceased." The captain ended his entry for the day on a note of regret. "Saw an Indian on bank, too far to shoot. Laid up for the night."

Capt. Atkins failed to say, if he knew, when the *Belle Peoria* had been abandoned, but from his phrasing it seems to have been but shortly before the *Benton* passed by. Neither does he state explicitly the location of the wreck, though this is pretty closely identified by his own statements and those of others, quoted hereafter, which bear on the matter. The questions are of some interest because no less notable an authority than Col. Hiram M. Chittenden, in his "List of Steamboat Wrecks on the Missouri River,"[33] tabulated the information that the "*Peoria Belle*" engaged in "upper Missouri River trade, Capt. Jim Clarke, Master," in "*October, 1864,*" at "Arcrow's trading post 5 miles above Big Cheyenne River, grounded on bar," and that she "laid on bar until next spring, when the ice cut her down."

Here are several statements which appear irreconcilable with the known facts. In the first place, the vessel was clearly the *Belle Peoria*, not the *Peoria Belle;* the same mistake in name was made at times in the *Official Records, Union and Confederate Armies*. Again, she could not have been wrecked in "October, 1864," since she was still in transport service on the Mississippi in January and February 1865. But one remaining point is more debatable, namely: did this vessel ground on bar "5 miles *above* Big Cheyenne River, some 45 miles farther up the Missouri? All the evidence the writer has found, save Col. Chittenden's own statement, tends to show that the wreck occurred a short distance below the Little Cheyenne.

"Arcrow's trading post" is not shown on the Missouri River Commission's map of the Missouri River of 1892-1895, nor has any mention of it been found in other available sources. However, its stated location, 5 miles above the Big Cheyenne, would place it 416.4 miles above the mouth of the Big Sioux River, the zero point for distances on this "Section II" of the Missouri. The mouth of the Little Cheyenne is 457.9 miles above the Big Sioux. According to Capt. Atkins the *Benton* came upon the *Belle Peoria* after she

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[33] Colonel Hiram M. Chittenden, U. S. Army, "List of Steamboat Wrecks on the Missouri River," etc., in *Report of the Missouri River Commission, Appendix WW of the Annual Report of the Chief of Engineers for 1897*, p. 3887.

had run "about 20 miles" from the "first crossing below the Moreau." This crossing appears on the map above mentioned to have been, in the 1890's, about 475 miles or a little more above the Big Sioux. Hence going 20 miles downstream from it would have brought the *Benton*, roughly, to Mile 455. This would have been a short distance below the Little Cheyenne, and still about 39 miles above the spot given in "List of Steamboat Wrecks" as the scene of the *Belle Peoria's* grounding.

The substantial correctness of Capt. Atkins' location is borne out by another witness who saw the *Belle* about two months after he did. This was J. Allen Hosmer, a boy of 15 years, who, with his parents and seven other persons, descended the Yellowstone and the Missouri from Bozeman, Montana, in the fall of 1865 in a 32-foot mackinaw boat called the *Antelope* on a journey "to America," as said in those remote regions, otherwise "the States," in convoy with 35 other boats of similar character. Young Hosmer's father was the first chief justice of Montana Territory; he himself grew up to become, first a successful journalist, and later a judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco, serving until his death in 1907. Publication of his little volume "A Trip to the States" at Virginia City in 1867 made him the author of the first book produced in Montana. In this absorbing, and often amusing, narrative of frontier adventure, he wrote, under date of October 15, 1865:

> "About seven o'clock (a.m.) we passed the mouth of the Moreau River, this river comes in from the west, when we passed there was a small rise and this stream, although small, came in with great rapidity, sending water so thick with mud that we could see it floating, we had nothing to settle our coffee, but if my readers had seen the bottom of our cups, they would say we had something to thicken it.
>
> "We sailed on with a head wind all day. About noon we saw a steamer some distance ahead, every body was making up their minds to desert the boat, we sailed on, and a little below the mouth of the Little Cheyenne River, we came to the boat, it was the steamer '*Belle Peoria*' but was high and dry on a sandbar about eighty yards either way to water, we went on board of her and looked around, we found three barrels of coal oil, and the cabin furniture all there, but the boat was deserted, we were there about an hour, and then proceeded down the river," etc.[34]

A peculiarity of typographical composition apparent in the above quotation is naively explained by the young author at the end of his book in the words: "My readers will notice that in a great many places where there ought to be full stops, nothing appears but commas, my reason for this is, I had but one small font of type, and scarcely any capitals, One large 'W' was all of that letter I had,"

In the logs of two other vessels on which he later served as pilot, Capt. Atkins again

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[34] J. Allen Hosmer, *A Trip to the States by the Way of the Yellowstone and Missouri* (Virginia City, 1867), as reproduced in *South Dakota Historical Review*, July, 1936, p. 203.

referred to the *Belle Peoria*, but only to note that his boat had passed the spot where her wreck lay. Her abandoned hull was doubtless cut down by the ice as stated by Col. Chittenden in "Steamboat Wrecks" but in the spring of 1866 rather than that of 1865. Later that spring, when on the *W. J. Lewis*, upbound for Fort Benton, Capt. Atkins recorded that on the evening of May 3 his boat laid up for the night and to take on wood at a point above where "the *Belle Peoria* was aground."[35] Again, on July 26, 1867, when downward bound from Fort Benton on the *Ida Fulton*, he noted that, having spent the night of the 25th five miles above the Moreau, the next day the boat "departed at daylight" and during the morning "met the *Mountaineer* opposite where *Belle Peoria* was lost," at a place where "the river was badly cut up and hard to find."[36]

Here this fragmentary chronicle of the *Belle Peoria* must end, for the reason that the writer can find no more facts about her, though conscious that additional information may well exist somewhere. If any Westerner of the Los Angeles Corral, or other reader, can give him further facts about the boat, or suggest possible sources for such information, he will be grateful. It is a pity that such wide gaps must remain unfilled in the story of this dauntless little navigator, which in her career of six years travelled so widely on troubled waters, encountering enemies, white or red, wherever she went. Her experiences and those of other craft of her generation would not have been possible in any other country, or in any era save that of the American Civil War and the simultaneous and immediately subsequent expansion of the nation over its vast northwestern territories. The record of those days will forever constitute an inspiring and unique chapter in our history.

CONFEDERATE soldiers watch the unloading of troops from the Belle Peoria.
—Original sketch by Clarence Ellsworth

[35] Atkins, op. cit., p. 321.
[36] Ibid., p. 339.

THE PIONEER

ON, ON TO UTAH—thou staid pioneer;
Bewhiskered, bedeviled, much married old seer.
You conquered the desert, you turned up the sod;
You planted your seed, you fattened the pod.
There's no one quite like you in lore of the west;
In the vigorous rustics you stood to the test;
You were a man among men, thou staid pioneer,
How the men of today envy your "plural" career!
They can gird up their loins, they can try, try again,
But in blossoming a desert, 'tis thou earned the fame.
'Tis thou we salute; we bow west, pioneer;
For the scroll, when unraveled, after all is through here
Will find, thou Ben-Had'em, failed not in the test;
Thy name, be assured, will lead all the rest!

P. B.

NOTE: The above painting, masterfully executed by Westerner artist Clarence Ellsworth, and depicting a Mormon entourage on its way to Utah, was presented by Los Angeles Corral to Sheriff Paul Bailey on his retirement from office in December. Paul's ancestors were Mormon pioneers, but he emphatically denies that Grandma pushed Grandpa in the handcart.

THE 1950 SUMMER ROUNDUP OF LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Members of Los Angeles Corral were guests of corresponding member Ernest R. Hickson at his famous Placeritos Ranch in June. Many western movies and television broadcasts originate at this quaint western village which has been built and is maintained exclusively for this purpose. Nearby is the "Oak of the Golden Dream," beneath the spreading branches of which gold was reputedly first discovered in California. The oak and the ranch's "town" (with its Golden Nugget Saloon) is mecca to the annual Westerners' pilgrimage each summer. It appears, from the picture above, that the 1950 Placeritos trek was a satisfying one.

CONTRIBUTORS

EDGAR NEELS CARTER—Born at Fort Bridger in 1872. One of our elder and most enthusiastic Westerners. Educated in the military schools of Illinois and New York. For 18 years Edgar served the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries as Superintendent of Stations in Illinois, Vermont, Georgia, Washington, D. C., Montana and Oregon. His California business experience included the selling of well-known electrical products, real estate, was in the fruit products business in Altadena and managed several tourist camps and lodges. Has a splendid collection of a portion of his father's 3000 volume library, the first library brought into the territory of Wyoming, and it came across the plains by ox team.

HENRY H. CLIFFORD, to use his own words, was "born comma and brought up in California." Starting life in St. Louis (Feb. 10, 1910), he followed an irresistible urge (parental) to move West in 1912, where he has resided ever since, partly due to sheer inertia. Graduated from Yale in 1932, largely due to the fact that the Dean of Yale College was a classmate of his father's. Entered Investment Counselor profession in 1933 and still at it. Four years Naval Aviation during World War II, serving in South Pacific and other enervating spots such as Del Monte. (Attained rank of Lt. Comdr.) Has collected everything except butterflies, and has had those in stomach on occasion. Through stamp collecting, got interested in Western mail and express routes, which have been his chief hobby since December 1945. His collection of Western covers (envelopes and letters) won second prize at the Centenary Philatelic Exhibition in New York in 1947. Residence in Pasadena; office in Los Angeles. Joined Westerners in 1949.

EARLE R. FORREST—Was born in Washington, Pennsylvania (where he still lives) in 1883. In 1902 his parents gave reluctant consent to his urge to go West. His landings at Trimble and Morgan's cowcamp in Dolores County, Colorado, were the beginning of various adventures and travels. He wanted photos of cowboys and Indians so he set out with a packhorse and photographed Utes, Navajos, Hopis, Pueblos and Apaches. Material for his *Trail of the Apache Kids* was secured mainly in the Santa Catalina Mountains of southern Arizona. For a time he was a cowboy in Montana and Arizona. Also studied forestry. Started newspaper work in 1914 and has been engaged in it ever since. Books and publications include *Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest*, *California Joe* (with Joe E. Milner), *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*, *Lone War Trail of the Apache Kid* (with Edwin C. Hill.)

COLONEL W. A. GRAHAM, whose hobby is Custeriana, was born at Chicago in January 1875; went with his parents to Iowa in 1877, received a public school education, attented Beloit Academy after High School, entering Beloit College as a Freshman in '93. He transferred to Stanford in '94, and to the University of Iowa in '96, where he graduated with an LLB degree in '97. Practiced law at Cedar Falls and Des Moines until 1916, when he entered federal service as a Captain of Infantry, Iowa National Guard, for duty on the Mexican Border. In 1917 was appointed Major and transferred to the Judge Advocate General's Reserve Corps, being assigned to the Staff of the 88th Division, with which he served in the United States and France until the end of World War I, emerging as a Lieutenant Colonel, Judge Advocate. He entered the Regular Army in that grade in 1920, was promoted Colonel in 1931; retired 1939 and settled at Pacific Palisades. Author of *The Story of the Little Big Horn*, first published in 1926 and now in its third printing; *Come On, Be Quick, Bring Packs*, the story of Trumpeter Martini who carried Custer's last message; *The Lost Is Found*, recounting the discovery, in a collector's hands, of this famous message, lost for sixty years. Colonel Graham's latest enterprise in the western historical field was to compile, edit, and by permissive authority of the Judge Advocate General of the Army and the Archivist of the United States, to publish this year, a limited edition of the Official Record of the Reno Court of Inquiry, held in 1879; the one and only first hand account, in detail, of what happened at the Little Big Horn, as testified under oath by officers, enlisted men and civilians who were there.

The Colonel has also written extensively on military-legal subjects, and in 1940-42 lectured on Military Law at the Loyola University Law School to large classes of practicing lawyers. He was recalled to active duty in 1942 and served for about a year during World War II.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOSEPH MILLS HANSON, was born in Yankton, South Dakota, and Yankton has always been home to him although his active life has taken him, at times, far from the Western scene. His education was acquired at Chauncey Hall School, Boston and St. John's Military School, Manlius, New York. His military life included Mexican Border service in 1916-17, Capt. Adjt., 2nd Bn., 147th F. A. in 1917 and 1918 and he was also associated with the A. E. F. in France in 1918 and 1919. A noted historian of the West and the Civil War South, he had done much extensive research.

His books include *The Conquest of the Missouri* (1909); *Frontier Ballads* (1910); *With Sully into the Sioux Land* (1910); *With Carrington on the Bozeman Trail* (1912); *The Trail to Eldorado* (1913), etc. He was Superintendent of the Manassas (Va.) National Battlefield Park from 1942-48. He is a charter member of the American Military Institute, Soc. of American Legion Founders, Society of Midland Authors, and many others. Mr. Hanson is living at present in Manassas, Virginia.

NEAL HARLOW, a native of Indiana, came to California at the age of ten, by way of Nebraska and Colorado. In the course of time he graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles and received his M.A. degree from Berkeley. He was on the staff of the Bancroft Libray at the University of California in Berkeley from 1934 to 1938 and in the California Section of the California State Library from 1938 to 1945. In the latter year he came to the UCLA Library and headed the Department of Special Collections in 1947. Later he was made assistant librarian. In 1951 he became Librarian of the University of British Columbia, a position he now holds. Neal is a Sierra enthusiast, is a collector of Western books and maps, and is the author of a distinguished volume, *The Maps of San Francisco Bay, 1769-1847*.

FREDERICK WEBB HODGE—Born in Plymouth, England, came to the United States at the age of 7. The Hodge family settled in Washington, D. C. When young Fred picked up an Indian axe-head near the Potomac River one day, that discovery awakened in him a lasting interest in Indian life. As he grew older he haunted the United States National Museum. He gave up schooling for work with the United States Geological Survey. As secretary of the Hemenway Archeological Expedition he spent 18 months excavating Southwest ruins. Then he concentrated on the pueblo of Zuñi, taking over the work of Frank Hamilton Cushing, and remaining there one year. Back in Washington in July of 1889, he entered the Bureau of American Ethnology. He started work on the now famous and enduring *Handbook of American Indians*, of which he was editor. After 18 years the first volume appeared (1907) and 3 years later the second came out (1910). During all this time Hodge made many field trips into the Southwest, toured all the pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico—in 1895—studying the clan system, ascended the Enchanted Mesa in 1897, and everywhere made friends among the Indians he visited. In 1901 he became attached to the Smithsonian Institute, but returned to the Bureau in 1905 and was made its head in 1910. Back to Zuñi in 1917 and to explore Hawikuh. In addition to being an editor and author of many books and publications and a member of many scientific societies, Frederick Webb Hodge has served for years, and continues to serve, as Director of the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

WARREN F. LEWIS was born in Logan, Utah, moving shortly thereafter to Montana where he spent the formative years of his life. At an early age he developed an enthusiastic interest in all western lore. He was educated in the public schools of Butte, Montana and Portland, Oregon. He attended the University of Utah, leaving there before the end of his first year, at the outbreak of World War I, to volunteer for service with the Medical Corps attached to the 65th Artillery. Upon his return from France he attended Stanford University. After graduating from Stanford he worked his way to Yokohama, Hongkong, Manila and other places in the Orient. His hobbies include photography and collecting books about the early west. He recently acquired title to the old Overland-Outwest Magazine, founded by Bret Harte, and hopes to revive it. He publishes books under his own imprint and is also President of the Wilshire Engraving Company.

CONTRIBUTORS

DON LOUIS PERCEVAL—Son of parents who were also artists. Born in 1908. Says he was raised on horses. Spent summer vacations doing ranch work, mountain climbing or making trips to the Indian country. Studied at Chouinard Art Institute, Los Angeles, Heatherley's Art School and the Royal College of Art in London. Did research study on primitive art in the British Museum, and Victoria and Albert Museum, London. Further study was done in most of the galleries of Europe, the longest stretch being in the Prado, Madrid. Traveled over Europe and parts of Africa as well as the West Indies sketching and painting. Don's greatest interest is painting the southwest, especially the Navajo and Hopi country. Is an adopted member of the Hopi tribe. Being in Europe in 1939 he joined the British Navy and served six years. Collects Navajo blankets, silver, etc. Taught art at Chouinard Art Institute and at Pomona College. Lives in Altadena, although he "prefers any wild spot to city life." His intense interest in the history and lore of cattle brands has made him an authority on the subject.

W. W. ROBINSON is a native Coloradan, but came to California at a tender age. Grew up in Riverside, graduated from the high school there and later from the University of California at Berkeley. Served 18 months in the Ordnance Corps of the United States Army during World War I, with 12 months in France. Is vice-president of Title Insurance and Trust Company. Author of eleven books for children, all illustrated by his wife Irene Robinson. He is also the author of books on California subjects, including *Ranchos Become Cities*, *What They Say About The Angels*, *Story of Pershing Square*, *The Island of Santa Catalina*, and *Land in California*. Member of The Westerners, Zamorano Club, P. E. N., American Legion, California Writers League, Historical Society of Southern California, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles Museum Association, Friends of Huntington Library, Friends of U.C.L.A. Library, and E Clampus Vitus. Lives in Los Angeles.

FRANK A. SCHILLING—Born in Schererville, Indiana, in 1885. Began in railroad work but later changed to building construction. Went west in 1905 and after some nine or ten years in Arizona came to California and has lived here ever since. He is actively interested in the natural history of the region, also archeology and the Indians. Has lectured on these subjects by platform and radio for past twenty years. Major hobbies are Western Americana and color photography. Is a member of Society of Civil Engineers, Southwest Museum, Historical Society of Southern California, Utah State Historical Society, Sierra Club and others.

MARION A. SPEER—Born on January 2nd, 1885 in a dugout on a homestead near Sedan, Kansas. All he remembers of the homestead were two prairie fires that swept across the land, confusion of wild life, such as rabbits, snakes, foxes, coyotes, prairie chickens and other birds of many kinds. When his father moved back to the Bell Ranch in New Mexico, instead of driving a freight wagon, he rode herd on a force of Mexicans who were clearing the river bottom lands of rocks and mesquite and the like for the Bell Ranch in an attempt to farm these lands. It was here he learned the life of the cowboy and his work among cattle on the open range. He went with them on roundups, and on trail drives to shipping points. Life on the homestead and in the cattle country gave him first hand schooling in pioneer American life that has stayed with him down through the years.

From the Bell Ranch of New Mexico, Marion's father took his small family to the Speer farm in Montague county, Texas. Here he went to school—in most cases provided by the settlers themselves—tuition being paid with corn, meat, wood, pigs, calves or whatever the teacher would accept as pay. As a youngster he heard many exciting stories of life along pioneer trails, such as the Oregon, Mormon and the cow trails traveled by his father. It was at this time he decided to make the study of pioneer trails his hobby for life.

CONTRIBUTORS

At age 16, in 1901, he ran away from his Texas home, and entered the Colorado School of Mines. It took him two years to make the entrance requirements. From 1903 to 1909 he spent there, working around the gold and silver mines of Colorado during vacations. After finishing at the Colorado School of Mines his first work was in Old Mexico. He was then sent to Silverton, Colorado, where he was employed by the American Smelting and Refining Company, at their Silver Lake Mines. He worked for them until 1916, when he entered the employ of The Texas Company, remaining with them for 34 years, and retiring only last year.

Marion is an enthusiastic Westerner, and his Western Trails Museum, at Huntington Beach, California, is a shrine for the historical relics he has collected through a lifetime and 300,000 miles of travel over the old trails and out-of-the-way places of America.

A. R. VAN NOY—Born in 1896 in Burt County, Nebraska. Went to school ("there's a law agin' not going" he says) and has been a western history fan ever since his teacher took a class down to old Fort Atkinson. Worked at odd jobs until he went on the Union Pacific pay-roll in 1916. Finally landed in the claim department and has been claim agent, examiner or supervisor ever since. Did much travelling for the railroad, particularly in Wyoming, Utah and the Dakotas. Cherishes the memory of many bull sessions with old wagon masters, cowhands, track-laying gangs. His father was a cowboy with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Los Angeles has been his home since 1936.

HAROLD WEIGHT—Native Californian (born in Los Angeles, 1911). Harold's father was a telegrapher and station agent for the S. P., and those years spent at the little way-stops on the Colorado desert, built early in Harold a love for the desert which has never left him. Schooling in Pasadena; graduating into printing, and writing for Harry Burns' old *Hollywood Filmograph*. During the late thirties was spending most of his available time exploring the Southwest's deserts, and collecting everything he could find written about them. Came World War II, and Harold gave up his beloved deserts and writing about them to spend 45 months in the Air Force—most of the time as radar instructor at Boca Raton field, Florida. After the war he became associate editor of *Desert Magazine* (the other associate editor was Lucile Harris, whom Harold promptly married). After two years with *Desert*, the Weights went directly into free-lance writing, and the publishing of their own unique *Calico Print*. Harold is known far and wide as an authority on desert history, lore, and particularly ghost towns. He is a regular contributor to *Desert*, *Westways*, *Natural History*, *Pacific Discovery*, *Ford Times*, and magazines and periodicals from coast to coast. His profound knowledge of the desert, and his brilliant skill in imparting that knowledge, have made him immensely popular as a writer. The Weights live at Twenty-Nine Palms, California. Which is getting at the heart of their subject.

ARTHUR WOODWARD—Born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1898. Educated in Ramona, California, and the University of California. Served in the 20th Regular Infantry, World War I. Has worked at ranching, on a newspaper, ship yards, Light House and National Park Service. Attached to Navy and in O. S. S. in World War II. Chief Curator of History and Anthropology, Los Angeles County Museum. Has done research and exploratory work in archeology for many years, travelling over much of the United States, Alaska, and Mexico. Has written numerous articles for various magazines on archeology, ethnology and historical subjects. Author of *Lances of San Pasqual*, co-author of *Story of El Tejon*. Most recent is his *The Jayhawkers' Oath and Other Sketches by William Manley*, source book on Death Valley. Interested in all phases of the early West and particularly books, Indians, guns, etc. Lives in Altadena, California.

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PLATE 3

MALLET. Jos May, Las Vegas, Nev....p. 518, Bk. 35
REVERSE K. C.A.Gilbert,Keystone,Nev..p. 210, Bk. 35
PICK. John M. Wood, Elbert Co., Colo. p. 558, Bk. 30
PITCHFORK. F. Ellis, L.A.Co., Calif....p. 230, Bk. 22
BUCKLE L. T. B. Yarbrough, Childress, Tex..p. 28, Bk. 40
LADDER. D.H. Hyman, Tulia, Texas...p. 71, Bk. 40
LAZY W. H. K. Bailey, Hayden, Colo..p. 301, Bk. 30
CRUTCH. Jas. Buscaglia, Eureka, Nev...p. 545, Bk. 35
SPUR. Dodge Land Co., Chico, Calif...p. 242, Bk. 22
TURKEY TRACK. C. Baca, Springerville, Arizona.....p. 60, Bk. 10
TREE. Ethel Pipkin, Carlsbad, N.M....p. 212, Bk. 37
FRYING PAN. Crum & Campbell, Croville, Calif.....p. 132, Bk. 22
E CROSS. Bob Douglas, Silverton, Tex..p. 24, Bk. 40
HATCHET. J.C. Hatchett, Glen Rose, Tex..p. 70, Bk. 40

PLATE 8—Brands from Spain.

Second line.
Don Francisco Castrillon (Jerez de la Frontera).
Don Vincente Vasquez (Madrid)
Juan Pena Rico (Salamanca)
Carmen de Federico (Sevilla)
Jose Bueno (Madrid)

Third line.
Andres Lopez Chaves (Salamanca)
Conte de la Corte (Badajos)
Conte Santa Coloma (Madrid)
Luis Mazzantini
Marques de Llen (Salamanca) All from Espasa

PLATE 9—Earmarks. (Spanish Californian only)

1. Luis Espinosa, June 27, 1863.....Bk. 16
   Jose Fernandez Gomez, June 18, 1867.....Bk. 16
   Maria Cota de Ruiz, (no date, 1854?).....Bk. 17
   Jose Eusabio Boronda, Jan. 10, 1852.....Bk. 12

PLATE 13

1. Juan Montero & Francisco de la Torre, Mar. 28, 1530.
2. Alonso Davila. (no date but earlier than 1.)
3. Juan de Sandoval, April 28, 1533.
4. Bartolome Gonzalez. 1529, or 1530.
5. Jorje de Alvarado. 1529, or 1530.
6. Geronimo de Aguilar. 1529, or 1530.
7. Pedro Sanchez. 1529, or 1530.
8. Cristobal Flores. 1530.
9. Juan Rodriguez. April 29, 1530.
10. Pedro de Salcedo. June 6, 1537.
11. Miguel Lopez. 1535 or 1536.
12. Alonso de Basan. April or May, 1537.
13. Alonzo de Serna. April 29, 1530.
14. Miguel Lopez Diego Munoz. April 9, 1535.
15. Alonso de Zamora. Sept. 5, 1539.
    All from Cortes.

PLATE 16

Fernando Tico. 1836.....p. 2, Bk. 17
Joaquin Machado y Pollorena. 1849..p. 103, Bk. 19
Jose Antonio Feliz. 1871.....Bk. 16
Francisco Marcis. 1852.....p. 15, Bk. 20
Juan Bautista Arellanes. 1857.....p. 117, Bk. 17
Pio Pico. 1858.....p. 143, Bk. 17
Juan Alvitre. 1836.....p. 2, Bk. 19
Jose Antonio Tapia. 1852.....p. 18, Bk. 20
Jesus Leiba. 1857.....p. 119, Bk. 17
Francisco Lopez. 1858.....p. 24, Bk. 12
Santiago Rios. 1846.....p. 79, Bk. 19
Juan Yorba. 1854.....p. 101, Bk. 20
Isabel Yorba. 1865.....p. 234, Bk. 21
Melchora Olivera. 1853.....p. 5, Bk. 15
Jose de la Guerra. 1840.....p. 11, Bk. 17

PLATE 17

SOBERANES BRANDS.
Feliciano & Mariano. 1839.....p. 243, Bk. 11
Feliciano. 1851.....p. 3, Bk. 12
Jose Maria. 1851.....p. 3, Bk. 12
Francisco. 1851.....p. 3, Bk. 12

ARELLANES BRANDS.
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Antonio. 1855.....p. 67, Bk. 17
Luis. 1857.....p. 120, Bk. 17
Antonio. 1859.....p. 155, Bk. 17
Maria. 1860.....p. 190, Bk. 17

ESPINOSA BRANDS.
Marsalin. 1851.....p. 2, Bk. 12
Fermina. 1851.....p. 2, Bk. 12
Carlos. 1851.....p. 4, Bk. 12
Jose Maria. 1851.....p. 2, Bk. 12
Asuncion. 1851.....p. 4, Bk. 12

PLATE 18—Alvarado Brands

Jorje. 1531.....(see Cortes)
Francisco. 1840.....p. 20, Bk. 19
Ignacio. 1858.....p. 1, Bk. 21
Benito. 1931.....p. 17, Bk. 38
Carter. 1932-1950 No. 26509..... Bk. 24
Mariano. 1838.....p. 7, Bk. 19
Griselda. 1852.....p. 25, Bk. 14
Juan. 1852.....p. 8, Bk. 12
Juan de Dios. 1857.....p. 196, Bk. 20
Mariana. 1858.....p. 27, Bk. 21
Jennie. 1903.....p. 82, Bk. 13
Gusilda. 1919 No. 4042.....p. 169, Bk. 22
Jane. 1919. No. 2612.....p. 167, Bk. 22
Jane A. Labarere. 1926. No. 4042....p. 152, Bk. 23
Marcos. 1931.....p. 40, Bk. 38

PLATE 19—Chavez Brands

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Jose. 1853....p. 124, Bk. 19
Julian. 1853....p. 45, Bk. 20
Patricio. 1854....p. 85, Bk. 20
Julian A. L. 1858....p. 59, Bk. 21
Manuel. 1862....p. 192, Bk. 21
Ana Maria. 1863....p. 216, Bk. 21
Sostenes. 1872....p. 380, Bk. 21
Jose. 1908....p. 51, Bk. 3
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Manuel. 1898....p. 94, Bk. 1
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1. Bernardo. 1850....p. 119, Bk. 19
2. Bernardo. 1840....p. 18, Bk. 19
   Prudencio. 1850....p. 120, Bk. 19
3. Dolores Ontiveras. 1852....p. 6, Bk. 20
4. Teodosio. 1844....p. 65, Bk. 19
5. Teodosio to Andres Pico. 1851...p. 127, Bk. 19
6. Bernardo. 1835....p. 147, Packman
7. Jose Antonio. 1856....p. 178, Bk. 20
8. Raimundo for Concepcion. 1857..p. 199, Bk. 20
9. Felipe. 1855....p. 144, Bk. 20
10. Teodosio II....p. 149, Packman
11. Vincente. 1854....p. 80, Bk. 20
12. Francisca. 1838....p. 7, Bk. 17
13. Marcos. 1850....p. 147, Packman
14. Margarita. 1867....p. 278, Bk. 21
15. Dionisio Botilla. 1868....p. 285, Bk. 21

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17. Tomas. 1854....p. 74, Bk. 20
18. Maria. 1858....p. 67, Bk. 21
19. Alonzo E. 1901....p. 483, Bk. 21
20. Ynes. 1853....p. 41, Bk. 20
21. Teodocio. 1854....p. 80, Bk. 20
22. Rosa A de P. 1872....p. 377, Bk. 21
23. Concepcion R. 1855....p. 152, Bk. 20
24. Ramon. 1844....p. 60, Bk. 19
25. Ramon. 1856....p. 171, Bk. 20
26. Fco Xavier. 1859....p. 103, Bk. 21
27. Bern. Ant. 1859....p. 103, Bk. 21
28. Plutarco B. 1863....p. 211, Bk. 21
29. Isabel. 1869....Bk. 16
30. Marcos. 1850....p. 121, Bk. 19

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Jose A. Aguilar....p. 173, Bk. 20
Carmen Soberanes....p. 10, Bk. 12
Maria L. Mesa....p. 129, Bk. 20
Estefana Feliz de Villa....Bk. 16
Maria de J. de Quintero....Bk. 16
Pio Pico....p. 143, Bk. 17
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3. Francisco Trevenio....p. 194, Bk. 39
4. Jeronimo Cuillar....p. 306, Bk. 39
5. Francisco Jimines....p. 84, Bk. 39
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7. Cesario Carmona....p. 88, Bk. 39
8. Juan Bueno....p. 93, Bk. 39
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11. Jose Carrazco....p. 167, Bk. 38
12. Ma. de los A. Durazo....p. 182, Bk. 38
13. Jesus Noriega....p. 197, Bk. 38
14. Francisco Acuna....p. 164, Bk. 38
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PLATE 27

1. Fierro of Eugenio Garcia. 1839....p. 10, Bk. 17
2. Fierro of Enrique (Henry) Dalton. 1844. p. 67 and Venta, 1855. p. 142. Both in Bk. 20.
3. Fierro and Venta of Antonio Arrelanes. p. 67, Bk. 17
4. Brand of P. S. Burress. Chikaskia and Duck Creek, Cherokee Strip. Book 42.

PLATE 28

1. Brand of J. M. Day. Kiowa, Bluff and Day Creeks and on Cimarron river, Cherokee Strip. Book 42.
2. Z Lazy Z Z Lazy Z Below, one brand of Broderick and Waters, Otter Creek, Indian Territory, Okla. Book 42. C Cross, one brand of T. S. Tyson, Bee County, Texas. 1865. p. 106, Bk. 39. Heart Bar, F. P. Rawlings, Bee County, Texas. 1865. p. 112, Bk. 39.

3. Quarter Circle Running W, Joseph White, Gillespie County, Texas. 1865. p. 332, Bk. 39. 32. County Brand of Gillespie County, Texas. Potter.

PLATE 29

Bar X. E. B. Pope of Canby, Modoc Co. and seven others in California on p. 188, Bk. 22. 1918. L. S. Weathers of Deeth and eight others in Nevada on pp. 399-400, Bk. 35. Fred. H. Armer of Young and Jas. Scott of Pinedale, Arizona on p. 182, Bk. 5. 3 in Colorado, 3 in New Mexico and so on. This does not include the many Bar X brands where the Bar is to the left of the X instead of above it.

Two Bar S. Freeman Ranch, Inc., Fallon, Nevada.....p. 406, Bk. 35
Lynn S. Godsey, Eckley, Colorado...p. 572, Bk. 29
Sam C. Ritter, Encino, New Mexico..p. 131, Bk. 37 and others.

Box A. Henry Stephens, Gypsum, Colo.p. 508, Bk. 27
Delia Akin, Winnemucca, Nevada...p. 497, Bk. 35
Antonio Gonzales, Sapello, New Mex.p. 200, Bk. 37 and others.

Rocking K. Millard A. Kimball, Columbia, California.....p. 106, Bk. 22
Geo. A. Smith, Cedar City, Utah.....p. 213, Bk. 35 and others.

Heart Lazy S. David Wallace, Salinas, Cal. p. 232, Bk. 22 and many other combinations of Hearts and Letters.

A R Connected. With only slight variations in shape there are eight such brands on p. 9, Bk. 22 of California. Eight on p. 92, Bk. 35 of Nevada. One on p. 5, Bk. 5 of Arizona. Six on p. 9, Bk. 37 of New Mexico and on pp. 153 and 170, Bk. 39 of Texas two more.

J C. There are 25 similar J C brands on p. 84, Bk. 22. 14 on pp. 186-7, Bk. 35. 4 on p. 128, Bk. 26. 4 on p. 73, Bk. 37 and so on.

5. Seventeen "Figure Five" brands are on p. 206, Bk. 22 not counting Tumbling, Lazy or Reversed Fives. And another 17 on pp. 352-3, Bk. 35. Although there are endless fives in combination with other figures and letters in Arizona, only two appear on p. 28, Bk. 7 and disappear again before Bk. 9 was printed.

Seventy-Four. Can be found several times in each of the Southwestern States.

3 R. Richardson Real Estate, Patagonia, Ariz. p. 107, Bk. 9 and in slightly different form in California, Nevada, New Mexico, Colorado and Texas.

Flying J Y. J. N. Everett, Wellington, Collingsworth Co., Texas.p. 29, Bk. 40.

Cross Five. Overton Cade, High Island, Chambers Co., Texas. p. 28, Bk. 40.

Clover Cross. R. B. Coleman, Denton, Denton Co., Texas. p. 34, Bk. 40.

Tulip. Willie Bobb, Yumba Indian Reservation, Nevada. p. 533, Bk. 35.

Windflower. Daugherty, Humphris and Knight, Marfa, Texas. p. 64, Bk. 40.

PLATE 30

Buzzard on a Rail. John C. Lynch, Albany, Shackleford Co., Texas. p. 69, Bk. 40. Connected to the Rail by H. T. Collier, about 1876 in Reeves Co., Texas. p. 113, Bk. 41 and p. 66, Bk. 40.

Jug in Shade. Jas. Anderson, Mineral Wells, Palo Pinto Co., Texas. p. 62, Bk. 40.

Pumphouse. Albert Palacio, Charleston, Nevada. p. 508, Bk. 35.

Spiked Circle. Paul J. Williams, Fallon, Nevada. p. 470, Bk. 35.

Heart Strings. J. R. Martin, Carthage, Panola Co., Texas. p. 62, Bk. 40.

Rocking Chair. F. Lorin Bunker, Las Vegas, Nev. p. 516, Bk. 35. (Others on the same page.) Also Henry B. Willis, San Diego, Calif. p. 243, Bk. 22. etc.

Scramble O. Wm. Flowers, Aspermont, Stonewall Co., Texas. p. 71, Bk. 40.

Spiked Triangle. Francisco Ornelas, Presidio, Presidio Co., Texas. p. 64, Bk. 40.

Flying Half Circle W. Lee E. Waggoner, Sparks, Nev. p. 439, Bk. 35.

Longhorn Plus. E. Coffee, Dora, Nolan Co., Texas. p. 60, Bk. 40.

Seven Up. G. A. Carter, Lancaster, Los Angeles Co., Calif. p. 216, Bk. 22. (10 others on same page.) 8 in Nevada. p. 365, Bk. 35. 2 in Arizona. p. 115, Bk. 9. 4 in New Mexico. p. 195, Bk. 37. 2 in Colorado. p. 381, Bk. 30. etc.

Candle Stick. Pablo Barrera, Zapata, Zapata Co., Texas. p. 79, Bk. 40.

Snake in Moon. S. R. McCracken, Quanah, Hardeman Co., Texas. p. 42, Bk. 40.

Clown. Doublin, Roll & Dell, Midland, Ward Co., Texas. p. 76, Bk. 40.

Chamber Two Corncobs. Joe George, Colorado, Mitchell Co., Texas. p. 58, Bk. 40.

PLATE 31

Key. John Rzeppa, Karnes Co., Texas.p. 73, Bk. 39
Key Hole. E. A. Wood, Kern Co., Calif.p. 243, Bk. 22
House. Clayton E. Gunn, Yerington, Nevada.....p. 508, Bk. 35
Dog Iron. Wm. Farrell, Winnemucca, Nevada.....p. 470, Bk. 35
Coat Hanger. Mildred Doyle, Reno, Nevada.....p. 534, Bk. 35
Pipe. C. C. Chapman, Inyo Co., Calif..p. 243, Bk. 22
Bench. H. A. Agee, Wells, Nevada....p. 545, Bk. 35
Chair. Clarence Schilling, Lassen Co., California.....p. 243, Bk. 22
Bedstead. Chris Brown, Flanigan, Nev.p. 543, Bk. 35
Pitcher. Carlos Ortega, Altar, Sonora..p. 172, Bk. 38
Coffee Pot. I. J. Kimberlin, Wilbarger Co., Texas.....p. 77, Bk. 40
Tin Cup. C. J. Goodenow, Kern Co., California.....p. 245, Bk. 22
Rolling Pin. Jennett Adams, Elko, Nev. p. 540, Bk. 35
Tea Cup. John B. Conlan, Fallon, Nev.p. 522, Bk. 35
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Tack Hammer. Frank M. Smith, Mitchell Co., Texas ..... p. 58, Bk. 40
Hatchet. Francis Rudolf, Austin Co., Tex. p. 20, Bk. 40
Rake. M. Strauch, Kendall Co., Tex. . . p. 50, Bk. 40
Spade. W. L. Ellwood Est., Lamb Co., Texas ..... p. 53, Bk. 40
Plow. Mrs. E. A. Allgelt, Kendall Co., Texas ..... p. 340, Bk. 39
Fork. Lucille Phoenix, Nixon, Nev. . . . p. 523, Bk. 35
S Wrench. Thos. E. Peacock, Del Norte Co., California ..... p. 242, Bk. 22

PLATE 33

1. H. Keefer, Chico, Butte Co., Calif. and others ..... p. 130, Bk. 22
2. H. L. Kohn, Tucumcari, New Mex. and others ..... p. 111, Bk. 37
3. Jeff Martin, Christine, Atascosa Co., Texas ..... p. 20, Bk. 40
4. H. W. Finck, Wells, Nevada ..... p. 540, Bk. 35
5. H. W. Bassford, Bastrop, Bastrop Co., Texas ..... p. 21, Bk. 40
6. Heise Land & Livestock Co., Gardnerville, Nevada ..... p. 545, Bk. 35
7. C. S. Hammond, Fort Jones, Siskiyou Co., California ..... p. 133, Bk. 22
8. Smith & Mann, Winnemucca, Nev. . p. 531, Bk. 35
9. S. James, Perrytown, Ochiltree Co., Texas ..... p. 61, Bk. 40
10. J. Hughes, Beatty, Nevada ..... p. 538, Bk. 35
11. J. Underwood, Seminole, Andrews Co., Texas ..... p. 19, Bk. 40
12. A. L. Bradfield, McArthur, Shasta Co., California ..... p. 132, Bk. 22
13. A. Orbe, Jiggs, Nevada ..... p. 470, Bk. 35
14. Jos. Forst, Devine, Medina Co., Texas ..... p. 57, Bk. 40
15. J. E. Crites, Granbury, Hood Co., Texas ..... p. 46, Bk. 40
16. Mrs. J. W. O'Bryan, Rankin, Upton Co., Texas ..... p. 75, Bk. 40
17. F. A. Boerner, Pilot Point, Denton Co., Texas ..... p. 34, Bk. 40
18. V. M. & W. E. Burke, Reno, Nev. . p. 541, Bk. 35
19. Boquillas Land & Cattle Co., Fairbank, Arizona ..... p. 25, Bk. 10
20. R. Thurston, Metropolis, Nev. . . . p. 532, Bk. 35

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1. H. L. Kerr, Tucson, Arizona ..... p. 35, Bk. 6 and many others.
2. Martha M. Tipton, Karlo, Lassen Co., California ..... p. 227, Bk. 22, etc.
3. J. H. Hess, Pittsburg, Camp Co., Texas ..... p. 27, Bk. 40
4. J. S. Ellison, Dilley, Frio Co., Tex. . p. 39, Bk. 40
5. C. B. McGee, Wabuska, Nev. ..... p. 546, Bk. 35
6. G. Flynt, Huntsville, Walker Co., Texas ..... p. 75, Bk. 40
7. Olga McKinney, Tuscarora, Nev. . p. 546, Bk. 35
8. C. J. Welch & Bro., Pioche, Nev. . . p. 532, Bk. 35
9. W. L. Jones, Goldthwaite, Mills Co., Texas ..... p. 58, Bk. 40
10. F. A. McDermid, Elko, Nevada . . . p. 519, Bk. 35
11. Delmue Bros., Pioche, Nevada . . . p. 119, Bk. 35
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14. J. Waterman, Winnemucca, Nev. . p. 537, Bk. 35
15. W. A. Austin, Fallon, Nevada .... p. 541, Bk. 35
16. S. Q. Garst, Magdalena, N. M. . . . p. 217, Bk. 37
17. M. E. Duke, Timpson, Shelby Co., Texas ..... p. 69, Bk. 40
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CUSTER'S BATTLE FLAGS

Books published on the Custer tragedy would make a fair-sized library. Here are a few of the best:

BOURKE, JOHN G. *On the Border With Crook*. New York, 1891.

DUSTIN, FRED. *The Custer Tragedy*. Ann Arbor, 1939. Contains a bibliography of three hundred items. Eighteen maps. Scarce.

FINERTY, JOHN F. *War Path and Bivouac*. Chicago, 1890. Has lists of killed and wounded.

GRAHAM, W. A. *The Story of the Little Big Horn*. By the author of the article in this book. First published 1926. Now in its third printing.

VAN DE WATER, FREDERIC F. *The Glory-Hunter—A Life of General Custer*. Indianapolis and New York, 1934. The best biography of Custer.

SETH JESSE GRIFFIN

Historic Genealogy, Wymans & Lowells, Coral Gables, 1941. No. 134.
History of Utah Since Statehood, Vol. II.
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World Almanac—1948.
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Handbook of American Indians, Bulletin 30, Bureau of Ethnology.
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Eliel, The Hon. Frank, Dillon, Montana.
Fortune, Florence, Librarian, State Historical and Miscellaneous Library, Helena, Montana.
Gross, F. A., Superintendent, Fort Hall Agency, Fort Hall, Idaho.
Hailey, John, State Historical Society, Boise, Idaho.
Hauke, C. F., Chief Clerk, U. S. Department of the Interior, Office of Indian Affairs.

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Hazelbaker, Frank A., Dillon, Montana.
Lewis, Lena C., State Historical Society, Tacoma, Washington.
Reed, Ella C., Assistant Librarian, Idaho State Historical Society.
Rees, T. A., Salmon City, Idaho.
Schneider, Charlotte, Assistant Librarian, State Historical and Miscellaneous Library, Helena, Mont.
La Vatta, George P., Department of the Interior, Office of Indian Affairs.
Yearian, Mrs. Emma R., Lemhi, Idaho.

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1878 (Report of John A. Wright, Lemhi Indian Agent, Idaho, August 1, 1878).
1879 (Report of John A. Wright, Farmer in Charge, Lemhi Agency, August 20, 1879).
1880 (Report of E. A. Stone, Lemhi Indian Agent, August 28, 1880).
1885 (Report of Robert Woodbridge, Lemhi Agent, August 3, 1885).
1886 (Report of Chas. E. Monteith, Lemhi Agent, August 2, 1886).
1891 (Report of E. Nasholds, Lemhi Agent, August 5, 1891).
1899 (Report of E. M. Yearian, Lemhi Agent, August 23, 1899).
1901 (Report of E. M. Yearian, Lemhi Agent, August 15, 1901).

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Letter from B. F. Potts, Governor, Ter. of Montana, to Hon. C. Schurz, Washington D.C., 1878.
Telegram from E. A. Hayt, Commissioner to Hon. B. F. Potts, Helena, Montana, August 7, 1878.
Letter from John A. Wright, Farmer in Charge, Lemhi Agency, to Hon. Com. Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.
Letter from Aug. F. Duclos, Supt. and S. D. Agent, Lemhi Agency, Idaho to The Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C., May 17th, 1907.

JUDGE CARTER AND OLD FORT BRIDGER

Much has been written about Fort Bridger, and too little about Judge Carter who was so inseparably a part of it. Here are a few items to whet the interest of this famous outpost, while we await the publication of Edgar Carter's own story of the fort and the life of his renowned father:

ALTER, J. CECIL. *James Bridger*. Salt Lake City, 1925. The standard work. Good bibliography.

ELLISON, ROBERT S. *Fort Bridger, Wyoming, a brief history*. Sixty pages only. Casper, Wyo., 1931.

GOVE, JESSE A. *The Utah Expedition, 1857-1858*. Concord, N. H., 1928. Captain Gove was commander of the post for a time. Good description of fort and surrounding country.

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A BOY'S LIFE ON THE BELL RANCH

"As to bibliography, there was not much to draw from except memory, my life there and the many talks I heard from men who had been on the ranch from its start. However, I did see and have access to the private records of Wilson Waddingham, the Englishman who bought the two grants and started the cattle ranch in a 'business like' manner. As late as 1948 I had access to the records of the Red River Valley Company, who owned the Bell Ranch. This was the company started by Wilson Waddingham to operate the Bell Ranch. These records cover many filing cabinets and I still have hope that myself or 'some one' will be permitted to gather the 'high lights' of the ranch. There are some records in the Palace of the Governors at Santa Fe. There are some records in Mexico City that I have seen. I know the cost of the ranch which I am not permitted to reveal at this time. Tax records at Las Vegas, New Mexico give some information. Jack Culley in his *Cattle, Horses and Men*, gives the most complete story of the Bell Ranch yet published. He was manager after Wilson Waddingham, and is now very old and lives at El Monte, California."—MARION SPEER.

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WE THANK YOU:

THE 1950 BRAND BOOK is the work of many hands. It represents the best efforts of not only Westerners but their friends of near and far. To anyone and everyone who had part in this monumental task, we pause at this page in their honor and remembrance.

To J. Gregg Layne and W. W. Robinson, our editors, go special thanks. The high quality of material found between covers of this book is the result of their trained and efficient management of this essential phase of publishing.

The artistry and skill of Don Louis Perceval speaks out from the jacket, and from the exhaustive and definitive study of animal branding through the ages which he has called *Names On Cows*. Clarence Ellsworth, another fine Westerner artist, is again represented in this volume.

Our contributors this year are representative of the best western writers, both in and outside our Corral. These include: Henry H. Clifford, Edgar N. Carter, Earle R. Forrest, Col. W. A. Graham, Joseph Mills Hanson, Neal Harlow, Dr. F. W. Hodge, Warren F. Lewis, Don Perceval, W. W. Robinson, Frank Schilling, Marion A. Speer, A. R. Van Noy, Harold O. Weight, and Arthur Woodward. The splendid material preserved in this volume is the result of their skill and efforts.

From the superb collection of Carl S. Dentzel came the illustrations used for end sheets, and other illustrative material. For other rare photos, illustrations and maps we are indebted to J. Gregg Layne, W. W. Robinson, Bert Olson, Harold Weight, Homer E. Britzman, Frank Schilling, Marion A. Speer, Warren F. Lewis, A. R. Van Noy, Henry H. Clifford, Edgar N. Carter, Earle R. Forrest, and Paul Bailey.

Again we have Arthur Clark, Jr. to thank for the long and lonely task of indexing this volume. And once again Cornelia Cook has contributed her skill at proofreading, adding further to the high standards to which our Brand Books have achieved.

Homer H. Boelter, and the great lithography establishment which he heads, has come through magnificently in the mechanical production of this book. The care and love which Homer and his craftsmen have given our Brand Book speaks from every page.

To Richard Rowbotham and his Dependable Folding and Binding Company, and Bindex Corp., goes credit for the gathering and binding.

As representative in charge of sales, Hugh Shick has cheerfully accepted the essential phase of any publishing venture—distribution and sale of the finished product. We thank you, Hugh, as we tender into your hands the finished product.

The Book Committee for the 1950 Brand Book was made up of this tireless crew of Westerners: Sheriff Paul Bailey, Deputy Sheriff Don Perceval, Past-Sheriff Homer H. Boelter, Past-Sheriff Paul Galleher, J. Gregg Layne, W. W. Robinson, Arthur Clark, Jr., Merrell A. Kitchen, and Hugh Shick. Present Sheriff, Bert Olson, as ex-officio member, lent kindly help to us in all our difficulties and decisions.

Thanks once again, to all of you!

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CATCHING the famous California horses which were the pride of Mexican California and the mounts for the Mexican Lancers. This painting was done on the Pico Rancho by James Walker, the renowned artist who accompanied the American army to California in the Mexican War.

—Courtesy of Carl Dentzel


DON PERCEVAL.
1950