THE AMERICAN WEST

COVER: *Snowstorm in the Sierra,* depicting the overland mail coach, was painted in 1876 by William Hahn, a talented German artist who spent most of the decade of the seventies in California.

(California Historical Society)

THE

AMERICAN WEST


FROM
LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA
TO
CINCINNATI
OHIO.

THE
AMERICAN WEST

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Not all emigration was westward: this nineteenth-century individualist —who commemorated his impending feat of perambulation at a Santa Monica photographic gallery—was headed the other way.

COLLECTION OF ED HOLM

DIARY OF A REVOLUTION

A United States Ambassador's Involvement in the Intrigue of Mexico's "Tragic Ten Days"

By Marjorie C. Parker

Francisco Indalecio Madero, president of Mexico from November 6, 1911, to February 19, 1913.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1913

Not long past midnight a steady drumming of hoofbeats and an occasional rumble of artillery disturbed sleepers along the route from the south to the center of Mexico City. In the darkness the long column of cavalry and military cadets split into two; one trotted on to the National Palace, the seat of government, and took possession. The second column rumbled on to the Santiago military prison, and demanded—and received—the person of Gen. Bernardo Reyes. Then it wound on to the Penitentiary, set up its cannon, and demanded the release of Gen. Félix Díaz, which was granted by the outnumbered guards. Díaz was shaving; he finished up before joining the plotters.

The plot had been brewing for months, its instigators meeting regularly in a comfortable suburban home. But only the day before they had discovered their plans were known, and had hastily advanced their strike to the just-tolled midnight. To celebrate the decision they had a good supper with *copitas* of wine.

Bernardo Reyes, the plot went, was to be provisional president after the *coup*. He had the noble bearing and a fixed ambition for the presidency, somewhat impaired by his weak knees (he tended always to choose exile to showdown). Félix Díaz, the plump *bon vivant*, was the nephew of ex-dictator Porfirio Díaz. He cultivated the same drop-wing mustaches as the old strong man, but few of his other attributes. Nevertheless, he was slated to become constitutional president after the conspirators arranged an election. Both Reyes and Díaz had made fiascoes of earlier revolts, but President Francisco Madero, instead of having them shot, had tolerantly imprisoned them.

Saluting and bowing, these two dubious warriors now proceeded on horseback with their escort toward the Zócalo, the wide plaza in front of the already-secured Palace.

But inside the Palace two men, loyal to the president, were energetically turning the tables on its earlier captors. The president's younger brother, Gustavo Madero, with both his brilliant eyes flashing (the left was glass), talked up a storm of confusion among the rebel troops, who had not been told under whose banner they were rallying. Díaz's men distrusted Reyes, Reyes' men scoffed at Díaz, and the *peon* troops already resented the airs of the cadets. As Gustavo exhorted this mixed bag of rebels and their allegiances wavered, Gen. Lauro Villar, commander of the Plaza, arrived with loyal Federal forces and regained control of the Palace.

So, before 7 A.M., it was Federal troops who propped

Henry Lane Wilson, U.S. ambassador to Madero's Mexican government.

Victoriano Huerta, Mexican general —and revolutionist.

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE TWO PAGES: CULVER PICTURES

themselves on the Palace parapets or threw themselves prone, side by side, rifles aimed, in front of the Palace wall facing the Zócalo. In the wide stone doorways small mortars and machine guns waited.

Nearly an hour later General Reyes, preparing to accept the Palace surrender and name himself *Presidente,* trotted his great black horse up to the central portal. His escort of two hundred cavalrymen reined in behind, awaiting entry. But from the doorway General Villar called out to Reyes to surrender, warning him that the Palace was loyal to the government.

"Enough nonsense!" shouted Reyes. "We are entering!" He spurred forward. The Palace guard fired; so did Reyes' escort. From the doorway the machine guns chattered and Reyes fell dead. Villar also fell, gravely wounded.

Any air of *opéra bouffe* now fled. A deadly exchange of gunfire exploded across the Zócalo for the next quarter hour. Rebels and Federals battled in and out of nearby buildings and shops. Horses screamed and clattered, falling. Innocents on their way to Mass, shoe-shine boys, and candy and flower vendors were shot down in the crossfire. When it was over, government troops still held the Palace, hundreds of civilians sprawled dead, and Félix Díaz was in retreat.

He led his followers some six blocks west and eight blocks south to the Ciudadela, an old arsenal, where they holed up.

At 9 A.M., Francisco Madero appeared on his favorite gray horse in the Zócalo at the head of nearly a thousand mounted police and loyal cadets—and a cheering crowd.

News of the attempted *cuartelazo* had been delivered to the president at Chapultepec Castle, the white eyrie above the treetops overlooking the Valley of Mexico. Madero had been warned days before of such an attempt but refused it credence. Now, accepting the treachery, he assumed the calm that always infused him in emergencies, high-strung and emotional though he was. He mounted up quickly, spiritedly addressed the cadets, and spurred his horse down the hill toward the Paseo de la Reforma. The cadets ran after him, slinging on caps, buttoning their jackets, cheering. Cabinet members joined them, and crowds of spectators ran or bicycled alongside their president, past the massive stone mansions of the wealthy Mexicans and foreigners he so tentatively threatened.

Madero, a small, kindly-eyed, optimistic man, never wore a gun. He had on his ordinary business suit with its buttoned vest, and the bowler hat which he waved at the sympathetic or curious thousands who gathered along his route. At one

February 9, 1913: Just before 7 A.M., Federal troops await rebel forces at the National Palace.

One hour later, troops of generals Reyes and Díaz trot onto the main plaza, the Zócalo.

After a fierce battle, revolutionary forces are in retreat and the Zócalo is a scene of carnage.

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE TWO PAGES: HISTORIA GRAFICA DE LAS REVOLUTION MEXICANA

corner he was shot at, at the next he received an ovation: "Vi-va Ma-dero!" The little bearded president, only thirty-nine years old, had been plagued by intrigues during his administration. Discredited falsely by his enemies and legitimately through his own mistakes, he was still the *Apóstol de Democracia* to most Mexicans—their first chance for an honest, constitutional regime since Benito Juárez.

Crossing the Zócalo—still slippery with blood and heaped with corpses—Madero dismounted in the Palace courtyard and hurried to his offices. He immediately called in his cabinet. Pressed by its members and his family and friends, he had to name a new military commander to replace the wounded Villar and drive out the rebels.

Despite personal aversion, he named the veteran Victoriano Huerta, the Indian known as "Indian Killer" for his ruthless military proclivities—a closemouthed cognac drinker.

The next busiest offices in Mexico City during these hours were in the United States Embassy. Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson was feverishly calling in clerks, summoning foreign diplomats, and wiring Washington. By virtue of holding the only ambassadorial rank in the capital, Wilson was dean of the diplomatic corps. He had precedence over all other foreign ministers. He was a political payoff. His brother, ex-senator from the state of Washington, was its Republican boss and a close friend of Richard Ballinger, President Taft's first Secretary of the Interior. Ballinger was close to the American Guggenheims, who in turn were close to owning all of the major mining and smelting properties in Mexico.

Wilson, fifty-three years old, was a thin, dapper man, with scanty hair parted in the middle, a grizzle mustache, and pince-nez glasses hanging on a grosgrain ribbon. He was peevishly insistent on the deference and precedence owed his position. The ambassador was known to his Mexican employees as "un pequeño," a small-minded waster of energy on self-important trivia.

Henry Lane Wilson detested Madero. He complained that the president never consulted him, that he led a "mischievous government" and committed "grave public errors," chief of which seemed to be Madero's lack of favoritism toward American capital. U.S. citizens controlled one billion dollars in railways, banks, supply houses, oil, mines, and cattle in Mexico. They had reaped fantastic profits under Porfirio Díaz and were not inclined to forego them under the reformer Madero. Their representatives flocked around Ambassador Wilson and became his clique as he became their advocate to the president, whom he publicly called an "imbecile."

During the fifteen months of Madero's regime, Wilson had harrassed him with endless and often unsubstantiated complaints. Now he was refusing even to see the president; he would send his charge d'affaires to Chapultepec.

Wilson's reports to the State Department consistently discredited Madero and boosted revolutionary possibilities, particularly those of Félix Díaz. Wilson's recent communiqués were so inflammatory that the State Department staff began to doubt their accuracy. Still, the Taft administration did nothing to curb its choleric man in Mexico.

By afternoon, the sound of gunfire fading, Wilson began a flood of doomsaying messages to Washington. "People are crying 'Death to Madero' and 'Viva Díaz'," he wired. "The National Palace is the only place still loyal to Madero!" He addressed the diplomats he had called together and, appearing gravely alarmed, insisted that the Madero government close all the bars in the city as well as guarantee protection to all foreigners.

In midafternoon, Félix Díaz sent a messenger to the U.S. Embassy from his hideout. He wanted Wilson to urge President Madero to resign. Wilson demurred, saying the messenger held no proper credentials, and besides he—Wilson—would first have to have the approval of the entire diplomatic corps. There was no mention of impropriety.

At dusk an apprehensive quiet settled over the city; only a few Red Cross workers were cruising the streets. Madero set out for Cuernavaca to confer with Felipe Angeles, his loyal friend and a top-flight artillery general. They stayed at Englishwoman Rosa King's Bella Vista Hotel, with the British flag run up. Only Rosa, her Chinese cook, and an Indian boy had access to the two men while they arranged that Angeles and his two thousand troops would come down the mountains tomorrow when the president returned. Mrs. King noticed that Madero looked depressed, unlike his usual cheerful self.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10

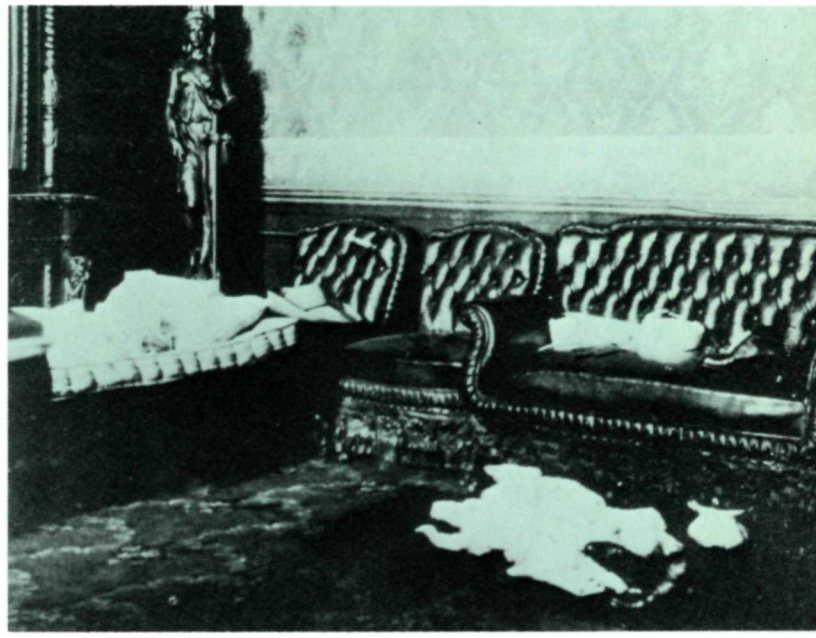
Unnatural quiet still encompassed the capital. Business houses were closed, homes shuttered, the central streets empty. Yet somehow Félix Díaz slipped out of the Ciudadela and met at a pastry shop with an emissary of his new opponent, Victoriano Huerta.

Ambassador Wilson not only knew of the secret meeting but wired Washington that the opposing generals were now "negotiating." His messages went on to declare that practically all local state authorities, police, and *rurales* had switched to Díaz, although such was by no means the case.

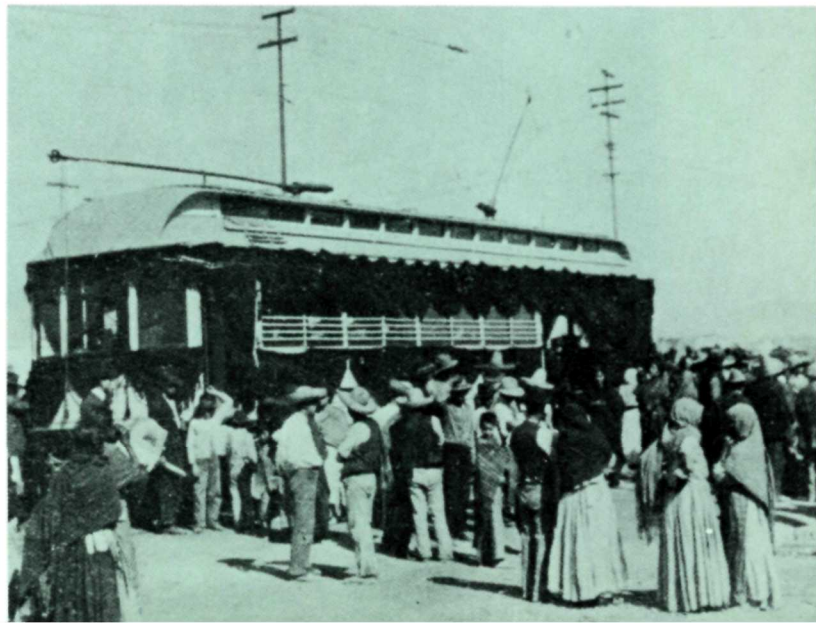
He also dispatched letters to all precinct police captains in the city, again insisting the bars be closed. Liquor, however, continued to flow freely at the Embassy. Many reputable Mexican officials, in fact, privately considered Wilson himself *un ebrio,* a drunk.

Late in the evening, Gustavo Madero got wind of the bakery shop negotiations between Díaz and Huerta's man and charged Huerta with being part of the conspiracy against his

February 11: Civilians flee for their lives from the crossfire between government and rebel troops.



February 23: Clothes in disarray in the palace quarters where President Madero was held prisoner.



Mexican citizens gather in tribute around the funeral trolley bearing the body of their Apóstol de Democracia.

brother. But the general, in the dark blue glasses that hid his eyes, swore his undying loyalty to Francisco Madero.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11

At 10 A.M. the siege of the Ciudadela began with thunderous cannon fire and grenades exploding from both sides, blowing walls and windows out of obstructing buildings, terrifying the occupants and killing them when they ventured out. Five hundred persons were killed and wounded, but the arsenal was unbreached.

At 10:30 A.M. Huerta and Díaz met in a house in Colonia Roma. As a result of their meeting, a force of loyal Maderista *rurales* was ordered to march, unprotected, down Balderas street toward the Ciudadela. Díaz's machine gunners shredded them to a man.

The heart of Mexico City, between the Palace and the Ciudadela, was becoming a shambles of shattered walls, glass, and corpses; yet the holocaust was contained within just that area of the capital. The rest of the country was, in the main, healthy and calm, awaiting Madero's rebuff of Félix Díaz. Messages from outlying consuls to Ambassador Wilson and the State Department confirmed this calm. Yet the graying diplomat never ceased his panicking cries of alarm, driving about through the grim streets like a bird of ill omen, the Embassy limousine draped in an American flag.

By afternoon Wilson took a determined step. He wired the State Department asking exceptional powers:

> . . . the Government of the United States . . . should send hither instructions of a firm, drastic and perhaps menacing character to be transmitted personally to the Government of President Madero and to the leaders of the revolutionary movement. If I were in possession of instructions of this character . . . or with general powers in the name of the President I might possibly be able to induce a cessation of hostilities. . . .

Secretary of State Philander Knox replied, no. The United States government wanted no responsibility for "affecting the issue of military supremacy" in Mexico.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12

At 11 A.M., in exact contradiction of his instructions, Ambassador Wilson threatened President Madero with the armed intervention of the United States.

Bringing along the Spanish and German ministers, Cólogan and Von Hintze, Wilson protested the current hostilities to Madero. Then he announced that American vessels had been ordered to various ports of Mexico. If necessary, marines would be landed and ordered to proceed to Mexico City to maintain order.

His threat was false, but Madero could not be certain it was. Armed intervention by the United States had been anathema to every Mexican government. Madero professed not to believe Wilson, but he was obviously disturbed.

The Ambassador continued on his morning's mission, next visiting Félix Díaz at the Ciudadela. He was ushered in between ranks of rebel soldiers and was received by Díaz with full military honors. Díaz insisted that the hostilities were not his fault but Madero's. Wilson went home, pleased with Díaz's "frankness and humaneness."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13

Heavy cannonading from both sides shook the streets but still with remarkably little effect. The Ciudadela, really no more than an old warehouse, stood unscathed. One reason could have been that government artillery was not aimed at it. Machine guns were shooting down empty streets at no targets except stray pedestrians. Only General Angeles' batteries were firing honest shots, but they had been ordered too far away for effective aim.

Meanwhile, Wilson's mendacious threat of invasion by the United States spread like a bacillus of germ warfare through Madero's followers.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14

The President authorized two peace emissaries, one the Spaniard Cólogan, to propose to Félix Díaz an armistice and talks preparatory to peace. But inside the Ciudadela, Díaz stubbornly repeated his demand that Madero must resign, along with his vice president, José María Piño Suárez, and his cabinet. The possibility of American intervention did

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Weak-kneed Gen. Bernardo Reyes aspired to the presidency, but a machine-gun bullet cut short his ambitions.

nothing to budge him. Cólogan left; he later said ruefully that Díaz seemed a little weak, but that Ambassador Wilson had paid no attention when Cólogan tried to tell him so.

By now the Wilson threat had spread so far and been repeated so often that it was taking on the ominous shape of fact. Cabinet members became so fearful that Mexican sovereignty would be lost through attack from the United States that they urged Madero to resign so that civil hostilities might cease.

Madero refused to resign for any reason. He drafted a telegram to President Taft asking if the U.S. ambassador's intimidation of the Mexican government was based on fact. Madero appeared optimistic and confident again as soon as the message was on its way.

At the Embassy, Wilson was busy. In the morning he trapped Pedro Lascuráin, the Mexican foreign minister, in a lengthy harangue blaming Madero for all the troubles. Lascuráin left deeply troubled by what Wilson represented as the militant posture of the United States, and already hinting that perhaps Madero should resign. Next, Wilson put out a summons for the British, German, and Spanish ministers to come to the Embassy early the following morning.

All this while, Victoriano Huerta knocked back his *copitas* of brandy and shifted Federal troops from one ineffective spot to another. A fresh battalion of government troops arrived under the command of Gen. Aureliano Blanquet, an old comrade-in-arms of Huerta, and camped on the city's outskirts. The Ciudadela seemed impregnable; it certainly was, to the low-power shrapnel being fired by government cannon.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15

Wilson admitted his colleagues to the Embassy very early. He was pallid and agitated as he began his familiar raging against Madero, a "madman who should be declared legally incompetent."

"The situation is intolerable . . . I am going to put order!" he cried, banging his fist on a table and going on with his lurid conviction that Mexico was ablaze with rebellion and that mobs, probably Zapatistas, were coming to rape the capital.

"Madero is lost," he concluded. "His fall is only a question of hours. It depends only upon an agreement being reached *right now* between Huerta and Díaz." If anyone knew that such an agreement was being framed, it would have been Wilson. He told his startled listeners he had daily access to Huerta through a go-between, and to Díaz through an American doctor who visited the rebel leader.

Two hours of Wilson's monologue finally wore down the visiting trio. They agreed that Minister Cólogan should go to Madero with an unofficial request that he resign.

By 9 A.M. poor Cólogan was at the Palace haltingly explaining that at the behest of the U.S. Ambassador he had come to state that the internal and international situation had grown so grave there was no way out but for the president to resign.

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Ebullient in victory, newly-proclaimed President Huerta accepts plaudits with his nervous co-conspirator, Díaz.

Madero coolly refused. He was the constitutional president, after all. To resign would mean chaos.

"Foreigners," the little president pronounced with dignity, "do not have the right to interfere in Mexico's politics."

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16

Dawn came peacefully, in contrast to last Sunday's eruption of violence. Under ragged white flags, people crept out to find food or try to identify the corpses, which were now being burned where they fell in order to avoid an epidemic. Whole families fled with mattresses and shapeless bundles on their backs. But at 2 P.M., with no warning, the cannonading resumed, and Henry Lane Wilson rushed off to the Palace to complain again.

General Huerta sent a message to Ambassador Wilson advising him that plans were fully matured for President Madero's removal from power.

Wilson responded with only one suggestion: no lives should be taken "except by due process of law."

Encouraging Cuban Minister M. Márquez Sterling, Wilson blithely prophesied that everything would be over by tomorrow.

"Todo terminado, Ministro!" All finished.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18

The tenth day opened felicitously enough with delivery of President Taft's calming message to President Madero. It stated that any reports that orders had been given to land U.S. troops in Mexico were inaccurate.

Continued on page 57

WINTER ADVENTURES ON THE ALASKAN TRAIL

A Renowned Naturalist Recalls His Life Among the Eskimos a Half-Century Ago

By Olaus Murie

For almost half a century—first as a field naturalist for the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh and later as a member of the U.S. Biological Survey—Olaus Murie lived and worked close to the wild things of the earth. A gentle, brilliant man who won fame as an ecologist more than a decade before the word was popularly understood, he contributed enormously to the wilderness movement and to man's appreciation of nature and its vital relationship to all life. Murie had a special love for America's northlands and at the time of his death in 1963 had nearly completed an autobiographical account of his years in Alaska, Labrador, and Hudson Bay, beginning with his first trip in 1914. The manuscript for this book was recently completed by Murie's wife Margaret, who shared in many of his travels and experiences. Journeys to the Far North—*from which the following article has been excerpted —will be published in April by the Wilderness Society and the American West Publishing Company.*

IN 1922 my younger brother Adolph came north to be my assistant in a caribou study for the U.S. Biological Survey. We were scheduled to travel to several places on the Yukon River, then up into the Koyukuk River country and into the Brooks Range, and back by way of the Chandalar River valley and the Yukon again. It would be a long trip, a great circuit which would measure at least fifteen hundred miles, and we were anxious to get started. But the snow came late that fall around Fairbanks, and we had to have snow. It was not until November 24 that we boarded the train at Fairbanks and, with dogs and sleds in the baggage car, rode to Nenana. There we unloaded and set off over a rough trail to Tanana on the Yukon, still with barely enough snow for sledding.

This first part of our trip was taken up with routine matters, such as purchasing supplies and more dogs to add to our two teams. From Tanana we went down the Yukon toward Kokrines, where we were to make a survey of a domestic reindeer herd some miles inland from that point.

Our first morning on the Yukon stands out in my memory. We were traveling in the short, dark winter days, and there was bright moonlight when we had finished breakfast at "Daddy" Black's roadhouse at Tanana and went out to harness the dogs. They were lively and unruly after three days' rest, and Daddy Black stood on the brake of one sled while we got the wriggling, jumping animals into harness. I had a good leader and went first, with Adolph following behind. Daddy Black led my team to the bank of the Yukon, then let go. He shouted goodbye as we hurtled down the steep bank, my leader swung onto the trail, and we were off!

But suddenly my team of seven was a writhing, snarling mass of fighting dogs. They loved to fight! I seized a chain and luckily managed to beat them apart before real damage was done. The team finally quieted down, and I had time to consider our surroundings. The broad Yukon stretched away in the bright, mellow moonlight, and the other shore was a low, dark line in the distance. We threaded the edge of the rough ice near one bank. The dogs trotted steadily along, an indistinct blur of moving furry figures—the whole thing a page from a fantasy. And here I was—mushing a team of malemutes! How I gloried in the feeling! Ade said nothing, but I am sure he was feeling the same emotions.

Dawn approached. The moon sank lower and lower toward a high bluff fringed with bare cottonwoods and, as the daylight slowly wiped away the magic, disappeared in the silvery haze. Behind us, her rival the sun began to show his colors, a dim gold on the horizon which grew and spread in richer and richer hues. But it seemed loath to appear, and we traveled far with lingering glances to the glory of the horizon until mid-forenoon, when the sun burst into view and gilded the ice, the trees, and the distant hills. But it lingered along the horizon and in a very few hours again dipped out of sight.

It was December 20 before our survey was completed and we came back up the Yukon to Tanana and started into the Koyukuk country. We did not follow the rivers and in a short time were on the overland trail north to Allakaket. We had a strenuous time. It was uphill, the sleds overturned many

Olaus Murie (right) and his brother Adolph view the grandeur of Alaska's Brooks Range during a mountain sheep hunting expedition for the U.S. National Museum in February 1923. On the opposite page, Adolph and his team struggle up the slope of one of the region's barren foothills.

times, the dogs were ill-tempered, and I nearly despaired of further progress. Freezing perspiration whitened my parka hood, and I finally discarded it.

However, when we reached the top of the first hills and looked out across new valleys before us, I forgot the petty vexations and thrilled with the somber beauty of it. One could see distant ridges, wide slopes, and little ravines tracing down into the greater streams, all snowy with long, thin lines of trees seeking cover in the nooks and sheltered places. And far off, mingling with the cold blue clouds, were the misty, deeper blue mountains.

As we went over the top of a high hill, a cold penetrating breeze met us—indeed, near the close of the short arctic day, the whole aspect, cold blue and gray and white with an accent of black in the strips of forest, was chilling. But we were looking up toward the Arctic, with the Arctic Circle only a few days ahead, and the incentive to explore new valleys and have new experiences neutralized the cold and made of it but a spice in the adventure. The snow here was drifted, and we slipped and bumped along over the drifts on the long downward slope into the heart of the new landscape.

We were still on the trail when December 24 arrived—another Christmas in the Far North! We made only seventeen miles that day, and spent the evening in a small cabin. There was no Santa Claus nor many of the customary holiday trimmings, but nature helped to make this a special and beautiful day. The sunrise itself had been striking. A heavy cloud reached up from the horizon, widening and spreading the higher it reached, in the shape of a tornado. It was all aflame, a deep fire red at the horizon, throwing a ruddy flush here and there over the great cloud mass, and tinting the little flecks of cloud scattered beyond. It was like a striking flaming banner, which could well make us think of the aftermath of that first Christmas. A little star showed furtively on one side.

The evening, too, helped us to celebrate Christmas on this short winter day. A bright crescent moon cast a tracery of shadows in the forest, silvering the snow and trees. And the stars blinked brightly, adding to the crispness of the evening. An enchanting scene.

In the little cabin in the wilderness, we cooked up some of the best food we had and opened the gifts we had received from friends in Fairbanks. We brought our dogs inside, two or three at a time, for a special treat, to enjoy scraps of dainties. Our thoughts went especially to the loved ones we had left far behind to the south. To add a little to our celebration, we cut the small top of a spruce and hung tallow candles on it with string, one for each of our family members back in Minnesota and our Fairbanks friends. It seemed a real Christmas Eve when we lit them all.

Next day we knew we would get to Allakaket, the Episcopal mission of St. John's in the Wilderness. Adolph went ahead with his team that Christmas Day, and I came along some distance behind, as the two teams did not work well when too close together.

We reached Allakaket by early moonlight, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and stopped in the Kobuk Eskimo village. This was on the west side of the Koyukuk River, where Sam Dubin's trading post was. Across the Koyukuk, still pretty wide at this point, was the mission and the Indian village. We were told that our quarters would be upstairs over the store. The storekeeper and the trader were over at the mission, but the Eskimos who met us assured us that we were perfectly welcome and gave us a generous helping of caribou meat for our supper. How welcome they made us feel!

They were all leaving for the Christmas party at the mission, so we also shaved and cleaned up as best we could in our travel togs. On our way into the hall, two young native boys gave us each a bag of candy and told us where to find the Christmas tree. We arrived too late to see Santa Claus—he had just finished his duties—but the tree was there, and the hall was full of Eskimos and Indians, along with two women missionaries, the trader, and his storekeeper. They all flocked around to shake our hands and greet us with "Merry Christmas!"

At one of the mail cabins where we had stopped along the trail, we had found a set of false teeth some traveler had left behind. We had taken them along in a baking powder can and earlier that evening had given them to one of the Eskimos going ahead of us to the program. Some of them knew that the teeth belonged to Sam Dubin, the trader, who had come over the trail just ahead of us, and they were presented to him by Santa Claus!

Murie's Kobuk Eskimo friend Pooto poses with his family. Young Angiok, who assisted the naturalist as guide, is at left.

A scene in camp during the sheep hunting expedition. Pooto's entire family went along on this trip.

A few evenings later the Eskimos and Indians again gathered in the dance hall near the mission. I appreciated the fact that a dance hall was provided for these people through the cooperation of the mission, an unusual and helpful thing. Ade and I went over with some of the friendly Eskimos.

A group of the Eskimo men were assembled near a drum they had purchased, to take the place of their own native drums. They sang a song, every line or two repeating, "*A-hung-a-ya-ya, hung-a-ha-ya-ya!*" (At least it sounded something like that and seemed to correspond to our "tra-la-la.") Then a tall young Kobuk stepped out in front. He wore around his head the neck of a loon, with the bird's head and bill sticking out over his forehead. He also wore gloves with little straps fastened on the backs, to fool the evil spirit if he should try to seize him. He danced in the one-two rhythm, hopping about in various attitudes, his hands pointing here and there, also in rhythm. Occasionally he uttered a vigorous "*Uh-hu-hu!*" in a loud voice. After a while some Eskimo women came out at one side and accompanied him by swaying with the rhythm.

When the Eskimos were through with several dances, the Indians performed their dance. It seemed a somber affair, an even, marching shuffle with a simple rhythm. The Indian who led the dance had lost a son the summer before, and I suppose the almost monotone singing recounted that affair.

After they finished their dance, that same Indian and his wife sat down in an adjacent room where they had assembled their belongings. According to tribal custom, they were to give away all they owned and start life again with nothing. They had a couple of children who took each article and went with it to the designated person, until all was given away. When we went out, I noticed that at least two or three of the Eskimos dropped a half-dollar into the lap of the Indian woman as they passed by.

WE STAYED AT ALLAKAKET a number of days, asking the people about caribou and other aspects of natural history. Here we became acquainted with Pooto, a Kobuk who had come down from his cabin up the Alatna River. One day Pooto said something at first I could not understand: he told me he didn't care for the Alatna River region. "It's awful

country," he said. "Too much timber. I can't see far. I think go back arctic side. Noatak my country. There see far."

We are not all alike. What we appreciate depends on where and how we grew up. Coming up here from the Yukon River, we had taken pleasure in the beauty that surrounded us, in the forests as well as the open plains.

We were destined to know Pooto and his family better than we had anticipated. At Allakaket we made plans to go up to his cabin and later farther north. On January 4 we said goodbye to Hank the storekeeper and other new friends in the village, and traveled on up the Alatna River to Pooto's home, two days' journey away. There we met Pooto's wife Annie, who could not speak English, and his three children, the oldest a boy twelve years old.

When we arrived at Pooto's, we were just ahead of a severe cold spell. We could hear our breath hissing as it passed our ears, so we knew it was at least fifty degrees below zero. Later we learned that at Allakaket they had recorded sixty-eight degrees below. During this time the dogs crouched all curled up deep in the snow. In Pooto's one-room cabin Ade and I were given a place in one corner to spread our sleeping bags on the floor. In this intimate association, we learned more about Eskimos.

Pooto showed me a slender ivory handle of an Eskimo drill, decorated in a long line by figures of various birds carved into the handle. I recognized a crane and a loon. He also showed me a similar handle of a "tool bag" with figures carved in a line, each of them showing the flukes of a beluga whale that the hunter had killed. These two articles had been made by Pooto's great-grandfather, over on the Noatak River. Pooto said that in those earlier days the Eskimos shot birds with bow and arrow, sometimes in flight.

An elevated cache protected Pooto's supplies from predators at his cabin on the Alatna River.

Mary, Pooto's young daughter, was using a spoon made from a mountain sheep horn. Later, when we left the country, she gave me her spoon as a gift.

The mere fact that Pooto had a log cabin revealed the white man's influence on the Eskimos, but these people still had some of their old customs. For one thing, they ate raw, frozen fish. That white fish meat looked so appetizing that one day I tried some. When it had thawed in my mouth, however, I discovered that it had not been frozen soon enough. I did not try it again. One day Annie boiled some bear feet, wristlets of fur still on them—we didn't mind appearances, and they tasted good.

During these cold days of staying close to home, we learned some of the Eskimos' superstitions and stories. Pooto told me that one time a bear started down toward the earth from way up in the sky. As he came falling down, he became smaller and smaller until, when he landed in the snow, he became the lemming. Pooto pointed out that the lemming track has the same pattern as that of a bear, which for him substantiated the story. And another Eskimo passing through told me that he had actually seen the hole in the snow where the falling lemming had come down.

One evening Pooto was speaking in his language to the children. The way he was talking, I thought he was telling a story. When he finished I asked, "Pooto, was that a story you were telling?"

He mumbled yes but seemed surprised.

"Will you tell me the story so I can take it down, and the song too?"

Pooto hesitated, and I surmised that he would assume that the white man would think his story not worth telling. So I said, "We have stories, too, for our children."

And I told him the old fairy tale of the fox that induced a bear to put his tail down through a hole in the ice to catch fish. After the tail had frozen solid in the ice, the fox told him to pull hard and he would get some fish. The bear pulled hard, and pulled off his tail. Ever since then the bear has had only a short stump of a tail. Pooto laughed, and immediately told the story to Annie, in the Eskimo language, and she laughed heartily. After that I had no trouble getting Pooto's story of how a ground squirrel outwitted a raven, and I got the little song in Eskimo, too. Then he told us another story, of how a snowy owl drowned trying to cross a stream carrying a rock; there was a song with this one, too. I told Pooto I wanted to write them down so I would not forget. He was interested and asked me to repeat the stories and corrected me on some points; soon he became enthusiastic and elaborated on several parts. When I learned the song in Eskimo, Pooto's family laughed and seemed delighted to hear a white man singing in their language.

A few days later we were all out on a short trip with the dogteams and had stopped to rest. Suddenly Pooto laughed heartily and said, "Pretty foxy fox, awright! He freeze 'em te de tail de bear!"

At the cabin we became familiar with the children, so well acquainted that Mary began joking with us. Several times in the morning she got up before we did and would call across to us, "*Sinook-puk-tutin* ('you're sleeping too much')." We became as one family, occupying that little cabin. And then there came an incident which showed me how much we trusted one another.

Pooto and I had gone upriver with a load of dogfish, using his team. An old dog in the wheel, a female, was lagging. Pooto explained that she was about fifteen years old and had been a wonderful dog in her day, but was no longer useful. The people in the Far North can't afford to keep and feed a dog that is not working. He hinted that he would like to have her killed. Presently I realized what was on his mind. I was not attached to her, and much as I disliked shooting any dog, I realized how Pooto felt and offered to do it for him. "I will do a good job of it," I assured him.

He eagerly accepted my offer. "I kill my dog before, awright," he explained, "but dis one I no like kill 'em. I keep 'em long time—I guess fifteen years. She good dog one time," and he went on dwelling on her past virtues.

Next morning I said to Pooto, "I'll take your dog now."

"Wait," he said, and went in to Annie. The two of them came from the cache with half a frozen rabbit and gave it to the dog.

"I like give 'em last feed before kill 'em," he said.

The dog soon finished the meal, and Annie went back into the cabin. Pooto then told me I could take the dog, admonishing me, "Go way down river, so Annie she don't hear." I did as he requested, and he was spared the pain of killing his favorite dog.

Olaus Murie—as he might have wished to be remembered—on a trail in the wilderness that he loved, understood, and sought to preserve.

WE WANTED to get some mountain sheep specimens from the Brooks Range for the National Museum and asked Pooto if he would be our guide. He thought it over, then made us another proposition. We would all go up there, he suggested. He would take his family along; he would get all the meat, and we could have the skins and skulls. We agreed to that arrangement. He said he could not start for a couple of days, but we could start out, and he would send his son Angiok to guide us. He and the rest of the family would soon catch up with us.

On February 15 we started. The sun came out bright and clear, a delightful day among mountains, creeks, and lakes. At one point, while we were resting on Helpmejack Creek, a little weasel came up to investigate our sleds, and Jake, in Ade's team, pricked up his ears with keen interest. Later seeing an otter gave me a thrill. What other animals were hidden away here? I thought of the wolverine, fox, and lynx, all living somewhere in these woods.

When we had traveled on for a while, our guide, the twelve-year-old Angiok, became confused. He hunted around a bit, then confessed, "I lose 'em trail."

I did not want to say anything to interfere with his mental processes, so stood quietly. Soon he said to me, "Oh *my*, I lose 'em trail!" He wanted me to understand clearly that he was lost!

"Angiok, where do you think we ought to go?" I suggested. "Let's go where we think it's best to go."

We were supposed to come to a lake. I pointed ahead in a certain direction. "The lake that way, you think?"

"Yeh," he replied.

"We make trial that way, then," I said, "You think that's all right?"

"I guess," he replied, and I decided to go ahead anyway, as there seemed to be but one general route that was reasonable to me. Little Angiok brightened when he saw me take the initiative but made one observation: "Maybe lots of

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MARK TWAIN:

Senatorial Secretary

By William Hedges Robinson, Jr.

THE TAXPAYERS of the United States subsidized Mark Twain while he was writing a portion of *The Innocents Abroad*. Neither the taxpayers nor their descendants have been generally aware that during part of 1867 Samuel Clemens was drawing a stipend for secretarial services from William M. Stewart, United States senator from Nevada. While his secretarial activities added up to little, Twain's monthly salary was $180, which with free lodging, a generous helping from the senator's cigar and liquor supplies, and an occasional free meal, was enough to keep an ambitious author alive in the District of Columbia.

Earlier in the year Twain, along with several hundred other persons, had taken an "excursion of the Holy Land, Egypt, the Crimea, Greece, and intermediate points of interest" aboard the ship *Quaker City*. During the tour he had mailed to the *Daily Alta California,* a San Francisco newspaper, a series of weekly letters on his experiences. These letters—together with other materials, some revisions, and a considerable amount of padding—were to be the basis for a book. Unfortunately, Twain did not have funds to sustain himself while completing the manuscript.

So he did what came naturally to him; he called upon an old acquaintance to supply food, liquor, and shelter. His choice in this case was the senator from Nevada. It was an unlikely one.

If any man had reason not to befriend another, Senator Stewart had just cause, so far as Mark Twain was concerned. As a reporter on the *Virginia City Enterprise* during the Comstock Lode days, Twain had written stories about Stewart which were far from flattering. And perhaps there might have been some justification for a portion of the articles.

In 1864 Stewart, a self-assertive and successful lawyer in the Comstock Lode, had managed to persuade the Nevada legislature to select him as one of the state's first U.S. senators. His methods and results, both as an aggressive lawyer and as a politician, had been described with broad and biting satire by Mark Twain. When the stories strayed from the truth, the author made no attempt to separate truth from fiction. This style suited the boisterous humor of the mining towns and made money for the *Enterprise* and its reporter.

It was all very simple. "I must make a living and so I must write. My employers demand it and I am helpless."

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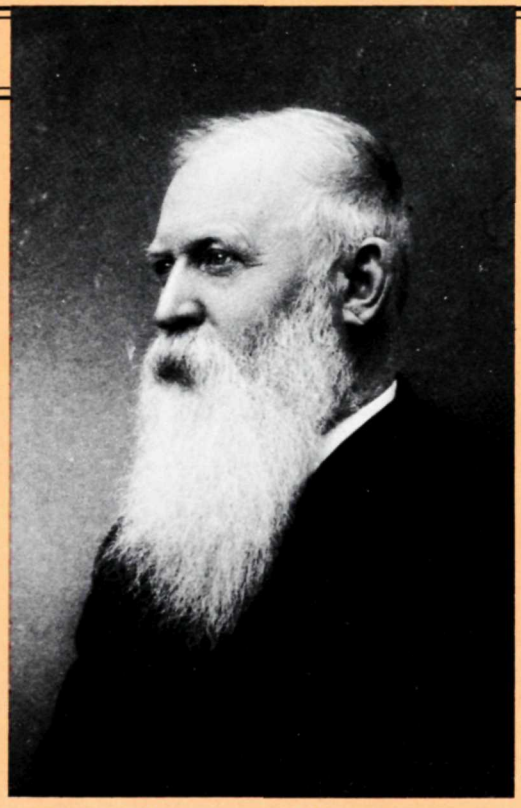
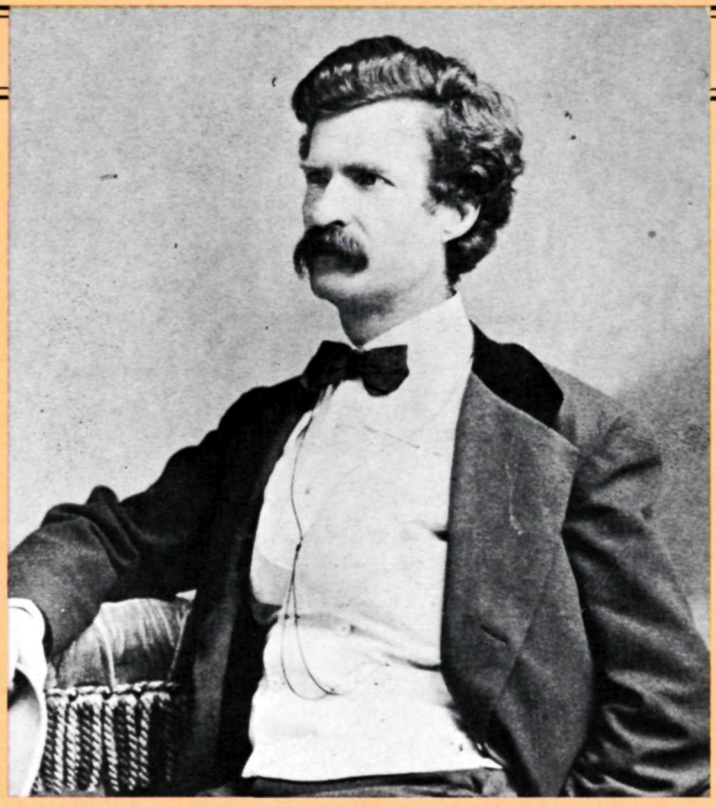


William M. Stewart: United States senator from Nevada during 1864–75 and 1887–1905.

CULVER PICTURES



Samuel L. Clemens: author, humorist, journalist, world traveler and—briefly—senatorial secretary.

This creed underlay Twain's numerous stories about Stewart. He castigated the lawyer, who was camouflaging his campaign to be selected as the United States senator behind a plea to defeat the first proposed constitution for Nevada. According to Stewart's interpretation, this document contained a clause which would tax the mines in the territory unfairly. Dressing himself in miner's garb, Stewart traveled to all of the mining towns, calling upon the miners to reject the proposition.

"It may be all right to tax the product of your mines," Stewart shouted at every meeting hall. "It may be all right to tax your gold and silver. But God forbid that a state shall tax the honest fellow's hopes, the aspirations of his soul, the yearnings of his heart of hearts. . . .

"Shall the poor miner be taxed for his work, which yields no returns . . . ? No, by the Eternal! No miner who puts his honest work into a shaft without profits is in any shape to pay a tax on what he has done. Yet this is what the new constitution proposes to do to you. Since when has it been right to . . . blight the toil of an honest miner with a tax?"

This speech, with few deviations, was repeated on every street corner, at every mine, at every public dinner for forty days and nights. Toward the end of the campaign, Mark Twain, who had been assigned to report the speeches, concocted a ludicrous and satirical replica. Stewart, unable to see the humor in the situation, threatened the reporter with a beating.

"I am not going to listen to that old song over and over again," Twain declared a few days later in the *Enterprise*. "When I want to hear it, I will repeat it myself . . . bed rock tunnels—blighted miners—blasted hopes. They have gotten to be a sort of nightmare to me, and I won't put up with it any longer. I don't wish to be too hard on that speech; but if Stewart can't add something fresh to it, or say it backward, or sing it to a new tune, he has simply got to simmer down."

A few days later, Twain wrote: "Why, the man does bestride our narrow range like a colossus, and we petty men walk under his hind legs and peep about to find ourselves six feet of unclaimed ground." Stewart became "Political Mollock Bill" and "Bully-ragging Bill."

Continued on page 60

The Enduring Sandhills

Once a shallow sea, then a desert of drifting sand, the rolling grasslands of western Nebraska today form one of the last great American prairies

By James P. Jackson

I FIRST HEARD about Nebraska's Sandhills in a geography class. The reference was brief, just enough to fix in my mind an image of barren sand dunes, like those seen in photos of the Sahara Desert. But years later a friend of mine drove me eastward from his home in the town of Alliance and into the heart of the Sandhills. It was June; as the scenery unrolled before me, that once-barren image was painted over in a lovely pastel green. There were the dunes, to be sure, but they were carpeted with prairie grasses and wildflowers which, my friend informed me, stretched eastward for fully two hundred miles. There were also meadows of a darker green, bejeweled with sizeable lakes.

Now held in place by a delicate fabric of prairie grasses, these hills of sand were shaped a millennium ago by prevailing winds.

JAMES P. JACKSON

At my request we turned off the highway so that I could savor the country. We rumbled over a cattle guard and followed a sandy lane; we passed a sleek herd of whiteface cattle in a broad, flat meadow. Soon we were being scolded loudly and dive-bombed by handsome brown birds with long sickle bills; we were intruding on a breeding pair of long-billed curlews, America's largest shorebird. By a shallow lake we identified several species of ducks, terns, and sandpipers. Three mule deer bounded off in the distance when we finally circled back to the highway. From that day on I was captivated by the Sandhills.

Some prairies are sparse, some monotonously flat; some are badly dissected by croplands, their native flora and fauna long since evicted by the plow. But here was prairie at its loveliest, in harmony with a substantial cattle industry. Part was level and part hilly, but all was grassed over and richly endowed with wildlife.

The grasses are as varied as the birds and animals. During later visits I learned that the Sandhills region cannot be classified as tall, short, or bunch grass prairie; it is a blend of all three. Big bluestem and Indiangrass—species well known as far east as Missouri—grow as tall as six feet here on flat meadows and lower slopes; blue grama, a short grass, forms a tough sod on drier ridges. Sand bluestem and sand lovegrass, typical bunch grasses, clutch tenaciously at wind-blown dunes. These and other species, each with its own particular niche, form a tapestry covering some twenty thousand square miles of west-central Nebraska, an area the size of New Hampshire and Vermont combined. I wondered if somewhere in this vast expanse there might be room for the Prairie National Park which we do not have.

Bordered on the north by the Niobrara River and on the south by the Platte, the Sandhills region begins east of Alliance and rolls eastward halfway across the state to a mingling with fine loessial soils in the vicinity of Broken Bow and Burwell. The sandy foundation, varying from sixty to two hundred feet in depth, absorbs nearly all of the fifteen to twenty inches of annual precipitation that it receives. It is so effective as a sponge, in fact, that about half of the entire region has no surface drainage whatever; many lakes are surface extensions of the region's voluminous dome-shaped water table.

GRASS IS WHAT HOLDS the Sandhills in place, but it was not always so. If my first mental image of barren sand dunes could have been back-dated a thousand years it would have been accurate. Evidence of this is clearly etched in the landscape. The hills today, though clothed with grass, show contours of once-active sand dunes; they slope upward gently

Hereford cattle on a Sandhills ranch luxuriate in one of the marshlike meadows typical of the region.

JAMES P. JACKSON

from the direction of the region's prevailing winds—generally northwest—and pitch steeply down on leeward slopes. They were once as barren as the Sahara.

The geologic origin of the Sandhills dates back to the early Tertiary period, some sixty million years ago, when a shallow sea created large beds of sandstone in what is now central Nebraska. Much later, after the region was uplifted, the sandstone was exposed to weathering, covered by Pleistocene glaciers and finally exposed again. It was during the post-glacial droughts and windstorms that dune formation molded the landscape which now endures under a carpet of grass.

How recently the Sandhills became stabilized is a moot question: the process still goes on. Early explorers apparently did not find the region as greenly carpeted as we do. A Scotsman, James McKay, described the region in 1797 as "a great desert of drifting sand without trees, soil, rocks, water or animals of any kind. . . ." Obviously McKay did not discover those areas with lakes. Yet, in 1855, Levi G. Sweat of the Chadron, Nebraska, land office wrote that "no grasses grow among the hills, not even a weed. . . . Sometimes lakelets are hidden in the sandy labyrinth." Other early accounts testified to instability of the land.

But how could such barren land have become blessed by the full brush strokes of grassy cover within historical times? Is it not a fact that the white man's presence does more harm than good to virgin lands?

Apparently not in the Sandhills. One likely reason has involved the ecology of prairie fires. Most virgin prairies are naturally adapted to withstand the periodic sweep of flames which for eons have raced across their wide open spaces. Such fires move too swiftly to destroy the sod; they take their toll of wild game, but they do not reach the deep roots of perennial grasses. However, in the Sandhills, especially during the centuries of post-glacial revegetation, sods were patchy and vulnerable. So whether by stroke of lightning or work of Indians, fire was always a deterrent to stabilization. Ranchers of today do not tolerate fire in the Sandhills; it is their arch enemy.

The entire Sandhills region was thought to be uninhabitable until the 1870s, when millions of Texas cattle were trailed to Ogallala, on its southern edge, to be shipped east by Union Pacific Railroad. Cattle often strayed from the railhead, wandered north, and were written off as lost. But enterprising cattlemen would occasionally search the dune-shaped hills called "choppies," and would find the cattle grazing peacefully by some previously undiscovered lake, sometimes with wild-born calves. Such men laid claim to the first Sandhills ranches, established with stray cattle and six-guns as their only argument. They were a tough breed, having to endure autumn fires and shifting sands as well as disputes over ownership of cattle and grazing rights.

Yet these men, and others who followed, eventually obtained legal claims. They found security in one common bond: the sure knowledge that theirs was not sodbuster country. This was proved beyond a doubt after 1904, the year Congress passed the Kinkaid Act to allow prairie homesteaders 640 acres of land instead of the 160 allowed farther east. Would-be farmers who tried to crop the Sandhills were quickly doomed to failure, and the cattlemen were happy to help them on their way and to grab the abandoned acreage. The classical testimony to a Kinkaider's despair was discovered years ago on an abandoned shack at the edge of a sandy blowout. It was a crude sign which read: "God placed this soil upright. Don't turn it over."

Today the shacks are almost all gone, but not the groves of trees planted and nursed along to shade their doorways. Many of these still survive in lonely places—forgotten islands in an undulating sea of prairie grasses. And the telltale scars of misguided plows are to be found also, as shoals of pale, sparse weeds. Such places are known locally as "go-back land."

MODERN SANDHILLS RANCHERS, well aware that sod holds their salvation, do not own plows and do not tolerate burning of the grasslands. They may not be devotees of ecology, yet by necessity they must practice good range management. The numbers of cattle they raise for shipping to corn-belt feed lots are carefully controlled. Ranchers look for diagnostic signs of overgrazing. One sign is deepening ruts along fences; cattle tend to follow fence lines and, if too numerous, can cause severe erosion on exposed slopes. The formation of sandy blowouts tearing at the choppies is another sign of overuse; this persuades a man to fence in such places and to mulch them with old hay. Mulching is also a practical way to repair Sandhills roads which often deteriorate to soft, windblown traps of sand. One day, after a spell of June rain, I passed a blowout which had been so heavily mulched with old hay that it was growing a bumper crop of mushrooms—an unusual sight for semiarid land.

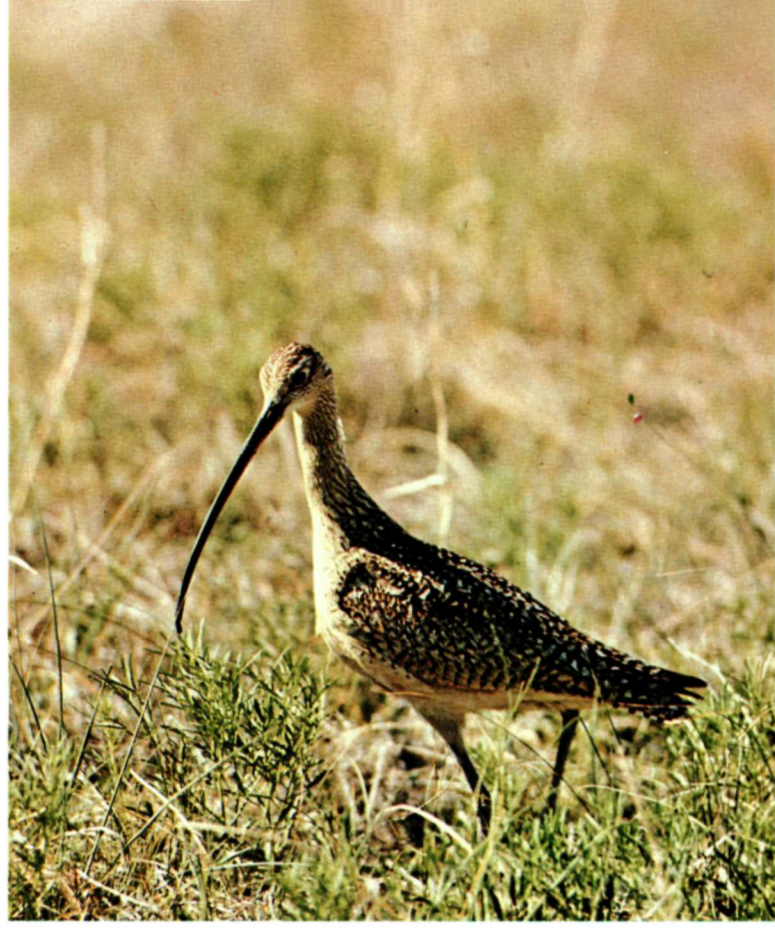
The usual pattern of range management in the Sandhills is ideally suited to wildlife. Most ranches are large enough to include a sizeable acreage of both choppies and flat meadowlands, the latter blessed with one or more shallow lakes. Meadows are not grazed during spring and early summer in order to insure full growth of one substantial cutting of wild hay. Since mowing is not done until July, this allows time for ducks, grouse, and curlews to complete their nesting and for deer to do their fawning in the security of tall grass cover.

Meanwhile the cattle are on summer range in the choppies. Their water is supplied by windmill-type wells drawing abundantly from the dome-shaped water table. With the fall roundup, cattle are returned to the meadows where summer's hay crop has been stacked loosely for winter feed. Sandhills ranchers—unlike those prairie farmers who till large acreage for grain crops—do not sacrifice the natural fauna and flora whose rich diversity acts as a buffer to protect against specialized insect pests.

Not all Sandhills ranchers are good managers and practic-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES P. JACKSON

A mule deer crosses a sandy lane; white-tailed deer are also common in the Sandhills.



The long-billed curlew is a spring visitor.

A Canada goose—also a migrant—tends its goslings.

The bush morning glory is one of a number of wild flowers native to the Sandhills.

ing ecologists. There are always a few who do not read the landscape with discerning eyes, or who do not really care. Their overgrazed ranges can be recognized by sandy blowouts, by badly rutted fence lines, and by the subtle encroachment of indicator weed species. Such men often prove not to be owner-managers but, instead, tenants for land companies and other forms of absentee ownership.

In terms of tangible resources, wildlife ranks second to the Sandhills' cattle industry. There are no others. No oil or other minerals have ever been found beneath the thick beds of Tertiary sand. Ranchers often profit from leasing arrangements with hunters of deer, waterfowl, and upland game birds —particularly pheasants and sharp-tailed grouse. Though fishing is not a major attraction, the larger lakes support fair populations of bass, bluegill, crappie, and northern pike. One attraction certainly favors the waters of such a lonely land; they are seldom roiled by growling motorboats or spangled with floating beer cans.

The federal government maintains three sizeable wildlife refuges, totalling 136,000 acres, in the Sandhills. Two of them, Valentine and Crescent Lake, support large nesting populations of waterfowl, shorebirds, herons, terns, and upland game birds. The third, Fort Niobrara, protects herds of bison and elk. Yet these refuges cannot be considered cases of wildlife abundance within a desert of scarcity; the entire region is blessed with abundant mammal and bird life.

WHENEVER MAN ALTERS A NATURAL ENVIRONMENT to suit his particular needs, some wildlife is bound to suffer. The Sandhills region is not entirely immune to this kind of problem. In the early 1960s the Bureau of Reclamation constructed Merritt Dam in north-central Nebraska. A concrete-lined canal carries its water to an irrigation project fifty miles away at Ainsworth, on the eastern edge of the Sandhills. Within months of the opening of the canal there were reports of mule and white-tailed deer floundering in the canal, unable to negotiate its steep concrete sides. There were a few places along the canal—at drop structures and bridges—where deer could cross without falling into the water, yet these were too widely spaced. During 1965 and 1966 a total of 237 deer of both species were observed in the Ainsworth canal; many were rescued, but sixty-one were found dead or so injured by their struggles that they had to be killed. The canal has since been equipped at intervals with ladder-like structures by which the deer can escape.

To anyone who thinks of deer as forest creatures, it is surprising to learn of the prevalence of both the mule and the white-tailed species in the Sandhills. The latter is seen

The Sandhills are blessed with an abundance of shallow lakes and streams; these in turn abound with numerous species of fish and wildlife.

COURTESY OF NEBRASKA GAME AND PARKS COMMISSION

mostly around those occasional groves of trees planted by enterprising ranchers or long-departed Kinkaiders; yet both are fairly common. They are, in fact, much more numerous than the pronghorn antelope, a species suited to more arid lands farther west where sagebrush is the dominant vegetation.

Among the birds of the Sandhills perhaps the most fascinating is the handsome long-billed curlew. It arrives from the Gulf coast in April; pairs immediately begin housekeeping with four perfectly-camouflaged eggs held in a sandy depression. In late May or early June, when downy young are just hatching and leaving the nest, parent birds will scold and dive-bomb any human invader within a quarter-mile. But by mid-July, when ranchers finish mowing their wild hay, curlews are silent once more; now the young birds are flying, and all are getting restless for the long flight back toward the Gulf. By August they are gone. Their nesting season in the Sandhills is less than four months long, but local ranchers know them well. They call the curlews "sickle-bill" and look for them in April as their own harbinger of spring. As the robin is to suburban lawns, or the loon to far northern lakes, the long-billed curlew is truly symbolic of the Sandhills.

IN ALL OF NORTH AMERICA there is no prairieland so varied and extensive as the one I have described. Yet it is virtually unknown to most Americans. Those countless summer travelers who drive across Nebraska, following the historic Oregon Trail, seldom deviate from the Platte River route; the sparsely settled region to their north is as much a void to them as it was to those who pioneered the Platte by covered wagon. Nevertheless, that same region has the best potential for the Prairie National Park which Americans have yet to set aside.

The Sandhills could encompass an outstanding unit of the National Parks system, one which could never be encroached upon by plows, irrigation projects, oil fields, strip mines or the blight of cities. This is because such a park, if properly located in the heart of the region, would be protected by the delicate nature of its ample surroundings. With twenty thousand square miles of grassland commercially suited only for cattle grazing, surely the enduring Sandhills could support a sizeable prairie showplace of the American West.

James P. Jackson *is a biology teacher whose special interests are writing, photography, and conservation.*

Winter's mantle of snow imparts a harsh beauty to the Sandhills, seemingly transforming them into the barren, shifting dunes that they indeed once were.

COURTESY OF NEBRASKA GAME AND PARKS COMMISSION

In his monumental painting of Mount Hood, as seen from the Columbia River, John Mix Stanley combined two elements that attracted missionaries to the area—Indians ripe for conversion, and virgin land ripe for settlement.

Missionaries' Toil for Souls and Survival

Introducing Christianity to the Pacific Northwest

By Michael Ames

THE FUR TRADE of the early nineteenth century was a profane business practiced far from civilization. *Pro pelle cutem*—"risk one's skin for a skin"—was the motto of the Hudson's Bay Company, and it was a good one. It expressed the two concerns that most absorbed the trappers and traders—survival and the price of a pelt.

Most men engaged in the fur trade were like Donald McKenzie, who recorded only a few stray facts about his Snake Country expeditions, because living off the land left little time for literature. Yet some of the giants of the industry were surprisingly cultured men, their economic rapaciousness tempered with touches of humanity. For example, George Simpson, for decades chief man in the field for the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC), visited trading posts to the lilt of a pair of Scottish bagpipers. And in a man-killing wilderness that must have been difficult to see as a reflection of God's goodness, the Britisher David Thompson and the American Jedediah Smith remained devout Christians.

The religious or cultured person was ordinarily a nuisance to the fur trade. The missionary was likely to reproach the mountain men for their life-style and differ with the owners regarding the proper development of the wilderness.

By the mid-1820s, however, distant events were beginning to change the isolated, profane world of the trapper. In the

This article is based on material from a book on the Pacific Northwest, to be published in the fall of 1973 by the American West Publishing Company.

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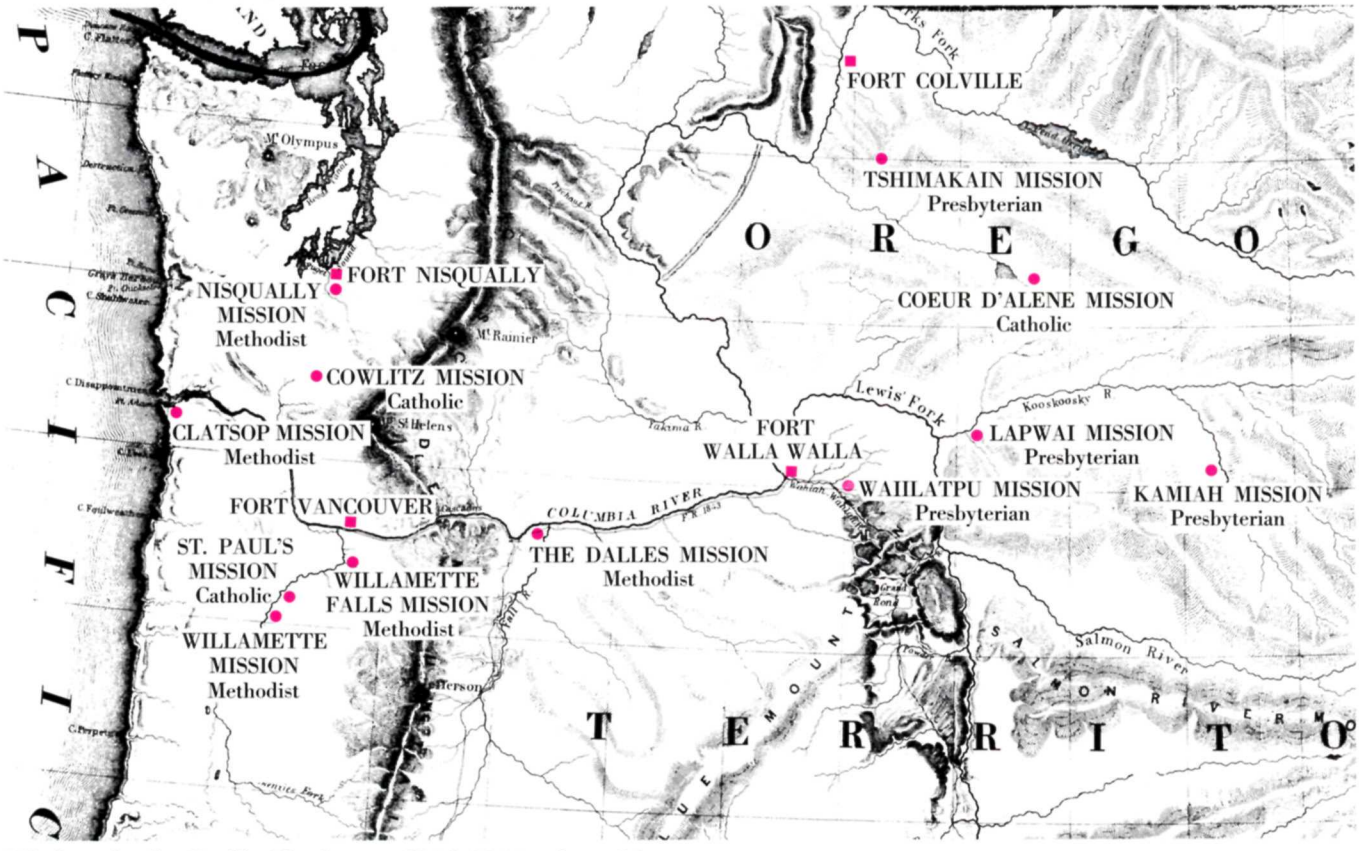

Missions in the Pacific Northwest, 1834–1847, adapted from a contemporary map.

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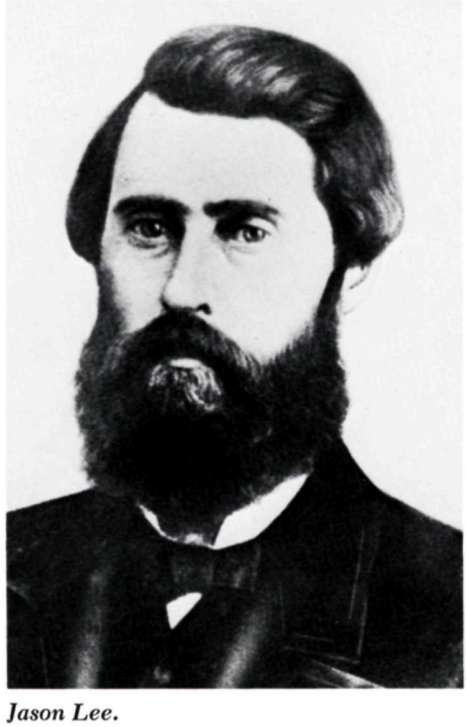

Jason Lee.

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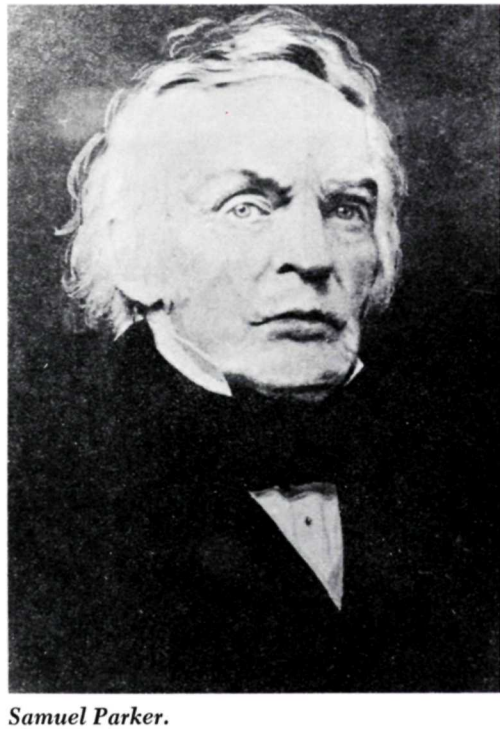

Samuel Parker.

COURTESY OF H. J. DENGLER PRINT SHOP

The Jesuits were among the most active of the Northwest missionaries; in 1855 they established this mission at St. Ignatius in present-day Montana.

drawing rooms of both Great Britain and the United States, a religious revival was under way. In this atmosphere, the HBC found it politic to declare its support for missionary efforts to civilize the Indians.

The fur trade up to this point had profited by keeping the wilderness and the Indian savage, preserving both the beaver and the beaver hunter. George Simpson, no praying man, now speculated that converting the Indians might be profitable, because an Indian who settled down became dependent on the HBC store. (The Church of England Missionary Society would have been appalled.)

Simpson instructed Alexander Ross, who was about to leave Flathead Post to become a schoolteacher at Red River, to select two Indian boys for Christianizing there. They were Kootenai Pelly and Spokan Garry, surnamed for two officials of the HBC. It was 1829 when the two returned to their tribes. Little is known of Pelly, who died within two years, but Garry created a sensation. Upon his return he succeeded his father, the most respected Spokan headman, and acted as an extraordinary shaman who could call upon the miraculous "talking book" (the Bible) and the white man's other powers. Envy rippled through the neighboring tribes. The next year five more sons of chiefs left their homelands for the tutelage of the Anglicans.

Meanwhile, warriors from tribes that had not been favored by the HBC invitation mulled over what to do. Four Indians from the Nez Perce and Flathead tribes resolved to appeal for religious teachers (whether Catholic or Protestant is much debated) to the Americans in St. Louis, in particular William Clark, whose friendship they remembered from 1805 and 1806. In 1831, having obtained the protection of an American Fur Company caravan while passing through Blackfoot country, the four arrived in the white man's metropolis. The news of their pilgrimage electrified American missionary societies. A religious revival was brewing, and this cry from the wilderness brought it to a ferment.

THE METHODISTS acted first, in 1883 authorizing Jason Lee, his nephew Daniel, and three laymen to establish a mission among the so-called "Flatheads." In Boston the Lees fortunately encountered Andrew Wyeth, an entrepreneur of sorts in the Northwest, and found him willing to transport their heavy equipment in his ship, lend them his two Indians for fund-raising (a Nez Perce with a deformed skull pulled the heart strings and purse strings of the coldest), and guide them to the Northwest the following summer. The journey of 1834 disabused Lee of the romance of his mission. Not only did Flatheads have normal skulls, he reflected, as he shuddered through that devil's revel, the trappers' rendezvous, but their degradation (and that of his fellow whites) was blacker than he had dreamed.

At Fort Vancouver, Chief Factor McLoughlin further dissuaded Lee from working among the nomadic Flatheads. Lee then cast his eye over the landscape for a mission site and saw "a central position from which missionary labors may be extended in almost every direction among the natives and those emigrants who may hereafter settle in that vast and fertile territory." He was referring to the Willamette Valley. No matter that Indians were scarce and sickly from an influenza epidemic; the land was ripe for settlement.

The first missionary to the Northwest was face-to-face with the dilemma which both plagued American Protestant missionaries and gave them their strength: the Methodists and later the Presbyterians found first that their own survival was a full-time secular pursuit, and second that converting the Indians was synonymous with civilizing them—that is, providing them with material comforts. Both missionary boards ordered their Northwest missions closed at one time or another because of the difficulty of distinguishing a mission from a store or a farm.

The arrival of thirteen additions to Lee's party in 1836 and the "Great Reinforcement" of 1840—fifty men, women, and children—meant the fulfillment of Jason Lee's purposes. A station was established at The Dalles, the Indian trade center and the key point on all the Columbia transportation routes. New missionaries went from Willamette to the mouth of the Columbia and to Fort Nisqually on Puget Sound. The latter were practically the only Americans to settle north of the Columbia before the resolution of the boundary dispute with Britain. Methodist headquarters remained in the Willamette Valley ready to catalyze settlers into forming a provisional government loyal to the United States.

IN 1835 the Presbyterians followed. Scholarly Samuel Parker, old for the wilderness at fifty-six, and a doctor by the name of Marcus Whitman traveled to the trappers' rendezvous to investigate the prospects for a mission in the Northwest. Enroute they were treated to tales of trappers selling decks of cards as Bibles and to the ridicule moralizing greenhorns invited. Whitman adapted well, winning the respect of the mountain men by doctoring the caravan during a cholera epidemic and by removing an arrowhead from Jim Bridger's back.

Parker, a man with no wilderness skills but escorted by Indians who considered him a precious burden, continued to Fort Vancouver over the Lolo Trail, which thirty years before had brought the Lewis and Clark Expedition to the brink of starvation. Parker, like Captain Bonneville, the amateur fur trapper and professional observer, noted that the Nez Perce and Flatheads were ripe for conversion. They observed the Sabbath, used Christian gestures, and most remarkably, disavowed war. Bonneville was furious at this change of heart when he needed their martial skills, but Parker of course approved: "They do not now believe that all who fall in battle

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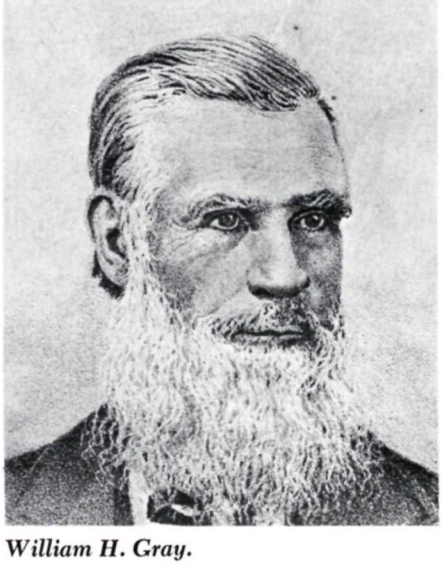
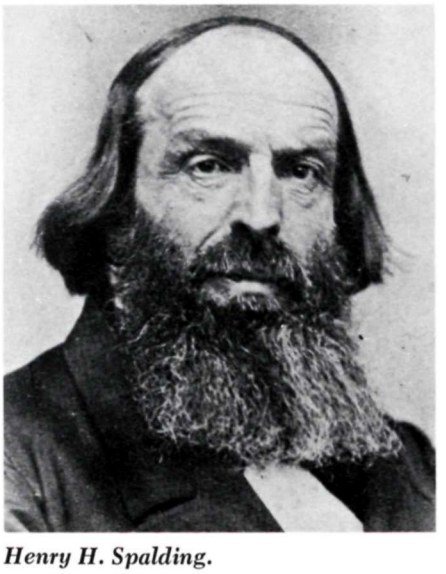


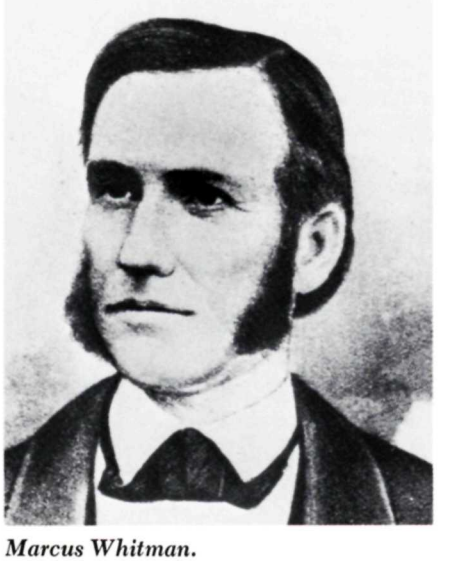
William H. Gray.

WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

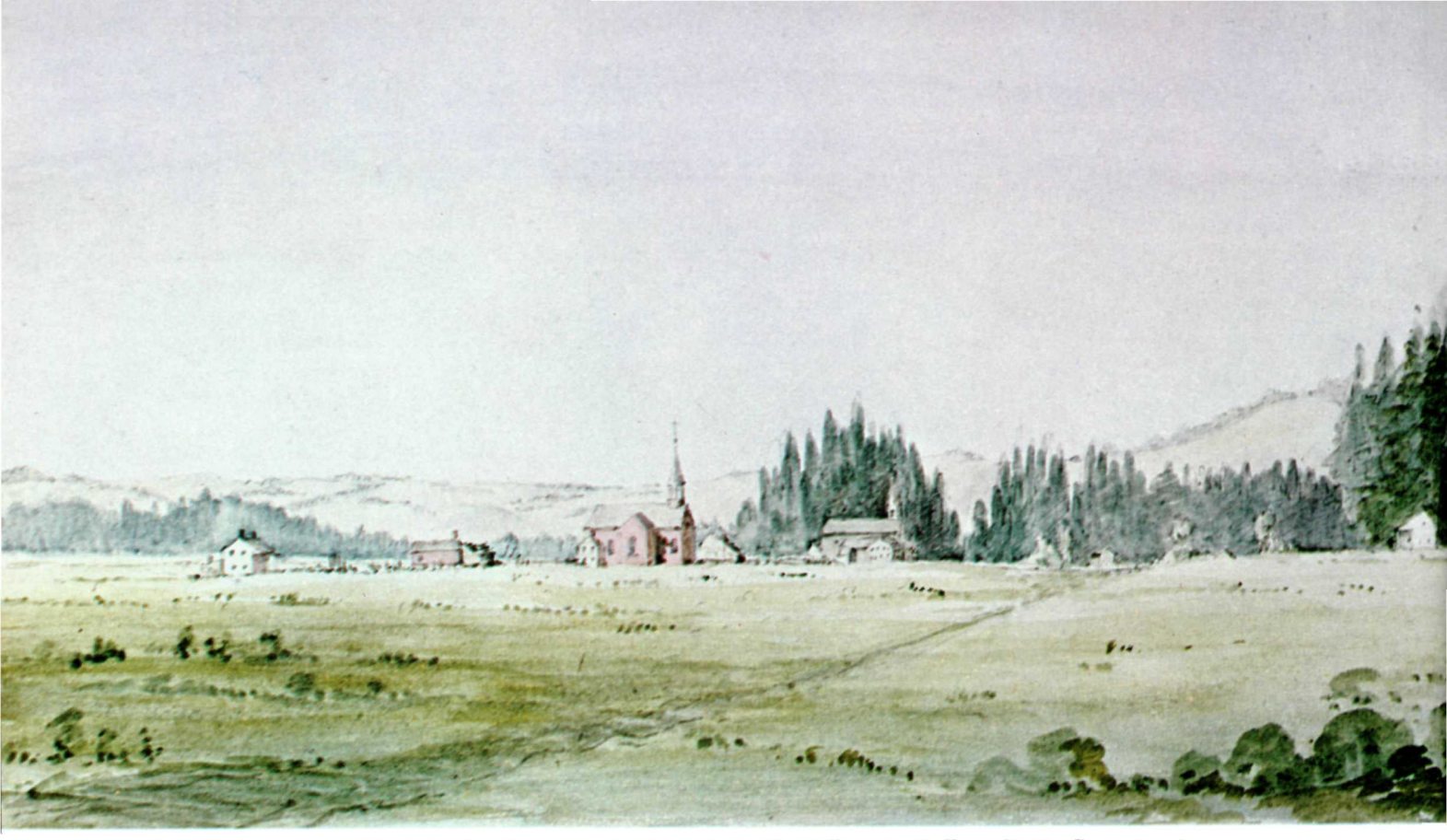


Henry H. Spalding.

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Marcus Whitman.



Both Protestants and Catholics built missions in Oregon's fertile Willamette Valley. St. Paul's, painted by frontier artist Paul Kane in 1847, had been established eight years before by Father F. Norbert Blanchet.

go to a happy country. They now believe there is no other way to be happy here or hereafter, but by knowing and doing what God requires." These Christian aspects and the Indians' initial receptivity to their teachings misled missionaries of all sects. But Parker understood better than many that the natives and the missionaries had different expectations of the advantages of Christianity. "They also think [the religion] has power to elevate them the scale of society in this world, and place them on a level with intelligent as well as Christian white men."

From the rendezvous Whitman returned east to assemble a missionary force. The importance of personalities in the Presbyterian effort begins here. Whitman was engaged to marry Narcissa Prentiss on the condition of their going to Oregon, and their going depended on finding another missionary couple. Whitman persuaded Henry Spalding, a rejected suitor of Narcissa's, and his wife Eliza to accompany them. Jealousy, resentment, and purging of guilt became the order of the day among the Presbyterians.

The 1836 journey of the Whitmans and the Spaldings was very much a pioneer trek. Marcus dragged a farm wagon to Fort Laramie and then a pair of wheels as far as Fort Boise. Wagons and women *could* cross the Rockies. Narcissa wrote enthusiastically: "If anyone wishes to come by land (& by the by it is the best for health & the cheapest) let them send all their outfit to Oahu by ship & take only the suit they wish to wear & a few changes of undergarments, packing their provisions only & they will make an easy pleasant trip & less expensive than we made . . . *We see now* that it was not necessary to bring anything *because we find it all here!*" Words like these stimulated a succession of wagon wheels that left nearly indelible ruts across the continent.

The Presbyterian missionaries founded missions in areas of great Indian need, but not without regard for the previous pattern of trading posts or for the future pattern of settlement. Against McLoughlin's advice, the Whitmans settled among the Cayuse at Waiilatpu, "the place of rye grass." It lay twenty-five miles east of Fort Nez Perce (also called Walla Walla), McKenzie's old base for his Snake Country forays. Here on March 14, 1837, Narcissa gave birth to the first white child in the Northwest, a girl named Alice Clarissa. Here the Whitmans began to take over some of McLoughlin's humanitarian responsibilities for succouring desperate settlers, for Waiilatpu lay in the path of the Oregon Trail from the Snake to the Columbia, just before settlers transferred themselves and their goods to boats.

In Lapwai, or "Butterfly Valley," near the junction of the Clearwater and the Snake, the Spaldings also found fertile ground for growing crops and saving souls. Elkanah Walker, a later arrival, would formulate this Presbyterian dictum: "We must use the plough as well as the Bible, if we would do

anything to benefit the Indian. They must be settled before they can be enlightened."

One other person accompanied that unlikely pair of pioneer couples, the Whitmans and the Spaldings. He was William Gray, an acerbic, self-important man, who was later to write a strongly biased history of Oregon. Gray very much wanted a mission of his own. In 1837, without Whitman's blessing, he went north from Waiilatpu to find a site. Gray decided to locate among Spokan Garry's people and headed east to recruit more missionaries and funds.

At the rendezvous of 1838, Gray returning west met Jason Lee going east. Around them, the fur trade was in its death throes. Beaver were almost trapped out, and the demand as well as the supply had vanished. The beaver hat was being driven out of fashion by cheaper felts and silk.

Meanwhile, the Protestant missionaries talked of the dawn of a new era. Lee was headed for Illinois to gather men and material for the "Great Reinforcement." He would wring $40,000 from the Methodist board and stay six months lecturing to raise part of it with two genuinely flatheaded Chinooks by his side. One of the Indian boys would tell of lush farms and fat salmon, and prompt the formation of the Peoria Party. Lee himself would prepare public opinion for the Great Migration of 1843 that Whitman would guide.

A frenzy of expansion was overtaking the Presbyterians, too. Lee showed Gray a letter from Whitman and Spalding requesting an incredible 220 assistants and tons of necessities. The request foreshadowed the rush of civilization into the Northwest, but in 1838 such assistance was out of the question. Gray wondered if the eight helpers and a few horseloads of supplies he had in tow would suffice.

The arrival of Gray's party, despite its small numbers, permitted the establishment of Tshimakain near Fort Colville and Kamiah on the Lolo Trail. It also brought the conflict of personalities to a crisis. Unlike the Methodists, who more or less followed Jason Lee's orders, the Presbyterians attempted to govern themselves. But even on the trail the Elkanah Walkers, the Cushing Eellses, the Asa Smith, Cornelius Rogers, and the Grays (for Gray had married) had made in the words of Mary Walker, "a strange company of missionaries. Scarcely one who is not intolerable on some account."

Then there was the difference between Spalding and Whitman. It was theoretical as well as personal. Spalding at out-of-the-way Lapwai hoped to convert the Indians to agriculture and Christianity before the whites arrived, to give them roots to withstand the waves of civilization that were surging past Whitman's station. Whitman felt the Indians' salvation lay in submerging them as soon as possible in white culture. History would prove Whitman wrong: the Indians did not survive this sudden baptism.

THE CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES were much slower to try to change the Northwest. They were, after all, dependent on the old patterns. Fathers Blanchet and Demers came in 1838 in response to the invitation of the French-Canadian *voyageurs* who had retired to farms in the Willamette. They traveled in HBC canoes and, thanks to McLoughlin, could rely on HBC stores and largely avoid the secular necessity of farming.

The French priests brought no wives or families and were not interested in settlement, though they appreciated the connection between conversion and civilization. They hoped to establish "far from the settlements of the whites, missions like those in California." Since they were not interested in the land itself but exclusively in the souls of the whites and Indians, they were admirably suited for their task.

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WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Father F. Norbert Blanchet.

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Father Modest Demers.

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Father Pierre De Smet.

The Senator's Happy Thought

The Story of an Island, an Indian Tribe, and the Idle Speculations of a Comstock Millionaire

By John E. Baur

AT FIRST BLUSH, California's Santa Catalina Island, the Chiricahua Apaches of Arizona, and United States Senator James Graham Fair of Nevada would seem to make a most unlikely combination. Yet in one of the capricious movements so typical of history, they were brought into association in an episode as brief as it has been long-forgotten.

Irish-born Senator Fair emigrated to America as a boy of twelve in 1841 and eight years later joined the massive rush to the California gold fields. In 1860 he journeyed to the Comstock silver mines of Nevada and made a name for himself as a competent, if generally unlearned, mine superintendent. In 1871, he joined with a fellow superintendent, John W. Mackay, and with James C. Flood and William S. O'Brien, San Francisco saloon-keepers and Comstock speculators, to buy up several unproductive mines. When the group broke into an immense body of ore in 1873, Fair found himself enshrined as one of the "Bonanza Four" and one of the richest men in the West. Successful real estate ventures in San Francisco further swelled his fortune, and in 1881 he satisfied an ambition common to many such men in the latter third of the nineteenth century: he persuaded the Nevada state legislature to elect him United States senator. Some said the election cost him as much as three hundred fifty thousand dollars in gratuities.

Whatever it cost him, Fair's Senate seat was his for only one term, 1881–87. Poorly educated, frequently surly of disposition, and possessed of little mental agility useful for anything but making money, Fair accumulated a growing number of enemies as his term wore on. His adversaries delighted in pointing out that Fair had introduced no legislation and done little else to justify his membership in the "millionaire's club" of the Senate. The best that these opponents would grant him was that he had the "good sense to sit silent while matters of which he knows nothing are under debate," and that he was faithful at answering his correspondence and showing visiting Nevadans around the District of Columbia.

Perhaps it was the desire to rectify his "do-nothing" image as his term drew to a close that inspired Fair to submit the following proposal to Secretary of the Interior Lucius Q. Lamar in April, 1886:

Dear Sir:
I enclose the pamphlet about which I spoke to you yesterday. By examining the map you will see the exact position of Santa Catalina Island. It is isolated and too far from the shore for any ordinary boat to reach it. My idea is that if the Apaches were put on this island they would require no guards, and all that would be needed would be a small steam tender and crew to run between the island and the port of Wilmington, for the purposes of communication and supply. This would, in my opinion, set the Apache question at rest forever; would save the country many valuable lives, and the Government millions of dollars. The title to the island is perfect. As near as I can remember, the price asked by the owners is either $3 or $4 per acre. Owing to the location of the island the climate is as mild and salubrious as can be found anywhere in the world. Should you look with favor upon my suggestion as the value of this island for the purposes named, I shall be glad at any time to go more into detail with you upon the subject. I am, yours, very truly,

JAMES G. FAIR

If publicity was Fair's goal, the letter had the desired effect. Released to the press on May 7, it appeared in journals all over the country, and newspapermen soon hounded him for an elaboration on his suggestion. Fair obliged.

The warlike Chiricahua Apaches, under the leadership of the great chief Geronimo, were making the denizens of Arizona extremely nervous. In Fair's opinion, the Apaches might at first oppose the idea of being shipped to an island some twenty-five miles off the coast of California, but they would like it once they got there. As evidence, he singled out Santa Catalina's subtropical climate and its excellent opportunities for fishing.

Fair's densely inaccurate understanding of what an Apache might or might not like was by no means unique, for the culture and hopes of the Apache Indians were badly understood and more poorly reported, even for those times. The Apaches included seven tribes scattered from the Oklahoma plains to the deserts and mountains of Arizona. Only a minority participated in the famous raids of the eighties. Probably about five hundred Chiricahuas were belligerent; by contrast, friendly Apaches of Arizona supplied federal forces active there with over twenty thousand bushels of corn in 1885. Yet, even as early as 1881–82, white settlers and would-be exploiters were demanding the removal of the Arizona tribesmen, for coal-bearing lands of their San Carlos

During the late 1890s Santa Catalina Island developed into a mecca for tourists, most of whom were blissfully unaware that it could instead have been a reservation for a much-feared Indian tribe.

COLLECTION OF ROBERT WEINSTEIN

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY

A Chiricahua Apache camp near Geronimo's Arizona headquarters during the 1880s. This scene would have been exchanged for Santa Catalina's idylic clime, had Senator James Fair realized his dream.

reservation were proving to be valuable. The Indian Territory of Oklahoma—supposedly the most available dumping ground—received attention, but even the more "reasonable" Apaches were unalterably opposed to moving there. After he visited the San Carlos reservation, Gen. William T. Sherman remarked that these Indians could never be prevailed upon to move again. Nor would they be satisfied with any further reduction of their lands, which had already been cut five times in ten years.

Adolph Bandelier, pioneer anthropologist, archaeologist, and novelist, who was becoming a firm friend as well as a student of southwestern tribes, perceptively analyzed the problem of 1886. Recalling the press campaign to remove Apaches to "some distant place" where isolation would make them powerless, he conceded that they might not always be the best of neighbors but were not as "fierce and untamable as is often alleged." Bandelier warned that, although three-fourths of them might eventually be pressured into removal, the most belligerent would wage a bloodier conflict than had yet been known. Perhaps foreseeing the doughty warriors' eventual fate, he concluded that these mountain and desert people could never prosper in swamps or lowlands.

SOME FIVE HUNDRED MILES to the west of Arizona, Santa Catalina Island was ruggedly mountainous and dry, but it was hardly a desert similar to the Apaches' homeland. Actually, there was a certain aptness to Fair's bizarre suggestion for peopling this California island with Indians, for it had once been the center of a thriving Indian culture which today's archaeologists eagerly study. Discovered by Jao Rodrígues Cabrilho in 1542, Santa Catalina was owned by the Pico family during the Mexican era, experienced a miniature gold rush and military activity during the Civil War, and was purchased by San Francisco's James Lick for twenty-three thousand dollars in 1867. As early as 1871, holiday excursionists from the small pueblo of Los Angeles began to visit the island, which measures about eighteen miles long and three to seven wide. Yet until Fair's time it remained essentially a wilderness. Abundant water and good grass made it ideal for the grazing of sheep and goats, and after Lick's death it was rented by his estate to herders for the sum of the taxes on it.

However removed from any realistic view of possibilities, Senator Fair's Catalina proposition was by no means original with him. As early as 1864, Lt. Col. James F. Curtis of the Fourth Military District of Southern California had praised the island's climate and concluded that there was no more appropriate place for a "general hospital or depot for Indian prisoners." And the idea of using islands for the incarceration of Indians found precedent in the early 1870s, when the military prison of Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay harbored a number of Indian charges, notably a contingent of Apache scouts accused of mutiny at Cibicu Creek, Arizona. Later, in 1884, an Apache chief who had mutinied at San Carlos went to Alcatraz. This was Katena (variously spelled as Kaatenny and Kae-te-na), a friend of Geronimo. Katena had been tried by Indian scouts, found guilty, and sentenced to prison for four years. (It is more than a little ironic that when Indians of our own time considered a target area for a

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Avalon, Santa Catalina, circa 1888. The island's rugged hills somewhat resembled those of the Chiricahua's home territory, but the two places had little else in common.

major gesture of protest, they chose Alcatraz, "capturing" it in early 1970 and holding token possession for more than a year, while government officials sputtered, sometimes incoherently.) Nearby Angel Island also served as a prison for hostile Apaches. Reacting to these imprisonments, and especially to that of Katena, Geronimo and other chiefs were fearful of being sent to Alcatraz. This alarm led in part to the final outbreak of hostilities during the late eighties.

With the precedent set by San Francisco's bay islands as a "solution" to the Apache belligerency, it was suggested to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1885—possibly by army or Interior personnel—that "an island in the Pacific Ocean, where they could be safely guarded without material expense to the Government" be set aside for the warring Chiricahuas. The new commissioner appointed by the Cleveland administration, John D. C. Atkins, a Civil War general, listened seriously to the suggestion. On October 5, 1885, in his first annual report submitted to Secretary of the Interior Lamar, Atkins noted that the Indians would be able to feed themselves through fishing and hunting wild flocks, something that would have been quite impossible on the smaller Alcatraz and Angel islands. Since there would be several hundred of these displaced persons, a large island would be required. This report was published widely throughout the nation's press, and it is probable that Senator Fair saw it by December.

Even if Fair did not, it is entirely possible that the trustees of the estate of James Lick saw the report—and detected the odor of government money. Santa Catalina island was a fifty-five-thousand-acre white elephant, and the possibility of picking up two or even three hundred thousand dollars for it from the only visible potential buyer—the federal government—was not likely to escape the attention of men whose vocation was the accumulation of money. Nor is it unreasonable to assume that the trustees would have found a friend in Senator Fair. Not only was he an old crony of the late real estate tycoon; Fair's California headquarters (which saw considerably more of him than his chair in the Senate chamber) were in the old Lick House on San Francisco's Montgomery Street, a well-appointed hostelry which the senator had purchased from the estate after Lick's death in 1876.

WHETHER FAIR'S MOTIVE was altruistic, patriotic, political, or pecuniary—or a mixture of all of these—his proposal received a variety of responses. In the East, it was generally considered elegant trivia. The editor of the *New York Tribune*, for example, commented that the first consideration was the matter of *catching* the Apaches, and:

> In the second place, it does not appear by any means so certain as Senator Fair represents it that the Apaches could not get away from Santa Catalina Island if once placed there. They are intelligent and daring. They are not unaccustomed to canoeing, and there seems no adequate ground for supposing them incapable of devising some kind of boat or raft on which they might cross the twenty-five miles of sea that would intervene between them and the magnificent scalping-ground of Los Angeles. Perhaps a good test of the popular faith in the securing of the island would be to ask the people of Southern California how they would like to have Geronimo and his lieutenants and followers transferred to Santa Catalina and left there without guards.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Santa Catalina was not the only California island in which the Apaches figured. The military prison on Alcatraz—pictured here late in the century—was used on several occasions to incarcerate recalcitrant Indians.

Inevitably, the Arizona press took special note of Fair's proposal. L. H. Hughes of the *Arizona Daily Star* pessimistically repeated the eastern observation that it would be well to catch Apaches before planning their transportation. His fellow Tucsonian, editor of the *Arizona Daily Citizen,* more kindly judged Fair's plan "timely and wise." He also had information that at one time Santa Rosa Island, off Santa Barbara, California, had been considered. He felt that:

> Either island is admirably adapted to the purposes suggested, and while the government is engaged in the Apache business it may as well settle it for all time. Their condition upon the island can be made far more comfortable and desirable, and the absence of the temptation to go on the warpath will remove the greatest obstacle to their education and general advancement. It is a good plan, and every resident of Arizona will say *amen* to it.

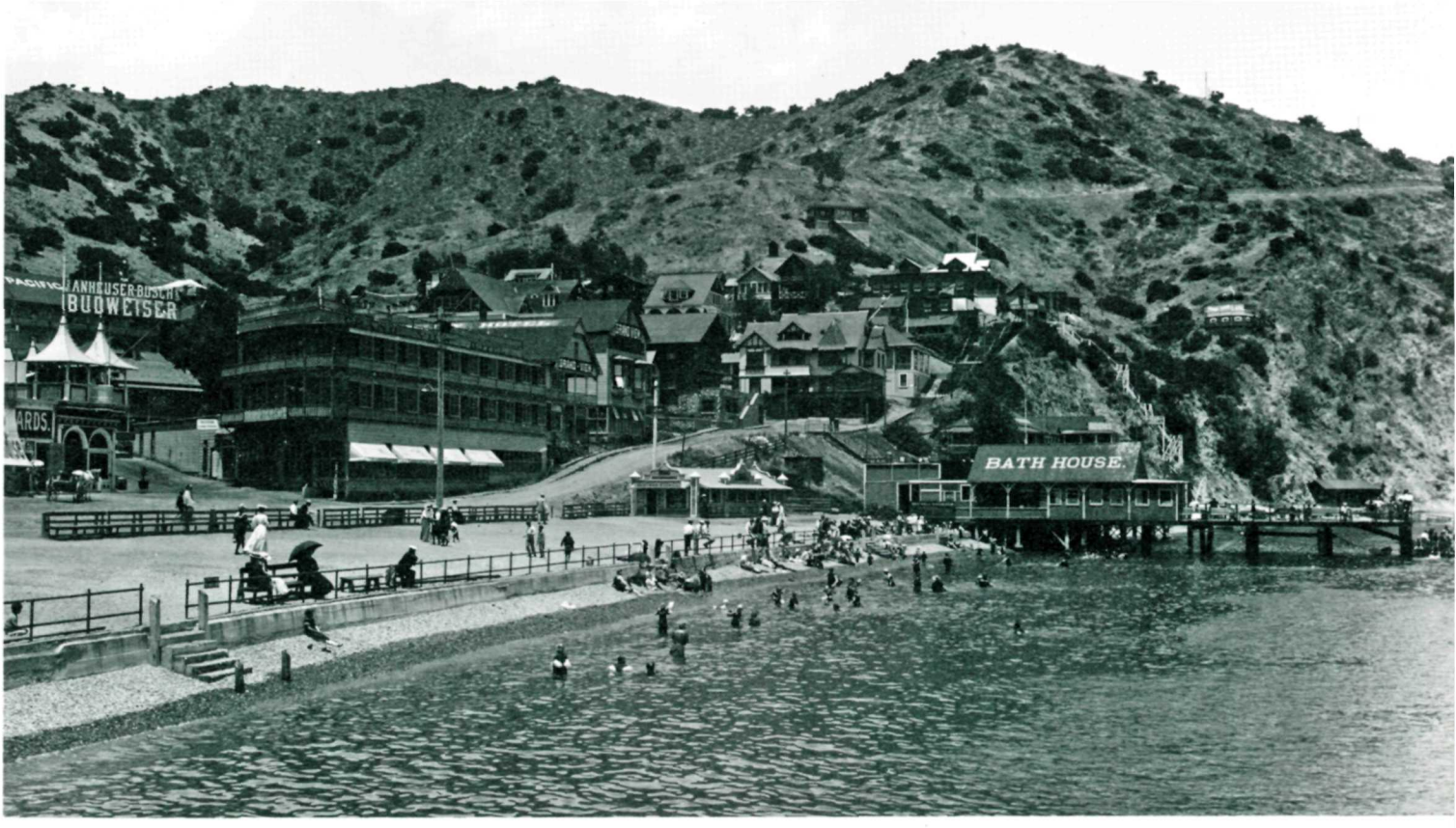
In Fair's Nevada, where the senatorial campaign was taking fire, the fate of Arizona tribesmen was a point of little interest, but anything the controversial senator said might be used by his detractors. The *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise,* where Mark Twain had started his journalistic career a generation earlier, was certainly one of them, as this September editorial shows:

> It will be remembered that some months ago when Mr. Fair was *detained* at Washington from his urgent private business in San Francisco, that he disclosed to the News Agency of the former city his opinions as to the proper course for the Government to take with the Apaches when *they were caught.* There is a prevalent notion that the floor of Congress is the appropriate place for members of the National Legislature to ventilate their sentiments. . . . It requires much less mental strain to have a short chat with the News Agent than it does to address the dignified Senate or the tumultuous House.

This sarcastic outburst had been set off by the senator's weak excuse for not returning to Nevada to give an accounting to his constituency of his six-year term. He had said that he had urgent private business elsewhere.

Californians—who, had Fair achieved his dream, would have had many an uninvited Indian guest—naturally commented even more extensively. San Francisco's *Alta California* called the suggestion an "ingenious plan" and mused that the Apaches would have plenty of fish and "a splendid marine view." Since twenty-five miles was too far to swim, they "would just have nothing to do but stay and grow up with the country." The politically powerful *San Francisco Post,* which Fair frequently read, claimed that it had editorially recommended the Indians' exile to an offshore island "some time ago." The *Post* reasoned that no one could call the federal government cruel for such an act, although Southern Californians would complain of "the bare possibility of an Apache raid among the orange groves of Los Angeles," and this would depress their real estate prices.

Of all the American communities, Los Angeles would have been most affected by Fair's plan. Indeed, it would have been



COLLECTION OF ROBERT WEINSTEIN

Turn-of-the-century Avalon had several hotels, a fashionable beach strand, and some of the best fishing in California—but contrary to Senator Fair's suggestion, no Apaches.

incredible if citizens who had so recently engaged in anti-oriental riots, crying "The Chinese must go," were to proclaim, "The Apaches may come!" The *Los Angeles Herald* was not alone in observing that the government had taken too soft an attitude toward the Indians. An Arizona visitor in Los Angeles perceived that also in June of 1886:

> The idea of Senator Fair to put the Apaches on Santa Catalina Island does not meet with much favor here. The people of Los Angeles would rather see the island converted into a sanitarium for invalids. It possesses the finest climate in the world, Mentone and Nice [on the French Riviera] not excepted, according to the State Board of Health. There are other islands, however, along the California coast, such as San Clemente, San Nicolas, Santa Cruz, and Santa Rosa which could be bought cheap on which the Apaches could be safely herded.

Los Angeles, now a vibrant city of over fifty thousand, and all Southern California as well, was in the midst of a real estate boom which was transforming the area from an agricultural backwash to a prospering commercial and resort area, thanks to railroads and the boosters of climate and economy (see "The Boom of the Sunset Land," *American West,* November, 1972). Among the region's perennial publicists was the controversial yet undeniably able publisher of its chief newspaper, Harrison Gray Otis. Rather than appearing outraged at the potential danger of having much-feared Indians only two score miles from his city's plaza, either Otis or one of his staff wrote humorously in his *Daily Times,* elaborating on the suggestion of editors in Philadelphia, San Francisco, and other cities that Chicago's anarchists, implicated in the recent Haymarket bombing, be cast with the redskins onto Catalina's sunny shores:

> This is an exceedingly happy thought. The Apaches could shoot and the anarchists could throw bombs, and they could have ever so good a time together on the island. Occasionally they might sail over to Silver Falls on a picnic, and if they should get stranded by the way for want of water, the result would prove highly satisfactory for a large majority of the American people. There is some beautiful ground in the interior of the island—among the highlands, so to speak—for planting Apaches and anarchists, and they would require no irrigation, for nobody would want them to come up. We call the particular attention of Assemblyman [Col. E. E.] Edwards to this great scheme of Senator Fair's, and advise the Colonel not to let the Nevada Statesman get away with all the credit. Catalina Island is in Edwards' legislative bailiwick, and he is not the man we take him to be if he allows any poaching on his official territory by a carpet-bag Senator from the Sagebrush State.

BUT WHEN Southern California's land boom collapsed just two years later, the Apache belligerents had long since gone into exile, not westward into the Pacific, but eastward toward the Atlantic. Gen. Nelson A. Miles accepted Geronimo's surrender in September 1886. He said that soon after assuming command that spring he had become convinced that there could be no lasting peace in Arizona until

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Turf plunger Riley Grannan was as much noted for his imperturbability as for the large sums he bet; at right, Grannan is pictured watching Buck Massie win $16,000 for him at Sheepshead Bay, Coney Island, in 1896.

Rawhide Pays Its Respects

Wherein Riley Grannan, king of the sport of kings, runs his last furlong

By Guy Mayo

THE SCENE MIGHT HAVE COME straight from Bret Harte. A fresh oilcloth covered the metal casket when it was taken from the tent which served as Kavanaugh and Galligher's undertaking parlor. There, some five thousand people had viewed the mortal remains of Riley Grannan since he had passed away forty hours before, and hundreds lined the dusty Nevada street as his body was carried to the impromptu chapel, a variety theater behind a saloon which was glorified with the name Rawhide Opera House. The giant of the sporting world, who had crossed the continent on plush trains and the ocean on luxury liners, was now borne on a common express wagon. The coffin was placed before the stage, where banked floral tributes almost concealed it from the crowd. On the stage curtain was hung a large horseshoe of lilies—a reminder of the deceased's association with the sport of kings, and perhaps of the luck of the Irish that had served him for many years.

At ten-thirty on the morning of April 5, 1908, Mrs. Dan Edwards set the solemn note of the proceedings with an organ prelude. Then Mrs. Harry Hedrick, a former actress and wife of the publisher of *The Rawhide Rustler,* sang "Calvary." As the first words of the hymn—"On Calvary's brow my Saviour died"—floated out over the audience in the clear soprano, heads were bowed as if receiving a benediction. When they were raised after the closing verse—"O Calvary! Blest Calvary! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me"—many eyes were glistening with tears. Jack Hines, an Alaska miner contributed a second solo, but no one recorded the title.

Then a tall man clad in the khaki and high boots of a miner strode onto the stage. Before him was a gathering of women in full fashion costumes, miners covered with high-grade grime, prospectors in corduroys, sun-tanned brokers and bankers, merchants, bartenders from forty saloons—all closed for the occasion—doxies and dolls from the bawdy houses of Stingaree Gulch, and the raunchy roustabouts to be found in a raw mining town.

In a deep, resonant voice, the speaker opened with a disclaimer: "I feel it incumbent upon me to state that in standing here, I occupy no ministerial or prelative position. I am simply a prospector. I make no claims whatever to moral merit or to religion, except the religion of humanity, the brotherhood of man. . . ." The speaker was Herman W. Knickerbocker, a scholarly minister found too liberal for his church. After acquittal in a trial for heresy, he had abandoned his clerical calling and became a familiar figure in the boom towns of the West. Knickerbocker had come to Rawhide with the earliest gold-seekers who poured out of the mining towns of Nevada and California.

The Rawhide correspondent of the *Nevada Mining News,* W. P. DeWulf, adjusted his shorthand pad as the speaker proceeded: "Riley Grannan was born in Paris, Kentucky, about forty years ago. . . . From the position of bellboy in a hotel, he rose rapidly to be a celebrity of worldwide fame. He was one of the greatest plungers, probably, that the continent has ever produced."

Then the eulogist burst into some of the richly colored phrasing that the audience expected of him: "He was born in the sunny southland where brooks and rivers run musically through the luxuriant land, where the magnolia grandiflora, like white stars, glow in the firmament of green, where crystal

THEY'RE OFF!

IN THE STRETCH.

WINNING EASILY.

AFTER THE RACE.

Daisy Dixon, Riley Grannan's actress-wife.

lakes dot the greensward and the soft summer breezes dimple the wave-lips into kisses for the lilies on the shore, where the air is resonant with the warbled melody of a thousand sweet-voiced birds, and redolent of the perfume of many flowers. That was the beginning."

RILEY'S FATHER had been a merchant-tailor immigrant from Ireland, whose income barely supported a family of six children. By the time he was twelve, Riley was selling programs at race tracks and working as a bellboy and elevator operator—first in Cincinnati and later in New Orleans.

Like any boy in Paris, Kentucky, young Grannan had been familiar with the great horse farms. His own entrance into the racing world began when he kept form records in New Orleans for the well-known turfman, E. G. Botay. Before he was twenty, Grannan was his own man; he thereafter proceeded to write a blazing chapter in the history of the American turf. The beginning of the Gay Nineties found him regularly at the busy tracks in the East, followed by a crowd of admirers. His exploits from coast to coast during that rollicking decade vied for headlines with those of "Diamond Jim" Brady of the gargantuan appetite; Jim Fisk, who "died riotously and in time for the morning editions"; "Bet-a-Million" Gates with a fortune picked off a barbed-wire fence; and the other big spenders.

At Saratoga Grannan had entered the ring with thirty dollars and walked away a few days later with one hundred twenty-five thousand. At Sheepshead Bay, Gravesend, and Morris Park, he competed successfully with Mike and Phil Dwyer and the other brother combinations—the Quinns, the Wallaces and the Ullmans. His most widely-hailed performance was his backing of Byron McClelland's Henry of Navarre against James R. Keene's Domino, regarded as unbeatable. He had put his money down at odds that drove off the other bookmakers, except "Pittsburgh Phil" Smith. The scene was described by Horace Wade in *Tales of the Turf:*

Riley Grannan was contemporaneous with Pittsburgh Phil, but there was a marked difference between them. Phil was of the phlegmatic type, Riley was warm and sociable. . . . When Domino met Henry of Navarre, the two temperaments, as far apart as the poles, grappled. . . . Riley Grannan did not think anything on the turf could whip Henry of Navarre, while Pittsburgh Phil as emphatically liked Domino. As Phil moved from book to book betting on Domino, Riley was right behind him matching him dollar for dollar on Henry of Navarre. Phil finally turned to the youngster.

"Riley," he said, "let's quit piking. How much do you want to bet on this race?"

Grannan never flinched. "I've got one hundred thousand dollars that says Henry of Navarre will win," he proposed.

That was a race to see as Pittsburgh Phil and Riley Grannan stood side by side on the lawn watching the two thoroughbreds flash along the backstretch. Phil stood calmly eating a nickel package of figs, while Riley waved his arms like a semaphore.

The horses ran a dead heat, but the odds gave Grannan

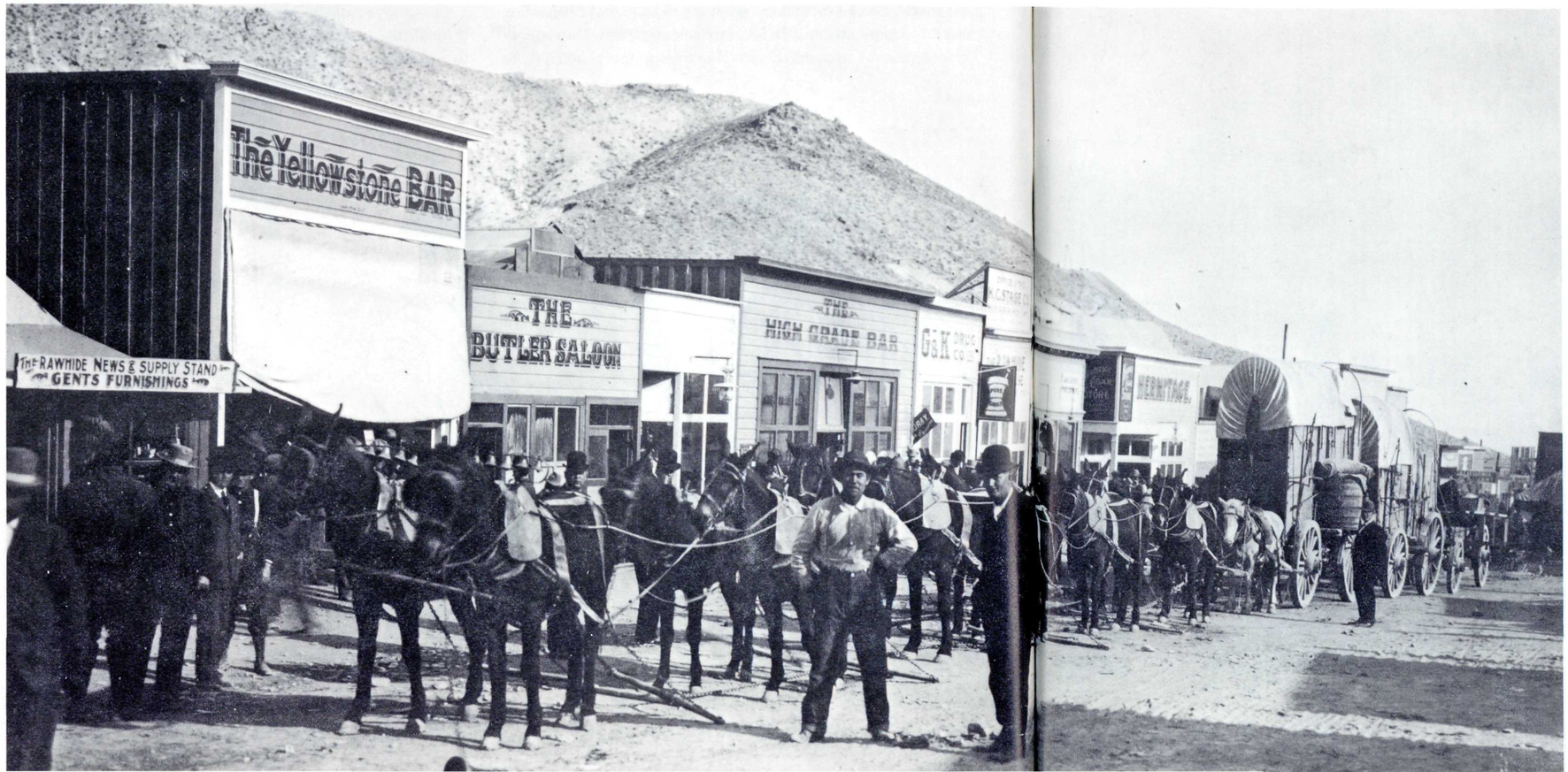
Above, a portrait of Grannan in his prime. At left, a view of Rawhide, Nevada, in its prime.

several thousand dollars. His judgment was vindicated later when Navarre beat Domino three times.

The unruffled exterior Grannan had presented to the world did not mean that strains were not taking their toll. He lived for years at a high level of excitement and this finally shattered his nerves. Grannan had admitted to the press that his health was a concern when he was censured by the New York Jockey Club for openly giving an expensive present to Red Taral, the famous Domino's equally famous jockey. "At the time I made Taral a present," he explained, "I left for Baden Springs in Michigan, and believed I would never again bet on a horse." But the Jockey Club's high-handed and widely condemned action impelled him to clear his name. He spent large sums in fruitless litigation against the high lords of the turf, and after two years he returned to recoup his losses, with grave danger to his health.

A crisis had occurred in New Orleans, where Grannan had begun his betting career. He backed heavily a horse named O'Hagen, but the favorite, Andes, won. After closing his book, Grannan was taken to a hospital suffering from nervous

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



prostration. A week later a much subdued Grannan told a reporter. "My race is never run till I die. There is always another furlong to go while I live." He had come face to face with the fact that his health was dangerously undermined.

THIS WAS PART OF THE STORY of the man whose death Knickerbocker summed up briefly. "He died in Rawhide, where in winter the shoulders of the mountains are wrapped in garments of ice, and in summer the blistering rays of the sun beat down upon the skeleton of the desert."

Neither the ice of winter nor the blistering sun of a Nevada summer had kept Zack T. Carson from prospecting there. He found ore samples that ran to three hundred dollars a ton and staked out registered claims. On July 4, 1907, the first shipment of gold was hauled to Luning. The rush was on. A prospector named Charley Holman hung a cow's tail for a mail drop and scribbled "Rawhide" on a sign. The name was good enough for the eight thousand who trekked there in three months.

In Goldfield, Tex Rickard sold his saloon, "The Northern" and put a sign on a Methodist church: "This church is closed. God has gone to Rawhide." He cranked up his high-step Lozier and went off to the new find with Jacob Simon Herzig, alias George Graham Rice, a Wall Street manipulator who made millions and later landed in Sing Sing. Nat Goodwin, playboy and actor, filling an engagement in Goldfield, also heard the call of Rawhide.

The strike has been called "the last bonanza," but there was a large element of *borasca* in it. The build-up, one of the fastest in the history of mining, resulted in a community with its own newspaper, telegraph and telephone services, a cold-storage plant, mining exchanges, a Wells-Fargo office, and auto stages to Reno and Carson City.

Riley Grannan had been in Goldfield when the Rawhide news broke; he joined Nat Goodwin on the hundred-mile journey to the new boom town. With "Swede Sam" Wellin as a partner, he took a forty-thousand-dollar corner lot and, on March 14, 1908, bought in Reno the equipment for a saloon and gambling house—roulette wheels, tables for faro and crap, and liquor supplies. He settled down to win his way back to wealth.

The camp was rough, the life rugged. But Grannan was not. Frailness had made him appear taller than his five feet eight inches. He had dressed conservatively in dark clothes and, for one of his unmatched skill in daring in the betting ring, had seemed singularly shy, but in his blue-gray eyes there was an unmistakable look of confidence. Riley had been polite and deferential to his associates and had a reputation for generosity and kindness. Now he was dead.

IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH, Knickerbocker discussed Life. It was hard, disappointing, frustrating; it was bitter. He quoted Byron's "Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear," Shakespeare's "walking shadow" and "a tale told by an idiot," and best of all, passages from the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam. True to his non-ministerial role, Knickerbocker made no reference to Scripture, and his achievement was the more remarkable because of the limitations he imposed on himself. Instead of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, he drew support from Byron, Shakespeare, Omar Khayyam, and finally, Ella Wheeler Wilcox: "It is easy enough to be pleasant, When Life flows along like a song. But the man worthwhile Is the man who can smile, When everything goes dead wrong." He thought those lines exemplified Grannan's way of life.

The oratory of the speaker had transformed the jerry-built hall of gaiety into an edifice as solemn as a cathedral. The bruisers, the bawds, the dignified ladies, and the slick entrepreneurs had all been caught up in the eloquence flowing from the simply-dressed man. Then he brought his hearers down to earth. "If you will allow me, I will use a phrase most of you are acquainted with. He was a 'dead game sport' [a man who wasted some of his money in open-handed liberality] that brightened the lives of others."

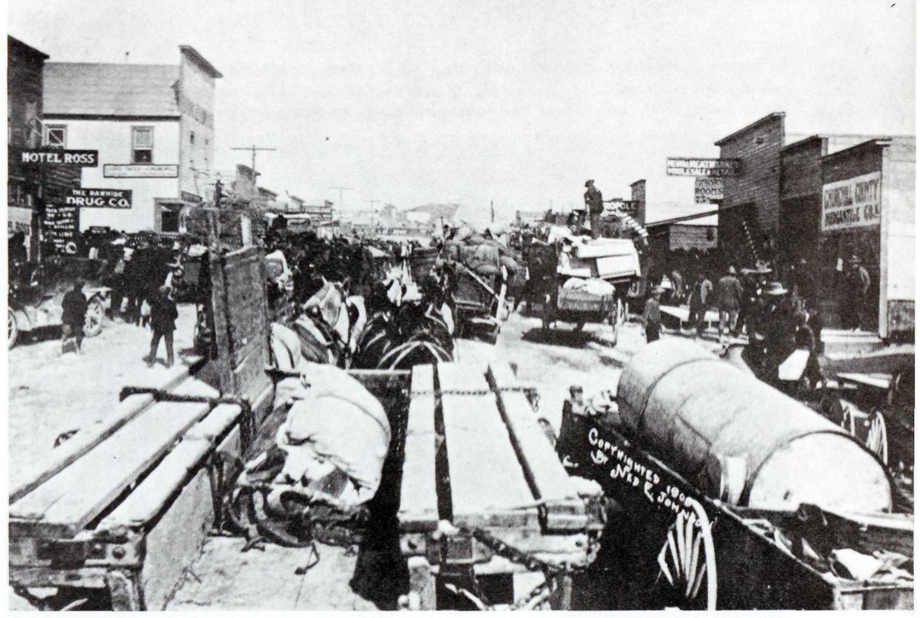
From a defense of Grannan, he went on to speak a tolerant word for the "sinful men and women who inhabit the night world," and for the unorthodox in the frontier towns Riley had preferred. It was Knickerbocker's own *apologia,* too, and it embraced the Doras, the Annies, the Belles, and their sisters whose names were over the shacks in Stingaree Gulch, and those who patronized them.

Grannan's philanthropy had not been widely known because he was normally reticent about his private life, but one example was fresh in the minds of the audience. They knew the tale of Dansy Togue, the seventeen-year-old girl who had arrived by stage a few weeks before. She was greeted by a startled Grannan who had come to pick up a shipment for his resort. Dansy was the daughter of a friend in New Orleans, and Grannan was her godfather. Now, with her mother dead and her father remarried to a woman she could not accept, she had run away. Grannan took her in hand, found her a room at a hotel, and got her a job as a waitress. He was determined to keep her from being forced into Stingaree Gulch; even the noisy, boisterous hotel was hardly the place for her.

His Chinese cook, Ah Fu, helped to solve that problem.

THERON FOX COLLECTION

JOHN ZALNE COLLECTION



For a few brief months in 1907–08, Rawhide enjoyed as spectacular a growth as any mining town in the West. The number of freight wagons in the scene above, photographed at the height of the hysteria, provides some idea of the quantities of machinery, food, and whiskey required to support the settlement's rapidly burgeoning populace.

Judging from the crowd gathered around the automobiles at left, mechanized vehicles were something of a rarity in Rawhide, even as late as 1908.

He told Grannan he knew how to construct a bottle-house, and erected a sturdy, one-room dwelling from the hundreds of empties lying behind the town's saloons. Dansy moved in, but fled in fright the first night when a wind whistling down the canyon set up an eerie wailing as it played on the uncorked bottles. A hurried search for corks solved the difficulty, and the cozy little room was much admired. Then Grannan fell ill and, sensing the seriousness of his condition, called Dansy in. He gave her two hundred dollars and persuaded her to go back to her father.

The remark about sinful men and women was as close as the former minister came in introducing a topic that might have been preached from a pulpit. But, finding a parallel between human liberality and divine generosity, he finally brought the name of the Deity into his discourse: "God does not put all His sunbeams into corn, potatoes, and flour. . . . Did you ever notice the prodigality with which He scatters those sunbeams over the universe?" Then the orator rose to the heights again with the most lyrical outburst of his entire speech: "God flings the auroral beauties around the cold shoulders of the North, hangs the quivering picture of the mirage above the palpitating heart of the desert, spangles the canopy of night with star-jewels, wakes the coy maid of Dawn and rouses the birds to herald with their music the coming of their King who floods the world with refulgent gold."

Day in, day out, the sounds breaking the silence of this desert town were the rattle of mine hoists, the pounding of reducing mills, and the raucous laughter from the sporting houses and dance halls. This morning streets and saloons were silent, but the speaker's orotund periods were punctuated by a metallic beat from the mines. It furnished a staccato accompaniment as Knickerbocker declared that if sunbeams could be poured out with a lavish hand, Riley Grannan, as a public benefactor, could "waste" his money.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR OR NOT, Grannan had been greatly esteemed as a companion and friend when the news that he was dying went out from Rawhide. After playing poker for six hours straight, he had stepped out to refresh himself in the cool evening air. The next day he felt unwell, and within hours grew markedly worse. Pneumonia had set in and this time, with his weakened constitution, the odds were too great. He was running the last furlong. Word was flashed to his family, and at their request, Father Thomas Tubman of Reno made the trip to Rawhide to give him the last sacrament. Friends raised five hundred dollars and called a doctor from the same city. He found Grannan beyond help, folded his hands on his chest, and left. At four-thirty on the afternoon of April 3, he died. He was not yet thirty-eight years old.

The telegraph office in the little mining settlement was flooded with messages from all over the country at Grannan's passing. Jim Jeffries, "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, and Richard K. Fox of the *Police Gazette* were among those speaking for

In September 1908 a fire destroyed much of Rawhide's business district, and soon thereafter the area's mining boom evaporated as quickly as it had blossomed. Within several years Rawhide was a genuine ghost town, with only a few half-fallen buildings as reminders of its brief prosperity.

the world of sport in which he had been a conspicuous figure for twenty years. But there was no word from Daisy Dixon.

Known for years as a bachelor, Riley had surprised his friends when he had entered the Palace Hotel in San Francisco and signed the register "Riley Grannan and wife." The lady, a pretty brunette, was a San Francisco actress, last seen playing on a New York stage in "Ingot Hall." With his customary reserve about his private affairs, the young gambler said only that they had been married for two years. But his wife let it be known that the ceremony took place in Italy. He made and lost three or four fortunes in the next few years. Then Daisy Dixon had walked out of his life and left only a deep silence.

As Knickerbocker neared the close of his discourse, he departed slightly from his cold unbelief to speak of "the gleaming of the star of hope. Let us hope that it may be the morning of an eternal day." Then he spoke the final words of parting. "The word farewell is the *saddest* in our language. And yet there are sentiments sometimes that refuse to be confined to that word. I will say, 'Good-by old man!' We will try to exemplify the spirit manifested in your life in bearing the grief of our parting. Riley, let these flowers speak the sentiments that are too tender for words. Good-by!"

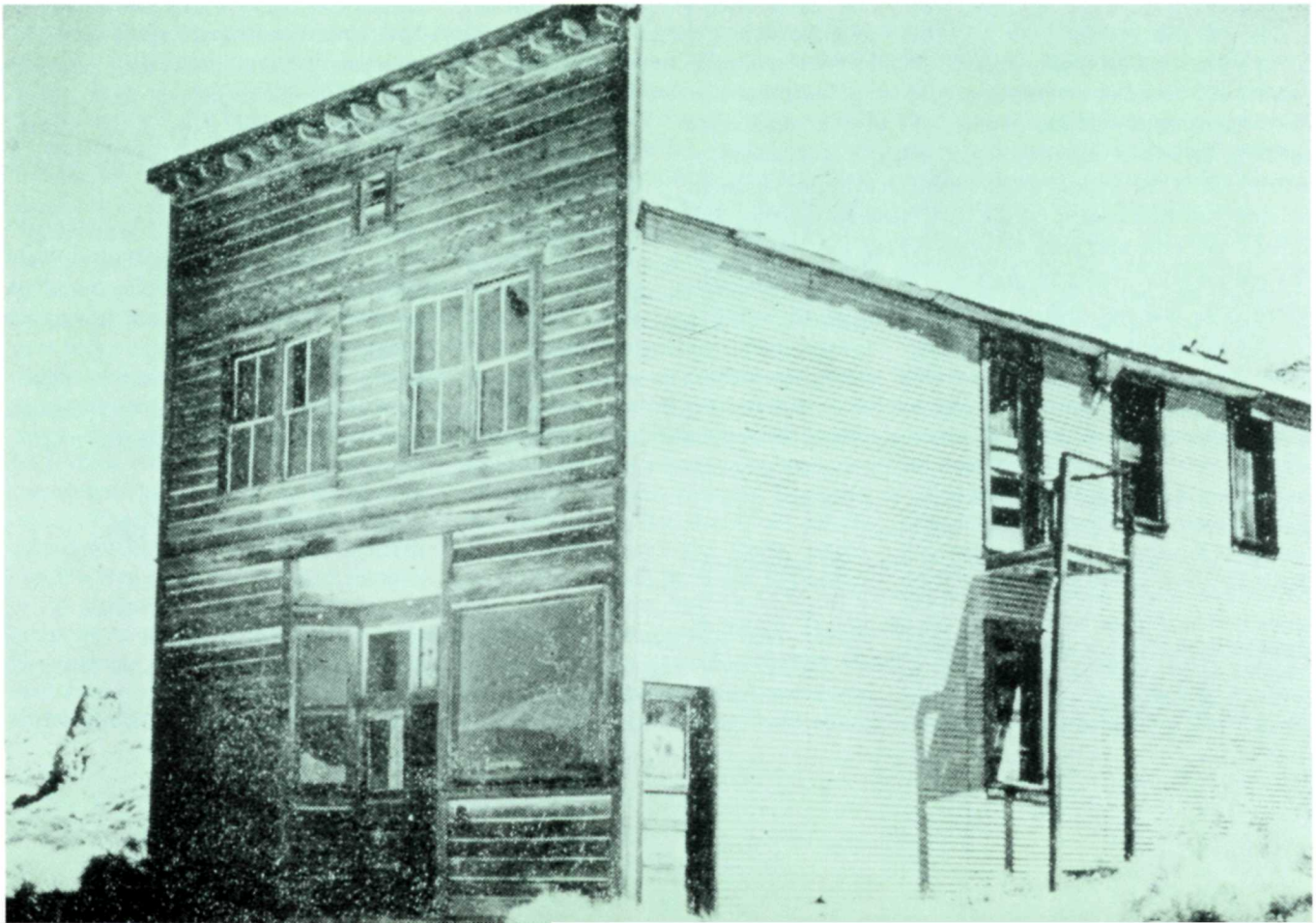
Still under the spell of the orator, every man and woman in the variety hall walked behind the improvised hearse to the foot of the canyon. On a motor truck the coffin was driven to Schurz over a well-beaten road carved out of the desert, a road down which the fixtures for Grannan's gambling house had been freighted only days before. A train of Darius Ogden Mills's narrow-gauge Carson and Colorado Railroad took the remains to Reno to meet Southern Pacific Train Number Four. At Ogden, Utah, the next day, Joseph Grannan, a brother living in Idaho, boarded the train for the rest of the journey to Paris. In the little church of his boyhood, a second ceremony was held, and Riley Grannan was laid to rest on Sunday, April 12, in the family plot on a Kentucky hillside overlooking the town where he was born.

ON SEPTEMBER 5, five months from the day of the obsequies in the variety theater, fire destroyed Rawhide in forty minutes. The fair ladies of Stingaree Gulch left in a body to find other markets for their charms, but through the efforts of George Graham Rice, a new Rawhide rose from the ashes. One year later, a cloudburst sent a wall of water down on the little desert metropolis to wipe it out a second time. It was not rebuilt again.

Horses and gambling seem eternal, and the Blue Grass region may produce another Riley Grannan. But he will never try his luck in a future Rawhide. That was the last adventure of its kind.

Guy Mayo *is a freelance writer residing in Washington, D.C.*

One of the town's last surviving structures was the shell of the Rawhide Opera House, where mourners had once gathered in solemn concert to hear Herman Knickerbocker deliver his moving eulogy over the body of the greatest of the turf plungers, Riley Grannan.



A Matter of Opinion

Re: A Matter of Opinion

In the November 1969 issue of THE AMERICAN WEST, we originated a new feature, A MATTER OF OPINION. As a footnote in that issue, we stated our reasons: "Because THE AMERICAN WEST is convinced that it is neither possible nor desirable for a magazine of history and conservation to separate the life of the past from the demands and hopes of the present, A MATTER OF OPINION has been created as a continuing feature . . . that hopefully will not only illuminate truth but reinforce the understanding that we are, after all, only what our history has made us."

Reviewing the previous nineteen issues in which this opinion page has appeared, we discover that a wide scope of subjects has been covered—some relating to history, some to conservation, some to politics, and some to the editorial concept of the magazine itself.

The initial MATTER OF OPINION raised some serious questions about the political upheaval occurring at that time at the Oakland Museum, debating an issue transcending the local squabble, an issue relating to a museum's (any museum's) responsibility to the community it serves. The author emphasized that "we are all minorities," and that "in such a world it is manifestly necessary to involve *all of the people all of the time* in planning, creating, managing, and operating our public institutions [such as museums]."

That was the beginning of A MATTER OF OPINION—and it established a trend that has been maintained. Some subsequent columns, for example, have discussed such topics as the relationship of "frontier vigilantism" of a hundred years ago with the crime and disorder of today; a comparison of destruction of the natural environment during the twentieth century with that caused by the early western pioneers and settlers; the pros and cons of clear-cutting the forests; the "People's Park" revolt in Berkeley by the anti-establishmentarians; and the political implications of the endless reclamation debate.

Frequently these opinions have related to previous articles in the magazine: some to embellish, some to praise, and occasionally a few to criticize an author's point of view, lack of complete information, or incorrect interpretations. Frankly, recognizing that neither THE AMERICAN WEST nor its authors are infallible, we welcome these comments.

The editors were especially pleased with the response to the column which appeared in the September 1970 issue, entitled "The Future of THE AMERICAN WEST," in which readers were invited to express their opinions regarding the future course of the magazine. Hundreds of replies were received (a sampling of which was published in the November 1970 issue) and as a result, significant changes have been made in the magazine's editorial concept. We are, for example, publishing more material on natural history, conservation, and ecology than in the past. Many recent issues have also included full-color sections documenting the scenic beauty of the American West of today.

The magazine has, of course, continued to emphasize "human history" and the role it played in the development of the West, although the editors have been seeking more articles that have a direct and positive relationship to the present. With rare exceptions, THE AMERICAN WEST has avoided articles of a militant tone, and it has not become a biased mouthpiece for any specific cause. As one reader, Ann Zwinger, said so well, "A steady diet of history is delightful for those of us who love to read history, but perhaps a more present-minded point of view might provide deeper meaning. The more that concern for this environment can be communicated, the more likely will there continue to be an environment about which future historians can write." And, as one-time editor-in-chief Wallace Stegner expressed it, "We hope to put both past and present at the service of the future."

Now, a few years have passed and we are again asking for your evaluation of the present editorial policy as it relates to the past and future. We'd like to publish some of your remarks —both positive and negative—on this page. After all, perfection may be what we seek, but we don't pretend to have attained it.

Are you satisfied with the direction that THE AMERICAN WEST has taken? Do you have suggestions that you feel might improve your magazine? And, finally, what do you think about this page? Do you believe that the reader deserves such a platform for his views?

The last time we requested your opinions on this subject, we received a greater number of letters than on any previous topic. We would like to begin 1973 by breaking that record. Let us hear what you have to say.

Donald E. Bower, Editor

A MATTER OF OPINION *is provided as an open forum. Contributions from our readers are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

In a Sacred Manner We Live and Portraits from North American Indian Life

REVIEWED BY ROBERT A. WEINSTEIN

IT HAS NOT ALWAYS been popular in the United States to express admiration and sympathy for American Indians. Presently it is growing so acceptable as to be almost faddish. Some publishers have been rushing manuscripts into print on the American Indian of the most trivial character . . . and such books are available in large quantities. In opposition, a slow tide of worthwhile books on this subject is appearing steadily, and sometimes among these better books there are particular jewels. Two works, one by Barre Publishers, the other by Outerbridge and Lazard—both of the Indians of western North America—stand out in eloquent beauty.

In a Sacred Manner We Live photographs by Edward S. Curtis, introduction and commentary by Don D. Fowler *(Barre Publishers, Barre, Massachusetts, 1972; 152 pp., biblio., notes, index, $15.00).*

Portraits from North American Indian Life photographs by Edward S. Curtis, introductions by A. D. Coleman and T. C. McLuhan *(Outerbridge & Lazard and the American Museum of Natural History, New York, 1972; 176 pp., notes, $30.00).*

Edward S. Curtis, a photographer from the state of Washington, resolved in 1900 to study and photograph the western Indians of North America and spent the next four years making several thousand superb negatives of Plains Indians in the Southwest. Successful exhibitions of many of these photos led to support of his project, culminating in a gift towards completion by J. Pierpont Morgan of seventy-five thousand dollars. Morgan required publication of Curtis's material and the first of twenty planned volumes was issued in 1907. Magnificently printed in photogravure, this work was a matchless example of the best in bookmaking that money could buy. Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge of the Bureau of American Ethnology was the editor, and under his careful scrutiny it became and remains to this day a classic of visual ethnology beyond compare. Curtis's monumental project was finally completed in 1930; the twenty volumes documenting his work contain twenty-two hundred Indian photographs as well as much ethnological and anthropological information of value. This original series was produced as an expensive, limited edition of only five hundred sets and has rarely been available for general use.

Both of these new selections from the original work offer a generous sample of Curtis's pictures grouped by geographical area and supported in both books by discerning and perceptive texts. In the large-format Outerbridge and Lazard volume, photographic critic A. D. Coleman examines Curtis's photographs with the uncommon insight and conscience they demand, while Miss T. C. McLuhan traces the photographer's life carefully and thoroughly. In the Barre book, Don Fowler, director of the Western Studies Center of the Desert Research Institute and associate professor of anthropology at the University of Nevada, offers certain illuminating historical perspectives on the many Indians Curtis photographed.

Printing Edward Curtis's photographs is a difficult task, and in both cases it is done impeccably and beautifully. Sharp, contrasty glossy prints were not Curtis's style; his own preference is best expressed in the brown rotogravure he selected for his twenty-volume work. Such soft prints are akin to the pictorialist's aesthetic, and the relative lack of definition adds greatly to the problem of reproducing them satisfactorily. Meriden Gravure Company was well chosen by Barre: no printer could have printed the Curtis photographs more carefully. Their full beauty has been preserved. The photographs in the oversize Outerbridge and Lazard book are reproduced in their original 12- by 16-inch size, faithfully and sensitively. This volume is a stunning, bold effort, an act of faith with the photographer's work that is memorable . . . one that has the impact of a tour-de-force and sets an inspired example for future emulation.

Together these publications, the one complementing the other, offer brilliant and moving images emphasizing the evocative power of photographs. There is much room in Edward Curtis's vision for the inquiring heart in man to feel its way more deeply than is possible with words, into the spirit life that sustained these Indians in their adversity.

Although Curtis was properly a late-nineteenth century professional photographer, the bulk of his work among the American Indians began in 1900. It was the poorest time in their long history to begin a photographic record of their way of life. Curtis saw them at the end of a tragic century in Indian-white relations. Behind them was a record of betrayal, defeat, and despair. Poverty and starvation stalked their lives, and their outlook then was bleak. Curtis reveals great sympathy for these Indians, and one finds in his pictures a sense of his outrage at the disappearance of an honorable way of life from which whites might have learned important lessons. Curtis saw the western Indians somewhat romantically; his pictures prove it. But if his vision was sentimental and romantic, his intellect was clear and strong. He knew very well what he wanted to tell us through his photographs. His meanings are quite clear, today, when we are all beginning to reassess the significance of the Indian ways of life. They offer us needed help, and that is the most important contribution of these beautiful books.

Edward Curtis's humanity survives forever in his Indian photographs, and these two publishers have rescued it from academic obscurity, a needed task well worth doing.

Robert A. Weinstein, *on the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is an acknowledged authority on the history of the development of photography in the United States.*

Kirby Smith's Confederacy

REVIEWED BY LEROY H. FISCHER

THIS IS A BOOK of major significance on the Civil War in the Trans-Mississippi West, and it is the first study published that is similar in scope to Wiley Britton's *The Civil War on the Border*

Kirby Smith's Confederacy: The Trans-Mississippi South, 1863–1865 by Robert L. Kerby *(Columbia University, New York, 1972; 529 pp., maps, biblio., notes, index, $12.95).*

(2 vols., 1890–1904). Britton concentrated on Trans-Mississippi military operations, while Kerby's title emphasizes the Trans-Mississippi South and focuses on the years 1863–65. Meanwhile, other useful but more specialized studies have appeared on the Trans-Mississippi West during the Civil War, such as those by Ray Charles Colton, *The Civil War in the Western Territories: Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah* (1959); and Stephen B. Oates, *Confederate Cavalry West of the River* (1961).

In a sense, the volume under review is the history of the Civil War in the Trans-Mississippi West—for there was little combat action elsewhere in the West—and the coverage is excellent on politics, the economy, and social issues as well. The author modestly but inappropriately misnamed his study inasmuch as he treats the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Confederacy in adequate detail not only for 1863–65, but for 1861–62 as well. With but little additional material, such as Colton used in his study, the author could have published a thorough research history on the Civil War in the Trans-Mississippi area.

The Trans-Mississippi Department of the Confederacy consisted of Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Indian Territory, and Arizona Territory. Even at the beginning of the war, Confederate control of the department was nominal and at the grace of the federal government, which was then too busy defending Washington and the United States east of the Mississippi. But when the federal government attempted to repossess the department a few months after the outbreak of the war and continued the effort thereafter, it met with considerable resistance. Texas was never pacified by the Federals during the life of the Confederacy, and Brig. Gen. Stand Watie, the able Cherokee guerrilla leader in Indian Territory, was the last Confederate general to lay down his arms.

Five conclusions emerge from the book. First, Confederate grand strategy mistakenly assumed that the Mississippi River, rather than being a cohesive and integrating force, constituted a natural boundary to divide military departments. Second, despite serious dislocations, the Trans-Mississippi's economy remained viable until the collapse of the Confederacy. Third, despite comparative immunity from physical damage following the 1864 spring campaign, the Trans-Mississippi Confederacy suffered a severe disintegration of morale during the last months of the war.

Fourth, Confederate officials west of the Mississippi usually succeeded in imposing their will upon the states and the people, contrary to the time-honored idea that states' rights undermined Confederate achievement and independence. Finally, the Confederate Trans-Mississippi Department offers considerable evidence that progressive demoralization in the South commenced in the early months of the war. Thus the high tide of Confederate aspirations deteriorated from the beginning of the conflict.

The author's writing style is vivid but at times complex, due to several sentences of excessive length. Although the end notes show exhaustive research, they frequently cover a half page or more, thereby causing considerable frustration to the user. The end notes would be much more helpful if they were more numerous and shorter. Unfortunately, there are no conclusions at the ends of chapters. But overall, the book is a significant and much needed contribution to the history of the Civil War west of the Mississippi. It will not need to be done again.

LeRoy H. Fischer, *professor of history at Oklahoma State University at Stillwater, is the author of the prize-winning* Lincoln's Gadfly: Adam Gurowski *and numerous articles on the Civil War.*

The Cayuse Indians: Imperial Tribesmen

REVIEWED BY JON C. BOWER

NOWHERE WAS the bitter struggle between the red man and the white man more evident than in the Grande Ronde and Walla Walla valleys of the Oregon and Washington Territories.

The Cayuse Indians: Imperial Tribesmen of Old Oregon by Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown, foreword by Clifford M. Drury *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1972; 345 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., index, $8.95).*

These coveted lands were sought after by fur companies, missionaries, homesteaders, and lastly, ranchers. They were also the homes of the Cayuse Indians.

Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown have undertaken to chronicle the little-known history of this remarkable people. Their book is not only an admirable history, worthy of ownership by every scholar of western history, but it is also a sensitive story of a small tribe's effort to protect itself from cultural extinction.

Although the history of the American Indian will doubtlessly continue to be based upon the epic adventures of the better known Sioux, Cheyenne, and Apache Indians, it would behoove every student of western history to take a closer look at the tragic story of the Cayuse Indians. For it is here, as much as at Sand Creek, Washita, Little Big Horn, or Wounded Knee, that the struggle between the red and white races is best typified.

Ruby and Brown's book deals with the Cayuse Indians as a proud and defiant, yet sadly doomed, nation. Once, through possession of thousands of fine horses, they were the overlords of all those around them. Had not the white man come among them, the Cayuse may well have maintained their superiority and, above all, their tribal identity.

The authors describe the cataclysmic effect that the headlong advance of the land-hungry and soul-hungry white man had upon the Cayuse Indians. Considered lazy and barbarous simply because they preferred raising horses to hunting beaver, the Cayuse were dubbed hostile by the greedy American fur concerns. This was fine with the powerful British companies, which looked upon the tribe as an effective buffer against American encroachment into the heretofore exclusive British fur domain.

Disease and white missionaries came at about the same time, prompting that phase of Cayuse history found in most texts about the history of the American Indian: the Whitman Massacre. This, until now, was nearly the only commemoration of the passing of a great people.

As Ruby and Brown take a new look at the Whitman Massacre, the suggestion becomes clear that perhaps Dr. Marcus Whitman wasn't the simon-pure humanitarian depicted by some historians. Rather, he seems to be a human being fraught with cares, inadequacies, and fears like other men.

The Cayuse, vexed by Whitman's failure to cure the mysterious white man's spotted sickness, smallpox, and indeed suspicious that he may have poisoned some camp dogs and even members of the tribe, began plotting his demise. In keeping with their tribe's custom of eliminating unsuccessful medicine men, a party of Cayuse fell upon Dr. Whitman and members of his household in November of 1847 and slew them.

The upshot of the white man's subsequent clamor to exterminate every Cayuse was the tragic Cayuse War of 1855–56. The white onslaught that would eventually oust the Cayuse from their homelands and relegate them to near oblivion was on the move.

Accompanied by excellent maps and pertinent illustrations as well as period photographs, Ruby and Brown's text supplies a clear and moving account of a struggle between the white and red races. It is a struggle that has been told countless times before, of different tribes, in different times. In this work, the story is told in such a way that it must make us hang our heads in regret while hoping that, in time, these will be but passing historical curiosities rather than continuing wrongs to our fellow man.

Jon C. Bower *of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, is a folksinger and writer of western history.*

The Great Coalfield War by George S. McGovern and Leonard F. Guttridge *(Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1972; 383 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM T. EAGAN

IN DISCUSSING the 1913–14 labor war in Colorado, the authors have provided us with a damning indictment of the folly of following our prejudices and biases to the point of refusing to enter into discourse with the other side. This work spells out for us the necessity of being constantly prepared to openly receive views contrary to our own. Consequently, the message within the volume is much greater than the subject matter.

Of particular interest and value are the many useful comparisons made between events, problems, and attitudes of over a half-century ago with similar aspects of life today. Through this technique the authors have placed the Ludlow Massacre as a living reality in our midst.

The story of the Ludlow Massacre is a complex episode involving the problems that have beset our nation from its colonial era to today: immigrant labor, militant unions, paternalistic capitalists, antagonistic government officials, and a corrupted state militia. On the other hand, it is also a tale of human beings.

Based originally upon Senator McGovern's doctoral dissertation, the work has been expanded and popularized, yet it retains the elements of a scholarly work. The apparent one-sidedness of the account, in favor of the miners caught in a web of circumstances beyond their control, is well supported and justified.

There are minor errors that detract from the book, especially in the writing which at times is ambiguous, awkward, and incorrect grammatically. In other cases assumptions have been made without adequate justification. Despite these flaws the volume remains a valuable contribution. It is a long-needed objective look at one of the worst of America's labor conflicts.

William T. Eagan, *associate professor of history at Southern Colorado State College, is co-author of* A Guide to Western Man *and recently edited papers on a symposium,* Urban Problems and Their Solutions.

Hostiles and Horse Soldiers: Indian Battles and Campaigns in the West by Lonnie J. White et al. *(Pruett, Boulder, 1972; 231 pp., illus., maps, notes, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY LEO E. OLIVA

THIS VOLUME contains nine scholarly articles (five by Lonnie J. White and one each by four other contributors) originally published in *Journal of the West.* Although each considers some aspect of the Indian-fighting army, there is no truly unifying theme. The publisher's claim that "new material and fresh analysis" make this collection a "significant contribution" is questionable.

White's articles consider Sand Creek (1864), encounters at Saline River and Prairie Dog Creek (1867), Beecher Island (1868), the Winter Campaign (1868–69), and engagements in Texas (1874). All are carefully documented and accurate in detail, but little attention has been given to setting these incidents into a larger frame of reference and analyzing their significance. The remaining articles were selected from the January 1972 issue of the *Journal,* for which White was guest editor. Jerry Keenan's "Wagon Box Fight" is the weakest chapter, based largely on secondary sources and containing little that is new.

James T. King's "General Crook at Camp Cloud Peak: 'I Am at a Loss What to Do'," is the "fresh analysis" promised. Instead of simply recounting details, King evaluates the reasons for and consequences of Crook's long delay following the Rosebud fight in 1876.

The last two items are edited sources: "The Bannock-Piute War of 1878: The Letters of Major Edwin C. Mason," by Stanley R. Davison and "Soldiering and Suffering in the Geronimo Campaign: Reminiscences of Lawrence R. Jerome" by Joe A. Stout, Jr. Both are informative views by soldier participants in the respective campaigns.

Those interested in the subjects treated and who are without access to the originals in the *Journal of the West* may wish to acquire this reproduction.

Leo E. Oliva *is professor of history and chairman of the department at Fort Hays Kansas State College. He is the author of* Soldiers on the Santa Fe Trail.

"Photographed All the Best Scenery": Jack Hillers's Diary of the Powell Expeditions, 1871-1875, edited by Don D. Fowler *(University of Utah, Salt Lake City, 1972; 225 pp., intro., illus., maps, index, epilogue, $10.00).*

REVIEWED BY MERRILL J. MATTES

JOHN K. (JACK) HILLERS (1843–1925), German emigrant and Civil War veteran, found his destiny one spring day in 1871 at Salt Lake City, where he was working as a teamster. Under circumstances undisclosed, explorer John Wesley Powell, who was looking for an extra hand, somehow ran into the tall, red-headed, genial Hillers and hired him as a boatman. In the course of the ensuing second Powell exploration of the Colorado River canyons and tributaries, Hillers metamorphosed into expedition photographer after the first official photographer quit and a second became ill.

In consequence of Hillers's burgeoning talent, together with a likeable disposition, Major Powell made him chief photographer for his 1872 Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region. When the U.S. Geological Survey and the Bureau of Ethnology were created in 1879, Hillers became principal photographer for both. He was the first to photograph the Grand Canyon and much of the high plateau of central and southern Utah, and as editor Don D. Fowler notes, "Hillers pioneered the making of large photographic transparencies on sheets of glass up to 4 x 5 feet in size." The thousands of negatives attributed to him, variously at the National Archives, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Denver Public Library, constitute important scenic, geologic, and anthropological records. Using the cumbersome wet plate process of the period, yet producing technically superior and artfully composed pictures, Hillers joins William H. Jackson, Timothy O'Sullivan, and others in the front rank of frontier photographers.

Fowler claims that the publication of the Hillers diary should just about complete the lengthy list of publications about the Powell surveys, since all other known diaries of participants have been previously published. The Hillers journal, property of the Smithsonian Institution, fills a few blanks in our information about the important second Colorado expedition, including the description and naming of features and details of daily adventures. Aside from being readable, the diary has the virtue of making a historic event fresh and immediate.

Designed in photo album format, the book presents only forty-four photographs, but these are a well selected cross-section of Hillers's work. The Grand Canyon shots are marvelous. To some the most interesting photographs will be those of Indians even though, as the editor points out, they are all carefully "staged." Instant candid camera photography would come later.

Merrill J. Mattes *is manager, Historic Preservation Office, U.S. National Park Service. His several books include* Great Platte River Road, *winner of three national awards.*

Soldier in the West: Letters of Theodore Talbot During His Services in California, Mexico, and Oregon, 1845-53, edited by Robert V. Hine and Savoie Lottinville *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1972; 210 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY FEROL EGAN

ALL TOO OFTEN, a book of letters has a few gems and a lot of barren soil. The letters of Theodore Talbot are a splendid exception. The main difference between his writing and that of other men who were in on the westward push is that Talbot represented "education, culture, social standing, and rational analysis." Altogether, these letters cover five phases of Talbot's short life: the third expedition of John Charles Frémont; the conquest of California; Mexican War duty at Vera Cruz; a voyage to the West that was as exotic as any of Melville's adventures; and the dreary life of garrison duty in Oregon Territory.

In their excellent introductions to these letters, editors Hine and Lottinville present a good bibliographical sketch of Talbot and carefully re-examine events that were part of the young soldier's life. In the process, they have discarded some of the many myths that continue to put Frémont in a bad light. First, they make it clear that the division of Frémont's third expedition at Bent's Fort was part of the plan right from the start and not something that was done to rid the party of malcontents. Second, they point out that Frémont *did* have prior knowledge of the impending war with Mexico and that he "had been well briefed on the mounting border difficulties between Mexico and the United States."

Talbot's letters add much to an understanding of Frémont's third expedition; the formation of the California Battalion in which Talbot served as sergeant major; Frémont's term as military governor of California; and Frémont's quarrel with Gen. Stephen Kearny. With regard to the latter, Talbot sided with Frémont and wrote: "As long as a man remains below a certain mediocrity all is well, he is promising, gallant, this, that and the other; but the moment he rises beyond that point, a host of enemies crowd round, their fawning turned to envious snarls."

Talbot's letters during his short tour of duty in Mexico are quite unique in their descriptions of Vera Cruz, and any scholar interested in this period of Mexico's history should consult them. In a different light, his long description of life in Honolulu in 1849 is thoroughly fascinating. Finally, Talbot's letters about life in Oregon from 1849 to 1852 give a good picture of a country in the process of change from the domination of the Hudson's Bay Company to the influence of the steady tide of American emigration. Also, it illustrates the dullness of army post life in a region Talbot called "terra incognita or a genteel Botany Bay for Army officers."

Theodore Talbot was a most unusual man for a most unusual time. His letters stand as a tribute to the men who expanded the boundaries of a nation in search of growing space. Altogether, this is a rare book of one American's experiences in a restless age.

Ferol Egan *is the author of* Sand in a Whirlwind: The Paiute War of 1860 *(Doubleday).*

Cleveland Rockwell, Scientist and Artist, 1837-1907, by Franz Stenzel *(Oregon Historical Society, Portland, 1972; 157 pp., illus., charts, biblio., index, chronology, notes, $10.95 cloth; $6.75 paper).*

REVIEWED BY ROBERT HITCHMAN

CLEVELAND ROCKWELL was a member of the staff of the United States Coast Survey from 1857 to 1892. During the major portion of his service—from 1867 to his retirement twenty-five years later—he served on the Pacific coast, particularly in the area of the Oregon coast and Columbia River. There have been other Coast Survey staff members who fought the wilderness—as Rockwell did—to chart our coastal waters, but the distinctive thing about Rockwell was that he was also an artist and a very competent one.

This volume was published to accompany an exhibit of Rockwell's paintings and sketches that was held at the Oregon Historical Society Museum last year. The book's forty-nine illustrations (twelve in color) clearly demonstrate the link between art and history: there are charming scenes of the mouth of the Columbia River as it used to be, with sailing ships and sternwheel tugs; officers' homes at Fort Canby, Oregon, in 1868; Alaska's Sitka harbor and village in 1884; and such other records of the past.

A catalog of Rockwell's known paintings and sketches will be of special interest to scholars who are seeking illustrations of spots in Oregon, Washington, Alaska, and Canada. And because accuracy was the very foundation of Rockwell's work for the Coast Survey, we can know that his work truly depicts things as they were.

The text of this book is a rather laborious chronological account of Rockwell's life and work, which this reviewer feels might have been shortened to eliminate unessential detail and to allow more pages for Rockwell's delightful sketches. After all, through them his story is told most eloquently.

Robert Hitchman, *a businessman whose avocation is the study of western history, is a member of the board of curators, Washington State Historical Society and of the board of councillors, American Antiquarian Society.*

People and Pelts (Selected Papers: Second North American Fur Trade Conference) edited by Malvina Bolus *(Peguis Publishers, Winnipeg, 1972; 161 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $4.25).*

REVIEWED BY HUGH A. DEMPSEY

FOR THOSE WHO attended the second North American Fur Trade Conference in Winnipeg in 1970, this book of selected papers is a welcome reminder of a highly successful program. Seldom have so many historians had the opportunity to hear such wide-ranging views on the fur trade.

This book contains nine of the best papers delivered at the conference. It is unfortunate that more could not have been included. But the editor, Marvina Bolus, deserves much credit for the way she handled the papers and for the volume itself.

Space does not permit the full listing of each of the nine titles, but the subjects and authors are worthy of note. John C. Ewers discusses the Indian and the fur trade; M. G. Lawson, the beaver hat; Natalie Stoddard, the Russian fur trade and the Indians; E. R. Bowness, fur farming; K. G. Davies, the non-dividend years of the Hudson's Bay Company; Elaine Mitchell, personal aspects of Sir George Simpson; Rhoda Gilman, the Mississippi fur trade; Max Paupanekis, life of a modern trapper; and Walter Kenyon, whitewater archaeology.

Some of the papers are woefully short, compressed as they are into only 141 pages. John Ewer's account is one of the longest and one of the best, and this reviewer also particularly enjoyed the paper by M. G. Lawson.

A number of facts about the fur trade became evident when reading *People and Pelts*. The field is unbelievably broad, spanning four centuries and encompassing at least four major trading nations of the world and a number of vastly different environments. Not only does this leave a tremendous scope for future fur trade conferences and publications, but it indicates that here is a fertile field for budding historians to explore.

Hugh A. Dempsey, *director of history for the Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary, is editor of the* Alberta Historical Review, *and author of* Crowfoot, Chief of the Blackfeet.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Ed Holm

The American West: Painters from Catlin to Russell by Larry Curry, with a foreword by Archibald Hanna *(Viking Press, New York, and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 1972; 198 pp., 133 plates, biblio., $12.95 cloth, $5.00 paper).*

Although published as the catalog for an exhibition of nineteenth-century western paintings recently shown at the Los Angeles County Art Museum and the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum of San Francisco, and currently at the St. Louis Art Museum, this publication stands on its own as a beautiful art book and a useful reference tool. Chronologies of the twenty-four artists represented are included, and twenty-two of the plates are in color.

California: A History of the Golden State by Warren A. Beck and David A. Williams *(Doubleday, New York, 1972; 552 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $11.95).*

This bulky, but lively, history of California from its beginnings brings the reader right up to date with discussions of such present-day aspects as pollution, freeways, the university scene, and the hippie subculture.

Desert Editor by J. Wilson McKenney *(Wilmac Press, Georgetown, Calif., 1972; 188 pp., illus., biblio., $7.95).*

The story of *Desert* Magazine, its founder and editor, Randall Henderson, and the development of Palm Desert, California. Told by an author who worked with Henderson before the birth of *Desert* and remained a close friend until Henderson's death in 1970.

All Is but a Beginning: Youth Remembered, 1881-1901 by John G. Neihardt with an introduction by Dick Cavett *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York, 1972; 173 pp., $5.95).*

A warm and moving autobiography of his boyhood and youth in the Midwest prior to the turn of the century as told by an eminent poet and historian.

The Emigrants' Guide to California by Joseph E. Ware, with introduction and notes by John Caughey *(Da Capo Press, New York, 1972; 64 pp., illus., foldout map, index, $7.95).*

A reprint of the 1849 edition of the first practical guidebook for the overland journey to California. As a forty-niner the author subsequently died on the same trail that his book describes.

Wild Alaska by Dale Brown and the editors of Time-Life Books *(Time-Life, New York, 1972; 184 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $7.95).*

Another in Time-Life's "American Wilderness" series (previous western offerings have included *The High Sierra* and *The Grand Canyon*), this heavily-illustrated book focuses on the plants, animals, and ecology of Alaska's four major federally-protected wilderness areas. The photographs, most of which are in color, are outstanding.

Arizona: A Chronology and Documentary Handbook edited by Ellen Lloyd Trover and William F. Swindler *(Ocean Publications, Dobbs Ferry, New York, 1972; 122 pp., index, $5.00).*

A chronology of major events in Arizona history will probably prove to be the most useful item in this little reference volume, one of fifty projected to cover all of the states in the Union. Other western states already documented include Alaska and California.

The Cheyenne Indians: Their History and Ways of Life by George Bird Grinnell *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1972; 2 vols., 788 pp., illus., map, index, paper, $6.00 set).*

A facsimile edition of a classic study first published in 1923. Ethnologist Grinnell was a friend and student of the Cheyennes for more than forty years, and his exhaustive—and readable—work discusses topics ranging from tribal history and social organization to religious beliefs and ceremonies.

DIARY OF A REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 9)

Madero had won. The American Ambassador's lever to pry him from office would snap if this new information could be circulated fast enough.

Close to the luncheon hour, the president and his cousin Marcos Hernández, a few cabinet officers and military aides were conferring in an antechamber of the Salón de Acuerdo upstairs in the Palace. Gustavo Madero and General Huerta had just left, headed for a luncheon banquet at Gambrinus Restaurant.

Abruptly, Lt. Col. Jiménez Riverol broke in on the presidential conference, visibly nervous. He announced that he came from General Huerta with orders to take Madero to a safe place. "Let Huerta come himself and tell me," the president began, but a loud commotion erupted in the salon next door. Madero and his startled conferees hurried into the big room. They were confronted by a second officer, Major Izquierido, and twenty soldiers with rifles at their shoulders. Riverol barked out that he was arresting Madero on Huerta's orders. He moved to seize the president, but Madero's aides fired their pistols. The soldiers shot wildly. In the melee of smoke and exploding shells, Riverol and Izquierido were shot dead and Marcos Hernández, fallen to the floor, was dying.

Madero walked quietly toward the confused soldiers, hands outstretched, repeating, "Calm, boys. Do not fire," and then dashed past them into another antechamber. He stepped out onto the balcony to assure the guards in the Plaza below that he was unharmed. Then, with his remaining aides, he rode the elevator down to the courtyard.

Facing them there stood General Blanquet with a pistol aimed at the president.

"You are my prisoner," announced Blanquet.

"You are a traitor!" snapped President Madero.

Resistance was fruitless. The president was taken under guard to an office farther along the patio.

At Gambrinus Restaurant, General Huerta excused himself from the banquet table to take a telephone call which probably confirmed success at the Palace. Minutes later soldiers arrived at the table and arrested Gustavo Madero.

Huerta hastened back to the Palace. He sent a triumphant message to Ambassador Wilson and another to President Taft, informing them that he had overthrown the government of Francisco Madero.

But Wilson, mixed up in his timing, had already wired the good news home—an hour and a half before it happened.

In the evening—with Mexico's constitutionally-elected president and vice-president imprisoned, Gen. Felipe Angeles arrested, Gustavo Madero locked up, and the president's wife and parents sheltered at the Japanese Legation—the United States Embassy opened its doors for a splendid function. It was ablaze with lights, brilliantly uniformed officers, and elegant ladies. A crowd of thousands milled around outside.

Inside, Victoriano Huerta and Félix Díaz were drawing up a peace pact: Díaz was to be the candidate for the permanent presidency, Huerta was to become provisional president. Pact of the Ciudadela, it was to be called. Pact of the Embassy, one diplomat suggested. Conspiracy of the Embassy, another interposed.

"This is the salvation of Mexico!" Ambassador Wilson announced. "There will now be peace, progress, and prosperity!" First he introduced Díaz as the savior of Mexico, then Huerta. Díaz looked uncertain, unhappy, his handshake clammy. Huerta, medals rattling on his chest, squeezed each hand forcefully, his dark eyes hot behind the blue glasses.

Wilson raised his champagne glass in a toast to his protégé Félix Díaz. The amazed diplomats agreed that Wilson was the only one who imagined that Díaz had triumphed.

Just before midnight Gustavo Madero was driven to the Ciudadela and turned over to a drunken mob of Díaz's men. The Ten Days were ended.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19

By 2 A.M. Gustavo had been beaten to a pulp, his good eye picked out on a bayonet point, his jaw shot away. After one anguished cry he made no more sound and was, at last, shot to death.

No one told President Madero of his brother's death. Instead, in his guarded quarters where Piño Suárez and Angeles had been brought, he was told that if he and the vice president resigned, their lives would be spared. If they did not, *quién sabe?*

Bargaining for the best resolution, the two finally agreed to resign if constitutional order were maintained and state governors kept in their posts—and if Madero, Suárez, Gustavo Madero, Felipe Angeles, and their families were escorted to Vera Cruz by special train and shipped to safe exile. They demanded that a letter from Huerta, accepting these conditions, be exchanged for the resignations.

At 1 P.M. Huerta sent a verbal message of acceptance. The two men then signed their resignations.

Cuban Minister Márquez Sterling came to Madero's quarters and offered the cruiser *Cuba,* anchored off Vera Cruz, to carry him to exile. Madero gratefully accepted this, as well as the minister's offer to accompany him to the train station at 10 P.M.

At 8 P.M., although there was still no safe-conduct letter from Huerta, the resignations were submitted to the Chamber of Deputies. At 10:30 they were accepted. Just prior to midnight Victoriano Huerta became president of Mexico, and he had still sent no written guarantee of Madero's safety. For the first time, doubt seized Madero. His spirit flagged with recognition that he no longer had anything with which to bargain. Huerta now held the power over the prisoners' lives.

An officer came to announce that the train departure had

been cancelled but would be set for another hour.

"The train will not leave at any hour," Madero sighed with somber resignation. Nevertheless, prevailing on Márquez Sterling to stay the night with them for protection, Madero began to make light of the desperate situation with incredible grace and courage. He arranged chairs to make a bed for the minister, chaffing him for retiring with his shoes on. General Angeles wrapped himself in his cape and settled to sleep, but Madero padded around the room, folding clothes and straightening things as though he were in his bedroom at Chapultepec. Finally, covered with a white blanket of Gustavo's which had been packed with his things, he stretched out on his improvised bed. Almost asleep, he wondered aloud where his brother was. Márquez Sterling had no heart to answer him.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20

Public apprehension now chilled into fear that Francisco Madero would be murdered. Messages from the U.S. State Department, from American legislators, from all the diplomatic corps, poured into the American Embassy. Officials came in person to ask intercession. Mexican Masonic brothers of Madero and Piño Suárez and, ironically, of Wilson's sought the ambassador's help. All seemed to feel that he was the linchpin in the dangerous situation.

Wilson did go to see President Huerta and gave again his singular caution that neither man's life should be taken "except by due process of law."

Sara Pérez de Madero, the former president's wife, came to the embassy with her sister-in-law, Mercedes. The distraught woman begged Wilson to use his influence to protect the prisoners.

"That is a responsibility I do not care to undertake," the ambassador replied brusquely. "Your husband did not know how to govern. He never asked nor listened to my advice. . . ."

He admitted that Huerta had consulted him on disposition of the prisoners. "I told him he must act in the interests of the country."

"Oh, why did you say that?" Mercedes Madero cried out. "You know very well they are going to kill them!"

With evident reluctance, Wilson took a message from Madero's mother and agreed to forward it to President Taft.

But truthfully, Wilson had no time for intercession on Madero's behalf. Every feverish effort was bent toward forcing recognition of the new Huerta regime. He bombarded the State Department with requests for immediate recognition, insisting that the new government was secure, the atmosphere friendly, and Americans again in high favor. None of it was true.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21

President Huerta held an afternoon reception in the Salón de Embajadores in the Palace while, in rooms below, Madero and Suárez fretted away the hours, hoping to be moved to safer quarters, hoping for exile—simply hoping.

In the salón, Ambassador Wilson offered congratulations to Huerta on assuming the presidency "in accordance with the laws that exist in Mexico." Huerta accepted them.

Later, already filled with excellent Spanish sherry, Wilson raised his brimming glass to toast the man who was going to bring peace back to the Mexican people. Then he invited everyone present to attend the Embassy celebration of George Washington's birthday the next evening.

When he got back to his office he sent instructions to all American consuls in Mexico that they must urge "submission and adhesion to the new government which is due to be recognized today by all foreign states." It wasn't.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22

From early hours, the Embassy was being decked out for the party.

In the afternoon President Huerta met with his new ministers and told them that Madero and Suárez would be moved to the Federal District Penitentiary.

At about the same time Señora Mercedes de Madero, the former president's mother, was allowed to visit her son. She told him that Gustavo was dead. Stricken, Madero visibly gave way to grief and to despair for his life and that of Piño Suárez.

Blocks away, the Embassy party began with brave brilliance. Followed by his aides, Huerta was led about the gaily-lit rooms by Mrs. Wilson. He bowed to left and right, joined the Ambassador in the champagne salute to George Washington. The less sanguine diplomats drank, hazarded whispered opinions, and left early.

At 10 P.M., still in their Palace quarters, Felipe Angeles, Piño Suárez, and Francisco Madero made ready for bed. Angeles watched as Madero covered his head with the white blanket, weeping, Angeles thought, for his brother.

Twenty minutes later the lights flashed on in the room. Two officers entered and ordered the prisoners to get up.

"What is this? Where are you taking us?" Angeles asked sharply.

"We are taking them away . . . to the Penitentiary. Not you, General."

Madero got up, hair and beard disheveled, expression altered, traces of tears still on his cheeks. He asked stiffly why he had not been informed of the move. No one answered him.

With a violent effort the little man composed himself. His face was calm, almost as usual, as he and Piño Suárez were led between bayonets into the dark courtyard. Madero was put into one car, Suárez a second. A driver and an aide sat in the front of each car, and an armed officer in the back beside each prisoner. Slowly the cars moved out of the shadows of the Palace, into the nighttime streets, headed for the Penitentiary.

At the entrance the drivers halted only briefly, then turned and cruised along the high walls. Both cars stopped. The prisoners were ordered to get out. As they did, pistols were pressed to the backs of their heads and, a moment later, fired. The two men fell to the pavement, dead.

NEITHER THE PEACE NOR THE PROSPERITY Henry Lane Wilson promised came to pass. The Mexican Revolution ignited again the day of Madero's death, not to end for long bloodstained years.

Ambassador Wilson, removed from office in October 1913 by President Woodrow Wilson, professed never to understand the furor over the assassination of Madero, who "at the time of his death was only a simple Mexican citizen . . . in no wise entitled to the diplomatic intervention of any foreign government."

Marjorie C. Parker *has a background in journalism as a reporter and editor in Washington, D.C., and Southern California.*

WINTER ADVENTURES ON THE ALASKAN TRAIL

(Continued from page 15)

willows." I hoped that would not be the case, as that always meant hard going. I steered straight ahead through the spruce forest, picking my way through the open lanes and praying that the trail would continue open and clear. Occasionally Angiok seemed to remember a little and suggested going one way or another. And after about an hour he joyfully pointed to an old blaze on a tree. "My mamma's papa make dat mark long time 'go."

Now he became quite talkative, and I could appreciate his evident relief; our young guide was on the right trail.

That night it was cold, and we slept fitfully in our tent, squirming and twisting in our sleeping bags. As we hovered over the little Yukon stove in the morning to cook our breakfast, we made various remarks about Alaska. "Who wants to live in such a country? What's it good for? It's eternally cold! Wait till we get back south again!"

Presently we packed our gear, took down the tent, and loaded the sleds. With our shelter gone, I felt that we were out in a very cold world. As we took the dogs out from their beds, they uncoiled reluctantly and would have preferred to remain curled up to keep warm. We quickly got under way, and with the exercise of the trail, both men and dogs were soon warm. Then I noticed what a fine day it really was. The short days were past, and it was still, with clear, bright sunshine. It was now near the end of February, and as the sun rose higher, we began to feel its warmth. Soon we had a good view of the mountains up ahead—the purest white with dark blue timber at their bases, the summits varied and marked with delicate snow shadows. Those great mountains stand there, solid, massive, silent, waiting eternally in the still, bright sunshine. Like majestic cathedrals, they impressed me with the sacred quiet of a sabbath.

Later in the day I saw little wisps of drifting snow curling like smoke about the shoulders of some of the high peaks. The wind gradually grew stronger. Before long the snow was sweeping along in streamers, and clouds appeared and wrapped the mountains in a haze. After we made camp that night, the groaning storm flapped and tore at our tent, and the trees about us swayed and moaned. I felt that the mountains had come to life—there was no longer that passive, resting quiet. How weather, and our feelings, can change in a single day!

Pooto, with the rest of the family, caught up with us. On his advice we went up the Kutuk River, within easy distance of some mountain sheep ranges. Here Ade and I hoped to get our sheep specimens and Pooto his meat.

This was a new world, and from Pooto we learned many things. We found that the high, snowy slopes were frozen hard, and Pooto advised us to use canes, or "alpenstocks," made of a pole cut in the woods near our base camp, and sharpened at one end. These we found most useful in getting over the hard mountain slopes.

One day I had a startling experience. When descending those steep slopes, Pooto would lie down, put his stick down through the opening in his snowshoes, center his weight above the stick, which acted like a brake, and down the slope he would go with everything under control. We came to one such slope one day, and Pooto and Ade both went down easily. When my turn came, however, my weight somehow moved off center. I lost all control, and finally turned over on my back and slid down at a terrific speed. I don't know how far down that mountain I would have gone, but there was a big, soft snowdrift right near Pooto. I penetrated that drift full speed—swoosh! I was nearly buried in snow, but I was stopped. As I crawled out of the drift and began to shake off the snow, I heard Pooto laughing, "You savvy dat kind, awright!"

There came a day when we saw three rams up among the cliffs and carefully figured out our strategy. Ade and Pooto were to stalk the sheep directly. I was to take a roundabout route, up a long ridge and over to a long slope where I could meet the sheep if they fled from the other two hunters.

We started out. After quite a while I reached the highest point and wanted to hurry over to the slope where we had thought the fleeing sheep would go. However, as I started down the slope, I must have slipped. I went down all right—but left one snowshoe on top! So I had to laboriously climb back up to rescue my snowshoe. Just before I got over to the desired ridge, I heard some rifle fire. When I got there, I saw no sheep and wondered if they had gone by.

When I finally made my way down the ridge, I saw Pooto. He called to me and asked if I had seen any sheep going up. They missed them, I thought, feeling disappointed and chagrined. But when I came up to Pooto, he announced with a chuckle, "We got all three of us, Olaus."

His ungrammatical sentence gave me great relief. They had got all three rams. We went to work getting the rams down off the cliffs, took care of them, and snowshoed back

to our camp long after dark.

We had a pair of binoculars, which caught Pooto's fancy tremendously. Sometimes on a high ridge, he would sit there on the snow a long time, looking with the glasses over into mountains where he saw sheep, but too far away for us. He just wanted to look and to see. Ade and I would wait impatiently, huddled behind a ridge or drift, stomping around trying to keep from freezing. We were impatient with Pooto, but now I can appreciate his pleasure in seeing those mountain sheep clearly for the first time.

Getting more sheep specimens proved to be quite a chore. Going out there on the mountain ridges was a cold, rigorous job. Ade and I went out on alternate days, and Pooto went out every day. It turned out that Ade and Pooto got the remaining specimens.

A problem that proved serious for us in the mountains was that we ran out of "white grub," as Pooto called it. In that cold weather we began to crave fat and cereal food of any kind. Before we ran out completely, Ade began making lard sandwiches with the Jersey Cream biscuits we still had. Finally, we had only mountain sheep meat left. It was March and the sheep were lean. We had all the meat we could use but no fat. All of us began to feel weak. We learned something about nutrition in the Arctic, and I realized why Eskimos are so fond of blubber.

On March 10 we broke camp and started southward. In our weakened condition we had a laborious time. The dogs, too, were tired. There had been snowstorms south of us, obliterating the trail we had made, and again we had to break trail ahead of the dogs. How well I remember that last day en route to the cabin. For a while Angiok broke trail ahead of the teams, but we were going so slowly that we knew we had to do something else. So we put our two sleds and teams together, and Ade drove the combination. Pooto and his family came behind. I went ahead, trying to find the old trail. I could not see any sign of the trail, but I could feel it through the top snow. The snow on the sides was loose and soft, whereas the old trail was a harder core. And so we plodded on. The sky began to darken, and I experimented by closing my eyes at times as I went along. It made no difference. About nine o'clock in the evening, after several hours of darkness, we finally saw the cabin ahead of us. Dogs and people alike were all tuckered out. How good the bed on the floor felt that night!

Next day Pooto remembered that they had thrown some old potatoes out in the snow. He dug around and found them —anything for a different kind of food. After a fervent goodbye to Annie and the children, I left with my team the next morning. I gave Pooto one of my dogs as a present. A few days later Ade and Pooto arrived at Alatna.

ADE AND I could not linger now; we had a long way yet to go. We settled our account with Pooto, bade him a warm goodbye, and on March 24 were on the trail again, this time north to Wiseman. We had a good trail; we were on the mail route. In a few days we were in Wiseman, the main settlement of the Koyukuk valley. Shortly thereafter we started for the Yukon River again along forks of the Chandalar River. At Fort Yukon on the Arctic Circle, we were told that the spring breakup of ice on the Porcupine River, which flows into the Yukon there, is spectacular. One man told us he had once seen fourteen or fifteen caribou on a big cake of ice, floating downstream.

Soon it was the middle of April, and we knew we would have to race to get back to Fairbanks on the snow. We went on up the Yukon to Circle, then overland to Circle Hot Springs, a roadhouse and primitive sort of spa run by an old-timer. Here we had a good bath, the first real one I could remember having that winter!

The snow was becoming soft and thawing in the daytime, which meant very hard going. So we traveled as much as possible at night and into the early morning, when the snow would freeze a bit. By now there was no darkness, but it did get cooler during the "night" hours.

We had one more memorable experience before our trip ended. As we were going over Eagle Summit, we saw a big herd of caribou on a neighboring slope. We estimated that there were close to two thousand of them. All winter we had heard others speak of seeing caribou, but this was the first real herd we had actually seen.

We arrived in Fairbanks on April 26, traveling on the last snow. We had had an unforgettable five months.

MARK TWAIN: SENATORIAL SECRETARY

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IT IS DOUBTFUL if Stewart had forgotten or forgiven these remarks when he employed Mark Twain as his senatorial secretary. It is extremely probable, however, that Stewart felt the well-known author of *The Jumping Frog* and of stories which had been widely copied from the *Enterprise,* the *Alta,* and the *Morning Call* might lend some prestige and glamour to his entourage.

In his autobiographical "Reminiscences" written some years later, however, Stewart described the employment as an act of charity on his part. In his version, he was seated by the window in his boardinghouse in Washington one morning, "when a very disreputable-looking person slouched into the room. He was arrayed in a seedy suit, which hung upon his lean frame in bunches with no style worth mentioning. A sheaf of scraggy black hair leaked out of a battered old slouch hat, like stuffing from an ancient Colonial sofa,

and an evil-smelling cigar butt, very much frazzled, protruded from the corner of his mouth . . . his name was Samuel L. Clemens."

"Senator," he said, ". . . I have a proposition. There's millions in it. . . . I have been to the Holy Land with a party of innocent and estimable people who are fairly aching to be written up. I think I could do the job neatly and with dispatch if I were not troubled with other and more pressing considerations."

Stewart asked to see the manuscript. After he read it, he could see that "it was bully." He made a proposal. "I'll appoint you my clerk at the Senate, and you can live on the salary. There's a little hall bedroom where you can sleep, and you can write your book in there. Help yourself to the whiskey and cigars and wade in."

According to Twain's version of the hiring, Stewart offered the secretaryship while the author was traveling in Europe. The senator pointed out that Twain would have plenty of time for literary work while receiving a living wage for services that were virtually nonexistent. Twain's employment was to enhance the prestige of the senator's office.

For whatever reason, Twain did become a nominal employee of Senator Stewart. The relationship was pyrophoric. The heat engendered by their personalities soon resulted in utter decomposition. Stewart—tall, well-built, with a heavy beard and long flowing hair—was a living portrait of a frontier senator. He not only looked like one, he acted as one. Twain, with his wild, curly hair, bushy moustache, and his slouchy unpressed clothes, hardly had the appearance of a successful reporter.

The contrast in personalities was more pronounced in the attitudes of the men. One was august; the other was mischievous and undisciplined. And yet they had two traits in common: an intense dislike of practical jokes when the target was themselves and the inability to set down the truth in their autobiographies.

Stewart's story of his life has been termed highly colored and distorted, while Twain's has been characterized as "a piece of near fiction." Each thought he spoke only the truth about himself. Each belittled his enemies—and even his erstwhile friends—without purpose. Neither was a tolerant man. It was impossible for them to live together in close quarters, yet that was the situation in which they placed themselves.

Stewart was living in a boardinghouse run by an elderly spinster named Virginia Wells. His quarters on the second floor of the residence consisted of a long narrow room, divided into a bedroom and a living area by a curtain. In the front portion were tables, chairs, and a desk. This strictly utilitarian and masculine arrangement suited the senator well. The Willard House, his favorite dining spot, was only a few blocks away. The Senate was within walking distance.

Twain's quarters in the Wells boardinghouse were small and unattractive. But the senator's large room, with its abundant supply of whiskey and cigars, was more conducive to literary output. In a short time, the usurpation of the room by his secretary and the rapid depletion of his cigars and liquor began to irk Mr. Stewart. His displeasure only inspired Mark Twain to a continued series of practical jokes which he played upon his employer and Miss Wells.

Twain would lurch about the hallways late at night pretending to be drunk, until the landlady became afraid of him. Then he advised Miss Wells to make certain that he never fell asleep while smoking a cigar in bed. After this warning, she slept fitfully, expecting the house to burn down at any minute. She complained to Stewart, who in turn berated his secretary. Complaints from one and lectures from the other only made the game more fun. Finally Miss Wells insisted that both men leave the boardinghouse.

Stewart was comfortable in his quarters. His wife was traveling abroad, and he did not intend to move. He called his secretary in for a final warning, even threatening to thrash Twain so severely that the book would have to be finished in a hospital. But Twain would not reform, and in December the senator was forced to dispense with his services.

Twain soon wrote an article concerning his "Late Senatorial Secretaryship." For all one learns from reading Twain's account of his departure and the senator's subsequent version, the one event seems like two different occasions. There is only agreement upon the fact of termination.

In Twain's article, he asserted that he held "the berth of private secretary to a senator in security and great cheerfulness of spirit." But Stewart became greatly incensed at some replies his secretary had written to requests for assistance from Nevada citizens. Answering a request for the establishment of a post office at Baldwin's Ranch, Twain wrote that since the petitioners could not read and probably would abstract any money which might be put in the mail, a post office would do them no good. He suggested that they ask for something of lasting benefit, a school and a nice substantial jail. Other letters in a similar tenor went out to the Nevada constituency.

In the two and one-half months Twain held the secretaryship, the senator began to receive such a flood of complaints that he summoned Twain. Stewart, his cravat untied and his hair in a state of disorder, was holding a packet of letters. He stormed through the correspondence accusing Twain of abusing his confidence.

"Leave the house!" he demanded. "Leave it forever."

Twain wrote, "I regarded that as a sort of covert intimation that my service could be dispensed with, and so I resigned. I will never be a private secretary to a senator again. You can't please that kind of people."

In Stewart's autobiography he maintained that *The Innocents Abroad* was written in the Wells' boardinghouse. That was not entirely fact, for Twain left Washington late in December. After a short period in New York, he went to California to lecture and to wrestle with the editors of the *Alta,* who had copyrighted his *Quaker City* letters. Since these letters were to be the basis for his book, he had to

secure the right to use them. The book was finally completed in the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco in July 1868, months after he had left the secretaryship.

THE TWO MEN remained reasonably friendly for several years thereafter. In July 1870, the senator introduced Clemens, then a literary celebrity, to President Grant. But a year later, Twain published *Roughing It,* in which he claimed that Stewart had promised to give him some "Justis" mining stock. But before Twain could claim it, the stock rose steeply in price. Stewart sold it and placed the "guilty proceeds in his own pocket." Twain also implied that he had given Stewart a good licking for this thievery, and a cartoon in the book pictured the senator with a patch over his eye, allegedly as a result of this physical encounter.

Stewart retaliated when he published his "Reminiscences." He stated that he was confident that Twain would "come to no good end," although he admitted that the author had "settled down and become respectable."

With his violent temper and his impulsive nature, Twain often lashed out at friends and enemies alike. But his humor never turned inward; he almost always lost his temper when a practical joke was played upon him. Stewart was also hotheaded but nevertheless had a good mind and the capacity to use it; he is credited with having written the basic language of the Fifteenth Amendment. He amassed a fortune from legal fees as counsel for the big mining companies. Each man rose high in his chosen profession, but neither would acknowledge the success of the other. When they died within a few months of each other, few could remember that these men had once been friends.

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THE SENATOR'S HAPPY THOUGHT

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the Chiricahuas had been removed. He believed it could best be done with their consent and considered Indian Territory the ideal place for them, although he had studied the potentialities of New Mexico, Texas, and Kansas, but apparently not Santa Catalina Island. An Apache delegation went to Washington, D. C., and agreed to vacate Arizona but later insisted on returning home.

A former Confederate colonel and diplomat, Secretary of the Interior Lamar was both more controversial than Senator Fair and much abler politically. When he accepted his post, Lamar was called a dreamer unfitted for the cabinet, but he shrewdly and courageously defended Indian interests against exploiters and reversed the Interior Department's earlier policy of throwing Indian lands open to white settlement. It was he who wrote at this critical time, "The practice of moving the Indian to more distant reservations can be continued no longer. He must make his final stand for existence where he is now."

Unfortunately, this was not to be the destiny of Geronimo's people. A telegram from President Cleveland to the Acting Secretary of War in the summer of 1886 ordered that hostiles be kept prisoners until they could be tried for their crimes or "otherwise disposed of." This was strictly obeyed, although only a few of the 502 Apaches taken at Geronimo's surrender were really in arms. Nevertheless, they were all transferred by rail to St. Augustine, Florida, and Fort Pickens, South Carolina. Tuberculosis and other diseases reduced the number to 447 by 1887. Controversy continued as to their permanent home. The governor of Arizona Territory, Conrad M. Zulick, echoed southwesterners when he remarked, "We have borne the burden of their presence for many years, and we are now only anxious that the burden be transferred." In late 1887 the Apaches were taken to Mt. Vernon Barracks, near Mobile, Alabama. Their health disintegrated further, and it was suggested that they be removed again, this time to the cooling heights of North Carolina's Great Smokies. The Eastern Cherokee, who had never been removed with their kinsmen to Oklahoma, were willing to sell the displaced Apaches enough Carolina land for their needs. But local whites protested to their governor, who sarcastically recommended that federal authorities send the Apaches to Vermont. He reasoned that Vermont had hills, too, blessed with bracing air, where the Yankees' "morality, good order, and philanthropy" might beneficially influence wandering Indians. It was not to Vermont but to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, that the 407 surviving Apaches were taken in 1894, despite the complaints of New Mexicans that they were too close to their original homeland. In 1913, after Geronimo's death, the few who wished were permitted to move to eastern New Mexico. One may hazard the opinion that they might have survived in greater numbers on Santa Catalina. Fair was more generous than he probably knew.

IF POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY had been Fair's principal motive, the gesture did him little good; the Democrats of the Nevada state legislature chose another man in 1887. Fair returned to San Francisco and his mistresses (for which pecadilloes his wife divorced him in 1893), his real estate ventures (which continued to flourish), and a new enterprise, the venerable *Alta California* (which he purchased in 1887 and proceeded to run into the ground as a political rag).

Santa Catalina Island had a happier destiny. As early as 1886, the very year of Fair's brainstorm, Charles Frederick Holder saw it as something much more than a water-bound Indian reservation. "I shall never forget my first view of

Avalon Bay when I landed in 1886," he recalled a quarter-century later. "I returned to the mainland filled with the desire of purchasing Santa Catalina. . . . I believed that the capitalists of the then-new country imagined that I was a mild lunatic from the wilds of New York City when I propounded to them the proposition that any island so near a prospective great city like Los Angeles, where thirty-pound yellowtail could be caught so readily, was better than a gold mine."

As it turned out Holder did not purchase the island, although he did go on to found the world-famous Catalina Tuna Club in 1898. It was bought in 1887 by George R. Shatto, who went on to lay out the town of Avalon and sell Catalina as one of Southern California's major resorts. In 1919, William Wrigley, Jr., purchased the island, expanded its recreational facilities by several millions of dollars (including the construction of a gambling casino), and put on one of the most expensive and farflung publicity campaigns ever seen in publicity-conscious Southern California. The result can be experienced by anyone today who wants to fight the summer crowds at Avalon's beach, taverns, restaurants, and casinos, and in its curio shops—where one is much more likely to encounter baubles made out of seashells than baskets woven by Indians.

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MISSIONARIES' TOIL

(Continued from page 33)

From the Willamette, Blanchet circulated through the vast countryside, and from the Cowlitz Valley, another HBC settlement, Demers did the same. Reinforcements came singly, if at all, though the fathers wrote eloquently to their superior, the Bishop of Quebec. Unlike the Protestants, the Catholics were careful in selecting missionaries. Laymen—another name for inexperienced volunteers—were not sent. Personality clashes and quarrels with missionary boards were absent, largely because of the hierarchical nature of the priesthood, which was anathema to the democrats of the Willamette. The cooperation between the French priests and the HBC, the other foreign, antidemocratic institution in Oregon, bristled American pioneers even more.

THE TWO OLD WORLD MONOLITHS had their troubles, too. When Blanchet and Demers sought more priests, they found George Simpson unwilling to give the essential protection of the "Honourable Company." Though the company's workers were Catholic, most of the higher-ups were Anglican and, as products of British history, fearful of popery. Blanchet pointed to a different menace—the Americans—in his correspondence with Simpson. He stressed that the priests, to the advantage of the British, had "retarded and prevented the American project of establishing among the colonists a local government." More priests, especially English-speaking ones, Blanchet argued, would counteract the influence of the American clergy. Nevertheless, Simpson continued to refuse to let the priests accompany the trapping brigades—until priests began to come via the St. Louis diocese with *American* help.

The Jesuit De Smet was one of the first to travel from St. Louis to the Northwest with the American fur-trading caravans. He came in response to the appeals of several delegations of Indians for religious teachers. De Smet reconnoitered present-day Idaho in 1840 and founded St. Mary's on the Bitterroot River in 1841. The following year De Smet met Blanchet and Demers at Fort Vancouver, and the Catholics were on the way to coordinating the branches of their worldwide organization, though their reinforcements would never equal those of the Protestants.

In dealing with native traditions like polygamy and shamanism, the Catholics showed a willingness to accept sin in all its blackness, while the Protestants were inclined to be shocked into moralizing and imposing their ways. Both Whitman and Spalding whipped their Indians for thievery without understanding that to the Indians the punishment seemed cruel and unusual. As desirous as the Indians were to have missionaries live with them, they got along far easier with visiting Catholics than with resident Protestants.

Eventually the Cayuses would wonder what Whitman was doing for them. The mission crops were going to feed white settlers, who trampled on Indian land and pride, and scores of Indians were dying from the new diseases the whites brought. Finally, in November 1847, incensed at Whitman's success in healing whites and failure to heal them, the Cayuses made Marcus, Narcissa, and about a dozen mission workers pay the price of the shaman who fails to work a cure—death.

The Whitman Massacre brought the missionary era to a close. Spalding and other Presbyterians fled for their lives. The Catholic effort waned as American settlers wrongly blamed the priests with complicity in the massacre and as the Honourable Company withdrew north of the 49th parallel.

The Protestants for the most part failed as missionaries, but as agents of Manifest Destiny, wrought great changes. Having less singleness of purpose than the British fur traders or the European priests, the American missionaries recognized that the future of the Northwest lay with the settler. With regret they abandoned their Indian charges and prepared the way for the first wagons, broke ground for the first communities, and helped organize the first American government in the vast disputed land known as Oregon.

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Forthcoming in
THE AMERICAN WEST

Which town the county seat should be located in was a topic of bitter dispute in some areas of the Old West. In **Courthouse Coups D'Etat**, James A. Schellenberg documents some cases in which citizens took the law—and the law books—into their own hands.

In 1883 Albuquerque photographer Ben Wittick and his son Tom made a memorable trip to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to document its wonders. **Viewing the Canyon**, with an introduction by Terrence Murphy, describes in words and pictures what they saw.

Confederate Capt. William Quantrill was one of the most feared and ruthless men of the Civil War. Jon McDermott, who believes Quantrill escaped Union pursuers in 1865 to survive another half-century under an assumed name, presents his case in **Mystery Man of Quatsino Sound.**

The U.S. Indian agent of the 1800s had great power but did not always use it wisely or in the best interests of those he was charged to protect. In **Indian Agent**, Langdon Sully relates a dark chapter in the history of government–Indian relations.

In a pair of AMERICAN WEST color pictorials, Bette Roda Anderson describes the beauties and ecology of **Rocky Mountain Wildlife**, and T. H. Watkins narrates a tour of **California Cities As the Birds Saw Them.**

The fragile beauty of this waterfall near Tioga Road, Yosemite National Park, was captured on film by Jan Debye.