THE AMERICAN WEST

Artistic license clearly took precedence over historical fidelity in William Henry Powell's romantic interpretation of Hernando De Soto discovering the Mississippi River in 1541. After two years of struggle in trackless swamps and wilderness, De Soto's expedition had been reduced to rags, and the explorer definitely did not find the Indians to be friendly. Powell's canvas is one of eight huge paintings hanging in the U.S. Capitol rotunda in Washington, D.C.

(National Geographic photographer George F. Mobley; Courtesy of the United States Capitol Historical Society)

THE

AMERICAN WEST

MERG ROSS

Oddments of the past find safe haven in the Miners' Union Hall, Bodie, California.
Once a boisterous mining camp, the isolated community today is preserved as a state park.

THE
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DISCOVERERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI

Seven legendary cities of gold, an elusive Northwest Passage, and a harvest of furs and souls were the enticements that led European explorers on a 158-year quest across the heartland of America

by T. H. Watkins

THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERERS of the Mississippi River had other things on their minds. This was not unusual. The discovery of the heartland river of America, like so much else in the sweeping geography of this country, was an accident, the fortuitous by-product of the myth-chasing that drove men with overheated imaginations into adventures that were at once fascinating and monumentally ill-conceived.

The New World was a vast unknown, and it was a psychological imperative of the sixteenth-century mind that it therefore be filled with many rich and wonderful things: one-breasted Amazons who rode trained griffins and harvested pearls like so many beans in a bean patch; El Dorado, the Gilded Man, whose subjects paid him annual tribute with his own weight in gold; Gran Quivira, a land whose people ate from golden plates and slept beneath trees festooned with golden bells; the country of Antillia, whose seven cities were paved with gold. Whatever the particular myth, its dominant theme was the dream of gold or comparable wealth.

It was this dream that in 1519 impelled Hernán Cortés, the first and definitive conquistador, into the slaughter that destroyed the rule of the Aztecs in central Mexico. In that same year that dream caused a navigator by the name of Piñeda to head for the east coast of Florida to see what he might see (and even if he found no gold, he might at least discover the fabled passage through the continent to the great South Sea, another imperative that would shape the exploration of America). A storm interrupted his plans by blowing him west into the Gulf of Mexico, whose previously unknown coast he navigated from western Florida to the eastern edge of Mexico. On the way, it is possible that he discovered the Mississippi River, for on a crude chart of his travels there appears the mouth of a large river which he named *Rio de Spiritu Sancto* ("River of the Holy Ghost"). In 1524 a copy of this chart was appended to a superbly stylized rendering of the Aztec City of Mexico, identified only as "Cortés's Map"; it may be the first cartographic depiction of the Mississippi River.

Piñeda's discovery remains speculative, but the next European encounter with the Mississippi has more solid documentation. In 1527, Pánfilo de Narváez was appointed governor of the great blank of Florida, "which meant," as Bernard DeVoto has written, "that he was licensed to conquer and exploit it." To satisfy this worthy goal, Narváez put together an expedition of four hundred men and eighty horses, and in the spring of 1528 set out from Cuba. With the expedition was its treasurer, Cabeza de Vaca, whose responsibility was

BY SETH EASTMAN; THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Over seven hundred men strong and driven by dreams of gold, Hernando De Soto's ambitious expedition landed on the shores of Tampa Bay, Florida, in May 1539.

to see that the crown received its 20 percent share of any loot that Narváez might appropriate. Their destination was the southwestern boundary of Florida, as almost the entire coast of the Gulf of Mexico was then known, not far north of the present city of Tampico in Mexico.

Disaster struck almost immediately, as storms drove Narváez and his party east across the gulf, killing nearly half their horses and placing them somewhere near Tampa Bay. Putting ashore, they began the grand adventure of conquest by supposing they could march overland to their original destination in a matter of days. Nearly two months later, after inching through swamps, sawgrass glades, jungles, and cypress bogs, slowly starving, driven wild by the region's mosquitoes (the ferocity of which may have no equal on earth), sickened with dysentery, malaria, and most likely yellow fever, and constantly harassed by Indians whose belligerence increased the farther west they traveled—they had gone no farther than the Apalachicola River in the present panhandle of Florida. They had found no gold, and nearly half the expedition had died; Narváez abandoned the dream here. They killed and ate their remaining horses and somehow built five boats in which they planned to sail along the gulf coast until they reached Mexico. Only two of the makeshift craft even got as far west as Galveston Bay, where they were wrecked. One of these was captained by Cabeza de Vaca, who had encountered a most wonderful thing on the way—a large river mouth whose rushing current pushed his boat more than two miles out into the gulf, where he still "tooke fresh water within the Sea, because the river ranne into the Sea continually and with great violence."

This could only have been the Mississippi, cutting through one of the three passes of its delta on the way to the sea, but it would be nearly seven years before de Vaca could tell anyone of his discovery. Eighty men crawled out of those two wrecks on the beach of Galveston Bay, only to be captured and enslaved by Indians. Just four were ever heard from again—out of the expedition's original contingent of four hundred. Led by the indomitable de Vaca, the four Spaniards finally stumbled into the frontier outpost of Culiacán on the northwest coast of Mexico in April 1536, after one of the most incredible journeys in the history of mankind—European man's first blind thrust into the country of what would become the American Southwest.

This article is excerpted from Mark Twain's Mississippi, *to be published this month by the American West Publishing Company.*

BY OSCAR E. BERNINGHAUS; COLLECTION OF AUGUST A. BUSCH, JR.

Decimated by disease, hunger, and hostile Indians — but still pursuing elusive treasure — De Soto's force reached the banks of the Mississippi on May 8, 1541.

Narváez was not one of these four. He had fancied himself a conquistador in the tradition of Cortés, but while he possessed the instinct for brutality such a role required, he had displayed none of the necessary qualities of leadership. One who did was Hernando De Soto, a veteran of Pizarro's conquest of Peru in 1533 and the brother-in-law of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, discoverer of the Pacific Ocean. De Soto had become governor of Cuba and *adelantado* of Florida by 1536, when Cabeza de Vaca stepped out of the desert of northwestern Mexico with seven years' worth of stories. One of these, enriched by imagination, hope, and remembered terror, concerned seven rich cities. He had not seen the cities, but he had heard wondrous tales of them throughout his immense journey. Exactly where they lay he could not say, except that he knew they were somewhere west of the old expedition's landing in Tampa Bay.

The story vibrated throughout New Spain and soon came to the ears of De Soto, who was then planning a second expedition to conquer Florida. Responding to the new myth with enthusiasm, De Soto determined to find de Vaca's lost Seven Cities. After more than two years of preparation, he landed at Tampa Bay in May 1539 with more than seven hundred men and nearly two hundred and fifty horses–the largest European expedition the country north of Mexico had yet seen. It came in handy. With cold-blooded enthusiasm, De Soto pillaged, enslaved, and murdered his way through the Indians of the Southeast, constantly pressing them for information concerning the myth that obsessed him. Those Indians who lived were cooperative enough. Yes, they said, there were such cities—but not here. They lay over this-or-that mountain, near this-or-that river, in somebody else's country, always.

With iron determination, De Soto followed the rumors out of Florida, across Georgia, and into parts of North and South Carolina. Here in this rich piedmont land his men wished to establish a colony. There was no gold, but the coast some distance away did hold pearls, they had heard, and the land was so black and moist that a man could mold it with his fist. De Soto would have none of it, as the expedition's chronicler noted: "Since the governor's purpose was to seek another treasure like that of Peru, he had no wish to content himself with good land or with pearls even though many of them were worth their weight in gold. . . . Thereupon, the governor determined to go in search of that land, and as he was a man, hard and dry of word, and although he was glad to listen and learn the opinion of all, after he had voiced his own opinion he did not like to be contradicted and always did what seemed best to him. Accordingly all conformed to his will . . . although it seemed a mistake to leave the land." It was a mistake, even

BY EDWARD MORAN; U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY MUSEUM

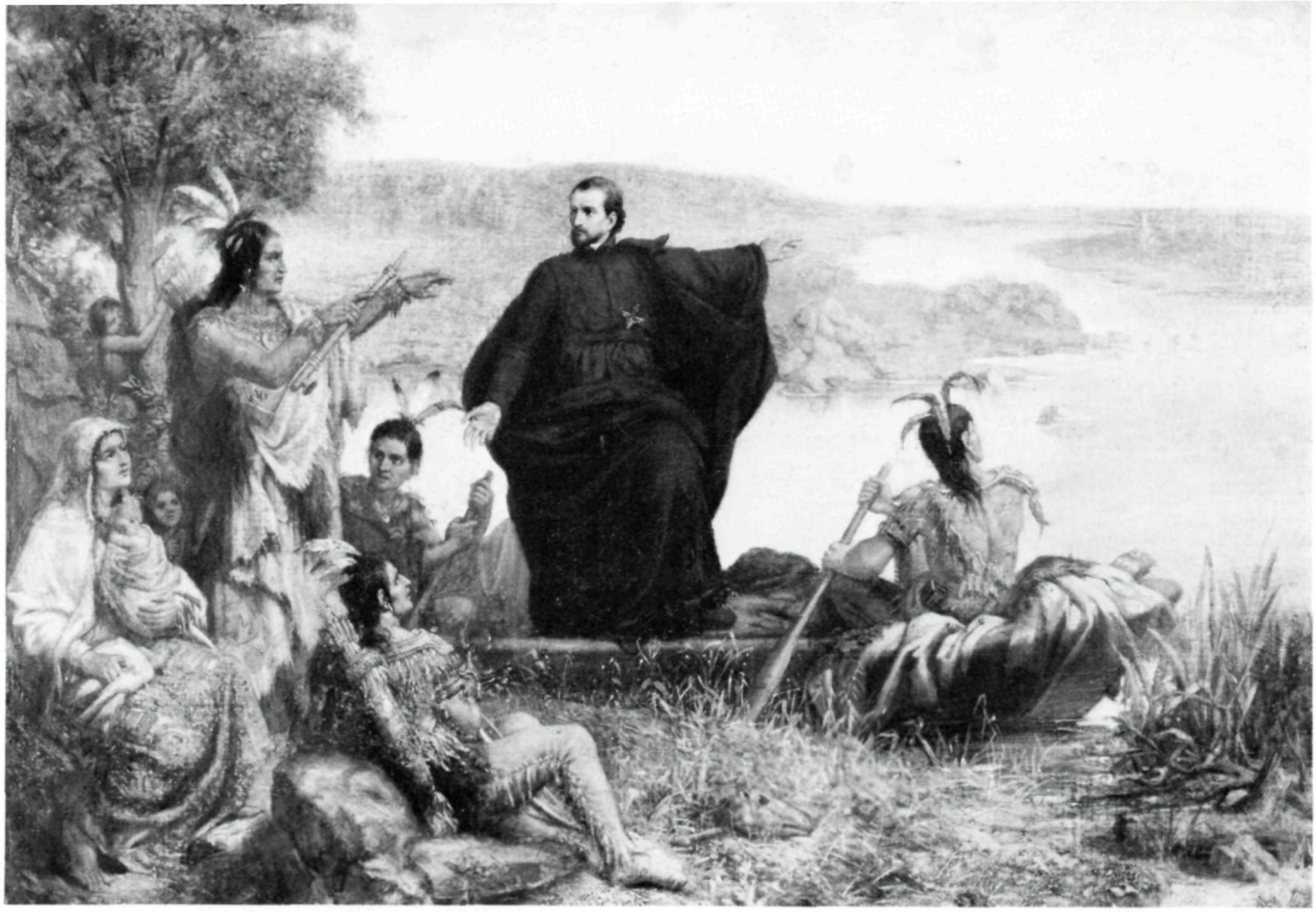
Less than a year later, De Soto died by the great river he had discovered. But the Indians must not know, and the sun god's wasted body was slipped into the silent waters by night.

on De Soto's terms, for if he had lingered and explored just a bit more, he might have encountered the rich placer and quartz gold deposits near Dahlonega, Georgia; as it was, it would be more than three hundred years before their discovery would inspire the first gold rush in American history.

De Soto pushed on, west across the Great Smoky Mountains into Tennessee, south into Alabama almost to the gulf, northwest through Mississippi, still killing, still capturing, still chasing the thin specter of the Seven Cities. And in May 1541, he reached the Mississippi at a point probably near the present city of Memphis—the first recorded sighting of the Mississippi beyond its mouth. Not only that, the expedition fashioned boats and made the first river crossing. It was a momentous occasion, but De Soto had no more patience for the river than he had had for the land of Georgia; the dream must be followed. The army slogged down the west bank of the river until it reached the valley of the Arkansas, then turned west and marched up that tributary well beyond the eastern boundary of the present state of Oklahoma. Here the quest ended. Half his horses and one-third of his men had died, and De Soto decided to give it up, to return to the Mississippi and from thence to Cuba, perhaps to try again another year.

After wintering in brush huts on the Ouachita River, the expedition murdered its way back to the Mississippi, encamping in March 1542 on the west bank of the river opposite what is now Natchez. This was as far as De Soto went. Ulcerated by nearly three years of frustration and failure, he took to his cot on the banks of the river he had found, and died. His presence had stricken so much awe into the Indians, however, that his men were afraid to let them suspect that this avenging sun-god had died just like other men. They took his body in the dead of night and slipped it into the middle of the river—an act that was as useful symbolically as it was pragmatic. They then made boats once again and set out for the Gulf of Mexico, and from there to Cuba. A little over three hundred of the original seven hundred survived. None of them ever returned. No Spaniard, in fact, would see the Mississippi again for more than one hundred and fifty years.

It had all been a disappointment to Spain. Almost simultaneously with De Soto, Francisco de Coronado had commandeered his own expedition in search of the Seven Cities, this one north and east from the west coast of Mexico; like De Soto's, Coronado's expedition failed, coming up against empty reality on the Kansas plains—possibly no more than three hundred miles from DeSoto's westernmost point. These two were the greatest disappointments but not the only ones, and after such failures there was little heart in New Spain or Old Spain for the chasing of dreams.



BY WILLIAM LAMBRECHT; MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

Hoping to reap souls among the savages, Father Jacques Marquette accompanied explorer Louis Jolliet on a canoe voyage down the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers in 1673.

So the Mississippi, discovered as the result of myth, lay unknown for another century as a result of the failure of myth. But even as the Spanish dream of gold bloomed and faded for the last time, another myth began pushing open another door to the river, this one thousands of miles to the northeast of the Mississippi's mouth. The myth was called, among other things, the Northwest Passage, a water route that was supposed to lead to all the riches of Cathay through the inconvenience of the North American continent. And just as the Spanish believed—had to believe—in golden cities that were not there, those who sought the Northwest Passage for glory, wealth, God, or king believed in its existence with a lunatic passion.

The first crack in the second door to the Mississippi was opened in August 1535, when Jacques Cartier, a navigator in the employ of Francis I of France, discovered the mouth of the St. Lawrence River in Canada, which he at first imagined was the magical strait itself. But it was only a river, and he sailed up it to a height of land he named Mount Royal. Indians took him up the mountain and showed him the stream-laced country that stretched to the western horizon. Beyond that horizon, they said, were great freshwater seas—the Great Lakes—and the farthest of these stood at the very edge of the world. Merging fact and wishful speculation, Cartier reckoned that this last sea was either a bay that opened on the Pacific or a lake with a river outlet that also led to the sea. Thus was born the concept of the great western sea whose bordering rivers connected the east and west coasts of the continent; it would be a long time dying, for each time it was disproved, the imaginary western sea simply moved farther inland, beyond the reach of fact but not beyond dream.

With Cartier's journey, France staked its claim on Canada —called New France—but did little about it until the end of the sixteenth century. By then France, nearly poverty-stricken by decades of war and internal division, had learned the value of beaver pelts, the gold that really existed in the northern New World. A haphazard kind of trade with the Indians near the mouth of the St. Lawrence had been developed by French fishermen as early as the 1570s, as they exchanged knives, strap iron, iron kettles, mirrors, and gewgaws for the thick, rich furs that would adorn the backs of princes and others wellborn. In 1603, Henry of Navarre, the French king, having decided to tap into this new wealth, authorized a group of adventurers to establish a trading colony at a suitable point in New France. The adventurers would be accorded a monopoly on the fur trade, and the crown, of course, would get the "King's Fifth." Among the colonists was Samuel de Champlain, who would ultimately become the first governor of New France.

The first colony was Port Royal, established in 1604 on the

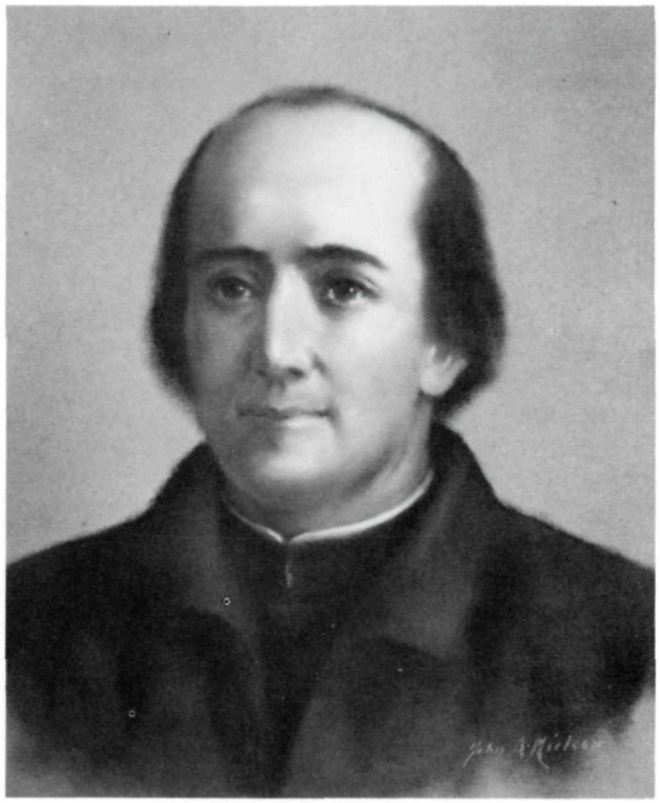
mainland of Nova Scotia; but in 1608 Champlain founded the log hut outpost of Quebec just south of the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and it was here that the fur trade had its center. Each year French trading ships anchored in the river, and traders set up displays of Old World goods in the town. Indians, avid for the trappings of civilization, would stream in from as far north as the watershed rivers of Hudson Bay and as far west as the country of the Great Lakes, dressed in savage splendor, their great canoes heaped above the rim with mounds of beaver pelts.

Inexorably, inevitably, from their wilderness outpost of Quebec the exploiters of New France began to probe toward the upper valley of the Mississippi. Champlain's dream, like that of Cartier nearly seventy-five years earlier, was to find the great western sea, and from that the Pacific Ocean, and much of the exploration he both participated in and fostered before his death in 1635 was inspired by that goal. Yet there were more important considerations, chief among them the necessity to expand the markets of the fur trade, keep the trade routes open, and maintain a constant communication with the Indians who supplied the furs on which the young colony was based—particularly the Hurons, who acted as middlemen, sending their own traders west to barter for furs, then carrying the pelts to Quebec via Lake Huron, Lake Nipissing, and the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers.

None of this was easily done, for the French expansion of the fur trade had a profound effect on Indian alliances and antagonisms, some of them ancient, some newly inspired by the trade itself. Most important were the attitudes and actions of the Iroquois, who were located in the region of what is now upstate New York but whose influence extended much farther. For years they had enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the fur trade by acting as the principal middlemen in trade with the Dutch outpost at Albany, on the upper Hudson River. Now the Hurons, with the aid and comfort of the French, were cutting into their territory, and the Iroquois expressed their rage at this by nearly a century of vicious warfare against the Hurons, any Indian allies of the Hurons, and the French themselves; at their most effective, the Iroquois several times over this period managed to halt the trade completely, and at their least effective were an almost constant source of harassment and irritation to the French.

To maintain the trade, then, it was necessary to maintain a powerful influence among the Indians of the Great Lakes region and the valleys of the Wisconsin, Illinois, and Mississippi rivers. This end was accomplished by three means, two of them deliberate, one coincidental (and quite illegal). The first were the efforts of licensed traders, who were encouraged to probe for new sources of fur in whatever direction the search led them; the second were the efforts of Jesuit missionaries, the tough soldiers of God who entered the wilderness in search of souls, not furs, but whose presence was of vast importance to the trade; finally, there were the efforts of the *coureurs de bois,* unlicensed and highly illegal traders who nevertheless

BY JOHN A. NIELSON; MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY



Père Marquette, worthy servant of God, king, and empire, as re-created from a long-lost 1669 portrait.

helped establish the dominance of French influence among the Indians of the Old Northwest.

As French influence expanded west and south, so did knowledge of the country grow, and the second door to the Mississippi opened wider. In 1634, Jean Nicolet, at the instigation of Champlain, headed west for purposes of trade and exploration. Traveling over the ancient water routes of the Indians, Nicolet got as far west as Green Lake, Wisconsin, where the Indians told him of a "great water" just three days journey to the south. This was the Mississippi, but Nicolet took "great water" to mean a sea, and he returned to Quebec with the certainty that he had been close to reaching the great western sea of myth.

Twenty years later, a *coureur de bois* by the name of Médart Chouart, Sieur des Groseilliers, mounted an independent expedition into the interior, traveling deep into the valley of the Mississippi and—if we are to believe the chronicle of this expedition written several years later by his brother-in-law Pierre Radisson—perhaps discovering the river itself: "By the persuasion of some of them [Indians] we went into ye great river that divides itself in 2, where the hurrons with some Ottanake [Ottawas] & the Indians that had warrs with them had retired. . . . This nation have warrs against those of the forked river. It is so called because it has 2 branches, the one towards the west, the other towards the south, which

BY G. P. A. HEALY; CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, the first European to reach the mouth of the Mississippi via the Great Lakes.

we believe runns toward Mexico, by the tokens they gave us." The "fork" Radisson described may well have been the point at which the Missouri empties its brown flood into the Mississippi.

In 1663, JEAN BAPTISTE COLBERT, chief minister to Louis XIV, persuaded the king to declare New France a royal colony, rather than the semi-independent entrepreneurial outpost it had been since the beginning of the century. As *intendent*—the personal representative of the king—Colbert appointed Jean Talon, and under his administration both the fur trade and the colony flourished mightily. He not only forced a temporary (but remarkably long-lived) peace on the Iroquois, officially claimed the whole vast territory surrounding the Great Lakes as the domain of the king, licensed a body of new fur traders, and established a line of trading posts and missions as far west as the Fox River below Lake Michigan, but he also engineered an expedition that led to the second documented discovery of the Mississippi River.

This was the 1673 venture of Louis Jolliet, whose mission was to open new trade sources and discover whether Radisson's "forked river" did indeed lead into the Gulf of Mexico (or, hopefully, the Pacific Ocean, for that great hope had not yet died), and Father Jacques Marquette, a Jesuit whose mission and ambition were to find and convert new souls from among the savages. Jolliet's mission was paramount, for there was yet much speculation on the geography of the river. Some of it was expressed by Father Claude Dablon, a Jesuit missionary familiar with the country of the Wisconsin River. He was writing in 1669: "It [the Mississippi] seems to form an inclosure, as it were, for all our lakes, rising in the regions of the north and flowing toward the south, until it empties into the sea—supposed by us to be either the vermilion [Gulf of California] or the Florida sea [Gulf of Mexico], as there is no knowledge of any large rivers in that direction except those which empty into these two Seas." (The river emptying into the Gulf of California, of course, was the Colorado.) The question of the river's direction had to be resolved, so that New France's future exploitation of it could be determined.

In May 1673, Jolliet and Marquette left the Straits of Mackinac between lakes Huron and Michigan, paddled down Lake Michigan to Green Bay, entered the Fox River, then portaged from its headwaters to those of the Wisconsin River, the first Europeans to enter this principal tributary of the Mississippi. Here, the narrative of the expedition says, "We left the waters flowing to Quebec, four or five hundred leagues from here, to float on those that would thenceforward take us through strange lands." Strange, and lit with destiny.

On June 17, 1673, Jolliet and Marquette spun out of the mouth of the Wisconsin River and entered the Mississippi, "this so renowned river." By the end of June, they had passed the mouth of the Missouri. "I have seen nothing more dreadful," Marquette said. "An accumulation of large and entire trees, branches, and floating islands was issuing from the mouth . . . with such impetuosity that we could not without great danger risk passing through it. So great was the agitation that the water was very muddy and could not become clear." Past the "Big Muddy" they journeyed, each mile a new entry in the book of discovery. They reached the mouth of the Ohio and still continued south in their fragile birchbark canoes, little slips of wood lost on the shining expanse of the river. At a point not far from the mouth of the Arkansas River, they learned from Indians that the Mississippi continued south into the Gulf of Mexico; they learned, too—or thought they did—that the region south of them was a domain of the Spanish (although no Spaniard had set foot on the land since De Soto's death in 1542). Taking no chances, they turned back, entered the mouth of the Illinois River, and by doing so opened up a new water route from Lake Michigan, not the least of their accomplishments.

So the French now knew the lay of the river—and some thought they knew what to do with it. Among these were Louis, Comte de Frontenac, who had replaced Talon as *intendent* of New France in 1672, and Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, a fur trader with much experience in the valley of the Ohio. What these two had in mind was the establishment of a string of trading posts from the mouth of the Wisconsin

BY LEMERCIER; CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

"In the name of the most high, mighty, invincible and victorious Prince, Louis the Great," La Salle claimed the valley of the Mississippi for France on April 9, 1682.

to the mouth of the Mississippi (providing the Spanish had not done so first), which would create an almost invincible monopoly on the interior fur trade, sealing off any possibility of British intrusions from her colonies on the eastern seaboard, and giving New France two export outlets to the sea. After nearly six years of preparation (including a campaign by La Salle in the court of Versailles to obtain a kingly grant of a fur monopoly), the grand scheme was launched in April 1679 when La Salle headed a party of thirty-two voyageurs down the Illinois River, where they established the first "settlement" in the Mississippi Valley, Fort Crevecoeur.

Yet another Iroquois rampage interrupted the plans of La Salle and Frontenac, and it was not until the autumn of 1681 that they were able to continue. With a party of twenty-three men, La Salle again descended the Illinois to the Mississippi, and after a remarkably dull journey reached the mouth of the great river for the first time. He found no Spanish, to his great relief, and proceeded to claim an empire in a formal ceremony of possession: "In the name of the most high, mighty, invincible and victorious Prince, Louis the Great," he announced (while his men fired volleys of musketry and shouted "Vive le Roi!"), "by the grace of God King of France and of Navarre, Fourteenth of this name, I, this ninth day of April, one thousand six hundred and eighty-two . . . do now take, in the name of his Majesty and of his successors to the crown, possession of this country of Louisiana, the seas, harbors, ports, bays, adjacent straits, and all the nations, people, provinces, cities, towns, villages, mines, minerals, fisheries, streams, and rivers, within the extent of the said Louisiana, from the mouth of the great river St. Louis, otherwise called the Ohio . . . as also along the . . . Mississippi, and the rivers which discharge themselves thereinto, from its source beyond the country of the [Sioux] . . . as far as its mouth at the sea, or Gulf of Mexico."

It had been a journey of 158 years from the unknown to the known on the Mississippi River, a journey charted by the destiny and dreams of nations. And now it was known, from the region of its source (if not the source itself) to its mouth, where the accumulated debris from the heartland of a continent spewed into the depths beyond the continental shelf. Known, and claimed for the first time, claimed for the Sun King of France, Louis XIV, the high, mighty, invincible, and victorious prince. How well he could hold this inland empire remained to be seen, for the energies that would shape the future of America were gathering like the gray billows of a hurricane over the azure sweep of the Gulf of Mexico.

T. H. Watkins *is an associate editor of* The American West *and author of several books, including* California: An Illustrated History *(American West Publishing Company, 1973).*

HAWAIIAN COWBOYS

As colorful as the Californian *vaqueros* from which they derive their heritage, hard-riding *paniolos* of the islands carry on a tradition and spirit that is uniquely their own.

by Joseph L. Brennan

THE SONG OF THE COLORFUL COWBOY of America's great Southwest has been sung so well, and so often, that for the chronicler to add anything new to his history and lore is a daunting task. But there's another cowboy, much less well known, who rides other rangelands in an improbable place—and who is a by-product of the same old southwestern source. He is as colorful, as brave, and as skilled as those who have been riding the plains of the Southwest for many generations. This island rider has made the huge cattle kingdom of Hawaii what it is today—and Hawaii's cattle history has involved years of tumult and disaster, triumph and ineptitude and daring. The *paniolo* has ridden his way through the toughest and best of it.

He's a hard-riding man, leather tough; a laughing man, and often one with a *lei* of pansies around the crown of his hat. He has what the Hawaiians call *manao*—the spirit and feeling of the true Hawaiian. Some say that he is a lonely man—because he rides alone so much. But the *paniolo* is a person with the quiet sensitivity of a man who has lived for a long time with his loneliness and who is now on good terms with it. He's a man who understands the whispered language of nature. He is also a quality cowboy.

The original *paniolos* were Spanish-Mexican vaqueros imported to the islands from California in the 1830s for the purpose of working with the Hawaiians and teaching them how to handle the great herds of wild cattle and horses that ranged the slopes and valleys of their islands. The natives soon Hawaiianized the word *espanol* (Spaniard) to *paniolo,* and the name has currency to this day.

In January 1793, British Captain George Vancouver picked up some cattle at the Spanish mission of Monterey, California. These animals were descendants of the first cattle to be brought to North America—cattle that the Spaniards who sailed to Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1521 had brought with them. Those conquistadors had assumed that the animals carrying the bloodlines of their fighting bulls would be hardy enough to survive in the Mexican wilds. The Spaniards were right; the beasts throve and multiplied into countless numbers.

Captain Vancouver took some of the cattle he brought aboard his sloop of war, HMS *Discovery,* for delivery to King Kamehameha the Great in the Sandwich Islands. The English explorer intended to demonstrate that his visit with the Polynesian king was in the interest of friendship. Vancouver's journal bears out his desire to contribute to the welfare of the Sandwich Islanders, for he wrote in this manner of his departure from Monterey:

"Senor Quadra's (the Spanish commanding officer at the port) benevolent disposition encouraged me again to obtrude on his goodness by requesting some black cattle and sheep, for the purpose of establishing a breed of those valuable

Willie Kaniho, one of the great cowmen of* paniolo *tradition, rides herd on an island ranch.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

animals in the Sandwich Islands. A dozen, being as many as we could possibly take on board, were immediately provided, consisting of four cows, four ewes, two bulls, and two rams. The prospect we had of a good passage to those islands induced me to lay myself under this additional obligation, hoping by such an importation, to accomplish at once the purpose I had in contemplation; which, if effected, could not fail of being highly beneficial, not only to the resident inhabitants, but also to all future visitors."

After many weeks of sailing, what with storms and calms and a lack of fresh, green fodder, the animals were in pretty bad shape by the time Captain Vancouver got them to the island of Hawaii. The landing of the land-starved beasts was something to witness. The natives, having never before seen such massive animals, first watched the cavorting and stampeding with amazement and then fled from them pell-mell.

On the advice of Captain Vancouver, King Kamehameha placed a ten-year taboo on the cattle, stipulating that they were not to be molested or killed on pain of death. Commoners and *alii* (people of royal blood) alike knew well that the king would not hesitate to punish lawbreakers. So, barring disease or some unforeseen act of nature, it appeared likely to Vancouver that the animals would multiply greatly in years to come. They were to be allowed to roam at large over the big island's mountain slopes and prairies and in the valleys and wilderness.

Even before Vancouver sailed away from the islands, however, he was informed that the one surviving bull he had put ashore had died. It appeared that his cattle venture had died aborning. Although more than a little disappointed, the Britisher determined to replace the lost stock upon his return to the mainland. In November 1793, he picked up more cattle from the mission at Buena Ventura, California. Back off to Hawaii with his new cargo, Vancouver wrote in his journal on January 15, 1794:

"After the large canoes had delivered their acceptable cargoes, they received and took to the shore [Kealakekua Bay] the live cattle, which I had been more successful in bringing from New Albion [California] than on the former occasion. These consisted of a young bull nearly full grown, two fine cows, and two very fine bull calves, all in high condition; as likewise five rams and five ewe sheep. Two of these, with most of the black cattle, were given to the king, and as those I brought last year had thrived exceedingly well; the sheep having bred, and one of the cows having brought forth a cow calf; I had little doubt, by this second importation, of having at length effected the very desirable objective of establishing in this island a breed of those valuable animals."

Time proved the captain right about the protection afforded by the ten-year taboo; thousands of cattle ultimately swarmed over valley, slope, and prairie in this very region to bear testimony to the land's rich, natural pasturage. They throve and grew in such numbers, in fact, that they became a threat and a hazard to man and his crops. Islanders developed a towering respect for the agility and strength of the beasts. Many people were attacked and injured, some were killed, and hairbreadth escapes from onrushing horns were common. It would take brave men to bring the cattle to hand and turn them to the good of the islands. It would take horses, too.

THE HORSES CAME more than a quarter of a century ahead of the *paniolos,* the first few being introduced to the islands in 1803. Captain Richard J. Cleveland, aboard the brig *Leila Byrd,* sailed from the bay of San Quentin in California and in March 1803 picked up a stallion and mare with foal at San Borgia. He obtained the animals from Padre Mariano Apolonario of St. Joseph's Mission.

From San Borgia he sailed farther south to Cape San Lucas in Baja California, where he picked up another mare with foal. An account written by the captain's son, H. W. Cleveland, points out that the horses were traded for goods that would have commanded but $1.50 in Europe.

Captain Cleveland then sailed for the Sandwich Islands, arriving at Kealakekua, Hawaii, on June 21, 1803. There he learned from John Young, the *haole* (foreigner) advisor to the native King Kamehameha, that the monarch was visiting the nearby island of Maui. Disappointed at missing the king, Cleveland sailed northward along Hawaii's shore and put in at Kawaihae. There he delivered a mare with foal on June 23, 1803. He then transported the three remaining animals to Maui where he left them with King Kamehameha and his other foreign advisor, Isaac Davis. Ironically, Captain Cleveland's report reads that the king displayed little or no appreciation for the horses!

It was a small beginning, but these animals, like the cattle, were allowed to run wild and, in time, their progeny increased and multiplied to an awesome extent.

These first Hawaiian horses were not large in stature, but they were nevertheless of a rugged variety and well adapted to the kind of terrain where they were released. Thereafter, through years of freedom on the towering mountains, deep canyons, and lava-ribbed slopes, they grew hardy and agile—particularly those on the big island of Hawaii. Those wild mustangs became known as "Mauna Kea horses" and were fast, elusive, and always scatting out of sight the minute a human being appeared.

From time to time through the years that followed there were many additional importations of horses from California and elsewhere. In 1828 the French vessel *LeHeros* brought seventeen horses from San Diego, California, selling them for $85 to $100 each. Back in California, where there was a surplus of horses, they could have hardly commanded the equivalent of $25.

Most of the horses brought to Hawaii were mustangs—a word which is a corruption of the Spanish *mestano,* meaning "wild." The so-called mustangs were originally the troop horses of the conquistadors. They were tough as quitch grass, deep-

In years past, cattle bound for market boarded island steamers by a method learned from the early vaqueros: a tow from the beach by small boat, then a neck-stretching ascent to the deck by cargo winch (above). Once at their destination, the unwilling passengers returned to the land the same way they had left it (below). Today wharf facilities are generally available, and such procedures are no longer common.

chested, long-winded, swift, and yet heavy enough to hold half a ton of leaping longhorn at the end of a rawhide riata. They were called *broncos*—a name for unbroken early California horses, meaning "rough."

It is said that they gave no quarter, and expected none—a stubborn quality which engendered the classic saying among the vaqueros: "Plenty of horses after I'm gone!" The vaqueros simply looked out for their own skins first, figuring that the horses were expendable. Interestingly, those hard-riding Spanish-Mexicans who had to depend so heavily upon horses for their daily living were inclined to feel that even the smartest horse was at about the same limited stage of development as the barnyard sparrow. They reined them accordingly.

Big, raw-toothed spurs were the order of the day, to say nothing of the heavy spade bit of the conquistador's design. These two items kept the meanest and contrariest of horses in line. No horse could argue long with that spade bit, nor could the animal remain stubbornly stationary when being raked by a biting rowel. The vaquero felt that, without the advantage of the heavy restraining Spanish bit and rowel, only a compulsive gambler would trust a mustang. And with a string of half-broken cowhorses, a vaquero might ride the same horse but once a week—or he might ride a horse once —and never again. The vaquero needed all the help he could get to be totally in charge of his mount.

But it wasn't often that vaqueros actually had to utilize the brutal spur, for the very threat of the ever-present instrument of torture was enough. The ugly rowel ultimately went into disuse as horses became better trained. The same fate awaited the Spanish spade bit. It was likely the most practical bit ever invented, but because misuse by a cruel rider could wreck a horse, the device was finally outlawed.

Within a few decades much of Hawaii's terrain was crawling with wild cattle and wild horses; there was a need for expert wranglers to teach the handful of islanders who were trying to break horses and catch steers for slaughter or domestication. So in 1832 King Kamehameha III sent a high chief to California to bring back Mexican, Indian, and Spanish vaqueros to teach the Hawaiians the art of properly working the ranges.

Three cowboys of Spanish-Mexican descent answered the call; by name they were Kossuth, Louzeida, and Ramon. With them they brought their long spurs, braided lassos, and high-horned saddles. They began working out of Hanaipoe, Hawaii, on the slopes of Mauna Kea. To Hawaiians they were baroque and exciting with their brilliantly-colored woolen ponchos and their slashed leggings. Bright-hued sashes, jangling spurs, colorful head bandanas, and broad-brimmed, floppy sombreros—all tended to spellbind the natives.

Then training began. First the vaqueros had to select the more available horses and break them into good working animals. This was no sinecure; the tough mustangs were so difficult to bring to halter that the Hawaiians called them *li'o* (pronounced "lee-oh")—a Polynesian word signifying "wild-eyed" or "wide-eyed." In time, *li'o* actually became the Hawai-

ian term for "horse." Old-time Hawaiians still refer to them as such.

The vaqueros immediately began imparting the tricks of their trade to their new brothers. They were soon demonstrating horsemanship that was as efficient as it was spectacular. Their black magic with the lasso was eye-popping, and their complete control of wild, cantankerous island steers was a lesson in strategy and generalship. The Hawaiians were avid students; being naturally athletic, robust, and courageous, they rapidly acquired cowpunching skills.

Hawaiians are characteristically regarded as being leisurely in nature and of wearing life like a loose garment, but the ones who chose to become cowhands went at the trade with singular zeal. Their determination to master the unbroken horses was such that often when trying to break one to saddle they would tie themselves to the animal's back: a stratagem the vaqueros considered suicidal. Sometimes when a beast accidentally or deliberately rolled over, the rider was killed or maimed.

The islanders were particularly impressed with the vaqueros' methods for capturing cattle. Too often in the past they had resorted to the crude method of trapping the horned beasts in deep pits dug along the trails. This had been a slow and awkward operation, and a dangerous one as well—people often fell into the pits in darkness and were gored or trampled to death by the trapped animals. Nor had the method of shooting cattle in the tangles of brush or forest been too satisfactory. It meant that the carcasses had to be butchered on the spot and the remains laboriously hauled down to the shore where ships could take the cargo aboard.

THE REAL ERA of cattle ranching in the Hawaiian Islands began when King Kamehameha's official "bullock hunter," John Palmer Parker, took to fencing in and domesticating the animals in order to build his own herd. This enterprising and imaginative New Englander, who had jumped ship to independence on the Kona Coast of Hawaii, saw the possibilities presented by taming, breeding, and raising cattle in a businesslike way in lieu of simply shooting and butchering them. Because the islands' sandalwood forests had been ruthlessly depleted as barter for foreign goods, the *alii* had to seek other means for carrying on trade. Beef, tallow, and hides were the answer—and Parker was one of the first to recognize and exploit this.

But by this time even the wild herds were being depleted, so it made sense for the king to put another taboo on the killing of them. This put John Parker in an advantageous position. He saw the wisdom of having permanent ranching facilities and domesticated herds to replace the old crude cattle hunting methods.

Parker started his cattle ranch on leased land in the foothills of Mauna Kea in 1837, but he didn't receive a deed to any acreage of his own until January of 1847. At that time King Kamehameha III granted his ownership of a small parcel of land in Waimea, on the north slope of the island. Other cattlemen, too, were striving to build up herds of their own.

As time went by, purebred stallions and thoroughbred mares were brought in from the mainland to improve the *paniolo* mounts. The finest breeds of bulls and cows, too, were imported to cross into the herds that ranged the hills and valleys. The Parker Ranch on Hawaii—now one of the largest spreads in the world—was particularly active in improving the grade of animals. Hereford cattle, recognized the world over as the best of all breeds capable of foraging for themselves on open ranges and producing top grade beef, were introduced from such areas as Wisconsin, Indiana, Missouri, and Kentucky.

Improvement in Hawaiian livestock was slow but nevertheless spectacular. Ranches were also being expanded through the breeding of mules and draft horses. Whole paddocks were given over to this expansion. The Parker Ranch alone had a herd of two thousand head of horses for the development of saddle animals for the *paniolos*.

A special breed of men, too, was being created. The vaqueros had brought much to the islanders, but the latter also had much to give to the newcomers. While the Spanish-Mexicans were imparting valuable knowledge about the handling of cattle and horses, the islanders were gradually educating their new friends in the Hawaiians' tolerance and understanding of human frailties. No one could be around Hawaiians long without the *aloha* spirit showing its strength.

This new breed of man loved his work and made almost a religion of self-reliance. Top horsemen from far lands who visited Hawaii marveled at what they saw in the Hawaiian *paniolo*. In the saddle, he was superb; his hard riding, finesse with the rope, technique with cutting out or herding cattle, and his complete mastery of horsemanship marked him as outstanding.

Probably the greatest *paniolo* of all was Ikua Purdy, who rode for the Parker Ranch. He was a strong man, tremendously well balanced, and blessed with a baroque sense of humor and a vast zest for life. His rodeo feats are storied among old-time cattlemen.

Purdy was born on the Parker Ranch on Christmas Eve, 1874. As a youngster he quickly learned the fine points of horsemanship, and while still a boy worked the ranges and corrals alongside the best of the *paniolos*. The manner in which he rocketed his lasso out over fast-pounding steers was a spectacle to be appreciated. His first big exposure to the public was at a Wild West Show held in October 1905 at Honolulu. He was a standout in every event he entered and was particularly good in the roping competition, setting a local record. In 1907 Purdy again demonstrated his skills at Honolulu by beating the world's champion rodeo performer, Angus MacPhee, in the roping event.

Another standout at this time was Eben "Rawhide Ben" Low, also of the Parker Ranch. The big, mustachioed man had suffered the loss of his left hand after roping a wild bull

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SHORT CREEK STORY

For Arizona state officials in 1953 the task was a doubly difficult one: to preserve the rights of the few while enforcing the will of the many

by Wiley S. Maloney

ON A JULY NIGHT in 1953, a single kerosene lamp cast faint beams among the straggly cottonwoods and rudely-built houses of Short Creek, Arizona. The remote border community, normally a haven for nearly four hundred souls, was almost deserted.

Plain in appearance to the extreme, Short Creek nevertheless was unique in one respect. Arizona government officials charged that the back-of-beyond settlement—located in the wild Arizona Strip north of the Grand Canyon—was the largest "proving ground" of resurgent polygamy in the nation. The state sought to wipe Short Creek from the map and extinguish the last flickering pioneer lamp. To accomplish this intent, Governor Howard Pyle earlier in the week had launched his state's total police resources in the most momentous raid on polygamy in sixty-six years. Virtually every man and woman in the Arizona settlement had been arrested, their children made wards of the state, and nearly everyone either taken to jail or placed in protective custody.

A Short Creek resident answers state officials' questions during a July 26, 1953, raid on his polygamous community.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

Short Creek's leaders held that polygamy, a "fundamentalist" doctrine long outlawed by the Mormon faith from which it sprang, was still the Law of God. The state of Arizona, however, maintained that for an individual to live with more than one wife was contrary to the laws of men. The courts, confronted with a problem thought resolved more than a half-century before, were now asked to determine the ultimate fate of several hundred persons and to set a new precedent against similar communities scattered throughout the western states.

THE MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN of Short Creek knew they lived differently from most other Americans. The very geography of the land cast a spell—a feeling of being set apart—over their lives. Cut off on the south by the Grand Canyon, as if by a stroke of God, the Arizona Strip on which they lived was by nature a place of retreat and isolation. Roughly the size of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Delaware combined, it had for decades been a hiding place for outlaws and for those who sought shelter from civilization. From where Short Creek nestled under vermillion cliffs near the Arizona-Utah border (parts of the community were, in fact, on the Utah side of the state line), the nearest town or public telephone lay a forty-mile drive away over a clay road that became virtually impassable in wet weather.

If there was anywhere in the world where a man could have as many wives as he desired to support, Short Creek was the place. Surely here, Short Creek leaders believed, the "flame of faith" in "plural celestial marriage" could be nurtured.

On weekdays the men wore blue denim trousers that were faded from frequent washings and patched with care. The women sewed their own clothes, often fashioning them from the brilliant cotton prints found on livestock feed sacks. Their dresses were long with simple necklines and a few ruffles, and

The homes of Short Creek nestled under the Towers of Tumurru, rugged cliffs along the Arizona–Utah state line.

their stockings were cotton—when they wore stockings. More often than not, shoes were old and worn. Clothes for the children were made from the castoffs of their elders. The children were many.

Short Creekers had simple wants. They maintained a community herd of cows and raised chickens. The men worked small farms, drawing water from the arid land for irrigation by means of shallow wells and windmills. There was electricity in the school and in the houses of the leaders (who tapped the school power plant), but kerosene lamps illuminated most of the dwellings. A local telephone system had also been patched together, but it was not connected with the outside world. Everyone disregarded the lack of running water and indoor toilet facilities.

Some houses in Short Creek were large enough to house a husband, three or more wives, and a score or more children. More frequently the houses were small, and when a man took another wife it meant that another dwelling had to be hammered together. In time the unpainted yellow pine boards warped and weathered to a silver gray.

Pioneer hardships had their compensations. There were square dances in the school, community singing, and "sociables." The children went to school like children elsewhere. On Sunday everyone attended hours-long church services in the school. It was there the girls were taught from knee-high that their lot in life was to serve a man so that his children would become multiplied as the sands of the sea. For the people to achieve salvation, they were taught, God required the man to have more than one wife.

This dictum set the Short Creekers apart from the world. But even in this isolated wasteland they lived with the abiding fear that civilization would encroach. Despite seemingly serene faces, they always felt this dread–like the specter of death, waiting just at the periphery of awareness. At times it could be forgotten in the sheer hard toil of wrenching a living from the forbidding land. Yet the shadow of fear persisted.

The shadow, although faint in outline and ill-defined, was more ominous than those in Short Creek suspected. Residents of the more urban areas of Arizona, Utah, Idaho, and other western states often spoke of polygamy being practiced in their midst. State governments had prosecuted a few cases in the past, but proof was difficult and convictions infrequent. Mostly there had been just whispers. There were whispers about Short Creek polygamy in Fredonia, forty miles to the east. The whispers reached Kingman, the seat of government for Mohave County and 130 miles to the southwest of Short Creek as the crow flies, but 400 miles by road because of the canyon.

Superior Court Judge J. W. Faulkner heard the rumors. Presently the rumors were revealed as hard fact. The welfare people, who shuffled case histories as a matter of bureaucratic routine, complained that too many women in Short Creek were applying for relief for their children and listing the same man as their husband. At first not much had been thought about it. In this wild strip country where a person rattled around with fifty square miles for his own use, one did not question the religious foibles of a man who lived thirty miles or so down the road. This was a land of individualism. Live and let live was the philosophy in a country "that hides more than it reveals."

But the welfare requests kept pouring in. Each time there were more children, more wives per man. Another fact kept creeping into the reports. Some of the wives were only youngsters of thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen years of age. In Arizona, the age of consent was eighteen. Not even a parent could give consent of marriage for daughters under sixteen. If a girl of less than sixteen years of age became pregnant, it was presumptive evidence of statutory rape.

In March of 1951 Judge Faulkner brought the story of Short Creek to Governor Pyle, then in office only two months, and to Attorney General Fred Wilson. The judge reported that Short Creek residents were demanding expanded school facilities.

"They pay no taxes whatever," the judge said. "They have some sort of a community plan which they claim exempts them from taxes. But that's not the real thing that worries me."

Judge Faulkner's real alarm, he explained, was the tremendous resurgence of the so-called fundamentalist movement, a throwback to pioneer Mormonism. There were, he reported, other communities like Short Creek growing in Utah, California, western Colorado, Idaho, Mexico, and British Columbia. Polygamy was resurgent and spreading like wildfire.

"Even the Mormons are alarmed about this," the judge said. "The church outlawed the practice by manifesto in 1890. The government passed laws and stamped it out long before that. It's lawless, immoral, and dangerous. Then, there are the children. They are going to be the real victims. These people are multiplying rapidly. It looks like we're going to have to do something. The whole thing is getting out of hand."

"But what can we do?" the governor asked. "You know the state tried to stop this thing before."

Short Creek had been raided twice in the past. The first time was in 1935 by the state of Arizona. Not much came of that. Mohave County attorney Elmo Bellinger had been lucky to obtain six convictions. Three of those charged had fled across the state line into Utah and hid in the hills before finally submitting to trial.

The second raid came in 1944 and was conducted by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. This was one of several simultaneous raids in Utah, Idaho, and Arizona. Six men from Short Creek were among the forty-six arrested. Convictions had resulted, most of them under Mann Act charges, but many of these were subsequently overruled on legal technicalities. A few men actually served sentences.

Judge Faulkner pointed out that two of those arrested in 1944 had returned to Short Creek. "The people there consider them to be missionaries and martyrs," he observed. "One of the men is a community leader. We thought those raids helped some. They kept the population down, at least, even if the people did continue to practice polygamy. But nothing's been done about the situation for a long time now, and Short Creek is growing fast. I don't know what you gentlemen think, but I believe a grand jury investigation is in order."

Attorney General Wilson discouraged this. He suggested instead that a two-state raid be held in cooperation with Utah. But he wanted more reliable evidence. The state, he said, must have proof beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The three men took their story to the legislature. It appropriated $10,000 for an investigation, and the Burns Detective Agency of Los Angeles was engaged to gather evidence. Two years passed.

On July 25, 1953, the people of Williams, Arizona, were startled to find dozens of patrol cars outside their school.

SHORT CREEK was indeed growing rapidly. It had become a haven of safety for those who wished to practice their faith. Spiritual guidance came from Salt Lake City, where the group of which the Short Creekers were a part published a magazine called *Truth,* which interpreted the resurgent faith and helped win converts. Just a few years before there had been only the old settlers in town—about six men, their wives, and a few children. But by 1953 Short Creek had a population of 368. Of these, 71 adults and 209 children lived on the Arizona side of the line. Twelve of the "children"—girls fourteen to eighteen years of age—were already married and had children of their own. Thirty-four other adults and 54 children lived on the Utah side of town. Three of these were also teen-aged brides.

New homes had been provided for some. One man, a carpenter, had a family to be especially proud of: five wives and a dozen daughters. In his spare time he began to lay foundations for a new concrete-block home for his entire family. There were other women, though, for whom only makeshift dwellings could be provided. One mother, for example, had only a ten-by-twelve-foot shed to sleep in, hardly large enough to accommodate a double bed. Two of her smaller children stayed with her; an older one slept in the abandoned body of an old sedan. The woman's sister, married to the same man, had slightly better quarters.

But there were no complaints. The work of the Lord continued. The young boys took great pride in maintaining the lawn in the schoolyard—the only real lawn in Short Creek. The white frame schoolhouse, which also served as the "civic center," had been dragged across the line from Utah when the people on the Arizona side multiplied.

There was quiet talk in the evenings about establishing a parochial high school. The young people were already taking correspondence courses from Phoenix, and three of the community teachers were planning to take summer courses to complete advanced degrees qualifying them as high school teachers. Through the long, kerosene-lighted evenings, the townspeople

continued to discuss their community's phenomenal growth.

"Housing is our biggest problem," some said. "But we'll lick that. Why, in three or four years we'll have a population of two thousand. That'll make us the second-largest town in Mohave County. Think of that."

Finances also were a problem. There always seemed to be enough to eat, but many other things were prohibitively expensive. Trucks and farm machinery were purchased with community funds. The men worked in the sawmill at Fredonia or as farm hands. They generally hired out as a group, and all of their wages went into the common fund. Some had even found work as extras in the movie colony at Kenab, Utah, forty-seven miles away. Why, the Short Creekers observed, even now there are movie scouts in town taking down the names of families for a possible western movie.

"Not much hope in that," one of the men laughed, "but then you never can tell, some of us might earn a few extra dollars."

But extra money from movie work was a false hope. The "movie scouts" were Burns Detective Agency investigators. They mapped the entire community, labeling each home and shanty with the names of its occupants. The flame of resurgent polygamy was burning lower than optimists among the Creekers realized.

By the spring of 1952 Attorney General Wilson had considered his evidence sufficient to move. A raid had been planned for mid-June. The half-measures of the past had failed, and officialdom decided the only way to cope with the Short Creek problem was to remove Short Creek. Wilson planned to move the entire community to Kingman where parents and children would be incarcerated in makeshift barracks to await court proceedings.

But the plan had shocked the sensibilities of Governor Pyle. It sounded too inhuman to uproot families so completely without making thorough provisions for their care. More details needed to be worked out. There were still too many things that could go wrong for which the state could be responsible. The raid was called off.

The excuse later given to the press for the cancelled raid was that a "leak" had occurred through the International News Service at Salt Lake City and that Short Creek men and women "would take to the hills." There may have been other reasons. Perhaps Utah was not ready to act on its side of the line. Then, too, Wilson was up for reelection in 1952 and so was the governor. And both men were worried heartsick by the knowledge that families would be broken up. Equally, they feared the almost certain bad publicity that would result. It was a dilemma. Yet, something had to be done.

Short Creek had heard about the planned raid. But it had made little difference. There was always that fear anyway, always a sense of danger. When a man in his conscience is obeying God, what else can he do except trust? The most disturbing thing about the threatened raid had been the rumor that the Church of Latter-day Saints would support the civil authorities.

Even at that there was reason for hope. The raid *had* been called off. Perhaps the prayers helped—or was it because the community had now grown so large that little could be done about it? Besides which, the men reasoned, Short Creek is so far from everything that its people aren't disturbing anyone. Maybe others were beginning to understand.

Short Creekers hoped that the world would forget them. But it hadn't. Mohave County officials were indignant that nothing had yet been done about the situation. Outside of moral implications, there were other strong reasons, they felt, for quelling the practices officialdom called lawless. The "practical" reasons were not often expressed openly, but here is what they amounted to: (1) In time—not too much longer—Short Creek might control the voting balance of Mohave County. (2) As more and more converts poured into Short Creek's sanctuary, more and more plural wives would be going on public relief, often to donate their checks to the community. (3) As a religious "commune," Short Creek maintained itself tax-exempt. But absentee cattlemen, who had no children in the Short Creek school, were nevertheless taxed to support it.

Governor Pyle worried about the town's growing population. "It is easy to see from this rapid expansion," he observed, "that in another ten years the population of Short Creek will be in the thousands, and an army will not be sufficient to end the greater insurrection and defiance of all that is right."

State Senator Earl Cook, Representative Robert Morrow, and Judge Faulkner—all of Mohave County—pressed for action. The governor and the new attorney general, Ross F. Jones, went over the old reports and Wilson's plans. Pyle and Jones now agreed upon a complete revision. Caught in the age-old dilemma between basic human rights and law enforcement, they insisted that whatever was done, it must neither be heartless, inhuman, or physically harmful to anyone. Still, the community had to go—lock, stock and barrel. Sheriff Frank Porter of Mohave County, one of the state's most level headed officers, was called in for a conference.

Plans had to be drawn up for a bloodless raid. It had to be conducted by officers who would be coached to make the break

Inside the school, troopers and other state officials found out why they were there: to conduct a raid on Short Creek.

with the past for Short Creek residents as easy as possible despite the unusual circumstances. Pyle, Jones, and Porter simply could not dismiss the human overtones, the emotional stresses involved. Neither could they ignore the countercharges of religious persecution that might result. The grim decision to act, however, was up to the state legislature, which had to vote the money for the newly planned raid.

"It has been, frankly, the one and only real sorrow of my administration," said the governor later. "There had to be absolute certainty that in the end the innocent should be as securely protected as the guilty were severely punished."

One phase of the old plans remained. The new raid was intended to put a period to Short Creek, snuff out all its lights and disperse its people.

Pyle and Jones called on the "best brains" in the legislature. Secret sessions were held with the House and Senate appropriations committees. In meetings extending over ten days, Jones appeared and outlined the tentative plans.

Jones had expected to ask for $30,000, but the legislature, led by Senator Harold Giss of Yuma and Representative Nielson Brown of Nogales, upped the funds to $50,000. A bill actually was drafted appropriating $50,000 for "grasshopper" control and the proposed raid very nearly became labeled as "Operation Seagull" in memory of the bird honored in monument by the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City. The appropriated money, however, finally was assigned to the governor as an "emergency" fund and embodied in the general appropriations bill. The majority of the legislators had no knowledge of what was intended, although the leadership thoroughly approved. Secrecy was necessary.

Pyle now informed Utah authorities of the step-by-step preparations being made in Arizona. Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah and Attorney General E. R. Callister both were called upon for advice. But Arizona was going to act alone with Utah cooperating on extradition proceedings. Pyle also informed the leaders of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City of the state's plans, on the grounds that this church had become an innocent victim of the situation by getting the name and blame for polygamous practices of another group.

Ross Jones asigned two of his top assistants—Paul La Prade and Kent Blake—to the job of overall planning. It was their task to weave the legal net that would enmesh the community. They also concerned themselves with the planning of the physical raid itself. Endless logistics and months of preparation were required.

Then a quirk in Arizona law came to light. The state constitution outlawed polygamy (a condition for statehood), but there was no statute setting up penalties for violation of the basic law. Another approach was necessary. After some study, Jones and his staff concluded that the organization of Short Creek constituted a conspiracy against the state.

The community had been placed on a formal basis in 1942. Five leaders of the group had executed a "declaration of trust," creating the "United Effort Plan," patterned after the old-time Mormon "United Order." This was a so-called philanthropic and charitable organization that had no legal existence under Arizona or Utah laws. Everyone in Short Creek, with a few exceptions, deeded their property and earnings to the United Effort. These included wages, salaries, and other earnings. The funds were augmented from time to time by new wives from Salt Lake City and elsewhere who had divorced relatively wealthy husbands and made property settlements in order to join the community. In one such instance a total of $150,000 had been transferred into the group's coffers.

The United Effort was a true commune. Its trustees controlled all of the assets. Expenditures were subject to their discretion, and they had the power of economic life or death over residents. They also had the final say regarding who would be admitted to membership and who would marry whom. Arizona authorities also believed the elders kept a keen watch over bloodlines so that inbreeding would not become rampant under the unusual marriage arrangements. Geneologies were scrambled to such an extent, however, that some men were married to their wives' daughters by previous marriage.

Each member of the United Effort, according to the prosecution, was a participant in the conspiracy. Under this blanket charge many counts were listed as overt acts, any one of which was adequate to prove the defendant guilty of conspiracy. These counts included (among others) adultery, bigamy, open and notorious cohabitation, rape, misappropriation of school funds, falsification of public records, and failure to comply with state corporation laws.

The raid itself was to be nonviolent but efficient. Sheriff Porter and the other planners felt that a man defending his family or religion might react violently. If arrests were to be made without harming a man or his family, overwhelming force would be required. The fact that the Arizona-Utah state line crossed the village on the north side was another reason to use many officers. In past raids, Creekers had been known to take a few running steps to cross the line, thus causing endless extradition difficulties. Since Arizona planned to conduct the raid without help from Utah, Porter insisted on two officers

Short Creek residents, tipped off in advance, were waiting to meet the raiding party when it arrived in predawn darkness.

for each house in the hamlet. This meant a force of at least one hundred men.

Provision had to be made to feed and shelter these officers as well as public welfare workers, matrons, doctors, medical assistants, and others who would be needed to safeguard against any conceivable contingency. Moreover, it had to be assumed that without its men the community would be unable to feed itself. Therefore kitchen arrangements had to be made to feed nearly six hundred persons all told. The first $6,000 spent from the $50,000 emergency funds went to buy food.

"What I envisioned," Pyle explained later, "was a police action in the role of the Good Samaritan." Short Creek residents said that "it was warming the water to drown the kittens."

The state authorities "borrowed" units from the National Guard and painted out the army insignia on the military vehicles. The governor did not want the state to appear to be conducting a military operation against the community. The raid was to be solely under the supervision of civil authorities. The Guard personnel were paid out of the emergency fund.

Plans also included the erection of a miniature tent city, with a mobile power unit and a radio transmitter for communications with the outside world. The nearest telephone to the "outside" was at Fredonia, and even this line was to be cut at midnight on the eve of the raid to forestall a possible tip-off.

There were at least five persons living in Short Creek who were not members of the United Effort. One of these, the community's only bachelor, was secretly commissioned as a Mohave County deputy sheriff. Under cover, he was equipped with a shortwave radio and later with a walkie-talkie so he could communicate with the raiding officials from inside the blockaded town.

The state prosecutors prepared a total of 122 warrants. These named 36 men and 86 women. In addition, deputies were armed with John Doe and Jane Doe warrants in the event visiting members of the group from other communities—particularly Salt Lake City—could be arrested.

On July 1, Governor Pyle, in quietly transferring the $50,000 emergency fund to the attorney general's office, declared a state of "insurrection" existed in Short Creek. This was a legality to justify the state's action. About three weeks later, Short Creek residents would be celebrating the "Twenty-Fourth," the anniversary of the Mormons' arrival at Salt Lake City in 1847. This was the weekend chosen for the raid. The exact time was set for 4:00 A.M. on Sunday, July 26, 1953.

THE WEEKEND BEGAN QUIETLY in Short Creek. On Friday, at the "Twenty-Fourth" meeting in the schoolhouse, it was hot. The room was jammed with somnolent humanity. The program, as always, was long. The congregation had struggled through "The Star Spangled Banner," suffering on the high notes, and then had launched relievedly into "Come, Come Ye Saints." The school orchestra had "rendered" a number. The town patriarch, eighty-four-and-a-half years old that day and the father of more than twenty children, had told stories of his pioneer boyhood in northern Utah. A male quartet had gone sour in "The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning." Then one of the visiting dignitaries arose, completely ignoring wilting organdy dresses and scheduled foot races and homemade ice cream for the children.

"Brothers and sisters," he announced bluntly, "you might as well know it off the bat. Get ready for a raid . . ." The men's faces betrayed surprise, but otherwise the effect of his words trickled away like so much sweat.

Then another, down from Salt Lake City, got to his feet. There was a quiet force about him. It was not only that he was well-dressed—a tangible feeling of confidence and power radiated from his blunt, cheerful features and stocky body. He was a realtor and oil investment man whose business cards read: "We Buy and Sell Mountains"—but the fact that he was wealthy didn't interest his audience. What woke everyone up were his words and the contagion of his laughter.

"Raid? What's a raid?" he cried. "I've spent two years in the penitentiary for my belief. And I tell you all that matters is the Lord!"

Again, on Saturday afternoon all was quiet in Short Creek. A knot of men sharpened tools at the carpenter shop. Another man or two worked on the irrigation ditch. Children followed a young girl as she herded the community's fifteen milk cows. A boy and his young bride rode bareback on a dapple-gray horse. There was a thunderstorm in mid-afternoon, and the road to Fredonia became a little sticky in spots.

That same afternoon at Williams, Arizona, 125 miles to the south, bug-eyed residents watched as rows of white Highway Patrol cars began assembling in front of the high school auditorium. Williams had never seen so many patrol cars before. Only Superintendent Gregory Hathaway and Inspector Richard Whitlow of the patrol knew exactly why so many cars and men were there. The men had been called to attend a "traffic patrol school." There were sixty of them.

County Sheriff Porter's regular and special deputies assembled with this group. In his unit there were nearly thirty men.

With the town "secure," everyone gathered around car radios to hear a speech by the governor explaining his actions.

In addition, twelve state liquor control officers had been "borrowed" for the occasion.

Now, for the first time, the men were told why they were there. They were shown aerial maps of Short Creek. These had been made some weeks before by the Air National Guard. The men were divided into squads. Each squad was given a blueprint map of the hamlet with each house numbered in red. The squads were numbered accordingly.

After nightfall the squad cars began to leave Williams at five-minute intervals and in two different directions. One caravan, trailed by newsmen, headed east to Flagstaff, then north towards Marble Canyon and the Navajo Bridge—the eight-hundred foot steel link between central Arizona and the Strip. The other caravan moved northwest towards Nevada to enter Short Creek from the Utah side through Hurricane. Both groups proceeded at about fifty miles per hour, allowing for a six or seven hour ride to reach the destination by four o'clock Sunday morning.

At about one in the morning, a lone newsman wandered into Short Creek. "Has the raid happened yet?" he asked.

The question reached the town leaders. "What raid?"

"Don't you know that you're going to be raided tonight?"

"Oh," said the leader of the priesthood. "Is it tonight?" He shrugged his shoulders and posted sentries on the high cliffs overlooking the approaches to Short Creek.

Meanwhile, at Fredonia, the long column of cars turned off the paved highway and onto the dirt road. While Short Creek slept, or was assumed to be sleeping, red clouds of dust blurred dimmed headlights, sifted through floor boards, and choked and blinded cursing drivers. There was a full moon that night —but it was in total eclipse over Arizona at 4:30 A.M.; the raid had been carefully timed for maximum darkness.

At Short Creek, the caravan from the south had already been sighted. It came as a streak of fire from the Kaibab Forest side of the plateau, fifty miles distant. From the clifftop lookout, the blazing headlights of squad cars, news cars, and National Guard trucks could be clearly seen before the caravan dropped from sight as it moved down to the desert floor where all headlights were turned off. The caravan still had forty miles to go in darkness.

"My gracious," muttered one awe-struck watcher on the cliffs. He laughed, almost hysterically. "I counted one hundred cars in that line-up. Half the cops in Arizona to round us up."

At that moment a figure clawed his way to the lookout and panted, "Lydia says to tell you that one of the boys phoned. They're comin' from the Utah side, too. A hundred cars."

Anger crackled like a brush fire on the rock. But a brother's calm voice of authority quenched it. "No," he reasoned, "violence would do us no good, even if we were a violent people. They've got guns and probably tear gas. We've put too much into Short Creek. Now let's stand our guard and 'be still and know that I am God.' " He added, matter-of-factly, "It's time to signal the women and kids and get back in town."

The men shouted to waiting trucks below. A match flared in the darkness. There were a few moments of silence, then the boom of dynamite shook the hills. "Well, that's that," said one, sighing as though the dynamite signal had put a period to something. "Let's go and make ourselves ready, too."

And, as the men scrambled down to their trucks, another younger voice tried to joke. "After all," the young voice said, "we got comp'ny comin' fellows."

The "company" came into Short Creek with sirens screaming and red lights blazing. The leaders of Short Creek were waiting, assembled on the schoolyard lawn. Their spokesman wore a white shirt and necktie and dark suspenders. His white hair was a fringe around his balding pate.

"We've run for the last time," he told Sheriff Porter. "We're going to stand right here and shed our blood."

Porter stood outside the white picket fence with warrants in his hands. With him stood Attorney General Ross F. Jones and his assistants, John H. Eversole and Paul La Prade. It was an emotional moment. Violence could still occur.

"You are all friends of mine," Porter said. "You've known me for years. We don't want violence, but we're here to do a job and we're going to get it done."

There was no bloodshed, no tear gas, no violence. The men of Short Creek appeared sullen, but the mood was broken almost instantly when news photographers began flashing bulbs and asking questions. Knots of people gathered. Tension was broken. The town was "secure" by 4:30 A.M.

Each Short Creek man answered questions in his own way. But all evaded questions about how many wives they had.

"We believe in sexual purity," said one, a grade school teacher. "We don't believe in sensuality as the world does. We don't have sin upon us. The world is killing its children. We don't want you to come here and break up our homes. Until the world wipes out its houses of harlotry, you have no right to do what you are doing. We are numbered of the Lord." The speaker squeezed a black-bound Book of Mormon.

Another resident answered a reporter's question with the comment that "I have enough wives so that I let other people's wives alone. Put that down."

Each home in Short Creek was photographed for later use as court evidence. A family that included three wives lived here.

The village patriarch, his white beard gleaming in the dawn, stood and eyed the milling throng. He wore a coat and vest. "I've been here ten years," he said proudly. "I was eighty-four-and-a-half just yesterday."

The town's lone bachelor—the undercover deputy—stalked up the street by himself. "They think I'm a traitor," he said. "I don't know why they blame me for this. They're really sincere. I sure hate to see this, but people have got to start obeying the law, I guess."

The National Guard, meanwhile, set up the shortwave radio transmitter. "Rathole Number One to Rathole Number Two. Can you hear us, Rathole Number Two?"

Rathole Number Two was the headquarters at Phoenix, where Governor Pyle was waiting to learn the outcome of the raid so that he could broadcast the explanation of it on the air at 9:00 A.M. His voice came over the car radio a while later and groups gathered around the cars to listen. The governor was noted for his radio voice. He once had been an announcer.

"Arizona," came the voice, "has mobilized and used its total police power to protect the lives and future of 263 children. They are the product and the victims of the foulest conspiracy you could possibly imagine. More than one hundred peace officers . . . have arrested almost the entire population of a community dedicated to the production of white slaves who are without hope of escaping this degrading slavery from the moment of their birth. . . . Highly competent investigators have been unable to find a single instance in the last decade of a girl reaching the age of fifteen without having been forced into a shameful mockery of marriage. . . ."

In a lot across the road and some distance from the schoolyard, other men were setting up tents. A kitchen detail already had a fire going and a tent to shelter the victuals was being pulled up. Breakfast was cooking. Bacon was frying and the fragrance of coffee (an offense to Short Creekers, who in addition neither drank alcoholic beverages nor smoked) hung in the still warm air. Children were starting to line up for heaping plates of bacon and eggs and breakfast food. The sun beat down without mercy on the copper-colored earth.

Through the morning hours, Superior Court Judge J. Smith Gibbons, sitting as a committing magistrate in the school, informed thirty-one men and eight older women of their constitutional rights before sending them to Kingman. The younger women with little children were released on their own recognizance and sent back to their dwellings.

Two other Superior Court judges—Lorna Lockwood and Faulkner—sat as a juvenile court and took jurisdiction over every child on the Arizona side of the town, including the twelve pig-tailed, juvenile wives.

NOW BEGAN A LONG AGONIZING WEEK for all concerned—for the women, the children, the judges, the matrons, the men of the National Guard units, and especially for the fifteen patrolmen left to police the village.

They worked in shifts to guard the north and south entrances of the only road through town—one end of which was in Arizona, the other in Utah. But at night, the women who had remained in Short Creek were restive without their men. Friends from Utah made contact with them, and some were promised truck transportation to other polygamist communities. One night ten women and children slipped away across the state line; the next night another ten. Then one night ten women and forty children disappeared.

Searchers found them nearly twenty-four hours later about ten miles into the wilderness. They were bewildered and without food. Some of the children were sick, all were exhausted. They had walked in the rain and some were suffering from exposure.

The authorities' fears regarding problems with the Utah-Arizona state line had come true—now extradition proceedings had to be brought against all the adult women unless they surrendered quietly. The Utah authorities, who had observors on the scene throughout, moved to take care of the juveniles in that state and to arrange for extradition to Arizona of the Utah adults as well as the few Arizona men who had fled into Utah on the night of the raid.

Extradition became a merry-go-round. The authorities in Arizona knew the men and women in Kingman would soon be released on bond. Would they go back and help their families to escape? Something had to be done.

The men in Kingman were lodged at the county jail. They lived on their memories. One recalled his round dozen little girls in their Sunday best, clinging to his pants legs and crying. The other men remembered their own bitter home-partings.

The eight women prisoners, forced to spend their first night in the county jail, demanded clean sheets and hot water and soap. Even for one night, jail walls and floors and doorknobs had to be scrubbed. When the women were transferred to barracks the following day, the scrubbing intensified. Then, true to their faith, the women fasted and prayed.

At week's end, Saturday, August 1, bail totaling $43,000

Continued on page 60

Elaborate plans for the Short Creek raid included provision for a field kitchen, here in use a few hours after its arrival.

The Gatlings Custer Left Behind

by Robert M. Utley

GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER had been dead for a year when an enterprising young photographer from Minnesota showed up at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory, in 1877. F. Jay Haynes, later to become famous for his photographs of Yellowstone National Park, wanted some stereoscopic views for the eastern market that would show the base from which the dashing cavalryman and Indian fighter had departed for his historic engagement with destiny. Among the subjects that most fascinated Haynes was the post's battery of Gatling guns. A detail of infantrymen posed obligingly beside these curious looking weapons for the photographer as he exposed a series of plates.

To Haynes, the Gatlings looked about as dangerous to the man behind as to the man in front, but there were those who said that the June 1876 Battle of the Little Bighorn would have turned out quite differently had Custer not refused to be bothered with these very guns. By turning a crank and feeding ammunition into a hopper, a Gatling crew could spray an enemy with up to 350 rounds a minute from the bank of six revolving barrels. The army had fired the Gatlings at Indians on a few occasions, but Indians almost never presented the kind of short-range, massed target against which the weapon functioned most effectively. But at the Little Bighorn, the Sioux presented Custer with just such a target.

The Gatlings Haynes photographed had in fact been taken into the field with the Fort Lincoln column during the Sioux War of 1876. There were three, pulled by condemned cavalry horses and served by a picked detachment of thirty-four officers and soldiers assembled from the Twentieth Infantry. Second Lt. William H. Low commanded.

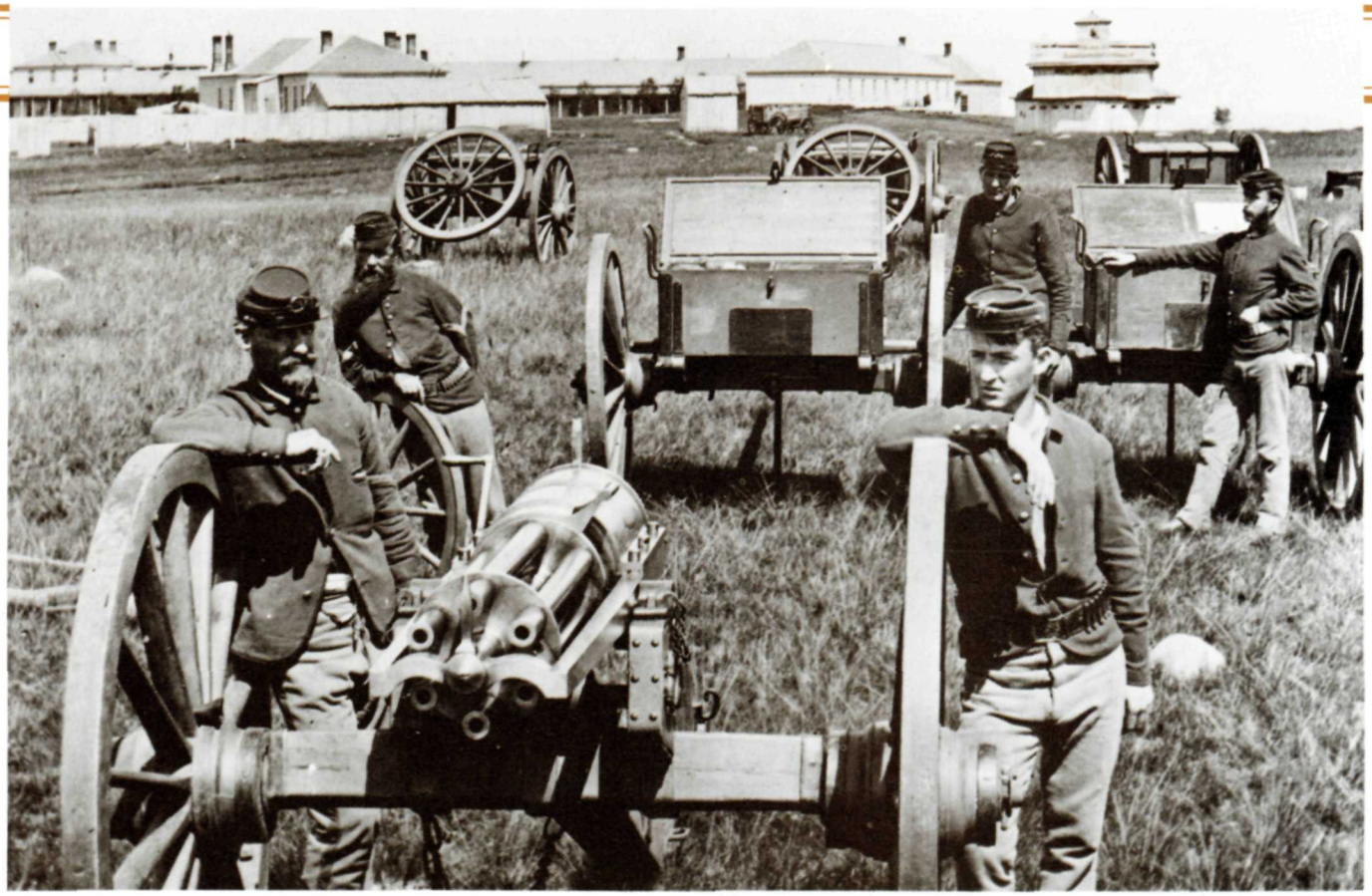
The Fort Lincoln column, which included the entire Seventh Cavalry under Custer, met Col. John Gibbon's Montana column on the Yellowstone River at the mouth of Rosebud Creek. In a conference aboard the steamer *Far West* on June 21, the expedition commander, Gen. Alfred H. Terry, outlined his campaign plan to his subordinates. Custer and the Seventh would ascend the Rosebud and swing into the Little Bighorn Valley from the south while Gibbon, accompanied by Terry, would march up the Yellowstone and Bighorn and enter the Little Bighorn Valley from the north. If the valley harbored the Sioux village, as expected, one of the two columns would surely strike it. Since Gibbon's command included infantry, everyone expected Custer's more mobile horsemen to make the kill.

To strengthen Custer, Terry offered to let him have Gibbon's cavalry, a battalion of the Second Regiment under Maj. James Brisbin, and Lieutenant Low's Gatlings. Custer refused. The next day he explained why to his officers. As summarized by one, Lt. Edward S. Godfrey, Custer "felt sure that the Seventh Cavalry could whip any force that would be able to combine against him; that if the regiment could not, no other regiment in the service could; if they could whip the regiment, they would be able to defeat a much larger force, or, in other words, the reinforcement of this battalion could not save us from defeat. With the regiment acting alone there would be harmony, but another organization would be sure to cause jealousy. He had declined the offer of the Gatling guns for the reason that they might hamper our movements or march at a critical moment, because of the difficult nature of the country through which we would march."

To many contemporaries as well as later historians, the reasons given for declining Brisbin's battalion sounded lame enough to raise at least a suspicion that Custer expected to win a dramatic victory and did not intend to share the glory with another regiment. His reasons for not wanting the Gatlings are more plausible. They were drawn by worn-out cavalry horses and, as it turned out, had a hard time even keeping up with Gibbon's infantry.

Besides being slow and cumbersome on the trail, the Gatling was temperamental. It easily fouled with the refuse of black powder cartridges and often jammed when overheated. As Col. Nelson A. Miles later remarked, it was not surprising that Custer had not wanted the Gatlings: "They are worthless for Indian fighting for I have seen them tested. The range is

BY F. JAY HAYNES; THE HAYNES FOUNDATION, BOZEMAN, MONTANA



Fort Abraham Lincoln soldiers pose with one of their Gatlings, apparently a one-inch-caliber model. Several limbers, used to transport ammunition and to support the gun carriage when on the trail, stand just beyond.

no longer than the rifle and the bullets so small that you cannot tell where they strike."

Nevertheless, it has long been intriguing to speculate how the Gatlings might have affected the outcome of the famous "last stand" on June 25 had Custer hauled them all the way to that fateful ridge on which he and his men perished. One who held emphatic views was Gen. Henry J. Hunt. He had been the Army of the Potomac's chief of artillery in the Civil War and spoke with authority. "At the Custer massacre, Reno reached the neighboring 'bluffs' and saved his command," wrote Hunt in 1878. "Custer, when attacked by overwhelming numbers, tried to do so, failed, and *his* command was exterminated. A battery or half-battery of Gatlings would have been a 'moving bluff,' with power to fight, and specifically fit for keeping 'swarms' of Indians in check. The guns would not have 'staggered about' from weariness after a long forced march, as Sitting Bull describes our soldiers to have done, nor would they have lacked the rapidity of fire which that chief claimed as the marked superiority of the rifle furnished by his ordnance department over that furnished by ours. Under their protection our men could have moved about in comparative safety, or at least to cover. The presence of such a battery would probably have saved the command, and perhaps—as . . . six-pounders did at Buena Vista—'saved the day' as well."

Doubtless true—assuming no other variables in the equation. But it is difficult to conceive any circumstances in which the Gatlings would still have been on hand when needed. Driven by a gnawing apprehension that the Sioux would get away, the restless, impatient Custer surely would not have allowed his march to be limited by the slow pace of the Gatlings. At best they would have been consigned to the packtrain when he divided the regiment for the final approach to the battlefield, at worst left back on the trail somewhere with a small guard to catch up as speedily as possible.

But even as F. Jay Haynes caught the image of the Fort Lincoln Gatlings and their casual attendants for posterity with the sharp clarity of wet-plate photography, they were becoming the subject of one of those legions of imponderables that would make the Battle of the Little Bighorn among the most enduringly fascinating, provocative, and controversial events in American history.

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A "POMPEII" BY THE NORTHWEST SEA

by Ruth Kirk with Richard D. Daugherty

For nearly twenty years Dr. Richard Daugherty, an archaeologist at Washington State University, had known that the largest and potentially most important site of prehistoric artifacts on the Washington coast lay at Ozette, an abandoned Makah Indian village on the westernmost extent of the Olympic Peninsula. In 1966 the chance came to excavate there and Daugherty directed a field school for university and college students with Roald Fryxell, geologist at the WSU Laboratory of Anthropology, as co-director.

During this first season at Ozette, a crew of twenty-five student archaeologists excavated an exploratory trench more than two hundred feet long and charted and collected some four thousand artifacts. Subsequent radiocarbon dating of samples from the dig, along with other evidence, indicated that the site had been occupied for at least two thousand years—and probably for more than twice that period. Indians had continued to live at the village at least seasonally through the 1920s, finally abandoning it when the U.S. government decreed their children must attend school, the nearest of which was at Neah Bay fifteen miles to the north.

The field excavations and laboratory analyses begun in 1966 continue today and are expected to be carried on for several more seasons. Last year Dr. Daugherty and the Makahs of Neah Bay—who have participated extensively in the work at Ozette—were jointly honored by the governor of Washington and the State Arts Commission for their contribution in recovering rich evidence of the Makah people's legacy. In the following account, Northwest writer Ruth Kirk and Dr. Daugherty describe the progress of the excavations and the remarkable discoveries that have been made to date.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1967 Daugherty and Fryxell held a second field school, this time excavating an area not far from the trench dug the previous year. Photographs of Ozette taken in the 1890s showed a dozen houses lined up just back of the beach, and the goal for the summer was to study this evidence of the recent village. Work went smoothly and routinely, with an abundance of items such as broken dishes and glass bottles being found along with stone and

In 1966 student archaeologists cut a seventy-yard-long trench up a terraced hillside to cross-section the deposits—and the centuries—represented at Ozette.

RUTH AND LOUIS KIRK

At a remote Washington beach archaeologists are unearthing some of the most important facts and artifacts of early Northwest Indians ever discovered

bone tools, bits of clamshell and mussel shell, and huge whalebones. There were also parts of rusted rifles and miscellaneous iron fittings from a ship, probably the barque *Austria,* which was wrecked on the reef in front of the Ozette village in 1887 during a winter storm.

A wet area of bank above the beach yielded surprising treasure—rope twisted from cedar or spruce twigs, torn mats of cedar bark, and several baskets. All were well preserved, and this was astonishing considering how quickly plant fiber tends to rot. Evidently the material had lain constantly in the wet clay, and this had sealed off air and given protection against attack by bacteria and fungi.

In a muddy area up the hill an even more exciting discovery was under way. Daugherty wanted to sample how far back from the beach the cultural deposits extended, and so a crew had dug test pits away from the main excavation. One had gone nearly ten feet deep and showed signs of becoming dangerous. Water seeped into it from upslope and softened the sides, threatening to collapse them. But just as Daugherty was about to call a stop, one of the students felt his shovel hit something solid. He probed by hand and found wood—a plank covered with a cedar-bark mat. Underneath it lay pieces of baskets and more planks, one of them about four inches thick and thirty inches wide. It had been split and finished by hand, but its edges were as beautifully squared as if cut with a power saw. Apparently a house had stood on this spot long ago, when what was now the bottom of the pit had been the surface of the hillside.

The wood was perfectly preserved. This fact, together with the sand and clay that lay on top of the planking, made Daugherty and Fryxell think that a slide must have smashed into the house and buried it, locking it within the earth and preventing decay. A number of such slides had occurred here, and there could be no doubt that the slope was still an active one, with layers of wet mud oozing slowly and at times building up enough pressure to slide catastrophically. Makah families have legends of mud sweeping into the village at Ozette, knocking down houses and burying them so deeply that people and possessions were lost forever.

Everything would still be in such houses. It would be like a sudden stopping of time. One moment life had been going on at its normal pace; the next instant it was sealed within the earth. Think what could be learned by excavating such a house! Daugherty yearned to check the pit further, but a proper job would take many months and there was not time now. Summer was ending, and classes soon would start back on the university campus. Furthermore, urgent salvage archaeology in eastern Washington demanded attention. Sadly, Daugherty ordered the pit filled in.

THREE YEARS PASSED, and the calendar showed February, 1970, when Daugherty received a call urging him back to Ozette. It came from Ed Claplanhoo, then chairman of the Makah Tribal Council and formerly a student at Washington State University. Storm waves driven high onto the beach had undercut the bank at Ozette, Claplanhoo reported, and a portion of it had broken loose and was being swept away. Deep layers within the bank were now exposed, and old-style fishhooks of wood and bone, parts of inlaid boxes, and a canoe paddle had washed out from where they had lain buried for centuries.

Daugherty listened to the tribal chairman's full account; then he headed almost straight from the phone to his car. He had to get to the coast to see for himself. If the discoveries were as important as they sounded, he would need to raise finances, hire a crew, round up the necessary field equipment, and begin excavating as soon as possible.

The drive from eastern Washington took ten hours. Daugherty slept what was left of the night at the head of the trail and at dawn hiked the three miles through the forest to the beach. Ed Claplanhoo and a delegation of Makahs met him. Together the men examined the slide.

The slumped bank was about fifteen feet high. Wild crabapple trees, elderberry, and sword ferns had slid with the mud and now formed a junglelike tangle. Daugherty climbed in among the roots and limbs, sinking over his boot tops in the ooze. His eye lit on planks that were sticking out end up, and on a basketry rain hat of the kind women had twined from spruce roots in the old days. There were also bone points used for shooting birds, halibut hooks, a harpoon shaft, and part of a carved wood box.

Daugherty felt a familiar excitement. If this much had been brought to the surface, what must still lie hidden? Obviously these were the remains of a house. Not the one he had located in 1967. Another. How many more might lie buried with their

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contents preserved by the wet mud of the ages? How many of the missing pieces needed to provide an understanding of the whalehunting Indians of the Northwest lay beneath his feet? It was as if the house had been delivered specially for study. A major expedition was needed, and right away.

Daugherty could not move to the coast immediately. Duties as chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Washington State University were too pressing. However, he recruited Gerald Grosso as operations manager to begin setting up camp. Grosso had worked along with the Ozette team from the first, helping in the 1966 trench and again in the 1967 excavation. He knew archaeology, and he knew how to build cabins, plan a water system, and arrange for transportation of food and supplies four miles beyond the nearest road.

The next problem was money. The National Science Foundation had granted funds for the earlier work, but arranging financing through any foundation is a lengthy procedure. There wasn't time enough for a formal application now. Waves were continuing to batter the beach, and much irreplaceable material would soon be lost.

Claplanhoo called a meeting of the Tribal Council. Here was a chance for the Makahs to learn more about their own past, to see the kinds of things their parents and grandparents had told them about. The tribe was proud of its heritage—so proud that this chance to learn more excited them at least as much as it did the archaeologists. The council joined Daugherty in appealing directly to their senator, Henry M. Jackson. Through his efforts $70,000 from the Bureau of Indian Affairs was transferred to the National Park Service and made available for the project.

At the site new excavation techniques were called for. Machines could not be used. The old house and its contents were too delicate. Not even hand shovels would be permissible. A metal edge would cut through a buried basket before even the most careful excavator could know it was there. Water seemed to be the answer. Pumped up from the ocean by portable pumps and blasted out through fire hoses, it would wash away the heavy mud on top of the house. Then the lighter spray of garden hoses could be used when the crew reached the house and its artifacts. This system would allow the archaeologists to expose objects without disturbing them, and the artifacts would show up well because the mud would be washed off them.

By summer most of the problems were in hand, and the commencement of field school found archaeology students from across the United States converging on Ozette. They worked rain or shine, and really it made little difference what weather a day brought because the hoses splashed so much that everybody had to wear waterproof clothing anyway. Students worked as partners. One handled the hose; the other watched for anything that might wash out of the bank. The top meter or two of the deposits contained two thin layers with scattered bits of metal and crockery and also whale, seal, and fish bones. Beneath these midden deposits lay the heavy muck of the slide. It was a thick one. In places the streams of water from the hoses cut for nearly two yards through the mud.

Daugherty estimated that this particular slide must have happened about five hundred years ago. Nothing from the time of white men showed up as students searched the wreckage of the house, not even glass beads, which the earliest explorers and traders brought to the Northwest Coast beginning in the late 1700s.

Back in February, when Ed Claplanhoo first had called Daugherty to come and look at the material washing out of the bank, the best guess was that excavating would take until September. Now September had come, and it was plain that the dig would go on. An archaeologist from the Smithsonian Institution visited the site and told newspapermen he considered it "the most significant and unique find in Northwest Coast archaeology, truly a national treasure." A Canadian archaeologist from the National Museum of Man spoke of Ozette as "the most important archaeological site on the coast."

The call from the Makah Tribal Council had initiated a project that clearly would take years to complete.

A student makes notes among the partially exposed remains of the house discovered in 1970. The two wide planks are from sleeping benches that ran around the inside walls.

RUTH AND LOUIS KIRK

By DECEMBER OF 1970 the winter rains already had been around enough that the crew thought the whole world must be gray and wet. But even when conditions were uncomfortable, excitement held. The project was like opening a time capsule. Here was an Indian home from the time before Columbus set sail for America. Everything was present: sleeping benches, cooking hearths, storage boxes, harpoons, bows and arrows, baskets, mats, tool kits. All the household possessions of a family of whale hunters—and all of it tossed into a muddy jumble. The crew's job was to untangle the mess and discover its meaning. Find the roof planks and distinguish them from the wall planks. Hose away more of the mud slide and locate the north end of the house (so far work had been only in the south end). Keep notes and make drawings and photographs. Preserve each piece as it was lifted from the mud—the splintered boards the house was built of, the wooden bowls that once held seal oil and whale oil, the mussel-shell lance blades, the elk-antler wedges—everything.

This kind of an opportunity was previously almost unknown. Usually archaeologists must piece together the past from scattered indications such as weapons that had gotten lost or been left behind as hunters shifted camp, or from household goods that had been abandoned when circumstances demanded moving on, or from refuse. Usually stone and bone is all that remains. There may be pottery too if the people belonged to

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The Makahs of Ozette and Neah Bay were long renowned as skilled whale hunters. In an action view made by Northwest photographer Asahel Curtis at about the turn of the century (left), a whaler in the bow of a dugout canoe begins to thrust his mussel-shell-tipped harpoon into the back of an unsuspecting whale. Inflated sealskin floats, attached to the harpoon by long ropes, slowed the fleeing whale and helped to tire it. Home from the hunt (bottom left), men work their prize ashore.

In a portrait (right) made by Asahel's more famous brother Edward S. Curtis, a master whaler poses in traditional garb with harpoon and floats. The massive harpoons sometimes measured as much as fifteen feet in length.

Ozette village was still occupied early in the 1900s when the photograph below was taken. A few of the houses are in the traditional "longhouse" style; others incorporate building techniques learned from white settlers. Wreckage on the beach is from the barque Austria.

WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

a tribe that made pots, although Northwest tribes used boxes instead of pots. One of their main cooking methods was by dropping fireheated stones into boxes filled with water.

The house still held its original wooden and fiber materials, complete to wooden needles and pieces of string. There were even alder-tree leaves still green when first uncovered, although with exposure to the air they turned brown within seconds. Probably the house had been lived in for several generations, perhaps for a century or more. Parts of the wall showed damage from termites or carpenter ants, and the crew found several places where repairs had been made. A whalebone had been jammed in among the planks to close a break in the wall, and elsewhere part of a canoe paddle had been added as support.

Some wall planks measured nearly three feet wide and were about two inches thick. Splitting them from cedar logs was slow and hard, so householders had naturally salvaged them whenever possible. An example of this was found in the house. One of the large wallboards was badly cracked but had been repaired. Holes were drilled along each side of the crack, and a cord was laced through them.

Discoveries came one on another. Some items were small and could easily have been missed or gone unrecognized except for the expert care being taken. There were finger-sized pieces of whittled wood that had been used as plugs in sealskin floats. Several bone barbs from harpoons lay close by and with them were spirals of cherry bark, which had been wrapped around ropes made of sinew and fastened to the harpoon heads. The ropes had decayed and were gone, but the bindings remained. There was also a piece of bone roughed out and begun as a comb but never finished—the sort of find that archaeologists treasure because it gives both the article itself and a look at how it was made.

"Found a piece of carved wood set with teeth," reads the log narrative for one day. "Appears to be part of a feast bowl. Box removed from under it, also a canoe paddle."

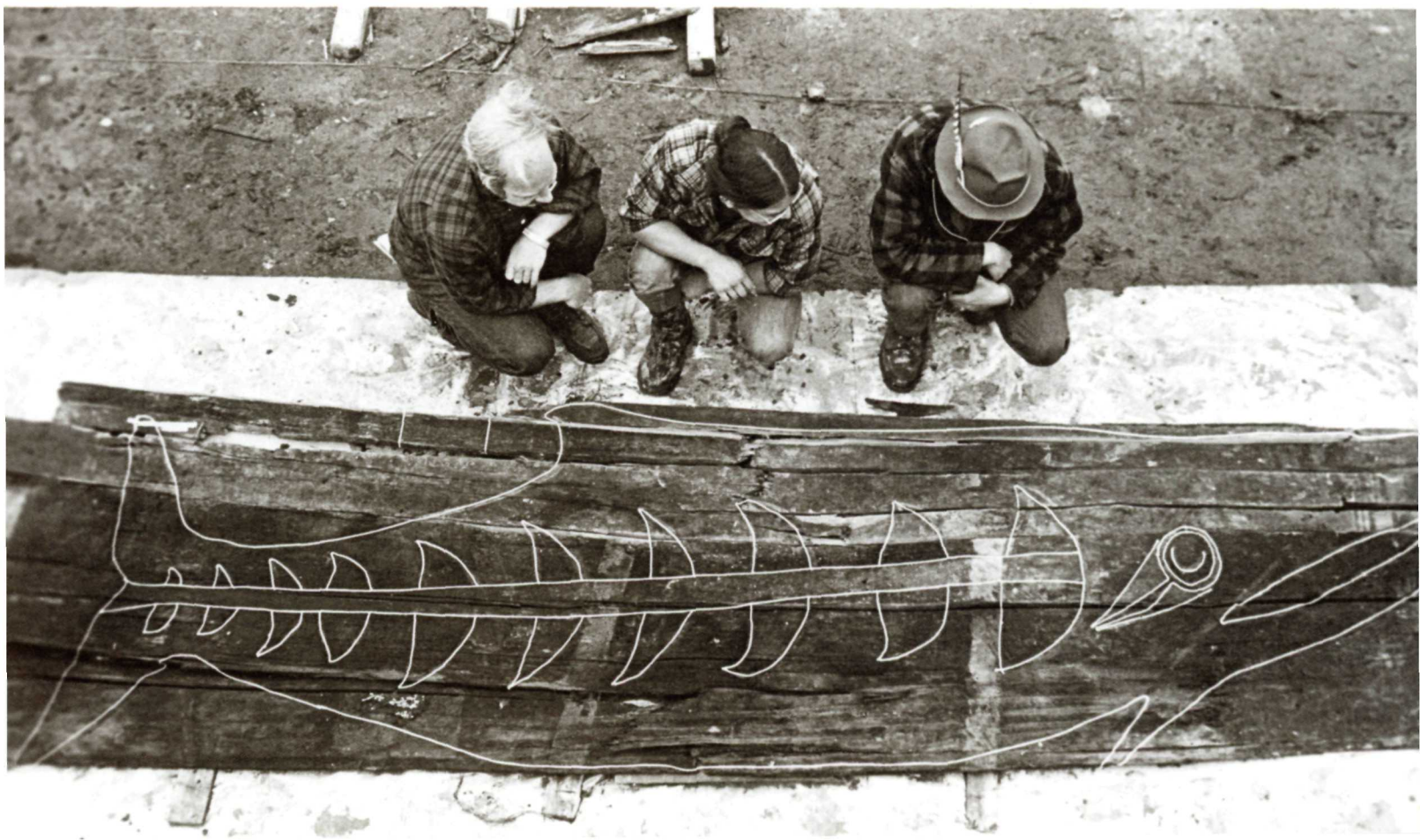
Four days later the carving had been worked free and the log recorded, "Big wooden object assembled and photographed. It's not a bowl, but a carving in the shape of a whale's fin. Size, about eighty centimeters wide and eighty high [about 31 inches each way] with Thunderbird and other designs set in teeth and painted red and black."

The teeth were sea otter—seven hundred of them. Most were molars, although there also were canines set in along the edge to give a jagged, saw-blade effect. A ceremony of some sort must have been associated with such an elaborate piece, but nobody could say what the rituals were or what importance the decorated fin held for the man who owned it. Written records make no mention of such an item, and none of the Makahs could remember their elders speaking of similar carvings.

Baskets by the dozen were found in the old house. They included storage baskets for dried fish and meat, burden baskets, clam baskets, and even hats woven like baskets. There were also large, flat checker-weave baskets with harpoons

Two carved planks, evidently decorative wall screens, were found in the Ozette house. This one depicts a whale (outlined with string for visibility). The other screen shows a pair of wolflike animals chasing mythical birds.

THE SEATTLE TIMES



in them, and small woven pouches still holding bone points for fishhooks and a whetstone to sharpen them on. Of special interest was a large carrying basket filled with rolls of bark that seemingly had been freshly stripped from a cedar tree, raw material for baskets or mats that never got made. The slide came before the bark had even been dried and put away properly. Thus the slide must have come in May or early June, the only time for harvesting cedar bark, because that is when sap rises and the fiber peels easily from trees.

By the time field school began in the summer of 1972, the size of the house was known at last. The whole process of discovery and preservation was so painstaking that removal of the mud overlaying the house went slowly. The south wall had been washed free first, but it took two years to work methodically toward the opposite end of the house and locate the north wall. When completely uncovered, the house measured an astonishing seventy feet long and forty-odd feet wide. Probably from twenty to forty people had lived in it, all of them related but with individual family units centered around separate cooking hearths and sleeping platforms. The pattern was something like a family apartment house with hanging mats and low walls as partial partitions.

June brought the most concentrated finds yet. The first hint was lengths of wood split off the edge of a plank. As students in the field lab finished gently scrubbing the pieces, they noticed faint carved lines. Most of the board the pieces belonged to still lay buried, and no carving showed on the little of it that had been washed free. It looked like an ordinary plank. Part of a wall lay on top of it, together with bits of rotten wood and midden that had been pushed into the house as the slide struck. This made it impossible to see the whole board or turn it over to look at the other side. The overlaying material would first have to be documented and removed, and only then could the plank be moved.

Two poles lashed together were sticking out of the mud on top of the plank; also a canoe paddle, a whale shoulder blade, and a broken roof plank. These were freed, photographed, drawn, lifted, and sent to the field lab. Beneath them was a box and a bundle of twigs of about finger thickness, probably to be twined into a sturdy burden basket or perhaps a fish trap. Then came two wooden wedges of the type used to split boards from cedar logs, a stone maul, and the skeleton of a puppy. Next was a wooden food dish about the size and shape of a serving platter today, a spear for catching salmon, and part of a rake used for getting herring.

The students and supervisors spent seven days carefully clearing the carved board. To raise it, crosspieces of wood were slipped underneath, others were laid on top, and the two sets then tied at the ends. The board was whole—and huge. It measured nearly twenty-three feet long by three feet wide with only one apparent split running its length. Ten students took hold of the supports and lifted. The prize was turned over, and for the first time the crew saw the carving—a magnificent whale.

ONCE RECOVERED, the problem is to preserve such items, large and small. From the first this process has begun at the site. Artifacts and planks are cleaned, examined, and catalogued in the field lab, then set to soak in a special solution. Getting ideas on how to proceed was not easy because in all the world few archaeological sites have yielded wooden items in such concentration as at Ozette.

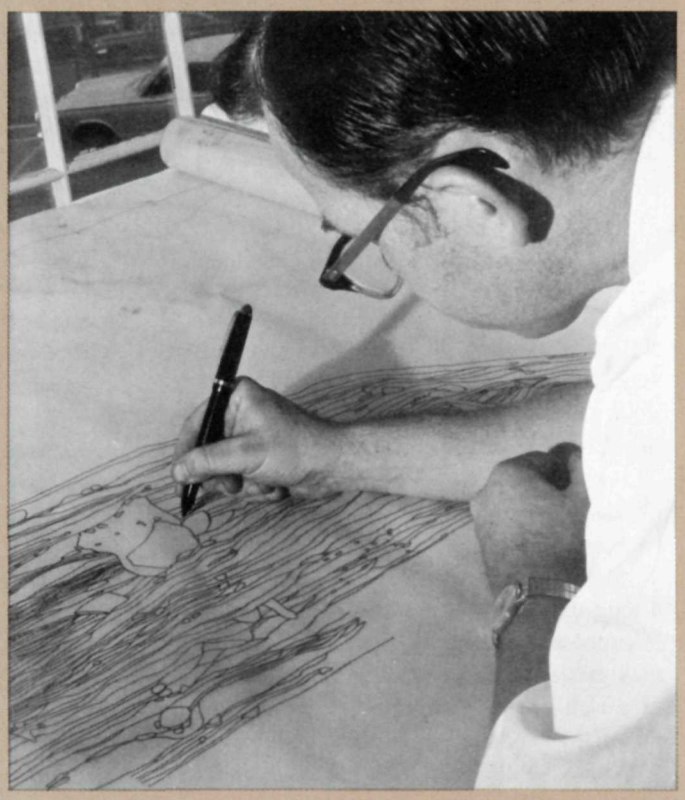
Walkways and walls from ancient villages in Britain have been found in bogs and remnants of lakeside habitations in Switzerland, but usually these are fragmentary. Ships discovered in Scandinavia perhaps parallel Ozette preservation problems the most closely. Some are from the Viking period, yet they are remarkably intact, with even chests and furnishings saved from decay by wet mud that sealed them for centuries. Scandinavian scientists have given advice on handling Ozette materials, and their suggestions have been adapted to fit the exact circumstances. Wood technologists at Washington State University and at the Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin, have also been consulted.

A basket may be light colored upon removal from the mud, but within minutes of exposure to the air may start to darken, perhaps owing to oxidation, perhaps in reaction to light. If it is permitted to dry after centuries of dampness, each cell within the fiber will shrink as it loses its moisture, and the basket soon will turn brittle and fall apart. The only way to prevent such damage is to move each discovery quickly from the wet clay of the slide into a preserving solution of polyethylene glycol, commonly called Carbowax. This substance, distantly related to the antifreeze in cars, comes as a pasty wax to be melted and mixed with water. Artifacts and planks are soaked in the solution for periods that may extend to months or even years. The Carbowax eventually replaces water in the wood cells, keeping them swollen and making it possible for artifacts that otherwise would break to finally be safely exposed to air.

The great variety of material filling the laboratory at Neah Bay points to the intricacy of life at Ozette. These were not people living in Spartan simplicity. On the contrary, they devised every convenience their resources permitted, and they practiced a high level of artistry and ritual. Often the artwork seems to be for its own sake, for its beauty rather than for any utilitarian purpose. For example, a sleeping bench has rows of round, flat shells painstakingly studded end on into the wood, and even heavy-duty workbaskets have designs woven into them. The meaning of some items cannot be known today. A heavy wooden club decorated with exquisitely carved owl heads and a small carving of a man with a long thin nose belong in this category. But even when the intended purpose of such artifacts is lost, the simple fact that they existed so long ago has significance. They are evidence of a rich life-style along the Northwest Coast at an earlier period than archaeologists have previously known much about.

Before the discoveries at Ozette, speculations about the role of art along the coast could only be based on artifacts collected

BOTH PAGES: RUTH AND LOUIS KIRK

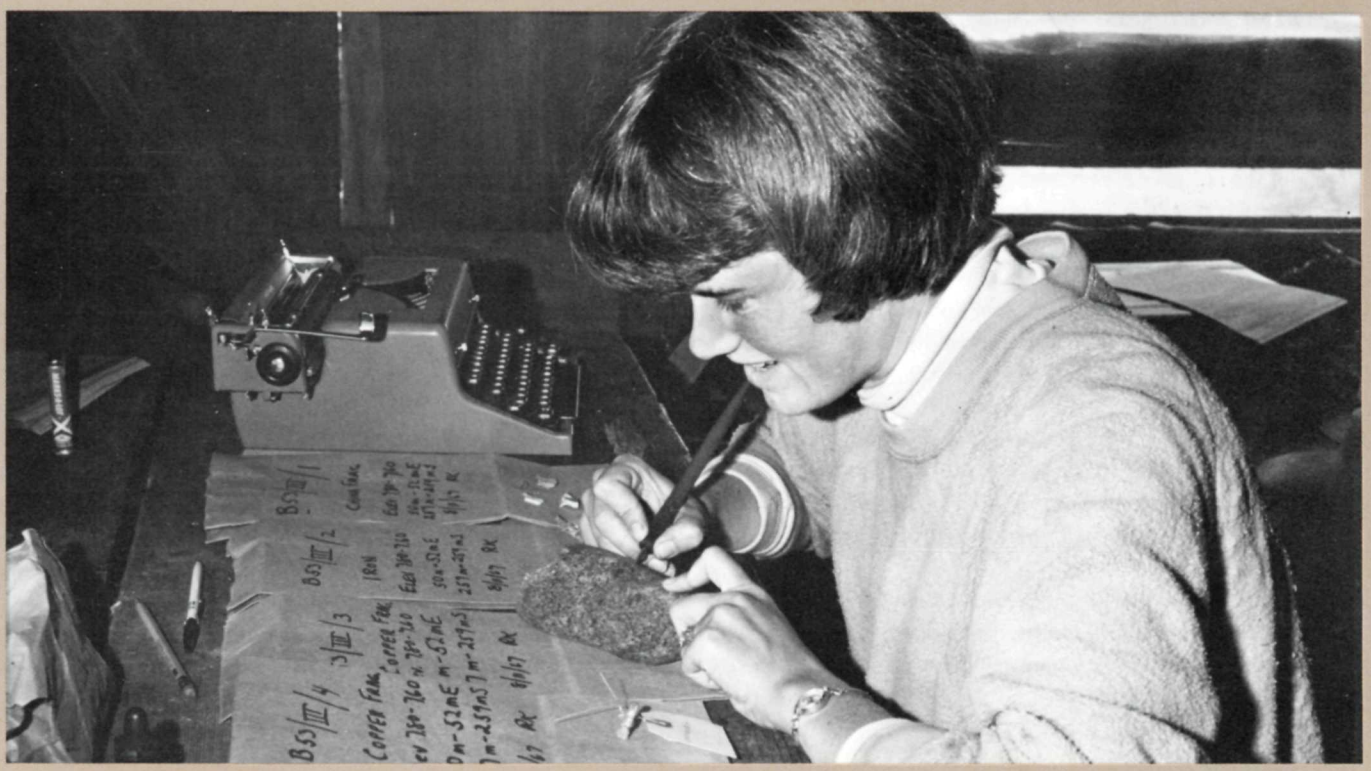


After washing the mudslide away from the Ozette house with large hoses, excavators carefully exposed its planks and contents with gentler sprays from garden hoses (above). The large notched plank in the foreground is one of the original roof supports.

Detailed scale drawings locate each item found at Ozette. Project co-director Roald Fryxell (left) touches up a cross-section showing deposits uncovered in 1966. This drawing alone measures twenty-one feet in length.

Smaller artifacts are immediately placed in individual labeled paper sacks. Later, in the field laboratory (top right) they are cleaned, catalogued, and marked with identifying numbers.

Every plank in the Ozette house and every wooden or fiber artifact goes directly from the excavation into tanks containing polyethylene glycol (right) to prevent shrinkage and disintegration.



by early-day Europeans and Americans, today scattered in museums as far distant as London and Leningrad. Now for the first time it is possible to study the contents of a single house that dates back to a time before Indian art in the region could have been influenced by outside contact. Previous thought tended to be that elaborate carving didn't develop until white traders made iron tools readily available, but the old house offers proof to the contrary.

Its artwork shows that remarkably fine carving was done with the blades of shell, stone, and tooth found abundantly in the excavations. Furthermore, in addition to these native materials, Northwest Coast Indians evidently possessed iron —not much, but enough for a few special tools—before the arrival of the earliest Europeans along the coast. Journals of explorers who arrived in the late 1700s mention that Indians instantly recognized iron in a ship's fittings and greatly desired it. They seemed to prize what little iron they had above all else.

A dozen iron blades have been found in the Ozette house. A few are too broken to show what they once were really like, but most obviously were woodworking tools such as chisels and adzes. The sharpness and durability of their edges must have been regarded highly, but the supply of iron was so limited that few could hope to own such a blade. Therefore, most projects must have been undertaken with other tools— and very successfully too. For instance, the lines carved into the whale screen found at Ozette are the exact width of beavertooth chisels found in the house. The same is true of a plank fancifully carved with mythical birds and wolves.

As yet, the source of the Ozette iron is not known. Tests already made show a high carbon content; additional testing may reveal enough specific characteristics to permit comparison with iron from various known locations. No mines are located in the Northwest, but such a valuable material would have been worth trading across the continent, the way pipestone from Minnesota is known to have reached the Pacific Northwest in prehistoric times. Or the iron could have been traded across the Bering Strait from Siberia and then made its way down the coast from tribe to tribe. Another possible source might be Oriental junks. Chinese records mention a voyage of exploration to America more than one thousand years ago. Also, the ocean current flows across the Pacific from the Japanese coast to the Olympic coast. Several disabled fishing vessels have drifted across within historic

Dr. Richard Daugherty examines an effigy of a whale fin carved from red cedar and inlaid with more than seven hundred sea otter teeth. The object's purpose is unknown, although it probably figured in some ritual connected with whaling.

times and there are indications of others earlier. But much more evidence is needed before definite conclusions can be reached.

MATERIAL FROM THE ONE HOUSE has filled shelves of the laboratory at Neah Bay with more than twenty thousand artifacts. In size they range from haircombs to house planks. One of the graduate students working on her Ph.D. is identifying the various kinds of wood that have been found, an immensely important study since woodworking is considered the outstanding cultural feature of Northwest Coast Indians. No other groups in native America rivaled them in the use of wood, either for utility or art; yet until the Ozette discoveries no archaeologist ever has been able to see the full range of items that equipped a household in the days before the white men arrived.

For example, it long has been known that western red cedar was used for house planks and canoes and that cedar bark was stripped from trees to weave into mats and baskets. But for all its importance, the use of cedar was only a part of the Indians' knowledge of wood technology, according to evidence that the old house is making available. Many other kinds of wood were used for containers, tools, and weapons—in fact, practically all the kinds that were available, including some that would not be expected, such as crab apple and twinberry, and also wood from trees that don't grow conveniently close to Ozette.

Microscopic examination of wood cell structure permits identification. Bowls tend to be made of red alder or Oregon ash, woods that carve easily and have no odor or strong taste of their own to affect the flavor of oil or food. Bows need to be of a wood that bends well and is strong, and those from the house indicate that big-leaf maple and Pacific yew were the preferred choices. Wedges must be able to resist pounding, and it has always been supposed that they were made of yew because of its known strength. However, most of those in the house are of Sitka spruce.

Another specialized study of materials from Ozette is being made by a doctoral candidate who is analyzing both the content and weaving pattern of baskets, cordage, clothing, and mats. He takes basketry lessons from Makah women to better understand the whole process and is teaching others of the crew to weave too. When one's own fingers have twined weft and warp and produced a basket, the process of uncovering one made centuries ago takes on added meaning.

The various studies often bring Makahs to the laboratory at Neah Bay to see what is going on. Sometimes even if the elders haven't themselves used objects similar to those from the house, they can recognize them and help with identification because they have heard their parents or grandparents tell of them. Makahs always have kept their culture alive, and the elders deeply enjoy this tie to their past. The Ozette project is like a window onto the richness and variety of their ancestors' lives. It has stirred memories and also has given the younger Makahs a clear look at things they previously had heard about but not seen.

Daugherty had expected to finish excavating the old house at Ozette during the 1973 field school, but by summer's end it still was not quite done. Investigating this one site has taken three and one-half years, and knowledge gained from it will continue to grow even after work on the deposits themselves is finally complete.

Daugherty knows where five other houses lie buried and plans to excavate two of them. The other three he will leave untouched. New techniques may well be developed in future years that will permit better methods of investigation or of preservation. Besides, Daugherty feels that it would be best for someone else eventually to direct work on the buried houses at Ozette. That way new knowledge and a different personal background would be introduced into the study. Leaving the three houses buried is like having a savings account in the bank.

The two additional houses Daugherty will excavate stand higher on the hillside than the one now practically finished. In fact, parts of them were knocked into the old house when the slide struck. An elaborate box carved with a bird's face and using fish or shark teeth to outline the design and molars from a sea otter as eyes came from one of these other houses. So did the carved whale fin inlaid with teeth. These artifacts lay in the slide material that covered the excavated house, and their position above the floor level indicates they belonged to the upper houses. Evidently they were swept along by the mud as it smashed these houses and carried parts of them downslope.

Perhaps the structures still to be excavated hold ceremonial gear of a kind not present in the first house, which quite possibly was lived in only seasonally. Maybe the upper houses will be in better condition or more finely constructed. Possibly they will be even larger. Their posts may be carved. Dance masks and equipment used by medicine men may be present. There is no way to tell now, but excavation will bring answers. It will take another three to six years to study these houses as carefully as the team has studied the first one. A wealth of additional artifacts is certain, and the Makahs plan to build a museum in Neah Bay to display them and to provide study space for analyzing them. The combs and shell necklaces, the boxes, bowls, and chisels, the whaling gear and canoe paddles —everything—will remain with the tribe whose ancestors made them and used them.

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Richard D. Daugherty *is a professor of anthropology at Washington State University and director of the Washington Archaeological Research Center. He has excavated in Egypt, the Sudan, France, and Spain, but is best known for his work in the prehistory of the U.S. Pacific Northwest.*

RUTH AND LOUIS KIRK

Visitors explore the salty crust of a lake near Willard in central New Mexico.

BETTY LILIENTHAL

Salt Lakes in New Mexico

A complex sequence of events, which began more than two hundred million years ago, led to formation of these fascinating natural features

by Kathleen Mark

NEW MEXICO is an arid inland state where gleaming deserts and glowing rocks are more common than scenery involving water. Nevertheless, in this high and desiccated part of the country, where dry air thirstily drinks up puddles left by summer storms and often licks away winter snows before they have a chance to melt, many small lakes exist, both saline and fresh.

In the high mountains, precipitation is sufficient to maintain occasional jewel-like lakes—small, cold, and crystal clear —many of which are of glacial origin. At lower altitudes, where permanent streams are less frequent than sandy (and usually dry) arroyos, large natural bodies of water are not to be found. But there are some interesting small natural lakes, such as the so-called Bottomless Lakes, or "sinks," near Roswell in the southeastern part of the state, and dam construction has created a number of new artificial lakes.

The most curious lakes in New Mexico, however, are salt lakes. They occur most frequently in the east and south, though isolated examples can be found widely scattered over the state. Most of them are small, and they become even smaller during the dry seasons—sometimes to shrink away altogether, leaving only a white salty crust to mark the spot. Salt springs and salt marshes are often to be found in the vicinity of salt lakes; and sometimes, to the dismay of the driller, a well may reach down not to pure fresh water but to brine.

The salt of this region has been around for quite a while. More than two hundred million years ago, during Permian times, a shallow arm of the sea crept across what is now northeastern Mexico, up through west Texas and eastern New Mexico, north into Kansas, and even beyond. It remained there for millions of years. A warm, moist climate encouraged growth of vegetation, including ferns and conifers, on the surrounding land. Numerous varieties of fish flourished in the warm sea, and strange sprawling reptiles and amphibians basked on muddy shores and deltas. During this immense length of time, there were periods when for some reason the inflow of ocean water was impeded and parts of the inland

seas and lagoons dried up. Eventually dead seas formed, too salty to support life. During the process of evaporation, gypsum and salt and other dissolved minerals crystallized out of the sea water, forming massive deposits. The volume of these Permian salt deposits in Texas and New Mexico has been estimated at twenty-five thousand cubic miles.

In many places in the New Mexico-Texas area, salt-bearing Permian rocks are now buried deep beneath later sediments. Salt, dissolved in groundwater, is sometimes brought to the surface by springs, and the result may be the formation of miniscule salt lakes. North and east of El Paso, in the region between the Pecos River and the Rio Grande, isolated mountain ranges rise abruptly from the plains. Many of the broad, intervening valleys are entirely surrounded by higher land and therefore have no drainage outlets. Even where drainage exists, water left by infrequent rains may sink into the ground or evaporate in the hot sunshine before it can reach a river. Over the centuries this evaporation of run-off water, often slightly brackish, has helped to form salt flats—some of which, especially after a rainy season, may contain a small salt lake. Early travelers in this parched land, upon discovering water, learned to restrain their joy until they could find out whether there were footprints, human or animal, nearby. If not, the water was probably salty.

Salt from this vicinity has been harvested by Mexicans for hundreds of years. About seventy miles east of El Paso, where Guadalupe Peak looks down on what is now the New Mexico-Texas border, there is a group of lakes from which salt of very good quality can be obtained; and a hundred miles to the north are the Tularosa and San Andres *salinas*. Long ago, before the establishment of the present international boundary, men journeyed from deep within the interior of Mexico to gather salt from these beds. So long established was this procedure, and of such economic importance to the Mexicans, that in the 1870s violence flared briefly around El Paso when it seemed likely that access to the salt deposits might be curtailed by private ownership.

In the days of the Spanish explorers, a trail extended northward from the El Paso region to several Indian pueblos located near a large group of salt lakes in the Estancia Basin. The trail passed through nearly a hundred miles of open desert where possible presence of Apaches and certain absence of water presented hazards which earned for the trail the grim name of Jornada del Muerto. Despite dangers, it was a route used by the Spanish missionaries and adventurers, and over which for many years salt was laboriously transported from the Estancia salt beds to silver mines in Chihuahua. It is said that the heavy wooden wheels of ox carts and iron with which the oxen were shod are still occasionally found along this trail.

The Estancia Basin is a closed valley about fifty miles long and thirty-five miles wide; it lies some forty miles east of the Rio Grande in central New Mexico. More than eighty individual salt lakes, with a combined area estimated at about nineteen square miles, exist in the basin. Some of them are very small. The largest, Laguna del Perro, is about twelve miles long and, in most places, less than a mile wide. Interesting and often puzzling observations have been made concerning these lakes. Individual lake bottoms, for instance, instead of lying in a continuous plane, differ in altitude one from another sometimes by several feet. Some of the lakes are noticeably saltier than others. And in spite of the fact that during dry seasons a salt crust forms over each lake, the lake bottoms do not become dry; beneath the crust, the black mud remains constantly soaked with brine. Beautifully formed crystals of gypsum, and less commonly of rare minerals such as bloedite and mirabilite, have been found in this black mud; and the hills which enclose many of the lakes are composed chiefly of gypsum sand. Fresh water seeps out of the ground at the margins of some of the lakes; in fact, before the pumping of water for irrigation became so extensive, a line of fresh water seeps on the west side of the basin supported a large area of marshland. Recent well-drilling operations have disclosed a sequence of subsurface sediments including impervious clays, porous rock, and both quartz and gypsum sand. Painstaking interpretation of this and other information has resulted in a probable history of the salt lakes in the Estancia Basin.

At some period in the past when the climate was moister and cooler than at present, a large number of lakes was scattered over what is now the southwestern United States. Imprints of some of them still remain upon the landscape. For instance, the enormous gypsum dunes of New Mexico's White Sands National Monument could, through the viewer's imagination, still be the tempestuous waves of a lake, eerily immobilized. The Plains of San Augustin, west of Socorro, New Mexico, are surrounded by wave-cut cliffs and look as if the waters of an ancient lake might have evaporated from them only yesterday. In the southwestern part of the state, near Lordsburg, several dry lake beds glimmer deceptively in the sunshine of a hot afternoon, as if still covered with water.

The Estancia Basin is not like any of these. Though many years ago geologists recognized it as a former lake bed, noting the remains of ancient spits, sandbars, and beaches, the basin does not look like a lake bed to the untrained eye. For one thing, it is not flat. Numerous sand dunes are to be seen, some more than a hundred feet high. Many of the salt lakes lie in depressions walled by abrupt, steep-sided hills, and nearby stand large bluffs. As discerning as the early geologists undoubtedly were, they had no opportunity for detailed study. Their interpretation of the present salt lake as the final vestiges of a gradually evaporating ancient lake has been modified by recent work.

Many thousands of years ago, a large and vigorous river flowed through the valley which later became the Estancia Basin, eroding the valley sides. Then some change in the alignment of the mountains surrounding the valley caused the valley floor to sink to such an extent that it was eventually several hundred feet beneath the low spot in the mountains through which the river had previously flowed away to the

JOHN S. SHELTON; COURTESY OF W. H. FREEMAN & COMPANY

Zuni Salt Lake in western New Mexico was formed by enormous bubbles of gas escaping from a subsurface lava flow.

east. Its course impeded, the river spread out and formed a lake, depositing the sediments it carried on what became a lake bottom; some of these sediments have been observed in recent well drilling. The lake eventually became quite large, and was probably deep enough, during most of its existence, to overflow its basin at the low spot in the mountains.

Eventually, as a result of a change in climate, this lake—early Lake Estancia—disappeared. Desert conditions followed, indicated today by a layer of quartz sand, the grains of which are rounded and "frosted." This sand has caused problems for well drillers because of its tendency to flow into the drill-holes.

When the climate became moister again the quartz sand of the desert was gradually covered by another lake—late Lake Estancia. Recent careful study of the sediments left by this lake, which include thick layers of evenly deposited impervious clay, have disclosed a great variety of minute fossil organisms. Certain layers of the sediment contain fossils of salt water creatures. These layers are interpreted as the record of arid climatic conditions when the lake was not deep enough to overflow its basin and became concentrated with dissolved minerals, one of which was salt. Other layers of sediments contain remains of freshwater organisms, including bones and partial skeletons of fish. Freshwater conditions imply drainage existed for the lake, which must have been deep enough to overflow through the "topographic sill"; and the freshwater periods must therefore have been times of greatly increased rainfall. These interpretations of climatic conditions have been confirmed by indications of contemporary vegetation obtained through study of fossil pollen and plant remains.

Beach deposits were left by late Lake Estancia at various heights on the sides of the valley. Near Willard, at a spot called the Lucy Site, which was probably at one time on the lake shore, human presence has been indicated by discovery of beautifully chipped scrapers and projectile points which may be as much as twenty thousand years old. Bones of extinct bison and mammoth have also been found at this site.

The second lake, like the first, eventually disappeared. Besides layers of lake sediments, it left behind a large quantity of gypsum sand, which crystallized out of the evaporating water. The sand was blown into small dunes by the wind, and the general appearance of the basin may have been somewhat similar to that of White Sands National Monument today. Marks left by currents of this final lake can still be detected on some of the dunes.

Extensive layers of rock, tilted at some remote time when the mountains took shape, slope down from high altitudes to the bottom of the Estancia Basin. These rocks, some of which are quite porous, are the structural bones, so to speak, of the basin. They lie beneath all the accumulated sediments—below those carried and carved by the ancient river, and below those left by the lakes and intervening deserts. Rains and melting snows of the mountains sink into them, providing water which percolates down to lower levels and accumulates in the Estancia Basin as groundwater. It is likely to be under considerable pressure caused by the weight of water in higher parts of the rock; but it cannot escape to the surface because of impervious clays in the lake sediments above it. For this reason, wells drilled in the Estancia Basin often yield copious flows of water.

The achieving of an equilibrium between the pressure of underground water and the evaporation at the surface has largely determined the position of each salt lake surface, or

playa. Some of the rock layers beneath the basin originated in the Permian seas and contain quantities of gypsum. When groundwater containing dissolved gypsum finds its way to the surface and evaporates, small crystals of gypsum are formed. If conditions are dry enough, the gypsum crystals—or gypsum sand—may be blown away by the wind. The playa depressions, sometimes called "blow outs" have probably been formed in this manner; and the large dunes, which are conspicuous features of the region today, are composed chiefly of gypsum sand carried by the wind from the playa surfaces.

People have traveled hot, dangerous miles for the salt of these lakes—salt which for centuries has been used for human consumption and for trade, for the processing of silver, and for feeding livestock. Its accumulation in the lake playas has probably been extremely slow. Most of the salt is concentrated in the surface crusts, which dissolve in rainy seasons and recrystallize when arid conditions return. From one season to the next, very little salt escapes and only very little new salt is added by incoming groundwater. Much of the water in seeps and springs of the basin contains no perceptible salt. Occasionally, however, salt-bearing water penetrates from one playa to another, causing higher concentrations of salt in certain lakes.

ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES WEST of Albuquerque lies another salt lake, small and solitary and entirely different from the lakes of the Estancia Basin. Zuni Salt Lake is as blue as the sky above it and rimmed with snow-white salt which has been used by the Zunis and other Indians since long before the coming of the Spanish. The lake occupies much of the floor of a steep-sided circular depression about a mile across, which seems strangely out of keeping with the eroded plains of the surrounding arid country. Disturbed and contorted rock may be observed in the walls of this depression, and rising steeply from its floor to a height of almost 150 feet are two black cinder cones. At the bottom of the deep central vent of the larger cinder cone, another much smaller salt lake shines like a sheet of polished turquoise.

The peculiar crater of Zuni Salt Lake has perplexed many geologists. A member of the Wheeler Survey who visited it in 1870 declared its origin to be inexplicable. Early in this century, it was thought to have been caused by collapse of underlying soluble material, probably salt. However, the cinder cones and some small outcroppings of lava convinced later observers that the crater had been the scene of volcanic activity.

Zuni Salt Crater is in fact an "explosion crater" or maar, which is the surface indication of an "explosion pipe" or diatreme. Such structures are formed when lava rises in a fault fissure in the rock. As it nears the surface, decreasing pressure allows the explosive release of huge bubbles of gas, often accompanied by violent dispersal of ash. Such action may be periodic, like that of a geyser. In 1955 observers in southern Chile witnessed just such an explosive event; an initial volcanic explosion, accompanied by smoke and ash, was followed by periodic staccato explosions. During three months' time both the explosions and the intervals of quiet between them grew gradually longer. Some three and a half months after the first eruption all activity ceased, and the spot was marked by a new crater, known as Nilahue Maar.

Several maars may occur along the same fault. In southern New Mexico, close to the international border, a number of fault lines are associated with craters now recognized as maars. In the Hopi Buttes, which have been partially stripped by erosion, more than two hundred closely-spaced diatremes have been recorded, and numerous connecting lines, or dikes, of hardened lava reveal the position of old faults and fissures. Zuni Salt Lake lies on a known fault line, and there are many volcanic centers in the region to the south of it. Just south of Highway 60, and almost directly south of Zuni Salt Lake, the faint outlines of at least three maars can be discerned.

Soon after the formation of Zuni Salt Lake crater, spring water rose from underlying salt-bearing Permian rock and filled it with a deep lake of brine. Freshwater springs and copious run-off water also helped to maintain the lake, which was probably contemporary to some extent with early Lake Estancia. As the climate became more arid, the lake shrank; and its size has continued to fluctuate with climatic conditions. Today it occupies only about a third of the crater floor.

Zuni Salt Lake was visited by the Spanish in 1540 and has been known to various Indian groups since at least as early as 800 A.D. Its salt is still preferred by local Indians who find it "less bitter" than commercial varieties. The Indians have long considered the lake to be the home of the Salt Mother, and the twin cinder cones are thought to be inhabited by the Twin War Gods. The Salt Mother has always been generous. The great supplies of salt at her disposal are given freely to all, providing certain ceremonial procedures, including songs and chants to accompany the collecting of salt, are carefully performed. Many present-day Indian ceremonials still require salt from Zuni Salt Lake, and in the gathering of it traditional procedures are meticulously carried out. Feathered prayer sticks, turquoise, pottery, and ceremonial objects of various kinds may still sometimes be found at special places within the vent of the large cinder cone. Occasionally, due probably to an algal bloom caused by chemical and thermal stratification of the water, the color of the small lake within the cinder cone changes from its usual blue-green to red. A lake of approximately the temperature and color and salinity of blood might be a shock even to a sophisticated observer; and this phenomenon may have influenced the legendary Twin War Gods in their choice of a home site. But even without the added curiosity of a blood-colored lake, a place as interesting—and in its way as beautiful—as Zuni Salt Lake is perhaps a fitting home for the gods.

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The Tribe That Learned the Gospel of Capitalism

Missionary William Duncan combined religion and the principles of the Industrial Revolution to produce a frontier phenomenon

by Ivan Doig

AN EXCITED LITTLE CROWD clustered around William G. Beattie as he stepped onto the dock at Ketchikan, Alaska Territory, late on the night of January 6, 1915. That day the federal school administrator had boated along the jigsaw coastline to inspect a remote village school, and he was scheduled for a similar visit in the morning. But when Beattie recognized several of the men ringed around him, he scrapped his plans for the next day. The visitors were from a nearby settlement that had cost Beattie and other government mediators an exasperating amount of time and effort over the past several years—Metlakahtla. Obviously there was new trouble.

Charles D. Jones, who was the government teacher at Metlakahtla and the only white man in the crowd at the dock, hurriedly outlined the story of the latest crisis. That afternoon, one of the Indian villagers at Metlakahtla had gone to the community's warehouse for a length of pipe. William Duncan, the patriarch missionary who had lived among the Metlakahtlans for fifty-eight years, had warned the villager that the warehouse and its stores were his private property and had threatened to shoot the native if he took the pipe. The commotion drew teacher Jones to the warehouse.

As Jones and Duncan argued amid a swelling audience, an aged Indian loyal to Duncan declared, "I'll shoot too. I get my gun." The volunteer marksman hustled back a few minutes later with one coat pocket bulging suspiciously. Jones broke off the argument and persuaded several Indians to go with him across the channel to Ketchikan, fifteen miles to the north, where they could appeal to federal officials.

Beattie heard the story out, then began shaping a complaint against the Metlakahtla missionary for the deputy U.S. attorney in Ketchikan to act on. The good will that had once existed between Duncan and the Christian Indians who followed him had finally fractured irreparably. As Beattie observed in his report, there seemed "to be a danger of a 'holy' war on a small scale." Beattie was writing the next-to-last chapter in a frontier tragedy: a zealous missionary's lifelong work in the wilderness, his gaining of enormous respect and influence among his converts, and his ultimate fall when the people he labored with found him too dictatorial.

Since the day in 1857 when he landed on the North Pacific Coast as an Anglican missionary, William Duncan had been the center of many a controversy. In his pursuit of right as he saw it, the autocratic Yorkshireman had fought merchants, the Church of England, two governments, and finally his own converts. But in doing so Duncan had successfully carried Christianity and capitalism to the Indians—and in a mesmeric manner which fashioned his native followers into a remarkable

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SIR HENRY S. WELLCOME COLLECTION, FEDERAL RECORDS CENTER, SEATTLE

Sidewalks into the wilderness: Tsimshean Indian tradesmen erect a new Metlakahtla on Annette Island, Alaska Territory, in the spring of 1888.

foursquare Victorian community on the Northwest frontier.

The chronicle of William Duncan and the Indians of Metlakahtla begins in England, where Duncan was born on April 3, 1832, near the community of Beverly. At the age of fourteen Duncan went to work for a leather wholesaler, and within a few years he found himself promoted to the position of traveling salesman for several surrounding counties. This reward for his diligence dazzled the working class lad. He later wrote that "I used to feel my heart overflow in gratitude, for God's wonderful love in thus elevating me from the dunghill and raising my head thus in so little time and so graciously and greatly surpassing my every expectation."

In the years when Duncan was growing up, Victorian England echoed to the teachings of reformers attacking the social ills of a newly urban society. Education and Christian living were the values these prophets preached in the mill towns being forged in the hearth of the Industrial Revolution. Meanwhile, the entrepreneurs and managers of that revolution taught other lessons by the examples of their conspicuous success; their precepts were organization and mechanization. Both sets of tenets stayed with William Duncan.

When he was twenty-two the earnest young man who habitually toted up his moral credits and debits in a pocket notebook arrived at a decision. Through his minister in Beverly, he had come in touch with the Church Missionary Society. He would transfer his salesmanship from the leather trade to Christianity.

Beginning in July 1854, Duncan studied for two and a half years at Highbury College, where the Church Missionary Society thoroughly drilled its novitiates in school management and teaching techniques to take to the far tribes. The Society was an empire for piety, with religious outposts in New Zealand, central Canada, India, China, Palestine, and Africa. It was to Africa, where the Society was extending its missions, that Duncan expected to be assigned.

Instead, late in January 1857, twenty-four-year-old William Duncan was aboard HMS *Satellite,* bound on a six-month voyage to the Tsimshean Indians of British Columbia and trying to keep his mind off seasickness by holding Bible study classes and distributing religious tracts to the crew.

The Tsimsheans were a sizeable tribe in the area of Fort Simpson, a Hudson's Bay post near the mouth of the Skeena River in northern British Columbia. Upon his arrival, the young missionary found a triad of customs among the Tsimsheans which must have horrified him. The complex Tsimshean social order included slavery of prisoners captured in battle. An indeterminate but apparently small number of tribesmen were cannibals. And the Tsimsheans practiced pot-

Missionary Duncan and his Tsimshean elders diplomatically laid out their new town with every house occupying a corner lot, thus avoiding intratribal disputes over choice properties.

latch, the custom of giving away all of one's goods to earn increased respect and status.

Duncan, however, was accustomed to apportioning life along the lines of a balance sheet. On the plus side for his missionary work were the industrious nature of the Tsimsheans and their skill in trading and building. The tribe was notably clever, Duncan remarked in his journal, in woodcarving and the construction of immense longhouses.

His first months at Fort Simpson were spent in learning enough of the Tsimshean language to preach it. (Duncan was, in fact, the first white man to master the intricacies of this native tongue.) In June 1858 he began holding religious meetings in the Indian camp. The stocky missionary would be the subject of both admiration and criticism during his sixty-one years among the natives, but no one ever disparaged his leadership powers. He preached and he impressed. The Tsimsheans had been in contact with white men for about three generations, but most of the whites were traders who were unconcerned with Indian souls or with their material and physical well-being. The patient little white man was a new phenomenon for the Tsimsheans, and his dogged certitude awed many of them into trying the religion which he spoke from a book.

At the end of Duncan's first year on the frontier, he summed up: the Tsimshean converts had learned the consequences of both good and bad conduct, and "they can sing hymns and are learning 'God Save the Queen.' "

By the spring of 1862, the missionary was secure enough in his relations with the Tsimsheans to lead several hundred of his followers away from Fort Simpson to establish the village of Metlakahtla, seventeen miles to the south. Duncan had in mind a self-sustaining community of Christian Indians, isolated from the moral taints the white frontier inflicted upon tribal life. The tenets from his youth in Yorkshire—education, Christian living, organization, mechanization—would undergird his frontier utopia.

In a continental history crisscrossed by Spanish friars, French Jesuits, Orthodox priests, horseback Methodists, and countless other Christianizers of North America's native peoples, Duncan's plan for the salvation of the Tsimsheans perhaps was not unique. But the thrust of Indian policy across North America in the last half of the nineteenth century, beyond simply clearing the natives from any land desired by whites, was to try to convert the Indians into farmers. William Duncan viewed this customary agricultural approach as nonsense. He undertook to tutor his Indian followers in the Industrial Revolution.

"You cannot make all of them farmers any more than you can make all white men farmers," he insisted. "Have a com-

munity, and some of them will become blacksmiths; some farmers, some tinsmiths, some shoemakers, and others will follow other of the different trades."

During its first years, Duncan believed the only industries the new community could handle were a soap factory and salting and smoking salmon. But he was determined to teach little lessons in capitalism when and where he could while the colony built up to greater enterprises. He paid wages to the Indians for their work on public projects. Deciding to make Metlakahtla independent of any merchants in the region, he established a store. And by paying a fair price for pelts—often ten times that offered by local traders—he soon established a thriving fur trade. Then he persuaded a number of the Indians to buy shares in the schooner *Carolina*.

With the *Carolina* carrying on Metlakahtla's trade, at the end of a year Duncan was able to pay each Indian stockholder a five-dollar dividend. "After that, they wanted to rechristen the schooner 'Hah' (meaning a male slave)," one of Duncan's admiring biographers writes. " 'For,' said they, 'he does all the work, and we get all the profits.' "

Duncan's work in British Columbia impressed the Church Missionary Society. His success in establishing a basic industrial community of nearly a thousand Tsimshean converts made him a religious celebrity back home in England. Indians who just a few years before had practiced slavery, cannibalism, and shamanism now faithfully subscribed to a fifteen-point code of conduct that included the practicing of cleanliness, honesty, the honoring of the Sabbath, and the rejection of strong drink and gambling. Duncan's church supporters were not nearly so ecstatic about another of his rocklike ideas, however. He had decided, by the late 1870s, that Indians should not be taught sectarian religion.

Duncan's notion owed less to a spirit of ecumenism than to his oft-stated belief that the Indians were a childlike people, easily confused. Whatever the reasoning, Anglican churchmen saw only one result: the Tsimsheans were not being instructed in what Duncan shrugged off as "denominational proclivities." Duncan himself ignored years of official hints that he should undergo ordination and become Father Duncan in the eyes of the church as well as in the title by which he was known on the frontier.

By about 1880 Duncan began to quarrel seriously with the Church Missionary Society—and the Church of England behind it—about the churchmen's insistence on the Anglican formalities in religious rites at Metlakahtla. (One sore point, for example, was the missionary's use of wine—or lack of it—in communion services. Duncan maintained that to provide the Indians with even small amounts of alcohol would, in addition to being illegal under Canadian law, be an unnecessary temptation.) Meanwhile, traders who saw Duncan's industrial community nicking away at frontier markets registered their displeasure. Then a bitter dispute arose between the Duncan colony and Canadian officialdom about title to the land the Metlakahtlans were living on.

AGAINST THE COMBINED POWERS of the church, business interests, and the government, Metlakahtla was doomed. In 1887, frustrated in battles with distant officials, Duncan gave up on British Columbia, the site of his thirty years of missionary work, and turned to the United States for sanctuary for him and his converts.

Seeking approval to move his early machine-age society to Annette Island in Alaska Territory, some seventy miles north along the coast from the village site in British Columbia, Duncan went to Washington, D.C., and lobbied hard. Careful to describe the Metlakahtlans as "like the Pilgrim fathers of old," seeking "a refuge from grievous wrongs," Duncan spent several months presenting his case before the necessary officials, including President Cleveland. On the basis of some less than specific promises from U.S. officials, some eight hundred Metlakahtlans made the move to Annette Island by canoe late in 1887.

Annette Island was raw country. The town the Duncan converts left in British Columbia boasted a cannery, a sawmill, a magnificent church, schools and other public buildings, and rows of closely-set frame houses. But the new Metlakahtla, with the skills of the Tsimsheans and with some backing from Duncan's wealthy admirers in England, would be the Duncan vision writ even larger. Before long, houses and board sidewalks appeared amid the tree stumps. The Victorian Age was poking up through the Alaska wilderness.

In photographs of those initial years at the second Metlakahtla, the Christian Indians in white men's clothing, standing in front of frame houses such as white men were building all across the continent, look somehow out of kilter, out of phase with cultural history. Handsome and sturdy people but hardly Nordic, the Metlakahtlans look rather like eastern European peasants in a Yorkshire town, or westernized Chinese in New England. But what now looks eerie must have seemed a natural triumph to Duncan, his admirers, and probably even to the Indians.

The second Metlakahtla prospered. A new salmon cannery and a sawmill turned the community's natural resources into cash crops. The Indians erected an immense church, and around this centerpiece Duncan's unusual taste in architecture took over; an octagonal guest house was built, and a twelve-sided community hall. Metlakahtla was a port, a factory town, a trading center, a town of houses with Victorian gingerbread outside and Victorian velvet and tassels inside. The community had a uniformed band, a baseball team, and afternoon tea parties. By October 1907, when Metlakahtla celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Duncan's arrival at Fort Simpson, the colony was a frontier marvel.

Yet, Metlakahtla was also a fiefdom. John W. Arctander, a Ketchikan attorney who wrote an admiring book about Duncan, admitted that the missionary's dominance of the town "may safely be characterized as an 'absolute monarchy,' although the monarch is both kind, pleasant and lovable. The hand that rules Metlakahtla wears a velvet glove, but the hand

William Duncan in his study. In later years the warm relations between the missionary and his converts turned into bitter gall, as he became increasingly authoritarian and inflexible.

is there within the glove just the same all the time."

And what, a growing number of Metlakahtla natives were beginning to wonder, was that hand really crafting? As the aging Duncan grew more and more inflexible in his notions of what the island colony should be and do, the Indians found themselves locked into a quandary. Nearly four decades after founding his frontier experiment in capitalism, the missionary still held total control of the colony's financial and business matters. But Duncan's education policy, with its emphasis on religion, failed to include training which would equip the natives to handle their own account books.

In January 1908, 111 Metlakahtlans petitioned for a government school. They carefully said that great and noble as Father Duncan's work had been, Metlakahtla's young people needed a better education.

Duncan continued to brush aside the Indians' complaints about the schooling he provided, but the Metlakahtlans persisted. In August 1910, W. T. Lopp, chief of the Bureau of Education's Alaska Division, arrived to investigate the school situation. Lopp's report to the Department of the Interior was critical of Duncan on several points.

For one thing, the famous Metlakahtla salmon canning company was not a profit-sharing venture. Duncan ran the local canning industry and paid the Indians lower wages than other canneries in the area. (The missionary claimed, however, that deductions to support the church and school made the wages appear lower.) For another, Duncan seemed reluctant to make provision for willing the Metlakahtla enterprises–still in his name—to the village when he died. Lopp concluded his report with a recommendation that a government school definitely was needed, "at once."

Perhaps encouraged by Lopp's findings, the Metlakahtla town council in November 1910 wrote to Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger. Who, they wanted to know, held land rights on Annette Island: William Duncan or the Indians of Metlakahtla? This explosive question of property rights was to rock the island town for the next five years.

Other government investigators came and went. In sum, they reported that Duncan was running a company town, with the Metlakahtlans lacking real influence in the vaunted model of industrial capitalism.

Duncan defended his policies, arguing that the Indians weren't competent to handle anything above physical labor. The stock which provided capital for the enterprises of Metlakahtla originally paid a return of 15 percent a year, he said, but the native stockholders proved unwilling to plough profits back into "the village affairs." (Such reinvestment, Duncan added, "was the original intention" of his plan.) He pointed

out that two sawmills and several stores which the Metlakahtlans started by themselves all failed, "through bad and dishonest management."

The villagers continued to petition for a government school. Metlakahtla had become a divided community. A small group of villagers, some of them elders who were among Duncan's first converts, staunchly supported him. The other Metlakahtlans regarded themselves as prisoners of Duncan's achievement. Eighty years old, unbending and authoritarian, the missionary patriarch had boxed the natives away from the means to control their own community and estranged himself from their loyalties.

Finally, on November 10, 1913, the Department of the Interior authorized a school for Metlakahtla. Within three weeks, Bureau of Education teacher Charles D. Jones had enrolled 120 students. Duncan, with some twenty students remaining in his own school, pointedly ignored Jones. Even more pointedly, Duncan turned off the pipeline to the public hydrant which was the central source of water for the village, then fenced off the wharf so that the Indians could not use it either.

These troubles brought school administrator Beattie to Metlakahtla in February 1914. Beattie called Duncan's arguments "disconnected ranting" and urged his superiors to "bring authority to bear on Mr. Duncan and cause him to cease his tyrannical treatment of the natives." Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane–the third secretary to ponder the Metlakahtla impasse—eventually instructed Beattie to take charge of the water system.

While Beattie was restoring the water line, several of the natives complained to him about Duncan's seizure of the wharf. Beattie recently had reported to Divisional Chief Lopp, who himself had encountered Duncan a few years earlier, that "there was a preponderance of evidence that will show either that Mr. Duncan is suffering from some form of *dementia,* or else that he has been crooked."

But when the government men in Alaska forwarded this opinion to Washington, D.C., Secretary Lane replied that "this old man is a good man, and has led a life of great usefulness, and I don't believe in taking harsh measures with him excepting as a very last resort. . . ."

The Metlakahtla villagers, hydrantless and then wharfless for many months while Duncan and the government sparred, grew increasingly restive. In January 1915 a telegram signed by the secretary of the town council was sent to Secretary Lane: "Duncan constantly makes trouble, now tried to take our Church property from us. People all stirred up. Can't stand him any longer. Council unanimously requests his removal from island until Government settles things here."

The next day the wrangle about the warehouse occurred, with Duncan threatening a villager and the grievance committee meeting Superintendent Beattie on the Ketchikan dock. After filing his complaint, Beattie decided the next step should be to seize the warehouse. When his superiors turned down this plan, Beattie, who already had fought rounds with Duncan over the school, the water system, and the wharf, notified Washington that he was resigning.

Thereafter, Duncan periodically shut down the water line and a government man would have to be summoned to open it. On March 11, 1915, a new town council repeated the January plea to the Department of the Interior: "There is only one obstacle to our unity and happiness now and that is Mr. William Duncan."

FINALLY, after nearly seven and a half years, the Metlakahtla controversy ended with the scratch of a pen. Admitting that there was no other solution to the irreconcilable differences between Duncan and his once-loyal followers, Secretary of the Interior Lane reached back into the uncertainties of the original Annette Island land grant to snip away the missionary's legal basis for ownership. On June 26, 1915, Lane issued a decision that the government owned all structures on Annette Island. Superintendent Beattie, who had changed his mind about resigning when the Department of the Interior stiffened against Duncan, was ordered to take over the sawmill, cannery, warehouse, store, city hall, and several other public buildings.

The old missionary watched bitterly as government men strode the boardwalks of Metlakahtla. "... We are being treated by the government of the United States much worse than we were by the government of British Columbia," Duncan wrote to Sir Henry Wellcome, a British scientist who had long been one of his staunchest backers.

Wellcome came to Metlakahtla from England in 1916 and managed to smooth over a few points of friction between Duncan and the villagers, particularly a dispute about books from his old schoolhouse. Duncan remained on the island, but he would not be reconciled. On August 20, 1918, at age eighty-six and in his sixty-first year among the Indians, he wrote to Sir Henry: "God's work in past years dishonoured. Ruin staring us in the face if God does not in His own way prevent it." Ten days later, broken in spirit and body, the messiah of Metlakahtla died of a stroke.

Inevitably, controversy lived after William Duncan. For nearly two decades Sir Henry Wellcome loyally directed an effort to clear any hints of cloud from the missionary's reputation, amassing research and pressuring the U.S. Government into a review of the entire controversy. Finally, after Sir Henry died in 1936, the department quietly closed its "Metlakahtla case" office. Meanwhile, the town of Metlakatla, its name abbreviated by one letter, has survived to thrive today as a fishing port. Its Indian citizens, many still practicing the strong faith of their grandfathers, independently work at their trades much as young William Duncan had hoped they would.

Ivan Doig, *a free-lance writer from Seattle, Washington, has written numerous articles about frontier history. He and his wife, Carol, are coauthors of a book about the U.S. news media entitled* News: A Consumer's Guide *(1972).*

A Matter of Opinion

Toward an Order of Minor Historians

More than four hundred articles have graced the pages of THE AMERICAN WEST *during its first decade of publication. Many of these have been the work of professional writers and historians, but a great many others have been the fruit of loving research by a legion of dedicated amateurs. The following comments by C. L. Sonnichsen—adapted from a speech delivered to the Arizona Historical Society—pay much-deserved tribute to this vital, but too often overlooked, fraternity of nonprofessional historians.*

LIKE MOST AMERICANS, historians have displayed a passion for organization. There is a historical society for everybody, and most historians belong to a half dozen—local, state, regional, and national. There are historical fraternities whose members enter the sacred portals only on invitation. There are super societies, like the state and local history societies that keep watch and ward over the historical hinterlands, boondocks, and borderlands of our national experience. There are groups with genealogical, economic, military, and literary emphases. Any history buff who could not find soul-food and fellowship among these clans and families would be a historical Robinson Crusoe, and anybody who proposed that yet another group was needed would be a real eccentric. I rise to suggest, however, that we need another one. It could be called the Order of Minor Historians, with a bow to the Franciscans (OFM, Order of Friars Minor).

The societies we have now are mostly run by professionals, the ones with degrees and training and records of significant publication. They can stand on their own feet (and have been known to stand on the feet of others in their field of special interest), but the rest of us are amateurs whose presence at conventions is desirable but not vital. Our warm bodies and our financial support are welcome, but we have no special standing. We do not speak up loud and clear at business meetings. We seldom sit on the front row at annual reunions. We are grateful for a smile and a kind word from Professor Roe and Dr. Snow. Most of us are devoted researchers on small projects, not able to spend much time in libraries and archival collections. We hope eventually to get out a book or a couple of articles, but we don't publish regularly, and when we do get into print, we are content with a small publisher or even (oh, the shame of it!) with a vanity press. We are modest and sincere and earnest and hardworking. We need an organization of our own for the purpose of promoting fellowship, furthering research, and avoiding what is spoken of in our time as an identity crisis. A little *esprit de corps* might help us all.

I include myself among the Minor Historians, although I have done a good bit of publication, first because I have come in through the back door (I am an English teacher by profession), and second because I am being constantly reminded that my place is below the salt. Every time I finish a book on a western subject and approach a New York publisher, hat in hand, he shakes his head and lets me know that he is not sure the thing will sell in Connecticut. If he accepts it, he seems to be doing it in spite of his better judgment. The last time I went through this routine, the editor found a new word with which to fend me off. He said my book was "monographic." When a great man attacks you with a word like this, you feel like an Indian chief at Apache Pass under fire from the first Gatling gun. By the time you figure out what is going on, you have lost the battle, and the editor has picked up his briefcase and gone off to New Hampshire for the weekend. A man who has been through such an experience can never be anything but gun shy—humble and unassuming and grateful for small favors. I will be pleased to accept membership in the Order of Minor Historians—if they will have me!

Actually the organization already exists. I have been convinced for a long time that we historical amateurs have an operating fraternity. Most of us are only dimly aware of it. We have no grips or passwords or initiation ceremonies, but we nevertheless recognize our fraternal brothers. Some special faculty, perhaps connected with the sense of smell, identifies them for us, and we know who does *not* belong by the same process. The fact is, we have developed a half dozen characteristics which set us apart from any other group and give us this feeling of belonging.

The first is a quite extraordinary spirit of helpfulness. The Minor Historians could never do their books and monographs on their own. Without help they would take forever to finish their jobs, and they know it. So they form a vast, unorganized mutual assistance society. A man who does not understand this system of give-and-take is not a member of the Minor Historians, Unincorporated.

I first realized this several years ago when two men from Oklahoma came to see me. One was a well-known historian and the other an oil millionaire who liked being involved with history and bookmaking and got his kicks out of financing and assisting the scholar. These men needed material on the Tularosa country of southern New Mexico, material which I had been accumulating for many years. Some of it I had used in making a book of my own, but there was plenty left, and I handed it over without hesitation, just as some of it had

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Will Rogers: The Man and His Times

REVIEWED BY SAMUEL A. HICKS

ALTHOUGH A GREAT MANY observers frequently opine that there will never be another Will Rogers, there is reason to believe that individuals of similar greatness do happen along every few centuries. And a superb biography of the quality and stature of this one happens along about as often.

Will Rogers: The Man and His Times by Richard M. Ketchum *(American Heritage, New York, 1973; 415 pp., illus., index, $15.00).*

Here is a beautiful book, complete in every detail from Will's red bandana motif on the dust jacket through each of the carefully researched and cleverly written chapters. The author has expertly handled Will's enormous wit, and extra informative, or humorous, quotes appear handily along the page margins. Some three hundred rare pictures interspersed with the text record in pleasant chronological order essentially everything that ever happened to Will—and more. The opening chapter headed by Will's quote, "My ancestors didn't come on the Mayflower but they met the boat," is one of the best accounts of Indian history ever written.

Will's Cherokee family, who liberally intermarried with early Europeans, emerged from the removal in the 1830s of the Five Civilized Tribes from their homelands in Georgia and the Carolinas to west of the Mississippi as a "white" Indian family. Nearly one-fourth of the Cherokees perished, but Will's grandparents survived to settle in Oklahoma.

Clem Rogers, a one-eighth Cherokee, and Mary, Will's quarter-breed mother, had eight children and reared five, of which William Penn Adair Rogers was the youngest. Born on November 4, 1879, Will grew up as an "Injun cowboy" who found working for other ranchers more to his liking than getting a formal education or remaining in the family fold. Dan Walker, a Negro cowhand, taught the boy how to throw a rope; he practiced tirelessly and soon was winning prizes in local contests. The trick roper joined "Colonel" Zach Mulhall's show and toured the Midwest as a "trombone player" in a cowboy band. Will and his friend, Jim O'Donnell, went through the motions of playing while Mulhall slickered the crowd into believing he could pick better ropers and riders out of his sixty musicians than could be found in the audience. Mulhall would then select Will and Jim, who never failed to entertain the audience with their surprising rodeo performances.

Will fell in love with Betty Blake, his future wife, and romanced her intermittently for a couple of years. At one of their infrequent meetings Will felt he'd been jilted, so he sold his cattle back to his father and left with a cowboy friend, Dick Parris, for Argentina via New York and London. Argentina was disappointing. Will was almost broke and jobs were scarce. When Dick became homesick Will took the last of his bankroll and bought his friend a return ticket. The "Injun cowboy" finally found a job on a cattle boat bound from Buenos Aires to Durban, South Africa.

In Ladysmith, South Africa, Will joined Texas Jack's Wild West Show as a fancy roper, bronc rider, and singer of folk songs. When he departed this show and left Africa, he decided to go home by way of Australia and New Zealand, which took another year.

Arriving home, Will again performed in Mulhall's Wild West Show. From here he seriously embarked on a show business career, joined the Ziegfeld Follies, and married Betty Blake. Will told jokes while catching his breath, then hopped and skipped through his spinning rope to Hollywood's movies, to national radio broadcasting, and on to world fame. He soon became a much sought after speaker and in 1922 began writing his weekly column for the *New York Times* lampooning national and international politicians. He developed an intense interest in aviation and flew at every opportunity.

Suddenly in 1935 and at the very crest of Will's popularity, there came the staggering news of the Alaska plane crash. This reviewer was stacking hay on the V-V ranch north of Bondurant, Wyoming, when word was brought out from the ranch house that Will and Wiley were killed; and, at lunchtime, all the teamsters in the hayfield quickly gathered at the stacker. After the news had circulated, the men sat in shocked disbelief with their rakes or mowers or sweeps, holding their horses. A few pulled out their makin's and rolled a smoke; some mumbled their incredulity, but little was said. If the same tragedy had happened to a mere president or king, the field boss would have let his crew stand idle for about two minutes then would have bellowed at them to get back to the meadow and start moving hay. But this was different. Still sitting on his sweep and scratching his head, the boss asked, "When? Where? Well, what was ol' Will doin' up there, anyhow?" Slowly, one by one, with each quietly recalling his favorite anecdotes of Will, the hands headed their teams back to the open field.

The *New York Times,* for which Will had written weekly articles for the previous thirteen years, eulogized, "It is certain that we shall not look upon Will Rogers' like again. Let us hope, however, that in the mysterious evolution and constant surprises of our native talent, some one may arise to help us as he did to keep our mental poise, to avoid taking all our national geese for swans, and by wholesome laughter make this world seem a better place to live in."

Will's contemporaries still recall with ease his witty philosophies and unpretentious showmanship while millions of others of a later generation stand back silently and wonder what kind of a guy Will Rogers really was. Now, with Richard Ketchum's book, they will know.

Samuel A. Hicks *is constable of the Murrieta (Calif.) Judicial District and co-publisher of the historical quarterly,* The High Country.

The Spanish Search for La Salle

REVIEWED BY JOHN L. KESSELL

Wilderness Manhunt: The Spanish Search for La Salle by Robert S. Weddle *(University of Texas, Austin, 1973; 291 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $8.50).*

AS ROBERT CAVELIER, Sieur de la Salle made ready to sail from Rouen in the summer of 1684, he wrote a last letter to his mother. "We all have hope of a happy success," he assured her. "We are not going by way of Canada, but by the Gulf of Mexico."

The venture, boldly conceived to secure for Louis XIV the vast Mississippi Valley and a portion of New Spain as well, could not have gone worse had it been borne on a Spanish wind. Yet while the tragedy of "the stern, sad" La Salle—told in such poignant terms by Joutel and Parkman—spent itself on the muggy Texas coast, the Spaniards fretted. Their persistent effort to locate and to pluck out this "thorn . . . thrust into the heart of America" is the subject of Robert S. Weddle's *Wilderness Manhunt.*

The book is a triumph of dexterity. Here woven together into a single narrative are at least eighteen Spanish land-and-sea expeditions. The author recounts each one, assesses its contribution, and relates it to the others. As the Spanish manhunt for La Salle unfolds, the hunters are forced to learn the geography of the long, intricate gulf coast they claim, from the mouth of the Rio Grande round to Pensacola, and to do something about occupying it.

The expeditions in order of their appearance are: Barroto-Romero (sea, 1686); Alonso de León (land, 1686); León (land, 1687); Marcos Delgado (land, 1686); Rivas-Iriarte (sea, 1686–87); Gamarra-Pez (sea, 1687); Pez-Barroto (sea, 1688); León (land, 1688); Martín de Rivas (sea, 1688); Juan de Retana (land, 1688–89); León-Massanet (land, 1689); León-Massanet (land, 1690); Francisco de Llanos (sea, 1690); Domingo Terán de los Ríos (land, 1691–92); Barroto (sea, 1691–92); Pez-Siguenza (sea, 1693); Laureano de Torres y Ayala (land, 1693); and finally, Andrés de Arriola's unhappy occupation of Pensacola in 1698.

Because of this spate of Spaniards coming and going it would have been a help to the reader if at least some of the more eventful expeditions had been plotted on the excellent map following page 112. Even a simple listing or chronology might have served as a key.

For Weddle the search is the thing. His admirable concentration on it, as he amends and expands upon the accounts of William Edward Dunn, Henry Folmer and others, leaves him little time for setting this detail in the larger picture of New Spain during a rather dismal decade of Indian revolts, depression, and mob violence. But that was not his aim.

Wilderness Manhunt, Weddle's third book on Spanish Texas, is founded on primary sources, particularly the University of Texas Dunn Transcripts of documents in the Spanish Archivo General de Indias, along with published journals and correspondence. A few pertinent secondary items are missing, e.g., E. W. Cole, "La Salle in Texas," and Herbert E. Bolton, "The Spanish Occupation of Texas, 1519–1690," both of which appeared in *The Southwestern Historical Quarterly.* Bolton argued that the first abortive 1690 occupation of Texas was more than a response to La Salle's challenge; it was "the logical culmination of the long series of expeditions" east from New Mexico and north from the Nuevo León-Coahuila frontier.

The historic maps clearly reproduced in the picture section are juxtaposed neatly with NASA photographs of the gulf coast. Notes are properly placed at the foot of the page. A few typos and minor inconsistencies should not survive the first edition. Curiously the author uses the word "savages" as a synonym for Indians, just as the Spaniard and Frenchman did, but then prudishly sets in quotation marks "heathens," "pagans," and "barbarians."

A single word epitomizes both the book and the search—exhaustive.

John L. Kessell, *winner of the first* Western Historical Quarterly *Bolton Award, is writing a history of the Pecos pueblo and mission for the National Park Service.*

The Little Lion of the Southwest

REVIEWED BY BERT M. FIREMAN

DURING THE FIRST HALF and into the middle of the nineteenth century, Hispanic New Mexico—and particularly its populated Rio Grande Valley—was assaulted from east and west by enemies: the Navajos and Utes bent on raiding sheep and mule herds, and Americans, Comanches, and Texans conquering the land with mercantilism and political expansionism.

The Little Lion of the Southwest: A Life of Manuel Antonio Chaves by Marc Simmons *(Swallow, Chicago, 1973; 240 pp., illus., notes, $8.95).*

In this climate of strife, the Hispanic culture produced men to match the splendor of New Mexico's mystic mountains and haze-shrouded valleys, some of them heroes whose exploits have been embellished, embroidered, and enlarged upon with the romance of folktales often retold.

Now, when the ethnic upswing in regional western history focuses upon the Chicano with his insistence that revisionists recast the characters and events of the past, it is no surprise that a figure should be found to play the same role for New Mexico that was so dashingly enacted for *Californios* by Joaquin Murieta. Whether or not Murieta ever existed—and the evidence largely is negative—he provided Hispanic machismo in California with a Robin Hood-like character to enrich a depressing period in history.

New Mexico had a real hero in Manuel Antonio Chaves (1818–89), an Indian fighter totally devoid of the suspicions of fiction that surround Murieta. But beyond that point—while Marc Simmons writes very well and is most sympathetic—*El Leoncito* does not succeed here in emerging realistically from the shadows and cobwebs of folklore. Restoring flesh to skeletons is the task of the historian, but it is easier to strip the hide from a real person than to give him back the blood, muscle, and mind with which history is created.

Professor Simmons, who divides his time between teaching history at the University of New Mexico, shoeing horses, and researching the legends and lore of the land of the Conquistadores, laments that his hero wrote no autobiography. Nor did he compose newsy letters to friends, keep a diary, or in any other way record the highlights of his many-faceted career. And as has been said often, the man fighting for his life in a buffalo wallow against hostile Indians had no time to record his thoughts, aspirations, and experiences.

Rebuilding the story of Manuel Chaves was doubly difficult because his skeleton was not found in a closet or attic filled with historical memorabilia. Spanish officialdom had a penchant for proper legal forms and stored reams of government documents, Simmons explains, but impersonal official papers present only a "bare, white-boned recital of the workings of government [from which] the blood, sinew and gristle [have been] stripped away."

So the author recommends careful mining of the Mexican Archives of New Mexico but admits he merely scratched at that resource. He recalls that "in her novel, *Death Comes for the Archbishop,* Willa Cather draws a picture of Manuel Chaves which was somewhat idealized . . ." So did Charles Fletcher Lummis, another secondary source, and so did Marc Simmons.

The author fails to breathe full life into the Little Lion, but he has provided with his book a finely-written narrative of New Mexican problems through much of the 1880s. Surprisingly, and only as a sidelight, the last Mexican governor of New Mexico, Manuel Armijo, a relative of Chaves, turns up as a hero of self-rule in the forgotten northern enclave of the young Mexican republic.

Rather than a convincing biography of an ephemeral folk hero, the book succeeds as one of the life-and-times type, not strong on details of the individual's achievements, but important and useful for portraying a vivid period in western development.

Bert M. Fireman *is a lecturer in history at Arizona State University, executive vice-president of the Arizona Historical Foundation, and coauthor of two textbooks on the history of Arizona.*

The Only Good Indian: The Hollywood Gospel

REVIEWED BY JAMES K. FOLSOM

AS THIS REVIEWER READ *The Only Good Indian* he couldn't help thinking of the apocryphal tale concerning the small Indian boy who went to see *They Died With Their Boots On* twenty-

The Only Good Indian: The Hollywood Gospel by Ralph and Natasha Friar *(Drama Book Specialists, New York, 1973; 346 pp., illus., index, $12.50).*

five times because, as he said, "Our side won." Authors Ralph and Natasha Friar make a contrary point, partly ironic, mostly tragic. The small boy was seriously mistaken: "our side" did not win. After all, as those readers who saw the 1941 film will recall, what does the defeat of Custer's jolly band matter when weighed against the Seventh Cavalry's achievement of finding a catchy marching tune? This example is the reviewer's, but it is the kind of thing the Friars point out, often with great persuasiveness, as emblematic of the consistent misrepresentation to which the Native American—the authors prefer this term to "Indian"—has been subjected. Nor is "Hollywood," that easy target of contemporary demonology, the only villain. Hollywood, in the Friars' view, is interesting not in that it represents some pathological abnormality on the American social scene. Quite the reverse. Hollywood's significance lies in its mindless pandering to what it thinks the great American public wants. Hence, while any given film about the Native American can be discounted as foolish or irresponsible, the totality of the Hollywood image of Native Americans adds up to a serious indictment of our society's view of ethnic groups which differ from presumptive American "norms." It is interesting to note in this regard that D. W. Griffith's racism, which the Friars take severely to task, is not limited to his thirty-odd films about Native Americans; it is also that particular aspect of his Civil War masterpiece, *Birth of a Nation,* which is so peculiarly offensive.

The Friars seriously fault Hollywood for portraying various Native American groups as generic "Indians," as though the multitude of Native American nations inhabiting this continent could be lumped together with little harm either to historical veracity or artistic sensibility. Hollywood's development of what the authors call an "instant Indian kit" to aid in costuming is the most interesting example of stereotypical motion picture portrayal of Native Americans. The evolution of a clearly recognizable "Indian" dialect is another. The point is that stereotypical thought can never serve as a vehicle for understanding. It must vacillate, as the Hollywood image does, from sentimentality to cruelty. Be he "noble savage" or "red nigger," there is one thing the Native American may not have—the dignity of being human.

This last point is, by implication, the most interesting of all. What, the authors ask, must the Native American himself think when faced with a barrage of stereotypical and by and large hostile cliches? Not surprisingly, he is resentful. In one Native American publication, the film *A Man Called Horse* (1970) is given a rating of four tomahawks, indicating "a massacre" (by the whites), with the comment "Same old savage stereotype. White actors playing cigar-store Indians." Nor is this an isolated instance. "What's the use of us Indians protesting?" another Native American asks. "It wouldn't do us any good. Nobody would listen to us." The Native American does not wish favorable propaganda, which seems to him as condescending as hostile stereotype. What he wants, in his image on film, is not sentiment but understanding.

The Only Good Indian is at its best when it enters the territory of popular sociology. Somewhat surprisingly, it is at its worst in discussion of its ostensible subject, the movies. The book attempts too much, in the laudable effort to compile a chronology of the Native American in film from the beginning to the present. There is simply not enough space to write such a history in one volume, and as a result *The Only Good Indian* too often deteriorates from an analysis of the Native American in film into a catalogue of films about Native Americans. As a consequence, the quality of the various films is barely mentioned. Comparative esthetic judgements are rare and, when they occur, capricious. John Ford's *Stagecoach* (1939) is brushed off with the cavalier criticism that Ford had no good reason for using Monument Valley as its setting and that in real life the Indians would have shot the stagecoach horses. Doubtless both these comments are true, but they are basically irrelevant to any consideration of the artistic merits.

It is in its judgements of films as art that *The Only Good Indian* is most seriously wanting. Comparisons between films and other media are generally lacking and, when present, are superficial. The only expanded discussion of the relationship between a film and its ostensible fictional source is in the analysis of Mari Sandoz's "touching novel" (one wonders if the authors are indulging a slight penchant for sarcasm) *Cheyenne Autumn* and the film of the same name "suggested" by it (1964). In itself this is a trivial failing, yet it indicates the authors' consistent failure to realize how often unfavorable film portrayals of Native Americans result from fictional sources. They seem unaware, for instance, that both *The Searchers* (1956) and *The Unforgiven* (1960) mirror the unfavorable cultural stereotypes in the novels of Alan LeMay on which they are based and which, by and large, they faithfully follow. More curiously, Zane Grey is never mentioned, either in text or notes, although the films inspired by his insipid novels are legion.

In sum, *The Only Good Indian* is too often myopic and arbitrary in its judgements. That the Native American and the Hollywood Indian are not even kissing cousins is scarcely a startling insight at this point in history. The value of the Friars' work is to suggest how operative in our own thinking about Native Americans is a kind of insidious and unacknowledged Gresham's Law. Bad coin has driven out good: we prefer the counterfeit.

James K. Folsom *is a professor of English at the University of Colorado. He has written a number of books and articles on western subjects.*

Horns in the High Country by Andy Russell *(Knopf, New York, 1973; 259 pp., illus., $6.95).*

REVIEWED BY JAY MONAGHAN

IN THE OLD WEST it was quite common to meet a hunter who boasted that no other man could kill a deer as far away as he—or a bear as close! Fortunately, Andy Russell differs from such hunters because big game has occasionally eluded him. He began adult life working for Bert Riggall, a professional guide. One autumn, after four months of summer pack trips with tourists, he married the boss's daughter. The young couple returned to the area described in this book for their honeymoon.

Andy Russell's high country extends from Idaho to Mount McKinley, Alaska. Reared in these magnificent mountains, he has seen "progress" disfigure some of them with bulldozers constructing blacktop roads that turned pine-clad valleys into thoroughfares lined with motels and shops.

Instead of converting our "forests primeval" into shoddy Disneylands, the author believes that the wilderness should be preserved for regulated big-game hunting. This would pay the government well without destroying the natural beauty of the land. Sportsmen, he says, seek large heads to decorate their homes, and the biggest horns grow on old bull elk and mountain rams that have probably been driven from the herd by younger bucks. Mother Nature has no sympathy for old age. A quick death from a sportsman's rifle certainly seems more humane than leaving these animals to starve slowly during the winter or to be eaten by coyotes that will feast on a victim's entrails while it is still alive.

The tang of never-to-be-forgotten timberline air is in this book. Along with lucid descriptions of the sheep and mountain goats, Andy Russell provides word pictures of the scenery around them—the rocks, the trees, and the flowers which at high altitudes are strikingly brilliant.

At timberline "Little Chief" hares invariably bark at intruders. Known as "picas" in Canada, these rodents are called "conies" in Utah by sheepherders. Their religious forebears evidently took the name from similar animals described in the Scriptures. According to the author, cougars are plentiful in the high country today, although seldom seen. He tells us that they live chiefly on big game, but also that "they seem particularly fond of porcupines" whose sharp quills sometimes injure them severely. This statement has been verified by this reviewer who, when once skinning a big cougar, found one foreleg interlaced with quills that had penetrated the skin and lay flat on the iron-hard muscles. Russell's book includes many genuine accounts of the present-day Wild West. Its contents will make old readers feel mighty young and young readers feel mighty eager to saddle up and hit the trail.

Jay Monaghan *is consultant for the Wyles Collection of Western Americana in the University of California, Santa Barbara, library. Editor of* The Book of the American West, *he has written eight other volumes concerning the West.*

Home to the Wilderness: A Personal Journey by Sally Carrighar *(Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1973; 330 pp., illus., $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY DON GREAME KELLEY

ABOUT THIRTY-SIX years ago, in a tiny San Francisco apartment, a young woman lay ill, despondent, and very lonely. The recent and immediate circumstances of her life suggested quite insistently that there was little to look forward to. Why go on with what had come to seem a purposeless drag—living in subservience to the crass and sham values represented by fast-buck commercialism expressed through the media of print and radio? She had come to the Golden Gate city as a dropout from the film industry (receptionist, production secretary), having found Hollywood to be other than what a midwestern girl fresh from Wellesley had dreamed of. But her jobs as editor and writer for a financial monthly, advertising manager of a building-and-loan association, and contriver of radio program scripts and commercials merely had shown her another region of the same world of grubby phoniness. In any case it was not a world for which Sally Carrighar was made. This was now her one certainty, unbolstered though it was by any clear notion of what world, if any, would somehow become recognizable as her own.

Why this was not her world is crystal clear to the reader who has accompanied her thus far on her personal journey. She had been molded by a background that would strain belief were one not by now convinced of the narrator's total honesty.

What happened at that dark juncture in San Francisco, how the greening of this naturalist-to-be was resumed (it had actually begun quite early in her life and got grayed over), how Sally Carrighar found herself on the wild road, how the journey took a swift, bright turn is related in this volume.

Her special gift for relating the ways of wild things illumines her books: *One Day on Beetle Rock, One Day at Teton Marsh, Icebound Summer, Moonlight at Midday, Wild Voice of the North, The Glass Dove,* and *Wild Heritage.* Our permanent heritage of profound and truthful exposition of nature's world would be much poorer without these writings. That she trained for her chosen task by several years of hard study, laboratory and library research, and rigorous field work before a word was put into print will be, for many readers, a revelation. *Home to the Wilderness* not only brings welcome insight into the making of one of our best observers of living nature and one of its truest interpreters, it also gives us a vivid picture of a human mind facing and examining its realities.

Don Greame Kelley *is editor of* Oceans *magazine. Author of* Edge of a Continent, *he is writing a book about the Pacific Coast as seen through the eyes of discoverers, voyagers and naturalists.*

Osceola: The Unconquered Indian by William and Ellen Hartley *(Hawthorn, New York, 1973; 293 pp., illus., map, biblio., index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY RAYMOND FRIDAY LOCKE

IN THE ANNALS of American Indian history, the name of the great Seminole war leader Osceola should occupy a position alongside those of such men as Tecumseh, Red Cloud, and Mangas Coloradas. Neither a chief nor a hereditary Seminole, Osceola, at the age of nine was a refugee from the Creek War of 1813–14 and migrated to Florida from Alabama with a band of Creek fugitives.

While still in his teens he began to exhibit extraordinary leadership abilities and was a great favorite with his adopted tribe, "being uncommonly bright, accomplished and energetic," Charles H. Coe tells us in his *Red Patriots* (1898).

During the years of the uneasy peace that followed the First Seminole War of 1818, the young Indian also became friendly with and a favorite of the whites at Fort King. When it became apparent that the Seminoles would either have to fight again or move to Indian Territory across the Mississippi—a move to which Osceola and most of the Seminole leaders vehemently objected—he began carefully studying the whites and their methods of waging war.

And when war came in 1835—the Second Seminole War that lasted until 1842—he was more than prepared to lead his people. Part white, perhaps as much as three-quarters so, the young warrior was so respected by his people that he assumed leadership with no serious objections from the hereditary chiefs of the tribe. His method of operation was simple and effective: he waged guerrilla warfare in the swamps of Florida against an American army trained in the European mode of fighting. At no time were there more than fifteen hundred Seminoles engaged, but the United States put forty thousand soldiers in the field—and never did win the war. It cost the United States $40 million and the white death toll exceeded fifteen hundred—which caused Osceola to ponder why whites would spend so much to kill Indians on the one hand and spend virtually nothing toward a peace settlement on the other.

Osceola was captured while conferring under a flag of truce, a trick that shamed many Americans, and imprisoned at Fort Moultrie in South Carolina, where he died on January 30, 1838. He was visited in prison by many prominent Americans who had come to admire his splendid spirit. Among them was George Catlin, who painted two portraits. His followers fought on and finally retired to the Everglade swamps where they became all but invisible in freedom. They never did sign a peace treaty with the United States and declared war on the Axis during World War II as a separate nation.

William and Ellen Hartley have written an eloquent history of the Seminole wars. One can hardly blame them for becoming enamored with Osceola, but as a result they never quite manage to bring him to life. Here, as in the few other published accounts of his deeds, he seems bigger than life . . . an Indian Superman. But, then, perhaps he was.

Raymond Friday Locke *is a former editor of* Mankind *magazine. He has published extensively in the field of American Indian history and is working on a history of the Shoshone Indians of Southern California.*

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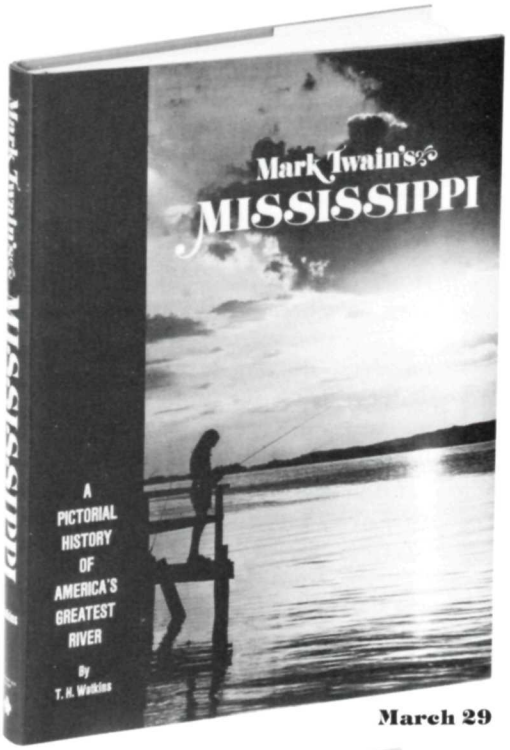

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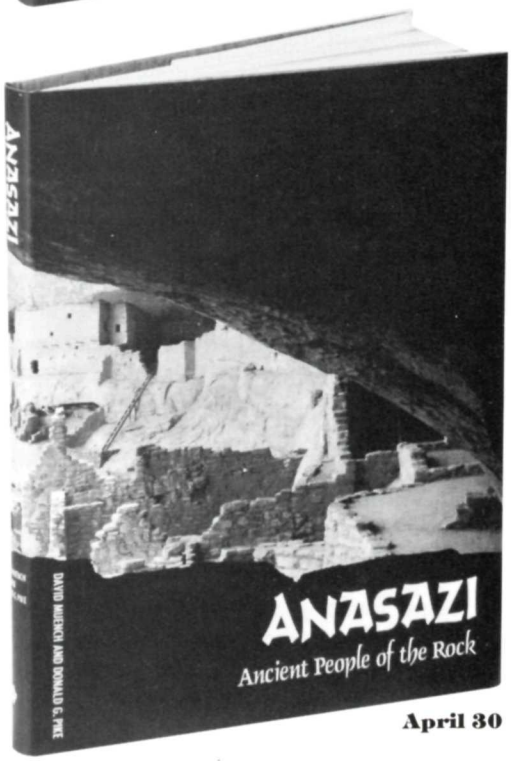

April 30

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Don Pío Pico's Historical Narrative translated by Arthur P. Botello, edited with introduction by Martin Cole and Henry Welcome *(Arthur H. Clark, Glendale, Calif., 1973; 171 pp., illus., notes, index, $9.50).*

REVIEWED BY FEROL EGAN

DON PIO PICO'S NAME appears and reappears in the history and legends of California. It graces a major boulevard, a school, a park, a state historical monument, a canyon, a creek, and even a restaurant. Yet, the memory of this remarkable *Californio* has been overshadowed by the false glitter of myths that are not nearly as exciting or interesting as the real facts of Pico's life. Now at last, the oral history that Pico dictated in 1877 to Bancroft researcher Thomas Savage has been translated and annotated. The end result is Pico's *Historical Narrative,* a fine contribution to the history of California as it moved from Spanish to Mexican to American rule.

Don Pío Pico's life spanned the years 1801–94. During this long period, he witnessed monumental changes in his native land. In his *Narrative,* Pico recalls his early years as a revolutionist when revolution was "the accepted manner for political advancement." He looks back to his service as the last governor under Mexican rule, to a time when he was the owner of vast grand *ranchos,* and to the seizure of power by the Americans.

A man quite capable of adapting to difficult situations, Pico actually increased his holdings during the early years of American rule, and used his wealth and influence "to establish education, banking, and town development." However, as more Americans made their way to the Pacific Coast, the period of encroachment upon the vast land grants of the *Californios* reached its peak; a fraudulent loan robbed the trusting Pico of his beautiful Rancho Paso de Bartolo.

Don Pío Pico died at his daughter's home at the age of ninety-three. He was one of the last of the dons, and his reminiscences of pastoral days and of the subsequent turmoil of the American invasion is a remarkable legacy.

Ferol Egan's *most recent book,* Sand in a Whirlwind: The Paiute Indian War of 1860, *has been awarded a Commonwealth Medal.*

The French Legation in Texas Volume II: Mission Miscarried translated with an introduction by Nancy Nichols Barker *(Texas State Historical Association, Austin, 1973; 341 pp., illus., appen., index, $12.00).*

REVIEWED BY DR. LAWRENCE MURPHY

PUBLICATION THREE YEARS AGO of the first volume of Nancy Barker's edition of French diplomatic correspondence from Texas forecasted an important compilation for diplomatic and frontier historians. Now these expectations have been fulfilled with publication of the second volume. Superb editing and masterful translation have produced a major resource for future students. This set should also encourage others to mine European archives for material.

From November 1842 through early 1844, Viscount Jules de Cramayel represented France in Texas while the regular minister, Alphonse Dubois de Saligny, was on leave. The interim diplomat was diligent and hardworking. His writing may have been ponderous, but his portrayals of frontier life—especially at Washington on the Brazos—are poignant and detailed. He also described leading Texas politicians.

Serious diplomatic activity began with the return of Saligny. The French foreign minister hoped to prevent American annexation of Texas by persuading Mexico to recognize its rebellious province. Saligny could have played an important role, but he was lazy, preferring New Orleans to any Texas town. As a result his correspondence usually consisted of rumors or public speeches. Occasional, lengthy conversations with Sam Houston, Anson Jones, Ashbel Smith, and others do provide valuable insight into diplomatic maneuvering. Not until mid-1846 did Saligny admit that his mission had "miscarred" and return to Europe.

Professor Barker has limited introductory material to a few pages in each volume, omitting background, explanation, and interpretation. Hopefully she will continue this work in a diplomatic history of Texas based on overseas archival materials.

Dr. Lawrence Murphy, *who recently returned from two years in Egypt, teaches frontier history at Western Illinois University, Macomb.*

Dog Soldiers, Bear Men and Buffalo Women: A Study of the Societies and Cults of the Plains Indians by Thomas E. Mails *(Rutledge/Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1973; 388 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $20.00).*

REVIEWED BY DR. LEO E. OLIVA

REV. MAILS established his credentials as an artist and historian of Plains Indian cultures in the beautifully illustrated *Mystic Warriors of the Plains* (Doubleday, 1972). *Dog Soldiers, Bear Men and Buffalo Women* is a less significant but interesting companion to the earlier book, concentrating entirely on the formal societies and less formal cults.

The functions of warrior and women societies included police and military duties, the preservation and dissemination of the tribal heritage, creative expression, and cultivation and recognition of tribal virtues. Mails contends that these highly religious organizations performed indispensable services during the era of struggle for survival.

The societies of twelve tribes are treated in as many chapters, with ten more tribes lumped into a single chapter. The textual material, based on limited research in published sources, is rather encyclopedic and somewhat repetitious. Mails correctly emphasizes the importance of religion in Indian culture, but some will challenge his correlation of the Indian concept of the spirit world with the Christian concept of God, explanation of the societies as God's creations, and his conclusion that Plains Indians were "the enchanted people of God." He also tends to ignore the sexual connotations of many ceremonies.

Mails is at his best when describing and illustrating the regalia of members and the major rituals of selected societies. The 8 color plates and more than 150 black-and-white drawings, mostly based on old illustrations and museum collections of Plains artifacts, enhance this sympathetic volume and increase its appeal to the popular audience toward whom it is primarily directed.

Leo E. Oliva—*professor and chairman, Department of History, Fort Hays Kansas State College—is preparing a manuscript on the Indian in American literature.*

Wandering Lands and Animals by Edwin H. Colbert *(Dutton, New York, 1973; 323 pp., illus., maps, charts, biblio., glossary, index, $12.50).*

REVIEWED BY FIELDING L. GREAVES

WHAT MANY SCHOOL CHILDREN suspect on seeing a map of the south Atlantic rimlands—that South America and Africa once nestled snugly together—was in 1912 propounded as part of the theory of continental drift. In 1969 author Edwin Colbert discovered startling evidence confirming it.

In that year he found in Antarctica fossil remains of the long extinct *Lystrosaurus,* an ugly, squat, hog-sized lizard. For land-dwelling *Lystrosaurus,* previously known in India and Africa, to turn up in Antarctica, was strong evidence that Antarctica, too, had been part of the one time supercontinent, Gondwanaland.

From this beginning, paleontologist Colbert, now curator of vertebrate paleontology at the Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff, goes on to marshal a wealth of additional evidence in support of continental drift, gathered by painstaking detective work in many other disciplines: geology, geophysics, seismology, paleobotany, and volcanology. He points to the even more exact mating of South America and Africa at the 500 and 1,000 fathom contours offshore, and shows that even magnetic polarization in inert rocks supports the drift theory.

Throughout this book intended for the layman, Colbert traces animal development in various geologic epochs, the rise and decline of the great dinosaurs, the emergence of early mammalian forms, and finally the coming of man.

He shows how once homogenous groupings of plant and animal life were split and isolated as the continents broke up and drifted apart, to develop their highly differentiated strains thereafter, literally oceans apart.

Enhanced by a profusion of maps, drawings, and other illustrations, Colbert's book is a fine one-volume guide to the evolutionary history of our planet and its great diversity of animal life.

Fielding L. Greaves—*a retired military intelligence officer—is a film and television actor, and a free-lance magazine writer-photographer.*

History and American Society: Essays of David M. Potter edited by Don E. Fehrenbacher *(Oxford University, New York, 1973; 422 pp., index, $10.00).*

REVIEWED BY CARLTON C. QUALEY

THE LATE DAVID M. POTTER'S wisdom, urbanity, and integrity are apparent on every page of this posthumously published volume of essays. Many of them were published previously, but some were in generally unavailable periodicals. Four appear in print for the first time. All deserve to be read and reread.

The volume offers studies in many areas: the problem of being conscious of assumptions; nonrational factors in history; the difficulty of using aggregates as units; Potter's famous essay on nationalism; a chapter on abundance from *People of Plenty;* sympathetic evaluations of the work of C. Vann Woodward and Roy F. Nichols; and a very critical analysis of Richard Hofstadter's *The Progressive Historians.* Several shorter pieces are also included, and the volume concludes with a timely essay on the effect of recent social dislocations on the respect for law.

For students of western America, Potter turns, in many of his essays, to the theories and assertions of Frederick Jackson Turner. In general he rejects the Turner model in favor of that of Walter Prescott Webb—but finds the broad generalizations of both often contradicted by data. His comments on the frontier hypotheses are among the most useful in print. This reviewer was especially pleased to reread the essay on nationalism, for it points up the dangers in interpretation of history in terms of such aggregates.

Recurring throughout the essays are certain vital areas: that history remains the discipline most capable of overview; that historians tend to be trapped by preconceptions; that conformity to a model —be it consensus, relativism, Marxism, or whatever—is a handicap; and that the enlightened and disciplined integrity of the individual historian remains among the best bastions of defense against the recurring forces of authoritarianism.

Carlton C. Qualey — *Laird Bell Professor emeritus, Carleton College—is staff research fellow of the Minnesota Historical Society.*

Horace Tabor: His Life and the Legend by Duane A. Smith *(Colorado Associated University, Boulder, 1973; 396 pp., illus., map, biblio., notes, $12.50).*

REVIEWED BY BARRON BESHOAR

H. A. W. TABOR, Colorado's most famous mining entrepreneur, seems as enduring as the Rockies that provided him with his great wealth. Books, periodicals, a motion picture, an opera, and word of mouth have served to keep alive both fact and legend since his death in April 1899.

Tabor, a big, hulking bumpkin of a youth, and Augusta, his young wife, both New England born, first settled on a farm in Kansas, then moved to Denver in 1859. The new community at the confluence of the Platte River and Cherry Creek had a few rough cabins and eleven women. The more numerous men, most of them of about the same cut as Tabor, were sorely afflicted with a disease known as mining fever.

In telling his version of Tabor's successful but sometimes shady business career, the shedding of his first wife, the acquisition of the glamorous Baby Doe McCourt and his subsequent downfall, Duane Smith, professor of history at Fort Lewis College in Durango, necessarily works over stopes that have already been mined by other writers. However, it is obvious that Smith has done a great deal of reading and research, and that his work is a contribution to the repository of Tabor literature.

On the minus side the writing is often pedantic. There is too much trivia and speculation with such phrases as "it is not hard to imagine . . ." and not enough flesh-and-blood Tabor. We are told, for example, that Tabor attended 59 of the 77 sessions of the Leadville Board of Trustees, but we don't attend a session with him or get any idea of how he performed on the board.

There are good chapter notes and an excellent bibliography. The book would have been improved by an epilogue on the dramatic lives (and fates!) of Baby Doe and their two daughters after Tabor's death.

Barron Beshoar *is a Colorado free-lance writer, book reviewer for the* Denver Post, *and author of* Hippocrates in a Red Vest.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Ed Holm

Marcus and Narcissa Whitman and the Opening of Old Oregon by Clifford M. Drury *(Arthur H. Clark, Glendale, Calif., 1973; 2 vols., 911 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., index, $38.50).*

The fruit of nearly forty years of research, this moving two-volume biography will likely stand the test of time as the definitive work on the lives of the Whitmans, as well as being a thorough account of missionary activities in the Pacific Northwest and of the opening of that region to overland emigration. The author's search for documentation turned up over three hundred letters by Marcus and Narcissa Whitman and led him as far afield as England. The book contains several rare color and black-and-white illustrations, including what are believed to be authentic portraits of the missionary couple by frontier artist Paul Kane.

The Magnificent West: Yosemite by Milton Goldstein *(Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1973; 210 pp., illus., maps, appen., glossary, biblio., index, $19.95).*

Sixty beautiful color photographs, uniformly presented in a near-full-page square format with brief accompanying text, make this big coffee table book one that will be treasured by anyone who has ever visited California's matchless Yosemite National Park. A portfolio of five of the best views from the book, printed on quality 11 x 14-inch stock, is also available (at $4.95) for framing.

The History of Wisconsin: From Exploration to Statehood by Alice E. Smith *(State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, 1973; 753 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $15.00).*

This comprehensive account of two and one-half centuries of Wisconsin history by a leading authority is the first volume in a projected series of six that will document events in the state up to the 1960s.

Mallet to Mogul: Tourist Steamers of the Pacific Coast by Robert L. Hogan *(Chatham Publishing Co., Burlingame, Calif., 1973; 52 pp., illus., map, $4.95, paper).*

Almost extinct by the mid-1950s, the steam locomotive is enjoying a burst of new life as the main attraction on a number of tourist-oriented shortline railroads. This large-format paperback is full of crisp photographs and useful summaries on nineteen different steam lines currently operating in Washington, Oregon, and California.

Adobe—Build It Yourself by Paul Graham McHenry, Jr. *(University of Arizona, Tucson, 1973; 157 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.95, paper).*

This clearly written and well illustrated "how to do it" guide provides nearly all of the basic information that the amateur will need to plan and construct his own home from traditional adobe bricks, which, according to the author, form the ideal building material for the beginner.

Hetch Hetchy and Its Dam Railroad by Ted Wurm *(Howell-North, Berkeley, Calif., 1973; 298 pp., illus., maps, appen., biblio., index, $13.50).*

The controversial Hetch Hetchy reservoir project, which supplies the city of San Francisco with water from the Sierra 150 miles to the east, was completed in 1934 after twenty years of construction at a cost of $100 million. This carefully researched account of the epic venture—which involved the building of several dams, over sixty miles of tunnels, and a major railroad—is illustrated with more than four hundred photographs.

Frederic Remington by Peter H. Hassrick *(Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas, 1973; 48 pp., illus., $3.00, paper).*

Issued as the catalog for a retrospective exhibit held at the Amon Carter Museum, this brief essay will serve well as an inexpensive introduction to the artist for newcomers as well as being of interest to longtime Remington fans.

American Wilderness by Charles Jones and Klaus Knab *(Goushá Publications, San Jose, Calif., 1973; 218 pp., illus., maps, $4.95, paper).*

A useful quality paperback guide for backpackers and hikers, with information on ninety-nine wilderness and primitive areas, scenic rivers, and trails, most of them located in the western states.

Forthcoming in THE AMERICAN WEST

Among the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century women who might truly be called "liberated," one would be hard put to find a more stunning example than California novelist Gertrude Atherton. In **The Flappers Were Her Daughters,** Elinor Richey retraces the long and colorful epic of the talented writer whose own unconventional life-style and rags-to-riches career was as spectacular and sensation-filled as any found in her more than fifty fictional works.

Wreathed in legend and until recently virtually inaccessible, the Big Horn River of Wyoming and Montana has long tested the mettle of explorers and gold seekers. In **The Big Horn Canyon as Passageway,** Vera D. Saban follows the tracks of those who dared the third-deepest gorge in the United States. In another story of high adventure, Evelyn H. King and Barbara Y. Brackett take readers along on one of the first ascents of Washington's Mount Rainier in **King of All the Mountains.**

HAWAIIAN COWBOYS

(Continued from page 15)

in the Waimea region. His wrist had become entangled in the rope and his hand was so torn that it had to be amputated. Yet Low managed to excel at roping despite this handicap.

Low, who was something of a leader among the *paniolos,* was so confident of the men he worked with that he wanted to have them demonstrate their unusual talents on the mainland. In 1908 he arranged for several of them—including his brother John, his half-brother Archie Kaaua, and Ikua Purdy, who was his cousin–to enter the Frontier Day events at Cheyenne, Wyoming, the Madison Square Garden in those days for rodeos.

It was on August 22 of that year that the Hawaiian contingent of *paniolos* showed Wyoming and the world what fabulous rodeo men they were. To begin with, the *paniolos* were dressed in their best vaquero style with a few Hawaiian touches such as flowers in their hatbands, and their *aloha* spirit was positively contagious. When they went through their roping and riding routines they radiated color and class.

Ikua Purdy, in particular, demonstrated a brand of rodeo workmanship that the spectators had perhaps never before seen. Purdy was in the habit of working over fissured lava beds, through thorny *kiawe* bush, and on top of treacherous surfaces of *aa* (pronounced "ah-ah," and meaning jagged, crumbling lava), but now he was operating on a flat field that offered no such dangerous obstacles and he was seen at his supreme best.

In one event, Purdy crowded his horse after a young steer that was legging it with the speed of an antelope, and he fired his lasso with unerring accuracy. The loop streaked out and settled perfectly over the animal's head. Instantly, it was cinched up tight as Purdy's horse was brought to a sudden haunches-down halt. The steer fell to the ground and like chain lightning, the cowboy was out of his saddle. Reaching the fallen animal and dropping to one knee, he was a blur of hands and arms as he secured the steer's feet with the short length of rope. Then he was up and adjusting his hat, a knowing smile on his leathery face.

"Fifty-six seconds flat!" came the shout from the official's megaphone. It was a stunning time for the event at that time, and the crowd shouted its excitement.

The other *paniolos* did extremely well in their own right and they too, caught the loud approbation of the rodeo buffs. They had the additional joy of knowing that they were helping to put Hawaii on the map. Archie Kaaua, in fact, placed second to Ikua Purdy in the roping event. It was a triumph for the *paniolos,* and they were justly proud, for they had been vying against the top rodeo men of the mainland.

This family, like many other *paniolos,* represented a long line of top cowmen and horsemen. Islanders still talk about another Purdy from the old days of cattle hunting before the advent of the Spanish-Mexican vaqueros in Hawaii. The old-time residents of Kiholo, near Kawaihae, say there has never been an equal to Jack Nae'a Purdy. They tell of how he used to swim his horse out into the sea when steamers stood offshore to take cattle aboard. Rough waters never daunted him. When cattle occasionally broke from their lashings and panicked seaward, Purdy would spur his horse into shark water to overtake the fleeing animals.

The *paniolo's* lot was, and is, a hard, robust, and exciting life. He meets all kinds of rugged weather—flash floods, driving winds, thunderous rainfalls, and sometimes blasting hailstorms that sweep down from the high-piled mountains and hills. But most days the weather is pluperfect, and each hour in the open is pure holiday. At such times, a *paniolo's* lot is sweet and colorful, and he goes at his work with missionary fervor.

Today, just as in those early vaquero-*paniolo* days, the sound of horses' hooves still mixes with those of cattle. Saddles creak, horses blow, stirrups jangle, and steers low. And the *paniolos* continue to cry out with their distinctive island calls —calls that their fathers and forefathers before them made. Few *paniolos* would think of swapping their trade for anything else. Something holds them there—perhaps that feeling which flows like a running stream from men who work the land, back to the land from which they sprang.

Joseph L. Brennan *is a Honolulu, Hawaii, resident and is the author of numerous magazine articles and books. His most recent project has been a history of Hawaii's famous Parker Ranch.*

SHORT CREEK STORY

(Continued from page 23)

was posted and all were released. The thirty-one men of Short Creek, waiting for trucks to take them home, lounged on the green courthouse lawn. They didn't talk. It was as though there was too much rapture in merely *seeing.* Nibbling at grass blades, they regarded the world with a kind of Lazarus wonder. A deputy approached the group with a proposal. How about flying part way back to Short Creek? A small plane was in town and available. Four men and two women accepted.

The flight was a smooth one, but one passenger held his head in his hands. "Are you sick?" someone asked. "No," the man replied, raising reddened eyes. "Just heartsick."

The plane landed at Kenab because there were cattle on the Fredonia field. The six hitched a ride back to Fredonia and finally located a friend who offered to drive them to Short Creek. Now, in the car and actually on the last lap, morale lifted amazingly. One thing that distinguished Short Creekers

was their devotion to home. They couldn't wait to get back.

The ride along the dirt road seemed endless. Now the trees of Pipe Springs rushed by and were gone. Then the earth fanned out and the fences began—fences that marked home ground.

"I can't see any lights!" someone cried from the front seat. "Where are the lights?"

"There's Lydia's light," another squeaked suddenly. "See? There's Lydia's light up by the hill. But that's the only one in town. And Lydia's home is on the Utah side."

The light, to the men, symbolized hope in a world gone topsy-turvy. It meant a woman waiting. At last the car came to rest in front of the school. Nobody moved. A cacophony of insect songs rose and fell in cadences matching the faltering breeze. The smell of civilization was still upon the men—dust, oil, sweat, gasoline, and most of all, the prison disinfectant.

Abruptly the night quiet was shattered by the popping of an unmuffled engine. Headlights bore down on the travelers. A jeep rattled down the street, slowed to a halt. It bulged with young boys, eyes big with excitement. They gathered around the parked car and incoherently, piece by piece, babbled out their story.

It had happened just after breakfast that morning. Once again, there had been a deputy's peremptory knock. "All mothers of young children are to pack immediately. We're taking you to Phoenix. One change of clothing, please."

Five Greyhound buses had lumbered into town, the first arriving at about 11:00 A.M., the last about 2:30 P.M. The women and children had lined up under the hot sun. As each woman's name was called, she assembled her family and boarded the bus assigned.

"We kept tally, too," the boys explained. "We didn't want no little kids left behind. They didn't know what to do with us kids [there were eleven of them under eighteen] so they told us we could stay. We've tried to hold the town together. We've weeded the corn, milked the cows, fed the chickens—even washed the breakfast dishes. Yep, and tonight we went up to Bill's and helped old Susie have her pups."

Up at Lydia's home the travelers found refuge. "Everything's at sixes and sevens here," Lydia apologized. "They just took those from the Arizona's side. . . . Don't know when they'll take us here in Utah."

All night long the old house breathed with its sleeping children while Lydia poked up the fire and dished up fresh food as each carload of homeless, numbed men arrived from Kingman.

THE NEXT MORNING, the five chartered buses, convoyed on the four-hundred mile night-long journey by twelve patrol cars, pulled up at the State Department of Public Welfare in Phoenix. There were 154 children and 38 mothers on board. All were assigned to rest homes scattered over the Phoenix metropolitan area.

It had been a horrible ride despite the precautions of officialdom. The mobile kitchen had prepared sandwiches and lunch bags. Cases of baby food, boiled water, evaporated milk for formulas, nipples, bottles, and disposable diapers had been provided. Nevertheless, one of the mothers described the trip as "a nightmare."

"All night the poor little brats yelled to go to the toilet and the matrons tried to alternate girls and boys. Finally, Naomi just up and dared the driver. 'When Governor Pyle can control my kids' kidneys, I'll leave plurality—I sure as heck will leave plurality.' And Midge was so near her time, but when the pains began she wouldn't let us tell—'They'd just put me off and I'd never see my kids again,' she kept bawling."

The residents on the Utah side of the line in Short Creek fared a bit better than those in Arizona. Arrangements were made in the weeks following the raid for the Creekers' attorney to have the Utah adults waive extradition. In return, Arizona asked no bond and released both men and women on their own recognizance.

That meant, for the time being, that lights still glowed in Short Creek on the Utah side of the dried stream. The Arizona men were back and the Utah people still were there. The State of Utah, however, subsequently moved in with a tent court of its own and held hearings for the juveniles on the Utah side, preparatory to the time when the mothers and fathers were to be taken for hearings and eventual trial on the charges against them.

In Phoenix, Superior Court Judge Lockwood, Arizona's only high court woman jurist, announced that no mother would be separated from her children. The Juvenile Court had complete jurisdiction over them. It was doubtful, however, that any child would soon return to Short Creek—nor would any juvenile mother. Foster homes were found among kind Mormon families where the young mothers and children were cared for.

In the case of the men, many legal difficulties developed. Although the state had won the first round, technicalities caused postponements in the legal proceedings time and again, while the men remained free on bail or other arrangements. The preliminary hearings, like the eventual trials, had to be held in Phoenix. It would have been impossible to bring the defendants to trial in Mohave County, especially if the defense demanded a separate trial for each of the 107 adult defendants. This would have required at least eight thousand jurors in a county that had only about nine thousand residents.

The raid had raised many controversial questions. Some of these rested in history. There was little doubt about the sincerity of the Short Creekers. They practiced their religion as interpreted by their leaders, who claimed that "celestial plural marriage" was a "fundamental" part of their faith.

Besides those who believed that religious freedom had been violated by police action in the Short Creek raid, there were many who held that a people like those in the isolated community should not be disturbed. There were hundreds in Arizona and elsewhere who felt that it was a greater sin to break up families than to permit the continued practice of

polygamy. Some of this feeling was voiced in a front page editorial published by the *Arizona Republic,* the state's leading morning newspaper. The editorial accused the governor of conducting a "cloak and dagger" raid for the purpose of publicity.

The truth was, however, that Governor Pyle feared publicity. He knew it would be bad. Why seek it? But he knew that it would have been worse if the raid had been conducted without the knowledge of the press and radio. The governor himself was a radio figure and a staunch upholder of freedom of the press.

Nearly a year after the raid, thirty-six men of the community pleaded guilty to a conspiracy to violate laws on polygamy. All were given one-year suspended sentences.

Utah women and children remained in the community, but the 38 Arizona women and their 154 children were widely dispersed in foster homes. They were forbidden ever to return home. But the 26 Arizona fathers lived on in hope of their recovery. "Sometimes," one commented a year after the raid, "the loneliness is unendurable."

In the two decades that have passed since then, the name of Short Creek has been changed to Colorado City. It now has a population of about eight hundred. The Utah side of the same community is known as Hildale. Many of those once separated have returned as they reached maturity and were released from juvenile court jurisdiction.

Colorado City has the appearance of an average back-country town of the West, perhaps more prosperous than some. New homes have been built, some of them dormitory-like dwellings capable of housing a family of three dozen. There are no mailboxes, no names at the gates. Outsiders do not get inside the homes. It is a close-mouthed community that discourages strangers and does not speak on the subject of polygamy.

Townspeople direct questions from outsiders to Sam Barlow, deputy sheriff for both the Arizona and Utah communities. "I don't know anybody not trying to live within the law," he said recently.

Wiley S. Maloney *is a former bureau chief for United Press International. He was one of three reporters who covered the events described in the above article from their inception. Mr. Maloney retired in 1972 after forty years of service with UPI.*

A MATTER OF OPINION

(Continued from page 48)

been handed to me. It was, of course, priceless. You can't evaluate or pay for material like that, and I assumed that my callers knew it.

In due time my millionaire sent me a book, a routine publication of the University of Oklahoma Press. I thought it was nice of him to send it along, and I meant to say thank you when I got time. He couldn't wait, however. Almost immediately he sent me another copy and a letter which complained that he had received no acknowledgement. Would I please let him know if the first copy had gone astray? He wanted to use the gift as an income-tax deduction.

The letter made me very indignant, and when I analyzed my reaction, I realized that what I resented was the suggestion that he was paying me off. I was about to write him a curt and sarcastic note when I realized that he was not a member of the fraternity and did not know the rules we play by. So I sent back the second copy, thanked him, and let it go at that. He has now gone to his reward, whatever that is for an oil man. I would never say that he has been turned down for membership in the Celestial Petroleum Club, but I *am* sure that he is not in the corner of heaven reserved for Minor Historians.

This man made me realize the existence of the fraternity's golden rule: Do As Much As You Can For Others, Because They Have Already Done Much For You! Every Minor Historian could whip up a long list of men and women who have welcomed the stranger and made him feel at home, people who have shared their wealth gladly, ungrudgingly, enthusiastically. I could personally tell fifty stories about Minor Historians who have helped me, and ones whom I have helped.

But as the Minor Historian becomes more deeply involved, requests for help become more numerous and it is impossible to answer all of them. One of my problems is the man, or woman, who comes in with the great news that there is a big story in this old man, or that family, or this town or ranch, and I am just the one to make a book out of it. The procedure here is obvious. I tell him to get a tape recorder and a notebook and get going. It is his book. The same answer goes for the old-timer who wants me to sit down and record his story—proceeds to be split fifty-fifty. I tell him to write it down or get it on tape and then I will take a hand. Very seldom will one of these people do any work, but when the exception comes along, I help all I can—and sometimes the exception can help me.

Occasionally a man who asks for help really wants to do something but is not ambitious enough. He hopes to do a little reading in the library and sell a piece to one of the "True" magazines. The treatment for this type is to remind him that the work has already been done and ask him what new material he has turned up. If he is a candidate for membership in the organization of Minor Historians, he squirms and fidgets and sometimes goes away mad, but after a while he comes back and asks, "How do I begin?"

This brings up another identifying characteristic of the initiate. Once in the fold, he takes on the color of his surroundings, including a passion for documentation. He gets footnote fever in chronic form. He becomes meticulous about sources

and references. An undocumented statement is to him the ultimate obscenity, and he will spend days and weeks running down a single note. He is scornful of all journalists, popularizers, clip-and-paste artists, shallow researchers in general. He wants to work at his hobby all the time, and his wife wonders how she can get him to pay a visit or take her out to dinner. His idea of a pleasure trip is a weekend spent in investigating some mouldy old ruin, or visiting a museum, or looking up material in a library somewhere. Of all the oppressed women who could profit by Women's Lib, the wife of the Minor Historian is first and foremost.

It is this dedication, this search for completeness and perfection that leads to yet another identifying characteristic of the free and accepted fraternity member. He is always a frustrated man. He is always mistaken about something. He always gets something wrong. There are invariably typos in his manuscript and errors in his statement of facts. The worst moments come after his book or article has finally been published, and he is ready to enjoy the hard-earned fruits of his labors. Then letters arrive, beginning, "Dear Sir: Didn't you know?" I remember that after *Roy Bean: Law West of the Pecos* was off the press, I received such a letter. I had said that the west-Texas community of Vinegarroon, where Roy had a saloon for a while, was named for "a repulsive but nonpoisonous insect" found all over the arid country. "Didn't you know," asked my correspondent, "that a vinegarroon is not an insect but an arachnid, related to the spiders?"

Well, no, I hadn't known that important fact, but now I had learned—the hard way—and I would never be wrong about the vinegarroon again. But I would be wrong about something else. I was wrong when I wrote about the El Paso Salt War which was fought over the deposits at the base of Guadalupe Peak a hundred miles east of El Paso. As I got ready to describe the highest mountain in Texas, I thought I could stand a little purple in my prose, so I told how the mountain "lifted its sheer granite wall nine thousand feet above the level plain and the low foothills."

"Didn't you know," the inevitable letter said, "that Guadalupe Peak is not igneous in origin but is the largest limestone reef in the world?"

When a woman asked Samuel Johnson why in his dictionary he defined "pastern" as "the knee of a horse," he answered, "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance!" About all we can do when we make these mistakes is to follow his example and hope for a second printing in which to enter corrections.

Even the most meticulous proofreader allows a few slips to occur. When the Texas Western Press printed *The El Paso Salt War,* Director Carl Hertzog and I combed the proofs until we nearly wore them out, but nevertheless we found a miserable typo on the last page after the book was published. The sentence read, "The War was all wasteful and unnecessary, unless to prove to a pessimist that a man can die bravely in a bad cause." The word "bravely" was spelled "dravely." Carl was speechless but not paralyzed. He printed up a basketful of lower-case b's and pasted them by hand over the offensive d's. Recently I saw a Texana catalog in which the dealer pointed with pride to the fact that he had one of the copies with the repaired typo on the final page. So the evidence of our shame becomes the triumph of a collector.

One last trait of the Minor Historian is worth noting. His hopeless pursuit of perfection makes him a really charitable and agreeable fellow. His awareness of his own shortcomings makes him slow to criticize others. When he reviews a book, he gives all the credit he can and minimizes the weaknesses he sees. In effect, he is saying, "There but for the grace of God go I." When you find a reviewer working over a new publication with savage irony and gleeful sadism, concentrating on "careless" errors, you know he is not a member of the fraternity. He is the maiden lady who knows all about raising babies. If he had ever published a book himself, he would be more forgiving.

Even in conversation we Minor Historians learn to be careful. Every one of us is full to bursting with his current project and could lecture on it by the hour. But we realize that our colleagues are full to bursting too, and a conversation between specialists is possible only on a give-and-take basis. A man who charges eagerly into my office with all his pictures and letters and research notes and wants me to spend two hours listening and admiring is obviously an outsider and I get him out of there as soon as I can. He is welcome if he will give me equal time. Otherwise I have an important engagement in ten minutes.

From all this you may have picked up the idea that a Minor Historian is a solemn, intense, and humorless fellow, but you could be wrong. We take our laughs where we find them. They are sometimes wry laughs at our own expense, but we enjoy them nevertheless.

So there you have the Minor Historian, and I hope the picture gives you a sense of belonging. We are important people in our own way. We do things that need to be done. I do not suggest that a statue of the Minor Historian should replace the figure of Bucky O'Neal in the square at Prescott, but I do think we ought to have a little recognition. I have long maintained that only when a people knows where it came from can it know where it is going. Only by knowing our past can we look into our future, and only by studying history can we know who we are. The Minor Historians are busy day and night digging up the little bits of rock which can be fitted together to make visible our historical landscape. We help every American to know who he is. And we ask no higher praise.

C. L. Sonnichsen *is a retired professor of English and is editor of the* Journal of Arizona History *and chief of publications for the Arizona Historical Society. His most recent book,* Colonel Greene and the Copper Skyrocket, *will be released soon by the University of Arizona Press.*

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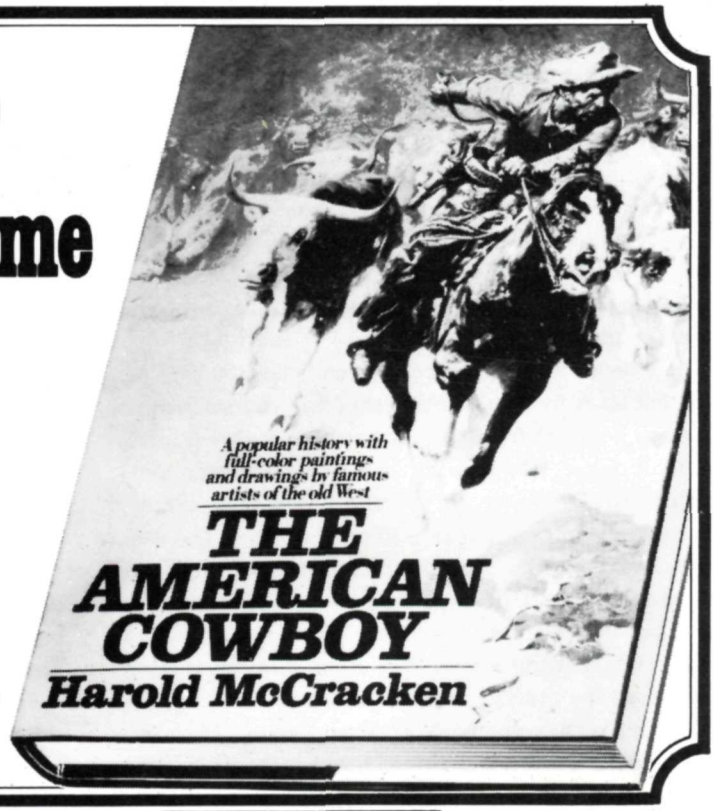

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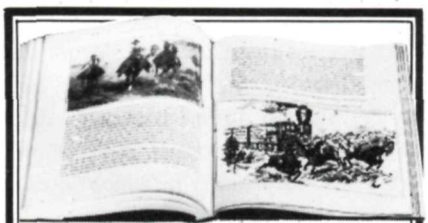

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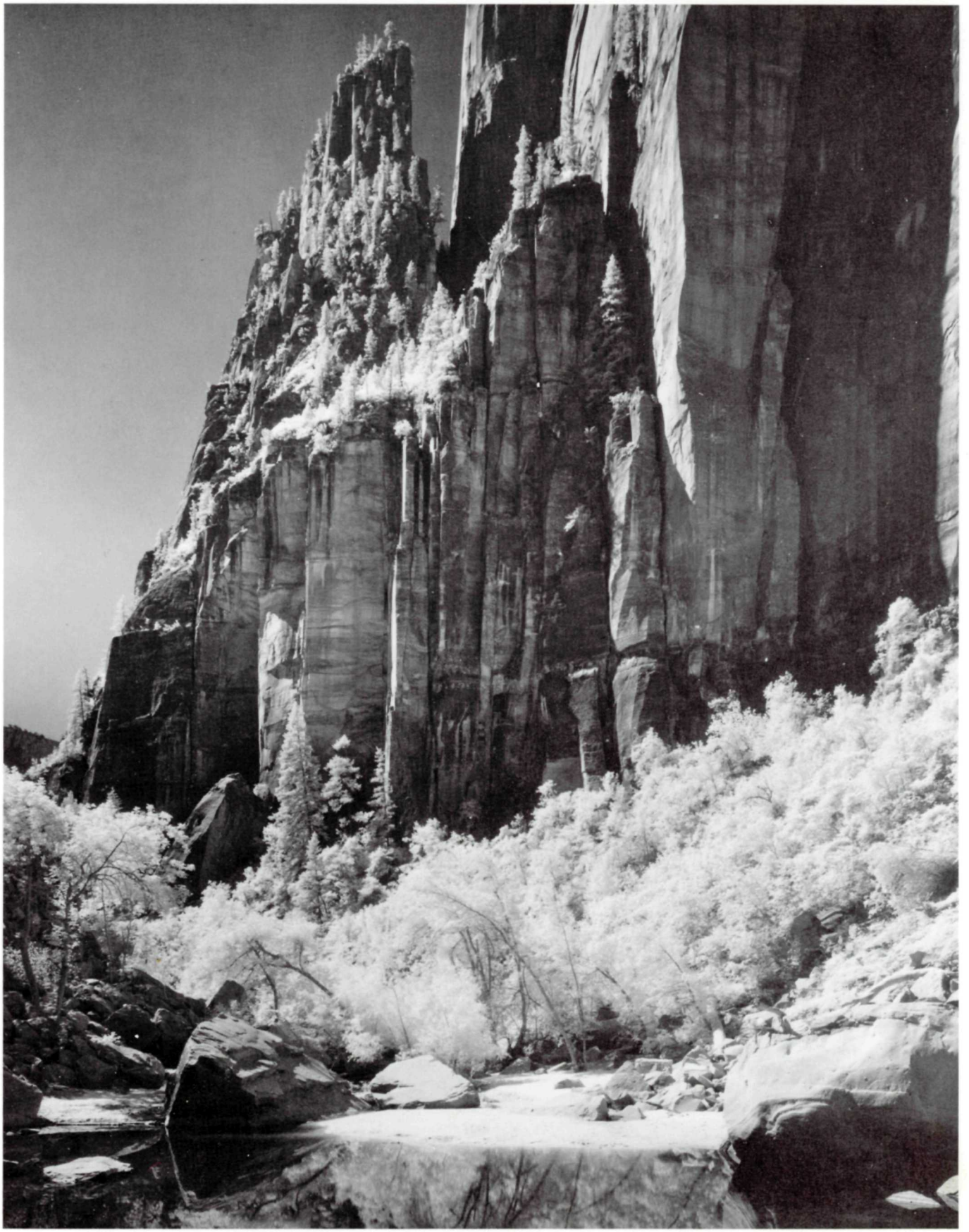

Gene Ahrens photographed this placid scene in Zion Canyon National Park, Utah.

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