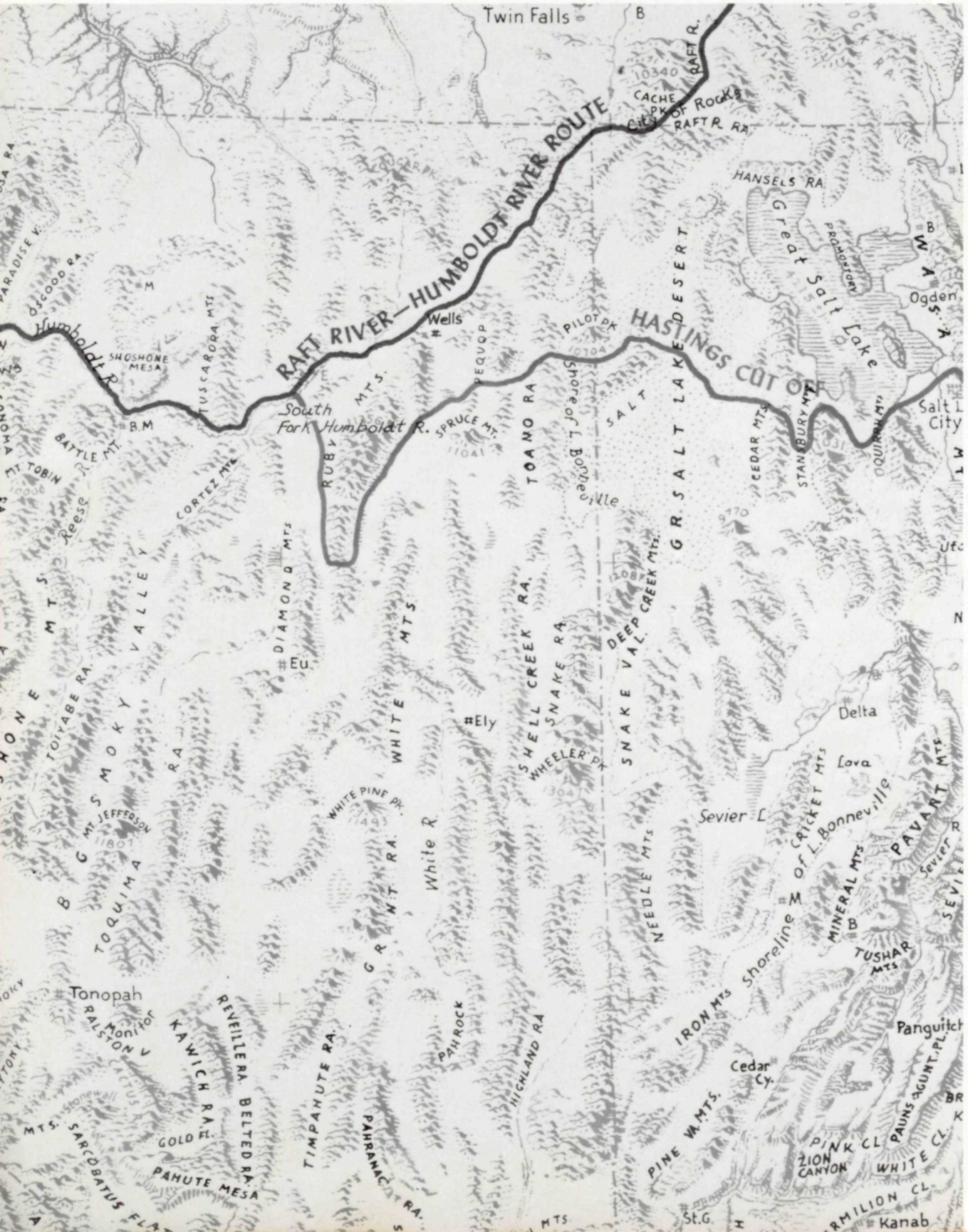
THE AMERICAN WEST

The "California Trail" followed by emigrants traveling overland during the 1840s through the '60s was in fact not one trail but a choice of several. The most popular of the routes shown on the cover and below led the traveler southwest from the Oregon Trail in south-central Idaho (the Raft River–Humboldt River Route), thence across the Sierra through Carson Pass (the Mormon–Carson Pass Route).

(From Ghost Trails to California, *just released by the American West Publishing Company. Base map reprinted by permission of Xerox College Publishing, from an original by Edwin Raisz in Wallace T. Atwood's* Physiographic Provinces of North America, *© 1940 by Ginn & Company.)*



THE

AMERICAN WEST

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The season's first snow—a scene photographed in Horton, Kansas, during the 1930s by J. W. McManigal.
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UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS

George Wilkins Kendall, c. 1837

Reporter on the Spot

Taking part in the ill-fated Texan-Santa Fe Expedition almost cost the editor of the *New Orleans Picayune* his life –but it made good copy

by Paul Laune

WHEN GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL, thirty-two-year-old editor and cofounder of the *New Orleans Picayune*, started out across the Llano Estacado in a gay holiday mood in the summer of 1841, he anticipated finding "some new subjects upon which to write" for his newspaper.

As it turned out, he survived to recount a journey across the Southwest and Mexico which, for folly, heroism, good fellowship, treachery, and calamitous happenings in general, is unique in American history. The book that he wrote describing all this, when he finally got back, was called *The Texan Santa Fe Expedition* and was published by Harper & Brothers in 1844. It became a best seller.

Kendall was born in the small town of Mount Vernon, near Amherst, New Hampshire, in 1809. There also was born his eminent contemporary, Horace Greeley. Both became apprentices in New York City. Whether Horace's embryo "Go West young man" idea was discussed between them isn't known. Anyway it was George who made the move instead of Horace. In 1832, when the cholera plague carried off over thirty thousand people, Kendall became convinced that he needed a change of climate.

His first choice was Washington, D.C., where he worked on the *National Intelligencer* and then on Duff Green's *U.S. Telegraph*. But Kendall had the urge to move on and see new places. When he was twenty-five years old, he hit New Orleans. As he walked down the balcony-festooned streets of that romantic Creole capital, his roving feet slowed down a bit.

Kendall soon had a job with *The True American,* and shortly after arriving, he renewed his friendship with Francis E. Lumsden, a fellow typesetter who was then working for *The New Orleans Standard*. Both young men were ambitious and energetic. Both had the ability to make and hold friends. They decided to go into business for themselves. Kendall and Lumsden rented a small workroom on Gravier Street, bought about four hundred dollars' worth of equipment—mostly on time—and ran off the first issue of the *New Orleans Picayune*. "Picayune" designated the hypothetical one-half bit, or one-fourth of a quarter—that is, six-and-one-fourth cents. At that time no other paper in New Orleans sold for less than ten cents.

This little sheet was destined for prominence, along with mint juleps, quadroon belles, and horse racing in the jasmine-scented tapestry of New Orleans traditions.

After four years the newspaper was doing so well that Kendall decided to take a long leave of absence from his reporting and editorializing. The thought of a tour of the wild country of the Plains Indians occurred to him. He felt a need for "roughing it" to improve his health and, frankly, to get something to write about. And while he was vaguely considering possible routes to faraway places, destiny introduced him to a Major Howard. The major had arrived in New Orleans to buy supplies for a Texan expedition to Santa Fe. When Kendall was invited to join the junketing party he immediately accepted.

This excursion, as outlined by Major Howard, seemed to answer in every way Kendall's desire for congenial company as well as a trustworthy escort into the unmapped hunting grounds of the Kiowa and Comanche.

The Texans, of course, had more practical aims for their expedition than to conduct a group of sightseers on a hunting trip. To them it was another line of strategy in a long struggle with Santa Anna. Five years previously when Texas was a Mexican state, Antonio López de Santa Anna, Mexico's dictator, had led an army across the Rio Grande to arrest the men who held office under a state constitution which he intended to nullify. After his punitive and annihilating actions at the Alamo, Santa Anna became overconfident and was caught off guard at San Jacinto, where his army was beaten and put to rout.

Santa Anna himself was caught fleeing, disguised as a common soldier, and was brought to stand before Sam Houston, who was lying under a tree suffering from a shattered leg. The summary hanging urged by the victorious Texans was with difficulty prevented by Houston, who was concerned with the international view of such an action. Santa Anna was turned over to the U.S. government for safekeeping. Then, shortly following his release, the chicle-chewing "Napoleon of the West," as he liked to be called, was back in the seat of power in Mexico.

Following the Battle of San Jacinto, the Texans declared their independence and formed the Lone Star Republic of Texas, claiming the Rio Grande as the boundary between it and Mexico. Even after returning to power, Santa Anna was in no position to challenge the claim seriously, at least on the south; but he clung with tenacity to the northwest province of New Mexico and its outpost capital of Santa Fe.

Between Santa Fe and Austin, Texas, the capital of the new republic, stretched hundreds of miles of Indian-infested country that few white men had traversed, let alone mapped. So, even though it was within the boundaries they claimed, the Texans had never pressed the point. But now in 1841, Gen. Mirabeau B. Lamar, president of the Lone Star Republic, and many of his ambitious countrymen deemed the time ripe to deflect some of the profitable trade that was rolling over the Santa Fe Trail to and from Independence, Missouri. They also reasoned that the New Mexicans should be given the opportunity to join them, believing that the majority of the people there would welcome deliverance from the harsh, unprogressive rule of Old Mexico, administered as it was by a set of tyrannical local officials, tip-lashes of the long whip wielded by Santa Anna.

It seems not to have occurred to Kendall that the New Mexican officials and even some Texan critics of the venture would view the well-armed expedition in the light of a filibustering campaign, and would not make an exception of the sightseers and vacationing hunters who accompanied it, armed to the teeth. Even when the trip later ended in fiasco, Kendall still defended those who, like himself, had gone along for the

Spirits were high as members of the expedition hunted buffalo north of Austin, little expecting the hard times that lay ahead.

ride. He wrote, "they would have had us, forsooth, start off with walking sticks and umbrellas, and been scalped to a man in order to prove our object was pacific . . . but what . . . induced so large a body of young men to join an expedition of this kind? . . . the answer is easy enough. They were actuated by that love of adventure which is inherent in thousands of our race; they were anxious to participate in the excitement ever incidental to a prairie tour. What induced Washington Irving and his companions to make a trip to the prairies west of the Osage hunting grounds? . . . why does Sir William Drummond Stewart, year after year, leave wealth and title . . . and pass his summers among the Indians high up on the waters of the Missouri?"

Kendall hurried about outfitting himself with rifle, pistols, knives, etc., and a visa from the Mexican consul, which authorized him to travel where he wished in Mexico. And, in the last week of May, 1841, sporting a broad-brimmed, flat-top "wide-awake" hat, he came down the gangplank of a small steamer in Houston. There he bought a saddle horse named "Jim the Butcher"—"not a very romantic or euphonious name," he wrote, but the name came with the horse.

THE VACATION was off to a good start. En route to Austin, the gathering place for the expedition, Kendall met some of the young men who were to share the adventure with him, and all thrilled to the knowledge that they were now in wild Indian country. At supper in a remote tavern, the travelers disapprovingly watched a man eat with his hat on. Their opinion of his bad manners was revised, however, when they learned that he had survived a scalping. Kendall, ever the reporter, informs us that the man "suffers to this day from nervous headaches." Later, when he saw another victim who had survived the barbarous practice, he allowed there might be something to the expression "that a man is not always dead when he is killed."

Arriving in Austin, the adventurers were advised that the start of the expedition would be delayed about ten days. It seemed that some Lipan Indians who were to act as guides hadn't shown up. So Kendall and his friends, finding they could afford the time, decided to make a side trip eighty miles to the south to see San Antonio.

The party was made up of Frank Combs, a young Kentuckian; a Mr. Falconer, a young English barrister "of high literary and scientific attainments"; Mat Small, an experienced Indian fighter and scout who served as guide and tutor in the ways of the frontier; and Kendall. It was a sort of shakedown trip. They went well-provisioned since there was not a habitation on the way and as it was hazardous to go far afield to hunt because of Indians. Falconer took it upon himself to serve as the commissary. After remarking that Hogarth might have done the picture justice, Kendall proceeded to "draw" his friend's portrait, thus: "He was arrayed in a costume somewhat resembling a New England wash-day dinner, in-as-much

as it was picked up here and there . . . we now have him seated upon his mule . . . a rickety, lame, self-willed, long-eared brute, of stature not exceeding eleven hands . . . with double-barrelled smooth bore upon his shoulder, while around and underneath him, tied on and hanging in festoons, was a general assortment of a little of everything . . . a ham, a tea-kettle, a wallet of biscuits, half-a-dozen tin cups, a gourd, a pair of pistols and a coffee-pot, all occupying prominent situations around him. In addition he had with him a number of books and scientific instruments, and these were arranged here and there among the hardware and groceries."

All went well until the riders neared San Antonio, when some traveler who had recently joined them, catching the hoof sounds of an approaching horseman, mistakingly yelled "Indians!" "Where?" asked Falconer, "drumming his spurless heels into his mule's sides, evincing a zeal truly laudable to be one of the first [into the fray] that we all felt was about to take place.

"Frank Combs who was well mounted came by at top speed . . . and as I came up with him [Falconer], down went my unfortunate friend's entire establishment. . . . Although in what a Kentuckian would call 'all sorts of a hurry' I could not help stopping for a moment to survey the scene. I can only liken it to the appearance of the furnishings of a house, saved from fire and thrown . . . into the street." No injuries were sustained.

In San Antonio, the vacationers made the rounds of the places of interest. Kendall's account gives us a good picture of the town: the old missions and the shambles of the Alamo, where just five years before, some Texans had immortalized themselves; the men and women betting at monte; the paper cigars and the vile whiskey. Kendall watched the men, women, and children happily swimming and splashing in the San Antonio River that meanders through the town. He agreed with the local boosters that the climate was dry, pure, and so exceedingly healthy that "if a man wants to die here he must go someplace else."

When the adventurers got back to Austin, some of the naivete of the greenhorn had rubbed off. They felt more like real frontiersmen as they joined the groups about the cooking fires and ". . . listened to the thousand and one tales of the marvellous, these frontier Leather Stockings always have at their command—either ready-made or easy of construction at time of need."

Then one dark night, Kendall inadvertently walked off a high ledge while on his way to the river to go swimming with his friends. His ankle was broken, but there was no thought of giving up the trip. The problem of transport was solved when he was invited by José Antonio Navarro—one of the Texas commissioners, who, like Kendall, was recovering from an injury and was unable to walk or ride—to accompany him in a canvas-covered "Jersey" wagon.

On the evening before departure, the president of the Lone Star Republic, General Lamar, an erstwhile journalist from Georgia, rode out to the camp to bid the expedition goodbye. Kendall was impressed to see this man, president of a republic larger in area than France, unsaddle and picket his own horse, grill his own meat on a ramrod, and after the talk and the fire died down, curl up for the night on the ground, wrapped in a blanket.

It was the twenty-first of June when the expeditionary force finally took up the line of march, after having waited in vain for the Lipan Indian guides to show up. Leaving the cool springs north of Austin, the merchants, soldiers, officers, and guest travelers—all volunteers—pulled into the confusion and dust of a bawling, snorting, and yelling column that stretched out across the prairie. In addition to the 270 officers and men, there were about 50 "noncombatants," made up of merchants, Texas commissioners, wagon crews, servants, and tourists. Pushed along by the rear guard was a herd of beef cattle—the walking commissary.

All were under the command of General McLeod, whose six captains each headed up a company of troopers. Major Howard, the man who had first talked up the trip to Kendall, was classed as a civilian merchant but was available to take command in an emergency, which he did for a period when General McLeod was confined to his bed with fever.

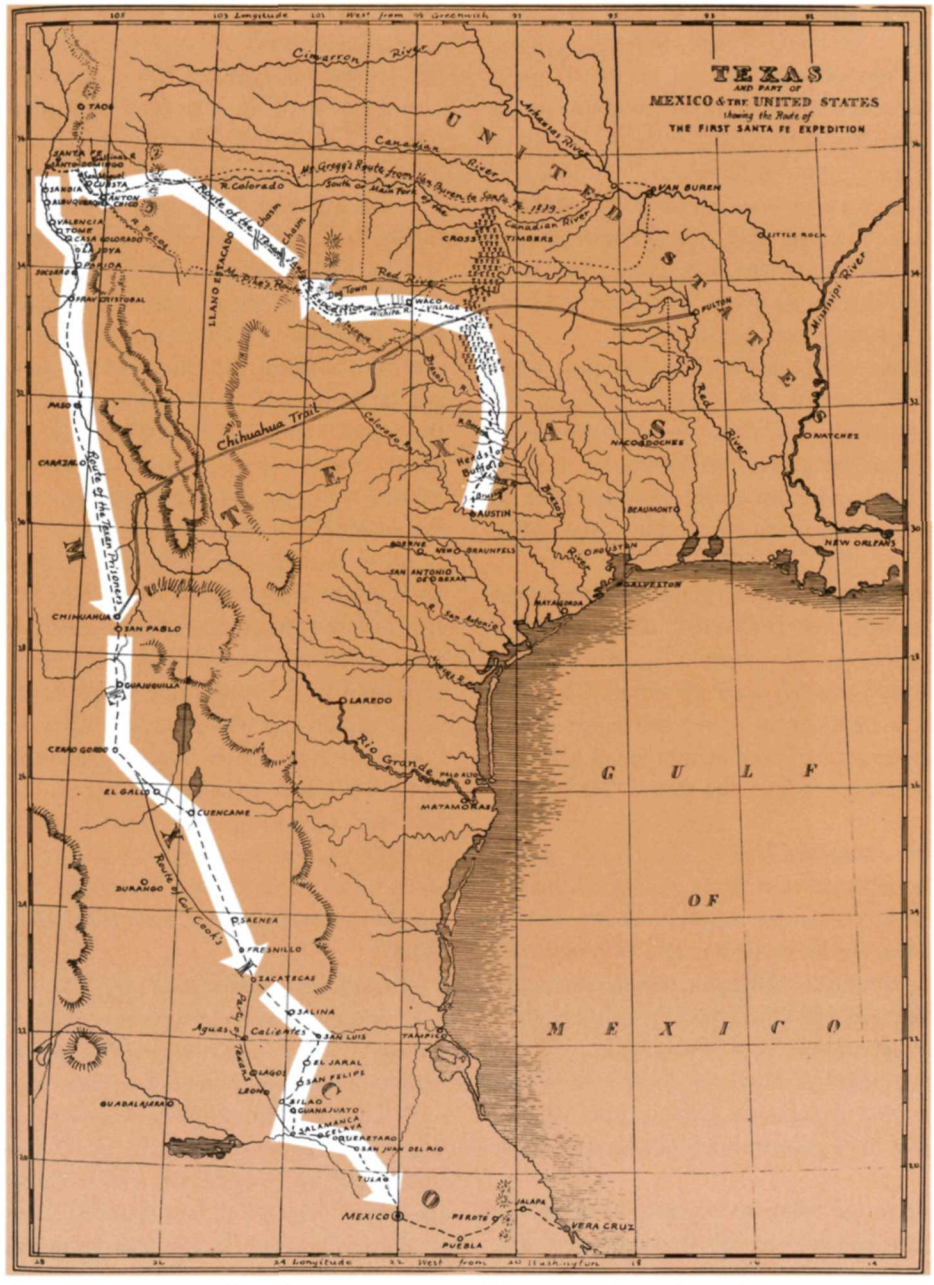
One member whom Kendall mentions with great respect in his book was a Captain Caldwell. He was full of frontier lore and experience, and often it was his heartening voice that revived the marchers' failing spirits. Although he was still in the prime of life, his beard was mottled by a gray streak—a marking that had won him the nickname "Old Paint."

A Captain Lewis was of a different stripe. His company had charge of the expedition's single cannon, a brass six-pounder. Later, when the going got really tough, Lewis's actions were to take the entire expedition by surprise.

When they came to buffalo country, the excitement of the first mad chase was all that the dudes as well as the plainsmen had hoped for. Within six weeks, Kendall had bid adieu to the Jersey wagon and was spurring "Jim the Butcher" along as close as he could to the lumbering beasts for a pistol shot. And one day, riding in advance with the scouts, he got his first hair-tingling glimpse of Kiowa braves lurking on the distant ridges.

As summer waned, the holiday spirit gave way to fatigue and anxiety. There was a saying among the soldiers: "I've seen the elephant," meaning they had had it. Kendall later admitted that he himself, at about this time, began catching an occasional glimpse of that unique animal. The time came when the scouts admitted that they were lost. A guide from Taos, New Mexico, in whom the leaders had put faith so far, became confused. Fearing that he might be punished for his mistakes, he deserted. With him went a young Italian rock-hound who was desirous of pushing ahead in his search for precious stones.

Water was getting harder to find. At first the column had



Arrows superimposed on this map from Kendall's 1844 book show the route the adventurers followed from Austin to Santa Fe, and thence (as prisoners) to Mexico City.

headed almost due north to avoid the high dry plains. Then, still searching for the elusive Red River, the travelers turned west and hacked and pushed and pulled their wagons through the Cross Timbers. They were days behind schedule and had gone hundreds of miles out of the way.

Game got scarcer and the only other food, beef, brought along on the hoof, was tough and stringy. The three pounds a day that had been rationed to each man was soon reduced to one pound. A prairie fire destroyed several wagons with the bulk of the trade goods and the ammunition. Young Dr. Bell, a favorite with everyone, roamed too far from the wagon train in search of wild berries and was killed by Kiowas. Lieutenant Hall and four of his men were ambushed while hunting and went to their deaths in a quick, desperate fight.

Late in the summer when the exhausted marchers came to a suitable camping place in one of the chasms that serrate the eastern edge of the high Staked Plains, they pulled to a halt. Their supplies were gone. The last party to go out in search of game and a possible road ahead had vanished, undoubtedly killed by Indians. And it was obvious that the

wagons, with their weary teams, would never negotiate the heights that loomed to the west. After discussing the situation at a meeting with all his officers, General McLeod came to a fateful decision: the command would have to be divided. (Here is a curious coincidence. It is almost certain that the expedition had stumbled onto the same campsite where Coronado had stopped and rested his lost and weary army, and where he also had divided his forces, just three hundred summers before in 1541.) Eighty-seven officers and troopers whose mounts were the best to be had in camp were to push on toward the northwest to find the New Mexican settlements and if possible to send back supplies and guides to the slower party.

Kendall elected to go with this group. "Jim the Butcher" had proven to be one of the sturdiest mounts. With the advance party also went Kendall's camp-mate Frank Combes, Major Howard, and ten others of the civilian travelers, among them the Spanish-speaking Van Ness, secretary of the Texas commissioners. Captain Sutton was in command of the party, and Spanish-speaking Captain Lewis, along with Lieutenants Lubbuck, Munson, Brown, and Seavy, made up the other officers.

This advance column worked its way up to the last high level of the cap rock of Texas (Llano Estacado or Staked Plains) and then followed trails that converged and, to the amazement of all, led over the abrupt edge and down into the depths of Tule Canyon. Thinking they had no other choice, the riders nosed their horses and mules down the steep trail. After resting in the green oasis at the bottom for several hours, they laboriously worked their way up the hazardous cliffs on the other side. Ironically, after more weary miles over plains covered with short curly buffalo grass, they came to the even more awesome Palo Duro Canyon and had to repeat the hair-raising performance with their jaded mounts.

Again out on the open prairie, they pushed northwest. Starvation was now staring all in the face. They couldn't hunt—Indians were like wolf packs, hanging closely on their flanks. Some of the men were reduced to eating "every tortoise and snake, every living and creeping thing." Kendall said that he chose starvation rather than go that far, but that "many a time a buzzard . . . looked down reproachfully as he saw us appropriating food that legitimately belonged to him."

It was the middle of September 1841, when this gaunt band with their boney mounts dragged themselves into the settlement of Anton Chico, about fifty miles southeast of Santa Fe. They bought sheep and other food, and arranged for guides with supplies to hurry to their friends back east of the Palo Duro Canyon. Then they settled down for a few days of gorging themselves.

What should have been a trip of about eight hundred miles from Austin had been extended—across the worst possible terrain—into a journey of over thirteen hundred miles. And the explorers still were short of Santa Fe, their goal.

THE NEW-MEXICAN GOVERNOR, Emanuel Armijo, notified of the expedition's approach to Santa Fe, gave instructions to his captain of militia to make prisoners of the intruders. So the first contact with any New Mexican official came when the gaunt Texans met on the trail a ragtaggle militia company, armed mostly with bows and arrows, under the command of a Captain Salazar.

The captain indicated the the visitors would be received in friendship, asking only that they deposit their arms to show good faith and assuring them the arms would be returned after the formalities of entry were over. No sooner had they complied—which they readily did—than they were seized, thrown into prison, and threatened with execution, never having had the opportunity of professing their intentions, peaceful or otherwise.

When Governor Armijo, very imposing in a uniform glittering with gold braid (he was reputed to have once been a sheep thief and murderer) appeared on the scene, he unerringly pulled a traitor from the expedition's ranks. It was Captain Lewis of the one-gun artillery. At first the men were disbelieving, as they had rather liked Lewis. But the proof of his treachery became evident when he was freed from prison and was reported hobnobbing with Governor Armijo. A year later it became known that he had been rewarded by the Mexicans for his perfidy. Three Texans who failed in an attempt to escape were shot to death before their horrified companions' eyes.

From Captain Lewis, Armijo obtained information about the vulnerability of the main body of Texans, and he was ready for them as they came straggling into the Mexican settlement. In turn they were disarmed and made prisoners. Then, late in October, these scarecrow men, stripped of all but the clothes they wore and a single blanket each, were herded down the road that wound its way to Mexico City, over eighteen hundred miles away—to be delivered on hoof to Santa Anna.

Governor Armijo had instructed Captain Salazar, who was in charge of the party until it reached El Paso del Norte, to shoot any man who couldn't keep up with the march. This cheerful threat Salazar bawled out early and late.

The days became a blur of miserable monotony, of rocky trails, empty stomachs, and bleeding feet. The bitterly cold nights in that high altitude prevented the oblivion of sleep. The prisoners' only consolation came from the kindly Mexican women who had the courage to defy the sullen and brutal guards. To them Kendall expresses the most fervent gratitude. Many of the prisoners owed their lives to the food the women and girls thrust into their hands as they trudged, limping, through the adobe towns. And all took heart at the often-whispered commiserating exclamation of *probrecitos!*

It was on the desolate trail between Socorro and El Paso, known as the Journado del Muerto, that the terrors of the long marched reached their dreadful climax. Here is one of many tragic scenes as described by Kendall: ". . . just as we

The Texan prisoners' 1,800-mile march to Mexico City took three and a half months. Here they pass through Guanajuato.

were starting, a man by the name of John McAllister, a native of Tennessee, and of excellent family, complained that one of his ankles was badly sprained, and that it was utterly impossible for him to walk . . . he was allowed to enter a rude Mexican cart that had been procured by the Alcalde of Valencia for the purpose of transporting some of the sick and lame prisoners. But before it had proceeded a mile upon the road, it either broke down or was found to be too heavily loaded. At all events, McAllister was ordered by Salazar to hobble along as best he might, and to overtake the main body of prisoners . . . McAllister declared his inability to proceed on foot, pointing to his swollen and inflamed ankle . . . 'Forward!' screamed Salazar, now wrought up to a pitch of frenzy. 'Forward or I will shoot you on the spot.' 'Then shoot,' replied poor McAllister, 'and the quicker the better.' Salazar took him at his word and a single ball sent as brave a man as ever trod the earth to eternity. His ears were cut off to be shown as proof that he hadn't escaped."

A story less grim than one might expect follows it. "Among the other passengers in the cart with poor McAllister was a man who went by the soubriquet of Stump. That morning, Stump had declared that he could not walk a mile—to save his life even—and so positive was he upon this point, that a place was provided for him in the cart. When this vehicle met with the accident, of course, Stump was thrown upon his feet with the rest. His feet were sore, his knees were stiff, he was curled up the picture of despair; but no sooner did he see his comrade fall . . . than Stump straightened up and started at a pace that took him by one and then another of his companions and never abated his stride until he was at the head of the whole party . . . a position he pertinaciously kept during the march."

When the prisoners reached El Paso, things took a turn for the better. The local military governor of Chihuahua treated the Texan officers and their companions as gentlemen, and was generous in his hospitality. The priest invited groups to his home for meals and insisted that Kendall accept the use of a good horse for the trip through the state of Chihuahua. Several of the party—and Kendall was probably better heeled than most—had saved some gold coins and small jewelry from Salazar and his thieving ruffians by concealing them in some cornmeal cakes. So on the rest of the trip, when they were escorted by lenient guards, they were able to purchase things they badly needed. Carts and donkeys were provided for the sick and lame. In the principal towns, where they usually stopped for a day or two, the kindly ladies would come to chat through the barred windows of the prisons and pass them food. Occasionally a select few of the prisoners were allowed to go on parole, to have dinner at the hacienda of some local don. The lawyers, doctors, educators, and big landowners with whom they conversed were often critical of Santa Anna. And the foreigners—German, English, French, and American—were generous in their entertainment and offer of assistance. Letters were sent out, bank drafts honored. But

the attitude of the people had no softening effect on Santa Anna. The nearer they came to the capital, the more the guards seemed to reflect their master's cruelty. Again the prisoners knew the long marches on starvation rations. Again they endured the misery of being crowded into dilapidated quarters so small there wasn't room to lie down.

It was on this long trek that the word "gringo" came into use. A favorite marching song of the irrepressible Texans was the current "Green Grow the Lilacs" and from it the Mexicans construed "gringoes."

But always, throughout the three-and-a-half-months on the long road, despite the singing, bantering, and practical joking, and the show of bravado, each man carried as an extra burden the disturbing speculation as to his fate at the end of the road.

By the time they reached the environs of Mexico City, several men in Kendall's group had smallpox. Kendall himself had a bad cold and was running a fever. That was sufficient excuse for him to be thrown, along with the smallpox cases, into the leper prison-hospital of San Lazaro.

Official correspondence between the United States and Mexico was voluminous on the subject of Kendall's release. Being a citizen of the United States, with plenty of proof that he was connected with the Texan expedition only as a guest, he expected daily to be set at liberty. But days and weeks went by and still he was held in the loathsome place. When he was at last taken out, it was only to be thrown into another prison. Here, along with a hundred or so Texans, he suffered the final indignity. Like the others, he was given a "trinket" to wear. With an iron ring around his ankle, Kendall was linked to another prisoner by a heavy length of chain. It was not the galling shackle it appeared, however, because at the time of his fitting, he slipped a dollar to the blacksmith who, apparently following a well-established custom, selected a ring large enough to be slipped on and off at will.

Lumsden, Kendall's partner on the *Picayune,* made a trip to Mexico City and pressured everyone he could for Kendall's release. Still Santa Anna wouldn't budge. (The British consul had, long before, sprung Falconer.) Finally, when a new, tough U.S. consul came from Washington, armed perhaps with additional authority, Kendall walked out of prison a free man.

After getting his beard cut off and dandifying himself, Kendall resumed the role of traveling newspaper correspondent and enjoyed several weeks of sightseeing. He also made every effort on behalf of his imprisoned friends. (All who had not escaped or died were released within the next few months, except Mr. Navarro, the commissioner from Texas, who was kept in the foulest of prisons for many years.)

In June 1842, just a year after starting out on his hunting jaunt, Kendall was back at his desk at the *Picayune* . . . and certainly with something new to write about.

Accounts of his adventures appeared of course in the *Picayune,* and in 1844 Kendall's book, *The Texan Santa Fe Expedition,* was published. At about the same time, an English writer, Captain Frederick Marrayat, pirated many of these incidents for his pretended record of travels called *The Narrative of Monsieur Violet in California, Sonora, and Western Texas.* And almost a hundred years later, in Hervey Allen's best-selling historical novel *Anthony Adverse,* the leading character followed for a few chapters at least in the tortured footsteps of Kendall and his gallant companions on their march across the Journado del Muerto.

AS A PIONEER JOURNALIST, Kendall soon widened his range to become the first professional on-the-firing-line war correspondent. During the war with Mexico in 1847, his stirring battle reports from Monterrey to the storming of Chapultepec introduced to the public for the first time men such as Lee, Kearney, Jefferson Davis, Meade, Bragg, Worth, Jackson (Stonewall), Beauregard, McClellan, Grant, Johnson, and many others. Kendall's point of vantage was often from horseback in the midst of the action. At Monterrey he captured a cavalry flag, following family tradition. (A Kendall and four Wilkins had fought at Bunker Hill.) For years the flag adorned the *Picayune* office.

As the theatre of war shifted, Kendall moved with it. On the staff of Winfield Scott, he participated in and reported the heaviest actions of that general's campaign. Later he was attached to the Texas Rangers.

The grim business of reporting war was not without an occasional light touch. A friendly rival named Freaner, who was correspondent for the *New Orleans Delta,* wound up a battle report by listing Kendall and himself as casualties. Kendall, he reported, "was struck by a bullet in his horse's ear, while he himself was wounded in his horse's saddle. Both victims doing remarkably well."

At the conclusion of the war, Kendall wrote *The War Between the United States and Mexico.* In order to supervise the making of plates for his elaborate history, Kendall went to Europe. Again he was in the midst of important news, being on the spot to report riots in London and the political upheaval in Paris in the late 1840s.

In Paris he fell in love with and married Adeline de Valcour, the daughter of an officer who had served with Napoleon in the Moscow campaign. She was tall and blond and eighteen years old. Kendall was in his early forties. Four children were born to them in five years.

In 1855, the Kendall family moved to Texas and established a home at Post Oak Ranch, northwest of San Antonio. There Kendall lived the life of a country gentleman while writing articles and books on agriculture and stock-raising. And there he died in 1867. Kendall county in Texas and the *New Orleans Picayune* are memorials that keep alive the memory of this famous reporter.

Paul Laune *of Phoenix, Arizona, is a free-lance artist and writer. He is the author of two books:* Mustang Roundup *(1964) and* America's Quarter Horses *(1973).*

Is This Marcus Whitman?

Overlooked for more than a century, a drawing by Canadian artist Paul Kane may be the first known authentic likeness of one of the Northwest's leading historical figures

by Clifford M. Drury

WITHOUT QUESTION, Northwest pioneer Dr. Marcus Whitman (1802–47) is the most widely known Protestant missionary in the history of the United States. Monuments and memorials of various kinds honoring him stand in nine states and the District of Columbia. A college, a county, and a national forest, each bearing his name, are to be found in the state of Washington. He and his wife Narcissa were killed by Cayuse Indians on November 29, 1847, thus becoming the first Protestant martyrs of the Pacific Coast. This tragic event has added to his fame.

For many years students of the Whitman story have searched for an authentic likeness of both Marcus and Narcissa Whitman. Failing to find such, some with artistic ability drew idealized portraits, adding imaginative touches to the few descriptions given us by those who knew the Whitmans. O. W. Nixon, in his widely circulated book—*How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon*—once used a drawing which pictured Whitman wearing the ministerial garb of the 1870s! This idealized drawing also had Whitman wearing the "burnsides" type of beard which was unknown in 1836.

In this writer's opinion the best representation of Marcus Whitman is the eight-foot statue of the missionary doctor that stands in Statuary Hall of the Capitol in Washington, D.C. The bronze representation was cast by Dr. Avard Fairbanks, a sculptor of national reputation, who portrayed Whitman as an alert, professional-looking man, wearing buckskin clothing and carrying a Bible under one arm and saddlebags over the other. Dr. Fairbanks consulted all available descriptions left by Whitman's contemporaries, and yet even this fine work was nothing more than an idealized conception. We still did not know exactly how Dr. Whitman looked.

When Whitman visited Boston in April 1843, he had a silhouette drawn which his family felt was unsatisfactory and which thus may have been discarded. All endeavors by historians to find a copy of this silhouette have been futile.

The *Presbyterian Journal of History* published in its December 1932 issue a picture which it claimed was of Marcus Whitman, reproduced from an "original ambrotype." Since the ambrotype process was not known until 1851, this claim is clearly unfounded. Whitman had several namesakes within the Whitman family, however, and it is possible that this particular picture was indeed a Marcus Whitman but not the Dr. Whitman.

Then in 1968 an important discovery was made by a friend of this writer, Ross Woodbridge of Pittsford, New York, who found what many believe to be authentic portraits of both the Whitmans in the Paul Kane Collection in the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, Canada.

Paul Kane, a Canadian artist, visited the Whitman mission at Waiilatpu in July 1847—just four months before the Whitman massacre—and made a number of sketches, including those of two Indian chiefs later identified as Dr. Whitman's murderers. Kane has been called by authorities "a giant among North American artists of this period." Two large and magnificent collections of his drawings and paintings are to be found in the Toronto museum and in the Lutcher Stark Foundation of Orange, Texas.

Hoping to find some Kane drawings bearing on the Whitman story, Woodbridge made the first of several trips to Toronto in August 1968. To his surprise and delight, he found a drawing labeled "The Whitman Mission." With it Woodbridge also found drawings of a man and woman which, although not labeled, appeared to him to be portraits of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman. Both drawings correspond nicely with descriptions of the couple's appearance as given by their contemporaries. The man is pictured wearing buckskin and a slouch hat (see opposite page, left). A strong family resemblance is apparent when this drawing is compared with a photograph of Marcus Whitman's brother Samuel. Near the brim of the hat in the original drawing was a capital "W." Does this stand for Whitman? Perhaps so.

One of the more striking bits of circumstantial evidence to support the belief that this is indeed a portrait of Dr. Whitman is a smaller drawing on the lower right-hand corner of

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, TORONTO

WHITMAN NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Evidence is strong that the Paul Kane sketch at left—found with another labeled "The Whitman Mission"—depicts the famous missionary doctor Marcus Whitman. At right: artist Drury Haight's painting of Whitman, based on the Kane drawing.

the same sheet. At first glance this appears to be nothing more than some idle doodling by the artist. But not so, for when the page is turned upside down, one sees a sketch of what could be a girl with a long pole or rake handle in her hands standing by a pile of wood or at a bonfire.

Seeing this, Woodbridge recalled a statement by Matilda Sager Delany, who in her old age wrote a pamphlet called *A Survivor's Recollections of the Whitman Massacre,* published in 1920. Matilda was one of seven Sager children whose parents died on the trail and who were left with the Whitmans by members of the 1844 Oregon emigration. Matilda wrote: "An artist named Kane was sent out by the British Government. He took [i.e., drew] pictures of the Mission. We children were cleaning up the yard and varying labor by trying to balance the rake [handle] on our fingers. Mrs. Whitman reproved us, saying she did not want this in the picture."

This statement by Matilda, combined with other circumstantial evidence, convinced Woodbridge and this writer that here we finally do have an authentic likeness of Marcus Whitman. The evidence indicating that the woman's picture is that of Narcissa is not as strong. The agreement of this drawing with contemporary descriptions of Narcissa as to weight, hairstyle, and the type of dress she would be wearing on a hot day, supports the view, however, that this is indeed an authentic likeness.

An artist friend, Drury Haight, at my request painted portraits of the two (including that shown above right) using the Kane drawings as guides. These were reproduced in color as frontispieces in my 1973 two-volume work, *Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, Pioneers of Old Oregon*. The original Haight paintings are now at the Whitman Mission National Historic Site at Walla Walla, Washington.

Clifford M. Drury *has written ten books relating to the history of early missions in the Pacific Northwest. He is currently preparing a volume on missionary Elkanah Walker.*

Intelligent, beguiling—and owner of a luxurious pelt—the sea otter is also a devoted parent. Here a mother cradles her pup.

Furs That Launched a Thousand Ships

The innocent and playful sea otter helped to change California and western history-and was nearly exterminated in the process

by Helen Ellsberg

A SEA OTTER, rather than a bear, might well have been the emblem chosen for the California state flag, since the otter had much the greater influence on California's history. And this small marine mammal with the world's most beautiful and valuable fur is more than a little responsible for the fact that the Stars and Stripes fly permanently over the Golden State, rather than the flag of one of the other nations that sought to possess California.

The saga of the sea otter is unique in history, not only for the number of nations and ships engaged in the hunt and the international politics involved, but for the animal's amazing comeback in recent years after its near extinction.

In 1911 an international committee representing Russia, Japan, England, and the United States met to draw up a treaty to protect the otter, the resulting agreement making it illegal to kill one anywhere in the world or to possess its fur. The belated act was rather ironic—almost like making it illegal to shoot a dodo—as fur hunters had been so ruthlessly slaughtering sea otters for the previous 170 years that by 1911 there were scarcely more otters in existence than dodos. In fact, a government wildlife representative at this time was forced to complete his report on the animals entirely from hearsay, admitting that he had not been able personally to observe a single one.

This article is adapted with permission from material in Brand Book Number Three, *San Diego Corral of The Westerners,* © *1973 by the San Diego Corral of The Westerners.*

Sea otters by the thousands once lived off the coasts of California and Baja California—occupying the southernmost end of a habitat that extended in a five-thousand-mile arc along the rocky coasts of the North Pacific from the island of Yezo in northern Japan past the Kuril Islands, then eastward along the Aleutian chain, and thence down the West Coast of America.

In Northern California, San Francisco Bay and the Farallon Islands were favorite otter haunts. There also were many otters in the kelp beds off Point Sur, Cooper's Point, San Simeon, and along the coast opposite San Luis Obispo and Point Conception. Most California otters, however, lived around the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel, and on Santa Catalina and San Clemente. Farther south there was a sizable population off Point Loma and La Jolla and the nearby Coronados.

Otters abounded off Baja California, concentrating largely around bays and headlands and the islands near them, as far south as Morro Hermoso, where the cliffs and offshore rocks with surrounding kelp beds (which characterize most of the northern Baja California coast) merge into sandy beaches.

It was in the kelp off the Baja California island of Cedros in 1733 that the otters were first seen and recorded by Father Siegismondo Taraval of Santa Rosa Mission. This was nearly a decade before the Russians discovered them in the far north when Vitus Bering's ship was wrecked in the Aleutians in 1741, and his sailors took otter furs home to start the maritime gold rush.

Enhydra lutris nereis, the southern sea otter, is usually four to five feet long and weighs from fifty to eighty pounds. The seagoing member of the family *Mustelidae,* which includes the weasel, mink, and river otter, he has adapted to life in the ocean by developing webbed, flipperlike hind feet and a flattened tail which he uses as a sculling oar when swimming on his back. The short-toed, mittenlike forepaws with five sharp claws are used for food gathering and fur preening, and by mothers for carrying and cuddling the pups they rear with such care and affection.

The otter spends much of his time lying on his back in the undulating kelp beds with a "raft" of his fellows, playing, sleeping (with a frond of kelp laid across his chest to keep him from drifting), or endlessly grooming his luxurious pelage —the fur that so nearly caused his extinction.

The lush, velvety fur of the otter, thick and soft as down, is dark brown to nearly black with long, light or dark guard-hairs. When these are light, they give the fur a frosted appearance. Choicest pelts are deep brownish black with a silky, shimmering gloss. The fur's unusual density is necessary because the otter is not protected from the cold by a layer of blubber, as are seals and whales, but depends instead upon the insulation of a layer of air trapped in the fur. The coat must be kept immaculate as any debris left in it allows the water to penetrate to the skin. If this happens, the otter soon chills and dies. Hence the constant grooming.

Sea otters have always intrigued their observers. Even the hunters who slaughtered them so mercilessly remarked upon the animals' intelligence, cunning, and courage as well as their playfulness and the devotion of the mothers to their young.

There is no more beguiling personality in the animal kingdom. Full of good spirits, the otter does everything with gusto. He eats with little chuckles of pleasure. He grooms his magnificent pelage by vigorous motions of his forepaws, rolling over and over to remove any bits of food or debris that might cling to it, then squeezing the water out and proudly fluffing it up. Sometimes, lying serenely on his back in the kelp bed, he folds his front feet like mittened hands on his chest and rubs them briskly together, seemingly congratulating himself upon just being alive—a meaningful gesture, under the circumstances.

If the sun is in his eyes, he will sometimes put up a paw to shield them as he lifts his quizzical, grizzled face and peers into the distance. When he is eating, if a seagull lingering nearby for scraps gets too pushy, he frequently kicks water in its face.

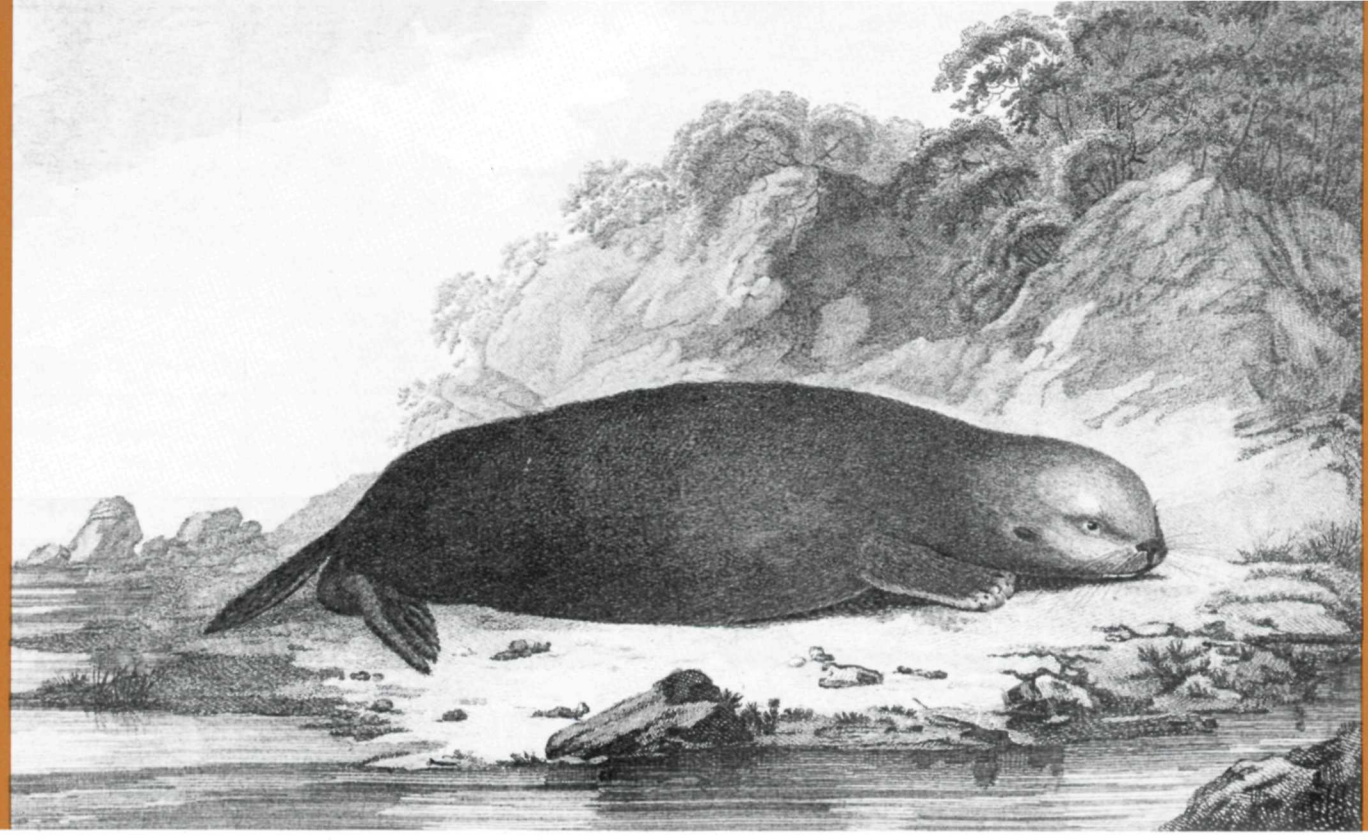
As the otter is one of the few animals in the world intelligent enough to use a tool, the trait for which he is best known is diving for his food and coming up from a few minutes' forage on the ocean floor with his loot tucked in the loose fold of skin under his foreleg, and bringing a rock tucked in along with it. As he lies on his back, he uses the rock on his chest as an anvil upon which he furiously whacks the shells of crabs, sea urchins, or mussels to break them open.

The wooly, bright-eyed baby otters were appropriately called *medviedki,* or little bears, by the Russians, for they resemble nothing so much as a child's teddy bear. The mothers care for them devotedly for nearly a year, teaching them to swim and dive, playing with them by the hour.

The male otters are ardent suitors but philosophical when rejected. Karl Kenyon, wildlife biologist with the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, tells of seeing a male approach a female who carried a small pup and clasp her affectionately around the chest. The female, feeling maternal rather than amorous, pulled away and fetched him a swift right to the chops with her flipper. The male swam stoically away and was last seen on a warm rock with a more cooperative lady otter.

IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, when otter became the imperial fur of China, and for nearly a hundred years thereafter, tens of thousands of these amiable creatures died in order that their luxurious pelts could be made into gowns for haughty mandarins and cloaks for their ladies. Even the paws and tails were fashioned into mittens, caps, and trimmings often encrusted with pearls.

The demand was insatiable, the supply seemingly inexhaustible, and the ships of many nations sailed into the



This early view of a sea otter was drawn by John Webber, artist for Capt. James Cook's expedition to the Pacific in 1776–80.

North Pacific to share in the golden harvest. In Baja and Alta California, the rivalries were between the Spanish, English, Russians, and Yankees.

First to barter for otter skins along the Pacific mainland were Spanish sailors in 1774. At this time Spain claimed all of the western coast of the Americas, and her greatest concern was to bar other nations from her closed sea. Spanish secret agents in St. Petersburg warned their government that it was the Russian intention to conquer all of America, if possible—a direct threat to California and Mexico.

In 1773, Viceroy of Mexico Rivella Gigedo ordered the brig *Santiago,* commanded by Juan Pérez, on an expedition up the California coast. The ship left San Blas on January 24, 1774, with a crew of eighty-eight men and two priests—the first direct effort to extend Spanish sovereignty in order to curb Russian expansion.

As they traveled northward along the coast, the sailors found to their surprise that the natives would offer their finest furs, the incredibly soft and beautiful sea otter pelts, in exchange for abalone shells picked up on the beaches around Monterey. The sailors did not yet realize the great value of these furs, but they knew a good trade when they saw it.

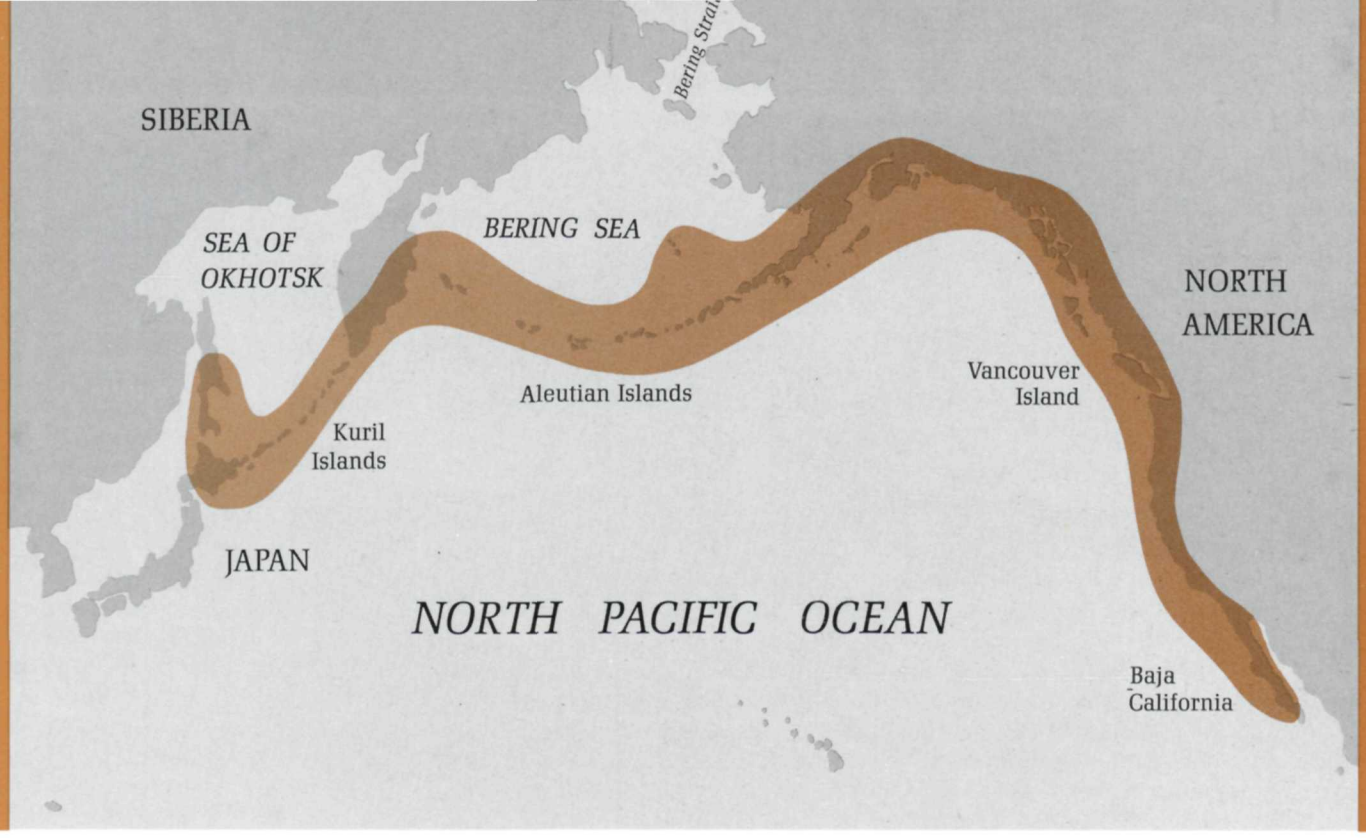
On the next two Spanish voyages in 1775 and 1779 the crew members took along (in addition to the shells) knives, old clothes, beads, and pieces of iron to barter for skins. They were several years ahead of the Russians and the Englishmen in this area.

Spain watched with growing disquiet the increasing number of Russian and English ships appearing off the Pacific Coast. With the ships came news of the huge profits in otter skins the foreigners were making. The Spanish government, interested in engaging in any enterprise promising wealth for the royal coffers, had no intention of being left behind in garnering a share of this rich harvest.

So in 1784, when Vicente Vasadre y Vega originated and outlined to the viceroy an organized plan for conducting the sea otter trade, his proposal fell upon interested ears. He pressed the well-known point that the miners of Mexico were badly in need of quicksilver, a metal abundant in China, while along the California shores was a like abundance of sea otters whose fur was coveted by the Chinese mandarins, and any other Chinese who could afford them. Vasadre y Vega would be happy, he said, to make arrangements both at home and in Canton for the exchange of furs and quicksilver.

On January 22, 1786, Viceroy Bernardo de Gálvez decreed that the plan be executed and notified California Governor Fages and Mission President Father Lasuén, asking their cooperation. Both proved eager to help.

Authority was divided between the padres and the commandantes of the presidios of Baja and Alta California. Christian Indians were to deliver to the padres the skins acquired in their hunts and exchange them for cloth and other needed items. Skins purchased from the unconverted Indians by soldiers and citizens were to be turned over at once to an alcalde, who in turn transmitted them to the nearest presidio commander. Vasadre y Vega ultimately re-



Sea otters once abounded from Japan to Baja California. Areas shaded in color, above, show their habitat during the 1700s.

ceived all skins. No trade with any other person, Spaniard or foreigner, was allowed.

The demand for sea otter pelts was a godsend to the impoverished missions, especially those of Baja California, and the padres turned out to be "first class businessmen."

They strove constantly to train Indian converts in improved methods of catching otter and pressed Vasadre y Vega to send special trade goods on the San Blas boats with their charges—"blue Mexican flannel, *fresadas* with red, yellow, or green stripes, cheap blankets, blue cloth, and large glass beads of all colors except black or white."

The Indians of the Californias were less enthusiastic in their roles as *nutreros* or otter hunters. Although for generations they had used these furs for garments, furs were not a vital necessity here as they were to the Indians of the north—certainly not worth risking their lives for in the open sea without substantial compensation.

Using their original primitive methods of capture, the Indians depended upon finding otters sleeping on the shore and killing them with clubs before they could get back to sea. Occasionally they lassoed otters or used snares or nets. But their canoes were too slow to use for active pursuit on the open sea in the manner the northern Aleuts used their skin *baidarkas*. So here, also, they depended primarily upon stealing up on the animals asleep in the kelp beds in calm weather and killing them with spears or clubs.

Despite the Indians' lack of energy as hunters, otters were so abundant that there were enough skins brought in to be "an important export item" and to cause considerable friction between missionaries and commandantes, as each thought they should have a monopoly on the trade. In either case, the Indian did the work, endured the hardships, and took the chances, while his employers reaped the profits.

Vasadre y Vega, after the first short season of trading, took over a thousand skins to Mexico in November 1786, to be tanned, shipped to China, and exchanged there for quicksilver. Much of this harvest was from Alta California missions, but Baja Missions Rosario and San Fernando also made a commendable showing with a consignment worth more than $2,000.

Vasadre y Vega was well pleased, and the year following he took over 1,700 pelts. In ensuing years his high-handed methods put him in disfavor with government officials, and he was finally ousted. However, his name is secure in history as the man who established the Spanish fur trade.

Spain continued to look with mounting chagrin at British encroachment. Her serious trouble with England began as a result of Captain James Cook's voyage to the Pacific in 1776. Cook was interested in finding the Northwest Passage, not in acquiring furs, but when he anchored at Nootka Sound in 1778, his men traded chisels and nails with the Indians for sea otter skins to use as protection from the cold—usually as bed coverings.

En route back to England, after Captain Cook's death in the Hawaiian Islands, his ships anchored in Macao, where merchants offered the sailors fantastic prices for even their badly-worn otter furs. Finding themselves richer by some $10,000, the crews demanded the expedition return at once

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES, VICTORIA, B.C.

"The Insult at Nootka," above, depicts the Spanish seizure of British sea otter trading vessels on the Northwest Coast in 1789.

for a full cargo of otter skins. The battered ships were unable to make such a voyage, even if their commanders would have permitted it, but as soon as possible other English vessels were back in the Pacific, trading iron and copper to the Indians for otter furs.

Since Nootka Sound, which lay within Spanish-claimed territory, was now swarming with ships, Spain sent Don Esteban José Martínez there. He seized the next English ships as prizes and closed the port to English shipping.

In no time at all, England and Spain were at swords' points. Fiery letters passed between the governments, and preparations began for a full-scale war. But as neither government was in a financial position to become embroiled in another conflict at this time, a settlement was finally made in 1790 known as the Nootka Convention, which restored English shipping rights in Nootka Sound. Soon British vessels again filled the harbor, and the fur trade went on as before.

THE TURN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY brought a noticeable change in the fur trading picture. John Ledyard, an American who had been an officer in Cook's expedition, took the news of the otter bonanza to New England. In a short time American ships were rounding the Horn to join in the treasure hunt in the Northwest—at first, usually passing by the California ports.

Spain's prestige declined after the Nootka Convention restored English shipping rights. Although British trade remained concentrated largely in the Northwest, Russian and American influence began to increase in the south with the appearance of Yankee ships with luxuries for the Californians, the arrival of American fur trappers overland, and the establishment of Fort Ross by the Russians in 1811.

When Lewis and Clark reached the Pacific Coast in 1805, and Meriwether Lewis saw his first otter skins, he wrote in his journal: ". . . it is the richest and I think the most delicious fur in the world at least I cannot form an idea of any more so. It is deep thick silkey in the extreme and strong."

The American trappers were soon in the midst of the fur trade, beginning in the Northwest and working southward. When they entered the scene, they brought with them the high-powered guns that eventually sounded the otters' death knell. For these weapons increased the lackadaisical southern Indians' efficiency and made the Aleuts and professional white hunters more deadly than ever before. No refuge was left for the otters, and in a short time the hapless animals were being killed faster than they were multiplying. It was only a matter of time until the otter would be extinct commercially, and almost extinct as a species.

To add to the otter's troubles, his fur was considered prime the year around, so there was no off-season in the relentless pursuit. A number of early conservationists deplored the ruthless killing of the sea otters and suggested that, for a time at least, only males be killed—but the plea was ignored. Only during Mexican rule of California was there an implemented conservation policy. José María Echeandía, first governor appointed by the Republic of Mexico and last governor of both Californias, and his successor, Governor Manuel Vic-

Fort Ross, California—shown in 1828—gave the Russians a West Coast base from which to hunt and trade sea otter skins.

toria, both protested the killing of young otters and in their official reports called the matter to the attention of the central government. On his own initiative Echeandía introduced into all licenses which he issued the qualifying clause that pups were not to be killed. The regular form of Mexican license issued in the early 1830s included a provision prohibiting the shooting of young otters. Thus, Mexican records of this period included only prime skins as against English, American, and Russian which had a high percentage of immatures.

The Russians became serious contenders for the mastery of the West Coast with the organization in 1799 of the Russian–American Fur Company, which united the Russian settlements in the north under a common leadership and eliminated the bloody rivalries of previous years. Leadership was in the hands of a remarkable man—Alexander Baranov, the most colorful figure in the sea otter saga.

Baranov hated the English, Spanish, and American hunters who were cutting deeply into the otter supply, but when American Captain O'Cain approached him in early September 1803 with a request for a contract "of mutual benefit" he was immediately interested, though he chose not to show it. O'Cain's proposition was that Baranov should furnish him with "a small flotilla of Aleut hunters and *baidarkas* to be taken on his vessel for a sea otter hunting expedition to California," the skins taken and profits realized to be equally shared.

Farsighted and shrewd as an arctic fox, Baranov knew of the riches in southern waters, but with all his problems with the colonies, had no way of getting there. The risk of the Aleuts was nothing—he cared little if they never got back. Much as he disliked aiding the Americans, he saw O'Cain's proposition as an opportunity to extend Russian influence southward. He finally agreed that he would send twenty hunters and one of his men to manage them. This manager, a Russian named Shutzof, was instructed to observe the seaports they might visit and the prices of provisions, along with the inhabitants, hunting grounds, and values of skins.

O'Cain's expedition left Kodiak on October 26, 1803, sailing straight for the Californias and making its headquarters at San Quintín Bay in Lower California. The Aleuts hunted in this region until the following March when the ship sailed with a harvest of over a thousand pelts.

Captain O'Cain brought many needed supplies to the Russians when he returned to settle his account with Baranov. "This inaugurated a new plan of sea otter hunting, as well as Baranov's first step toward including California in his conquests." Baranov's next step was the establishment of Fort Ross above San Francisco in 1811.

Gen. Mariano Vallejo observed the Aleuts employed at Fort Ross and described them as sturdy, broad-shouldered, and well-proportioned, with yellowish complexions and "quick, penetrating glances." They dressed in Russian fashion except for their hats, which were Chinese with peacock feathers in the crowns. Said Vallejo, "As hunters they were more fish than men, patient and energetic and coolly ventured far out to sea in their cockleshell boats, supplied with a mere handful of food and water, and calmly risked the approach of threatening gales."

Continued on page 63

THRESHING SEASON

The photographs of J. W. McManigal with an introduction by Grant Heilman

We were so charmed with the new book Farm Town: A Memoir of the 1930s *that we immediately arranged with the publishers (the Stephen Greene Press of Brattleboro, Vermont) to bring you the following pages from one of its chapters.*

The photographs were taken by J. W. McManigal in the late thirties near Horton, Kansas, and the captions accompanying them are comments author Grant Heilman has obtained from people still living there. Through the pictures we sense the odor of blowing straw, feel the prickly particles creeping down our necks, and hear the roar of the monster as well as the trill of birds. We feel the heat of the sun and the pressure of the job—the "hurry-up, don't-miss-a-move, don't-stop" kind of pressure that today is thought of in terms of factory assembly lines.

It's all gone now, but these pictures carry messages for the young among our readers and memories for the older ones.

THE EDITORS

NOTHING WAS QUITE SO ROMANTIC as grain harvesting—nor such hot work. It began with a binder which cut the grain in the field, tied it in bundles, and left the bundles lying on the ground. Then the shockers carried the bundles into groups, carefully arranged so the air could dry the grain heads. Next, the pitchers forked the bundles from the shocks onto the rack wagons, which moved them to the threshing machines. The machines themselves were not so monstrous, but the power sources which operated them were the stuff from which myths arise: coal-fired, they belched black smoke, hissed steam, thumped and roared as the grain was separated and the chaff and straw were blown onto huge piles —the delight of farm kids as a playground. Finally the grain was collected in wagons and carted off for storage.

Threshing was a time for cooperation. Many of the machines were community-owned, for they were expensive and a threshing operation took at least a dozen men. It was a time to show off expertise, brawn—and pulling together.

But American ingenuity ended it. The combine came on the market, meaning less capital investment, far less labor, more independence. The steam engines shut down, the straw stacks disappeared, and farm wives no longer had to cook mountains of food for dozens of neighbors.

"We would thresh stacked wheat all through the fall back then. It took a lot of know-how to make the stacks right, so they'd repel rain."

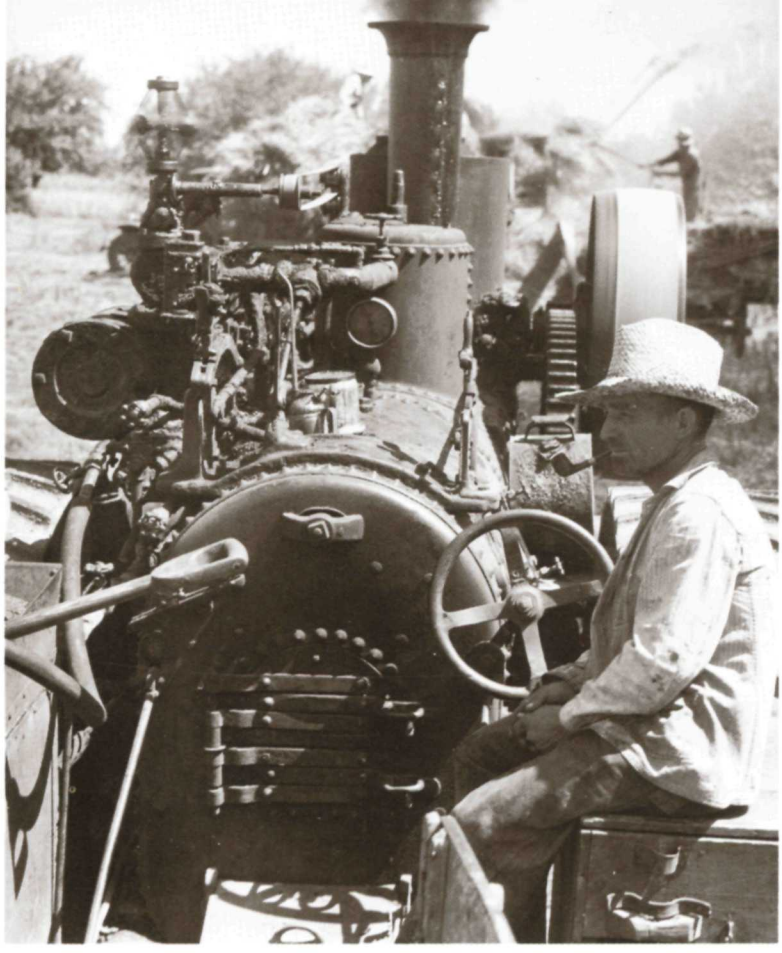
ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTION OF GRANT HEILMAN

"It took four head to pull the binder. If it was an eight-foot binder they usually had an extra two horses on lead, and a youngster driving them. I used to do that all day long."

"If you got the bundles out of the row, the shocker would let you know about it, for it made his job just about impossible. He'd be running back and forth collecting bundles all day."

"My mother always took supper for everyone out to the field so we wouldn't have to come in and lose time from shocking."

"The farmers who owned the machine would do their own work first, and if there was any time left they'd do work for outsiders. The engineman would fire up at three or four in the morning, so steam would be up by six. We had to be up to make breakfast for the engineman after he got the fire going."



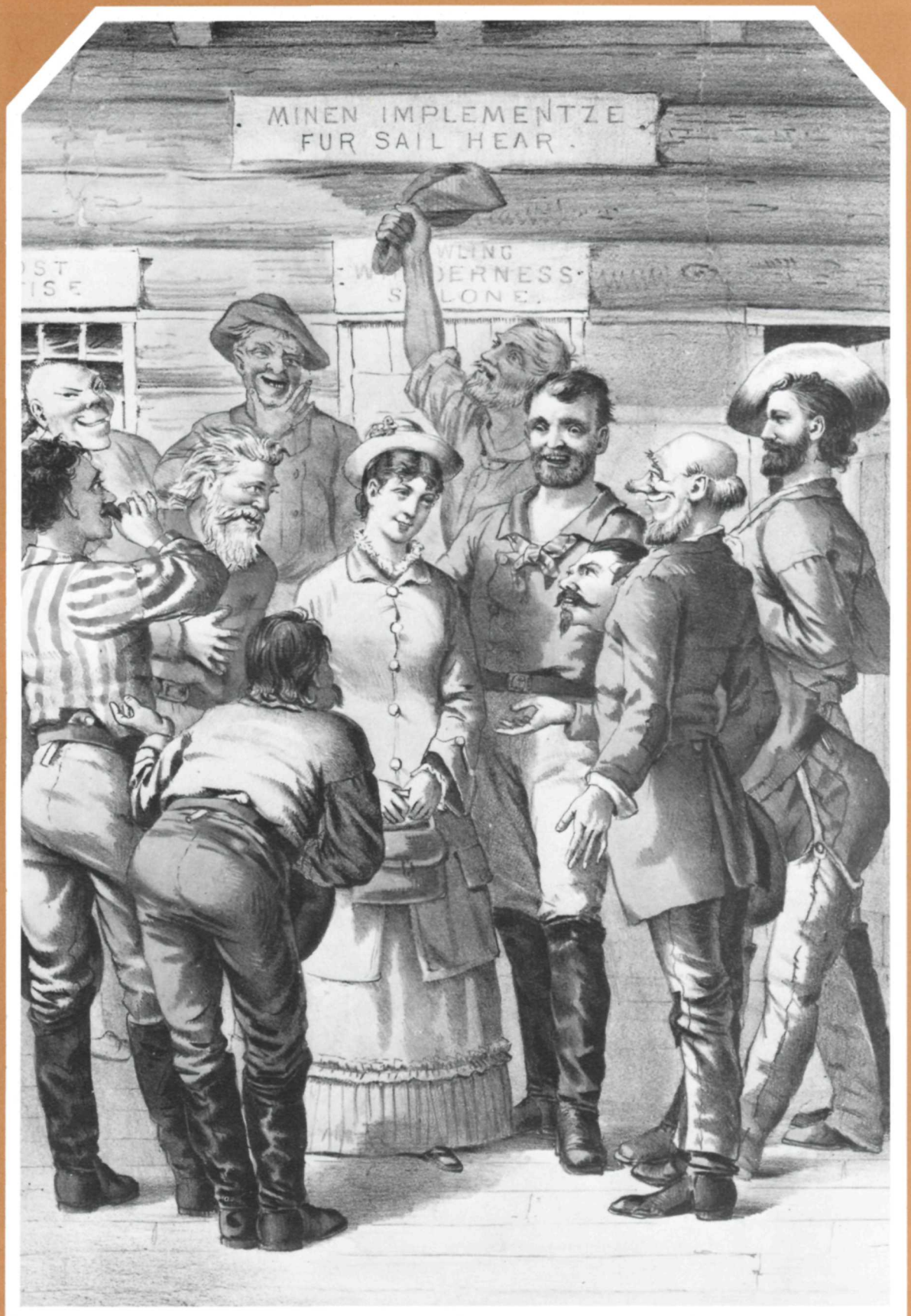
"One of the best lickings I ever got from my dad was for walking on the straw pile. I didn't know that my feet left holes, and the holes filled with water when it rained, and the straw rotted."

"Combines like this one came in sometime around 1938. They were just so much cheaper. A six-foot combine that ran from a power take-off only cost about five hundred dollars, so individuals could afford them. That was the end of threshing, and the hard work and good times that went with it."

"They [the ladies above] had been cooking for threshers. Maybe up to twenty-five men would be at the table, or it would all have to be carried out to the field. It took a lot of doing."

This article is excerpted from Farm Town: A Memoir of the 1930s *by Grant Heilman with photographs by J. W. McManigal, published by the Stephen Greene Press,*

J. W. McManigal, *who died in 1970, was a resident of Horton, Kansas.* **Grant Heilman**—*like McManigal—is an agricultural photographer, and he resides in Lititz, Pennsylvania.*



BANCROFT LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Dame Shirley—
Author Extraordinary

In 1851 Rich Bar, California, had a population of twenty-five hundred men and four women—one of the four gave us what is perhaps the best surviving account of life in the gold camps

by Christine Murray Otto

POSSIBLY the most accurate and perceptive first-person account on record of life in the mad, boisterous gold rush mining camps of California came from the delicate pen of a woman—Louise Amelia Knapp Smith Clappe—better known as "Dame Shirley." This remarkable little lady from Amherst, Massachusetts, lived in the robust gold camp of Rich Bar during the years 1851–52. The twenty-three letters she wrote to her sister "back in the States" provide us today with a rare glimpse into one of the most colorful chapters of the Old West.

At the time Shirley was writing these epistles from the Feather River Canyon of Northern California, neither she nor her sister had any idea of their eventual place in American letters. How they subsequently became public remained a literary mystery for many years. Steve Massett, the enterprising editor of the *Marysville Herald,* came into possession of the letters, or copies of them, several years after they were written. He immediately realized that he had made a "find" and sent the letters on to Ferdinand Ewer of the popular *Pioneer* magazine in San Francisco.

But when the letters from Rich Bar were first published in 1855, they were virtually ignored. Already captivated by the gold rush mystique, the public preferred a more "colorful" view than that found in the stark reality of Shirley's writings. The letters and their invaluable descriptions sank into obscurity among the dusty files of the *Pioneer* office for almost seventy years. It was not until 1933 that they were rediscovered and printed in a limited edition for history enthusiasts. Finally, in 1945, the letters were published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., for the general public—almost a century after they were written.

Today, *The Shirley Letters from the California Mines* are unequalled among the literary legacies of the forty-niners. In his introduction to the 1945 edition, Carl Wheat indicated that "these letters from the Sierra diggings form a priceless contribution to our knowledge and understanding of that long vanished era—the earliest flush days of the great gold rush."

Although Bret Harte—most famous of the gold country writers—based two of his finest stories on Shirley's chronicles, many historians feel he couldn't hold a candle to his female counterpart. Josiah Royce insisted the letters were "the best account of a mining camp that is known to me—and infinitely more helpful to us than all the perverse romanticism of a thousand such tales as Mr. Harte's." Even Charles Warren Stoddard recommended that the famed *Overland Monthly* publish Shirley's letters as the "wisest, wittiest, and at the same time the most pathetic sketches of mining life I have ever read." He added a shrewd warning: "Do *not* let her retouch them." Such advice was well taken as Shirley's more formal style of writing left much to be desired by modern standards. Before her Feather River experience, she had published several items in the *Marysville Herald* that were masterpieces of artificiality and fussy turns of phrase. Such writing was very much in vogue at the time but could not rival the precise prose of her Rich Bar days. The fact that Shirley never edited the letters probably is one reason they have worn so well and have retained, as Stoddard put it, "the ring of true metal."

When it came to describing mining camp life like it *really* was, why did Shirley surpass other writers of her day? First, the original manuscripts are truly letters—spontaneous outpourings to a sympathetic relative. Shirley was obviously educated and at home with a pen, but in these letters there is no studied attempt to capture an audience. The writing is honest and unselfconscious.

Second, unlike some other chroniclers of the gold rush, Shirley was *there*. She did not catch a glimpse of Rich Bar from a moving coach or hear about the wild doings from someone else. By living every minute of one mining town's life, she came to know it intimately.

Rich Bar was characteristic of many gold rush areas of the West—expanding in population from one to twenty-five hundred in a matter of weeks. It was the scene of one of the earliest and biggest gold strikes in the region, with gravel so rich that individual claims were limited to ten square feet, instead of the usual forty. Despite its wealth (more than $20 million in gold is said to have been found there), Rich Bar still typified the hardships and spartan life of most mining camps: remoteness, a transient population, meager supplies, ugliness, violence, and an absence of all things cultural.

That a woman of Shirley's refined background would agree

Women were a rarity in the California gold camps of the 1850s. This humorous lithograph shows miners' delight at discovering that a new arrival is unmarried.

to such a life seems incredible today and in 1851 it was equivalent to insanity. Dame Shirley was evidently emancipated long before doing so became the style. The ease with which she changed careers and moved about was hardly typical of that era: right from the start she professed to be "a regular Nomad in my passion for wandering."

At the age of thirty, Shirley had traveled west to San Francisco with her husband Fayette Clappe, a doctor. The young authoress thrived in the excitement of the fast-growing city by the Golden Gate, but unfortunately, Dr. Clappe did not have his wife's stamina and was constantly ill. After deciding the damp coastal weather was the source of his problems, he sought a position deep in the Feather River country at bustling Rich Bar.

In her first letter from the mining camp, Shirley recalled the initial reaction to her planned adventure: "One lady [in San Francisco] declared in a burst of outraged modesty, that it was absolutely indelicate to think of living in such a large population of men." Shirley's response is the first indication of her uncommon spunk: "I laughed merrily at their mournful prognostications and started gaily for Marysville—ready to commence my journey to Rich Bar."

The trip from the comparative civilization of Marysville to the brawling camp at Rich Bar was anything but "gay" in those days. Travelers often became lost and sometimes spent as long as twenty-four hours in the saddle without food. Despite such hardships, Shirley's spirit shone through: "It seemed so *funny* that we . . . should be riding on mules all by ourselves in these glorious latitudes; and funniest of *all* that we were going to live in the Mines!"

The final descent into the canyon was the most dangerous part of the journey, and Shirley recalled that "everyone said that it would be impossible for me to ride down it—I however insisted upon going on." She claimed, as always, that her apparent bravery was due to ignorance of the real hazards, *not* courage. At last the Feather River came into view: "It was worth the whole wearisome journey, danger from Indians, grizzly bears, sleeping under the stars and all to behold this beautiful vision."

ONCE SETTLED in the mining camp, Shirley immediately took note of her surroundings. "The residences vary in elegance and convenience from the palatial splendor of 'The Empire' [hotel], down to a 'local habitation' formed of pine boughs, and covered with old calico shirts," she reported. Nothing escaped her patient notice—from the local bawdy-house ("to the lasting honor of miners . . . the speculation proved a decided failure") to her own abode ("my toilet table is formed of a trunk elevated upon two claret cases—even in the land of gold itself, one cannot have everything that she desires.") In an early letter Shirley promised to "describe things exactly as I see them, hoping that thus you will obtain an idea of life in the mines *as it is*." It was this attitude that lifted the letters from mundane gossip to competent journalism.

True to her word, Shirley painstakingly presented all aspects of mining life—even if they were extremely distasteful to her. She vividly related the orgiastic celebrations that took place "when the elite of Rich Bar were drunk on whiskey and patriotism." Although shocked by profanity, she couldn't help but marvel at a local curse: "Only let me get hold of your beggarly carcass once, and I will use you up so small that God Almighty himself cannot see your ghost!" As to the slang expression "Honest Indian," Shirley could not decide "whether this phrase is a slur or a compliment to the aborigines of this country." The lady loathed the resident cardsharps, "for surely it would be kinder to take a man's life than to poison him with the fatal passion for gambling." But while painfully aware of flaws existing in such a community, Shirley was equally impressed with the good that abounded.

Since she was not involved in the feverish quest for gold, Shirley's position in the camp remained unique, and she was able to view the gold rush in its historical context. When the miners banned all foreigners from the camp, she instantly felt that "the law is selfish, cruel, and narrow-minded in the extreme." But she also saw the unique qualities that produced such action. "It is utterly impossible for foreigners to comprehend . . . that vulgar 'I'm as good as you are' spirit which is . . . peculiar to our people, and which would lead the majority of them to

> Enter a palace with their old felt hat on—
> To address the King with the title of Mister,
> And ask him the price of the throne he sat on."

Shirley minutely described the actual mining operations—the use of flumes, rockers, and long toms—but then concluded with a figurative sweep of her gloved hand that "the whole mining system in California is one great . . . lottery transaction." The migratory instincts of the miner, his difficulties in leaving home, the loneliness of his life—Shirley missed nothing.

Interspersed throughout her letters are numerous anecdotes that give insight into Shirley's extraordinary character. Her views were seldom the prevailing ones. When the majority of miners were cursing the Indians, Shirley observed that "this wild creature seemed to move as a cloud moves on a quiet day—it really made me solemn to gaze upon him, and the sight almost impressed me as something superhuman." She was often embarrassed by her natural kindness. When a miner was exiled from the camp on suspicion of stealing, Shirley was sympathetic: "You know how weakly pitiful I am towards wicked people—for it seems to me, that they are so much more to be compassionated than the good."

Shirley revealed a paradoxical stand regarding the status of women. At one point she declared she had always "been haunted with a passionate desire to do everything which people said she could *not* do." And when someone suggested Shirley should earn her keep by taking in ironing, she whipped off a bitter note to her sister: ". . . all women cannot be

manglers; the majority must be satisfied with simply being mangled." Then, in a complete turnabout, she challenged the feminists of her day: "How *can* they so far forget the sweet, shy coquetries of shrinking womanhood, as to don those horrid 'Bloomers?' " She continued to "pin my vestural faith with unflinching obstinancy to sweeping petticoats."

The most famous Dame Shirley letters describe the harsh difficulties of pioneer life. Shirley regretted that she must include such gruesome details, "but I am bound by my promise to give you a true picture (as much within me lies) of mining life . . ." A classic example was the funeral for Nancy Ann Bailey who died of peritonitis, a common camp disease. Before the young woman was buried, the mourners assembled at the Bailey's simple cabin. The following description of this tragic little scene contains some of the most powerful prose of the gold rush era:

"On a board, supported by two butter-tubs, was extended the body of the dead woman, covered with a sheet; by its side stood the coffin of unstained pine, lined with white cambric. The bereaved husband held in his arms a sickly babe ten months old, which was moaning piteously for its mother. The other child, a handsome, bold-looking little girl six years of age, was running gaily around the room, perfectly unconscious of her great bereavement. A sickening horror came over me, to see her every few moments, run up to her dead mother, and peep laughingly under the handkerchief, that covered her moveless face."

Other images of the ceremony poured forth from Shirley's pen—the nails being driven into wood, the green felt cover tossed over the casket. Shirley was deeply affected by the crude ceremony: "Do not think that I mention any of these circumstances in a spirit of mockery; far from it—should I die tomorrow I should be marshalled to my mountain grave beneath the same monte-table cover which shrouded the coffin of poor Mrs. B." It is interesting here to compare Bret Harte's description of Cherokee Sal's death in "The Luck of Roaring Camp" with the funeral at Rich Bar.

Another example of Shirley's devotion to truth is found in a letter which tells of a trip to the American Valley (the present site of Quincy, California). This area was a stopping place for covered wagons that had crossed the Great Plains. Shirley admitted that she "always had a strange fancy for that Nomadic way of coming to California," and she set out eagerly to talk with the new arrivals. Her letter graphically portrays the haggard, sick women who told of dead left behind on the prairie. A grim footnote is added: "Cruel reality strips everything of its rosy tints."

Rich Bar soon followed the trend of most mining camps. A brief period of hard work by honest souls soon gave way to the rule of vigilante committees and degeneracy. As Shirley's letters drew to a close, the picture darkened: "In the short space of twenty-four days, we have had murders, fearful accidents, bloody deaths, a mob, whippings, a hanging, an attempt at suicide, and a fatal duel." Shirley seemed to

WALTER OTTO

The grave of Nancy Ann Bailey at Rich Bar: "I have just returned from the funeral of poor Mrs. B., who died . . . after an illness of only four days. The death of one out of a community of four women, might well alarm the remainder."

reflect the overall feeling of the community toward the excesses of mob rule. Lynchings in Hollywood movies are usually carried out with ferocious efficiency, but the situation at Rich Bar was probably closer to the truth. The miners didn't know *how* to hang anybody, and following such an episode Shirley noted with horror that "the life was only crushed out of the victim by hauling the writhing body up and down several times in succession by the rope which was wound round a large bough of his green leafed gallows." When the men went to cut their victim down, the letter continues, "they found him enwrapped in a soft, white shroud of feather snowflakes, as if pitying Nature had tried to hide from the offended face of heaven, the cruel deed . . ." Bret Harte later incorporated this poignant detail in *The Outcasts of Poker Flat.* In describing John Oakhurst's body, he writes: "All human strain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above. . ."

As the fluming operations began to fail and the camp's fate became evident, Shirley carefully packed up her copies of Shakespeare, Spenser, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Lowell. Then, she and her husband rode back up the steep canyon walls leading out of Rich Bar. In her last letter penned from the mountain town, Shirley perceptively observed: "Really—everybody ought to go to the mines, just to see how little it takes to make people comfortable in this world."

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"Folsom" hunters of the Southwest: a Black cowboy's 1908 find led to confirmation that such men existed ten thousand years ago.

An Amateur's Bonanza:

Discovery of Early Man in North America

by Franklin Folsom

HUMAN BEINGS have been notoriously unwilling to peek down the long corridor to their far distant past, and none more hesitant than the experts who first studied man in the New World. How long had the Indians been here? Guesswork in the 1920s set the time at around three thousand years. For lack of good evidence to the contrary, that notion turned into doctrine.

Then, in 1927, hard proof of man's antiquity in this hemisphere appeared near the little town of Folsom, New Mexico. There, it became evident, hunters had pursued game at least ten thousand years before. But it was not persons academically trained in the discipline of archaeology who made this most important advance in the study of early man in America.

Discovery of the Folsom site actually involved a whole procession of amateur collectors, and subsequent interpretation of finds there was done not by archaeologists but by non-academic museum officials. The amateurs included a Black cowboy, an ironworker who was on strike, a bank employee, a bricklayer from Lebanon, a Roman Catholic priest, and a student taxidermist. The museum officials were Jesse D. Figgins, Director of the Colorado (now Denver) Museum of Natural History—who had distinguished himself in the preparation of museum exhibits but had earned no degree in any field—and Harold J. Cook, honorary curator in the same museum—a man of considerable erudition who also lacked any earned degree.

The fact is that no academically trained archaeologist was involved at the Folsom site until after the discovery, in 1926 and 1927, of projectile points in association with the bones of an extinct animal known as *Bison antiquus figginsi*. Moreover, Figgins and Cook conducted their investigations of the site knowing full well that the dean of physical anthropolo-

gists, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, vigorously disputed any contention that man had been in America for more than three thousand years.

No one knows exactly when the bison bones at the Folsom site were first uncovered. Dr. George A. Agogino of Eastern New Mexico University pioneered in investigating the true story of the man who first noticed the bones. Adrienne Anderson and Mary Edmonston, who have done extensive research on the discovery of the site, report that one scholar set the time in the 1890s. Another said it was in 1927. When well-known authorities produced such different dates, it is no wonder that laymen have disagreed with each other.

But one out of a number of possibilities now seems much more likely than any of the others, and there is no doubt at all about the identity of the person who made the find. One day in September 1908, George McJunkin, Black foreman of the Crowfoot Ranch located eight miles west of Folsom, was riding along Wild Horse Arroyo on ranch property. A recent and memorable flood had greatly eroded the land, and now in the arroyo wall ten feet below ground level, McJunkin noticed some white objects that had been exposed.

A number of men long afterward claimed they were riding with McJunkin that day, and some of their fanciful stories appeared in print. It seems very likely that his companion was a cowboy named Charles Wiley who had been helping him break horses. McJunkin climbed down into the arroyo and, using a pair of barbed-wire clippers, dug out one of the white things, which proved to be a bone—one among many.

McJunkin was an intelligent and widely curious man, self-educated because schools for Blacks were virtually non-existent after Reconstruction in Texas, where he had been born about 1851. Very possibly he was born to slave parents who at one time were owned by John Sanders McJunkin, who ranched or farmed on land that lay in both Madison and Leon counties, Texas, near the present town of Normangee.

By cowboy standards, McJunkin had become well-read by the time he worked as foreman at the Crowfoot Ranch. At least one of the ranchers who employed him encouraged his interest in nature, and he made a hobby of collecting rock specimens. Thus these bones, buried so far below the surface of the ground in the arroyo wall, also interested him greatly.

After thirty years as a ranch hand, McJunkin knew cattle bones when he saw them, and these had not come from any cow. He had crossed the Staked Plains in the days of the buffalo hunters when countless bison skeletons littered the landscape, but the bones in the arroyo differed from those of ordinary bison. Because they were so different from bones he was acquainted with, he took his specimens to his cabin and put them on the mantle over the fireplace.

Before long a good many people in the neighborhood had heard about McJunkin's bone pit. According to local legend, McJunkin tried to interest museums in the site, but if he sent off any letters about his find they have disappeared.

The first effective interest in the bone pit began in Raton, a town more than thirty miles west of the Crowfoot Ranch. There, one day probably in 1912 and at the time of a fair, McJunkin went into a blacksmith shop for repairs on an antique chuck wagon he had driven over from the ranch. The wagon was to be entered in competition with other such authentic old vehicles at the fair.

While McJunkin waited for blacksmith Carl Schwachheim to do the work, he noticed something in the yard outside the shop—a kind of birdbath or fountain or urn topped by very large elk horns which were interlocked. What impressed McJunkin about this whimsical arrangement was the size of the horns. In the ensuing conversation McJunkin mentioned to Schwachheim that he knew where there were bones of animals large enough to hold up such antlers.

Now it was Schwachheim's turn to be interested. He, like McJunkin, was a self-educated amateur naturalist and collector as well as an intensely curious man. McJunkin told him how to find the bone pit. But it was not easy for Schwachheim to make the journey to Wild Horse Arroyo. Neither he nor anyone in his family had an automobile, and it would be a long and tedious trip by horse-drawn wagon. Nevertheless Schwachheim kept the site in mind.

Six or seven years went by, and then McJunkin met Fred Howarth, an employee of the First National Bank of Raton. Howarth was another eager naturalist and also a friend of Schwachheim. He had collected fossils, including the tusk of of a mammoth excavated in the area. McJunkin's story about large bones buried in Wild Horse Arroyo interested him.

Howarth had an automobile. So did Father Roger Aull, the Roman Catholic priest in Raton, who also had time to spare for an expedition. A friend of these two, and of Schwachheim, was James F. Campbell, an amateur taxidermist who was hoping to become a museum preparator. A fifth man, also a member of what Father Aull referred to as "our gang," was a bricklayer from Lebanon, Charles Bonahoom.

How these five happened to decide on an expedition to Wild Horse Arroyo is not known, but one fact may have influenced them. At the time they made the trip—on December 10, 1922 — Schwachheim, no longer a self-employed blacksmith but a member and former organizer of the Brotherhood of Blacksmiths, Dropforgers, and Helpers, was on strike against the Santa Fe Railway, and hence had no job to keep him at home. Possibly he proposed the idea. Or Howarth, who traveled widely as agricultural representative of the First National Bank of Raton, may have arranged the journey to the Bone Pit, thinking to combine pleasure with business.

If George McJunkin was still living at that time, he was about seventy-one years old and very ill with dropsy. The date of his death is unrecorded, but it was almost certainly in the spring of 1922. In any event, McJunkin was no longer on the Crowfoot Ranch when Carl Schwachheim wrote in his diary: "Went to Folsom and out to the crowfoot ranch looking for a fossil skeleton —found the bones in arroyo ½ mile north of ranch & dug out nearly a sack full which

PHOTOS THESE TWO PAGES COURTESY OF MRS. J. J. DOHERTY, MRS. TILLIE SCHWACHHEIM BURCH, AND MRS. PEARL CAMPBELL HARNISH

look like buffalo & Elk — we only got a few near the surface —they are about 10 ft down in the ground."

The five men took the sack full of bones back to Raton, and two members of the party, Schwachheim and Campbell, spent an evening in the kitchen of the Campbell home poring over their books on paleontology, arguing and trying to identify what they had found. Were the animals prehistoric elk or bison?

Interest in prehistoric life soon led both Campbell and Schwachheim to wish they could work for a museum. Campbell, a disabled war veteran, went to California for training designed to equip him to be a museum preparator, but he died before he could take up his career. Schwachheim, however, pursuing the mystery of McJunkin's bone pit, did become a preparator at the Colorado Museum of Natural History and a field collector for the American Museum of Natural History. Meanwhile the bones the men had dug up that December day rested quietly in Raton for more than three years.

During this same period, Jesse D. Figgins and Harold J. Cook of the Colorado Museum of Natural History were getting very excited—and frustrated—by discoveries at a fossil bone site near the town of Colorado in Texas. Figgins had sent a man to the site to excavate the articulated skeleton of a very large bison of a hitherto unknown variety. The bones were taken out in blocks. *Underneath* one block lay three stone projectile points of an unfamiliar type.

Here was evidence, never before found in such convincing form, that man had lived in America at the same time as extinct mammals. But neither Figgins nor Cook was on the spot to see the evidence. The excavator, having no idea what the projectile points meant, did not take care with the block and let the points drop out of their matrix. Without photographs or the eye-witness testimony of some authority, Figgins felt he could not announce the find. But the near-discovery whetted his appetite. He was very eager to prove that Ales Hrdlicka had been far too conservative in his estimate of the antiquity of man in America. "Sooner or later," Figgins said to colleague Alfred M. Bailey, "we're going to find human artifacts associated with fossil animals."

Possibly Cook, after making a trip to the Texas site in May 1925, told Fred Howarth about his interest in fossil bones. Howarth knew Cook, who had ranching interests in northern New Mexico and visited the area from time to time.

At any rate, in the summer of 1925 either Schwachheim or Howarth was prompted to write to the museum in Denver, telling about the bone pit on the Crowfoot Ranch. Apparently Figgins expressed interest in the bones in Wild Horse Arroyo, and Schwachheim and Howarth decided to take some of their material to the museum. An occasion for the trip came when Howarth had to deliver some cattle to Denver, and on January 25, 1926, the two men met Figgins there and presented the bones to him. Soon afterward Figgins and Cook decided to visit the Folsom site.

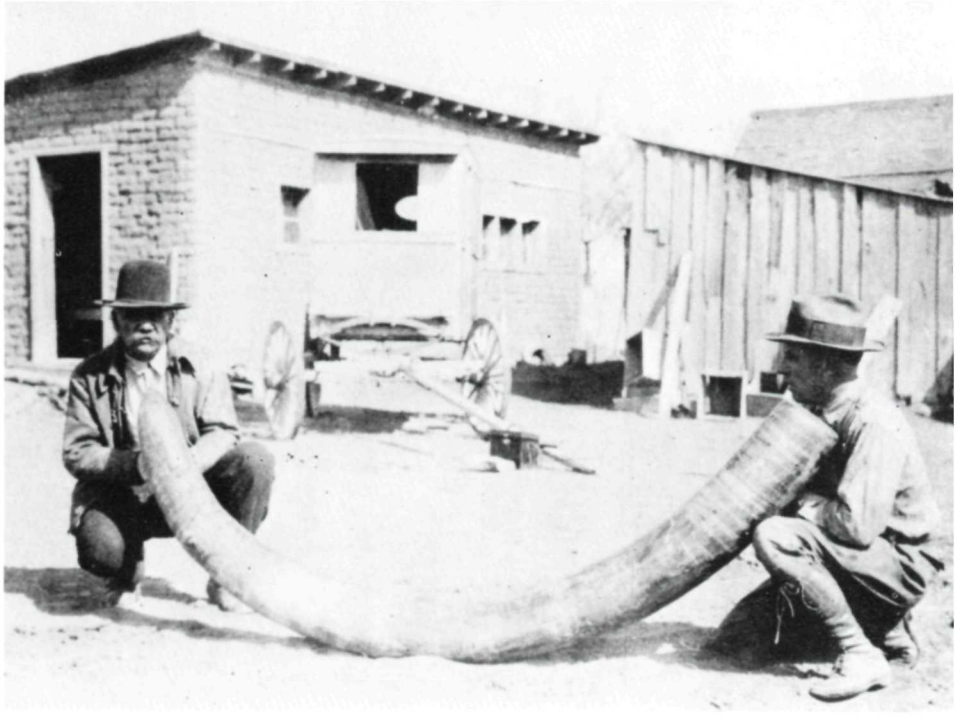
This old photograph of George McJunkin, discoverer of New Mexico's Folsom site, shows him in his later years.

On March 7, 1926, Schwachheim and Howarth guided Figgins and Cook to Wild Horse Arroyo, a trip which Schwachheim noted in his diary. The four men visited the site again in April. Figgins and Cook decided that the museum should undertake excavations, and they hired Schwachheim to remove the overburden. On May 26, Figgins wrote to Barnum Brown at the American Museum of Natural History, "We have located another deposit of *Bison* material in New Mexico and have a man stripping the ground now. . . . We have something rather unusual."

In June, Figgins sent his son Frank to supervise removal of the bones. Schwachheim stayed on as assistant. Meantime the elder Figgins had instructed the diggers to watch for artifacts. "Not the least of [my] interest," he wrote later, "was the possibility that additional evidence of man's antiquity in America might be discovered."

While Frank Figgins and Schwachheim worked in clay so hard that they considered blasting in order to remove the overburden, Ales Hrdlicka of the United States National Museum was forcefully stating his case against the antiquity of man in this hemisphere. In an article appearing in the July 1926 issue of *Scientific American* he said, "Not a scrap of bone or implement that can generally and with full confidence be accepted as geologically ancient" had been found in America, "notwithstanding the life works of Putnam, Thomas, Clarence B. Moore, Holmes, Fewkes, Hough, Morehead, Mills and many others." Hrdlicka also said "not one cave . . . to this day has shown the presence of pre-Indian habitation" and "as to the antiquity of the Indian himself, that cannot be very great."

On July 14, when the ink was scarcely dry on Hrdlicka's article, Schwachheim made this entry in his diary. "Found part of a broken spear or large arrow head near the base of



Left: Carl Schwachheim is pictured standing near the interlocked elk horns that prompted McJunkin to tell of his discovery. Right: Charles Bonahoom and Fred Howarth— holding a mammoth tusk—accompanied Schwachheim to the site in 1922.

the fifth spine taken out. It is about 2 inches long & is of a dark amber colored agate & of very fine workmanship. It is broken off nearly square & we may find the rest of it. I sure hope we do. [Here Schwachheim drew the artifact.] —it is a question which skeleton it was in but from the position of them it must have been in the skeleton of the smaller one & just inside the cavity of the body near the back. It was found 8½ feet beneath the surface with an oaktree growing directly over it 6 inches in diameter showing it to have been there a great length of time."

Word about this find went to Figgins who described the news as "somewhat of an anticipated surprise." He passed a report along to Barnum Brown on July 23 in these words: "Last week I had the shocking news that an arrowhead had been found associated with a bunch of dorsal vertebra of the New Mexico *Bison,* and Monday it arrived. Not unexpectedly, it proves to be very similar to those found with the Texas *Bison,* but more pointed and of superior workmanship, due, possibly, to a difference in material. Unfortunately, the shaft end is missing, but seemingly, only a small part of it. Now, doesn't that beat the devil? And I wonder who will be the first to accuse me of finding *too many* arrowheads with *Bison?* . . . I am having the boys scan every particle of the dirt they remove—first with the prospect of finding the missing part, and to discover any other artifacts."

This care paid off. The missing fragment was found and fitted exactly the part in the matrix. "Now I am in doubt whether to write it up or to keep quiet," Figgins wrote to Brown. "If I keep quiet I will be accused of hampering the advance of science and Hrdlicka's chest will keep on swelling, and if I do write it up, I will be suspected, if not accused, of lying. And the durned thing is right beside a *Bison* rib, as you will see in the pictures I am enclosing. . . ."

FIGGINS' INDECISION was soon resolved. Armed with spear points from the 1926 Folsom dig and from his 1924 dig at Colorado, Texas, he mounted an attack on the archaeological establishment and invaded several museums hoping to bring stubborn enemies to terms. Of this effort Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr., wrote, "Mr. Figgins . . . reported . . . to a number of archaeologists, but the information was skeptically received in most quarters, and he was given little encouragement."

In spite of such treatment, or perhaps because of it, excitement ran high around the Colorado Museum of Natural History. In November, Harold Cook published in *Scientific American* "The Antiquity of Man in America: Who Were the First Americans?" This article took issue with Hrdlicka for ignoring evidence from the sciences of geology and paleontology that bore on early man. The article also provoked an exciting letter to Cook from Dr. F. G. Priestley in Frederick, Oklahoma. He, it seems, knew of local evidence to support Cook's case for the antiquity of man in America. No wonder that on January 14 a report issued by Frank M. Taylor, President of the Colorado Museum of Natural History said, "The developments in the department of paleontology have been very important and discoveries made by our expeditions seem likely to distinctly modify the existing theory concerning the period during which man has existed on this continent."

Either just before or just after Taylor's report appeared, Cook and Figgins drove to Frederick, Oklahoma, to see Dr. Priestley and his evidence. What they saw gave them new confidence that they were indeed hot on the trail of something big. They saw projectile points that had been found in association with Pleistocene mammals, and they decided to excavate.

The Folsom archaeological dig was unimposing in appearance but monumental in significance. Here Carl Schwachheim works at the site in 1927.

In companion articles for the May-June 1927 issue of *Natural History*, Cook and Figgins published reports of their discoveries, and Figgins made another personal effort to win converts. His story of an encounter with powerful figures in the United States National Museum is contained in two letters to Barnum Brown which survive in the files of the American Museum of Natural History. One of these, dated June 8, 1927, says, "I had a delightfully interesting series of sessions with the anthropologists, ethnologists, archaeologists and anarchists of the National Museum, and came away with the belief that they will not attack the accounts of our finds.

"Strange as such a statement may appear, I found Dr. Hrdlicka far more reasonable than his colleagues, Holmes, Hough, and Judd. His sole complaint was that we did not call in . . . scientists to study the artifacts in situ, together with their environment, etc. I have no complaint to make regarding such a belief. Rather, do I agree with it, had the artifacts been reported before they were removed. Altogether, my interview with Dr. Hrdlicka was very satisfactory though I did not get the impression he had changed his opinions. He suggested that we take the artifacts into Dr. Holmes and omit introducing me. Also to say nothing regarding the locality from which the artifacts were taken. Dr. Holmes took a brief look and declared they were 'undoubtedly foreign—European—both in material and workmanship.' He got no further, as Dr. Hrdlicka broke in with an introduction of myself and the statement that they were artifacts from Texas and New Mexico. I managed to retain a fairly straight face and dignified demeanor. So much for the great Dr. Holmes and all of his hedging failed to overcome the effect of his first statement. Dr. Hrdlicka was not happy.

"Judd was up on his toes the instant Dr. Hay introduced me. Pretended little interest and assured me he could duplicate the artifacts from anywhere east of the Allegheny Mountains. I called that statement and enjoyed his failure to discover any example that was similar. Also his earnest desire to change the subject and thus stop searching the numerous drawers of artifacts.

"I pinned Dr. Judd down to an expression of opinion relative to the possibility of identifying a geological period by artifacts —whether the form and workmanship of artifacts was a [clue] to their age. He declared in the negative. I made him say it three times. Hough made a like statement and then modified it by saying he could with 'more material.'

"Holmes finally declared he would never believe men and those prehistoric mammals were contemporaneous—that man hunted those mammals—until arrowheads were found imbedded in the bones of the latter in such manner as to prohibit question that they were shot into them while the animal was living. Not having arrowheads so imbedded, I left Dr. Holmes happy in his determination to oppose any and all evidence likely to interfere with his personal theories. . . ."

But Barnum Brown at the American Museum of Natural History was as encouraging as Hrdlicka, Judd, and Holmes were cool. On February 17, 1927, he wrote, "I want to congratulate you upon the fine series of associated artifacts that you are securing, and I hope that you have instructed everyone to leave the arrows imbedded in the matrix wherever possible; that is evidence that no one can controvert."

Figgins had already given such orders, but they were not so easy to enforce. Despite the efforts of Schwachheim and others in charge, the treasured projectile points proved too great a temptation and a few disappeared, to turn up later in private collections.

BOTH PAGES: SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

***The discovery that extended our knowledge of man in the New World by seven thousand years: the Folsom point,* in situ.**

To get further evidence that would convince the scientific world, Figgins sent a second expedition to Wild Horse Arroyo, this time with Floyd Blair in charge. Carl Schwachheim, who had originally reported the site to Figgins, worked as Blair's assistant.

On August 29, 1927, the day Figgins had looked for ". . . I found an arrow point this morning," Schwachheim wrote in his diary. "It is of a clear colored agate or jasper. It is not exposed the full length, but it is hollow on the sides and looks something like this. [Here Schwachheim inserted a drawing.] The point was near the rib in the matrix. One barb is broken off. Since noon Mr. Blair found another one not in place, but in the loose dirt and in much the same shape 1″ wide at break & ¾″ at base. Shaped like this but more of it. [Another drawing here.] Made of a dark red flint. . . . Sent a letter to the boss today."

This was no ordinary letter. To mail it in Folsom Schwachheim drove madly until his wagon hit a deep chuck hole. At that point he decided that information which had been in the ground for thousands of years could wait a few more minutes, and he slowed down. Still, he got the letter on the evening train to Denver. The very next day Figgins was able to dash off a telegram to Barnum Brown who was at that moment in Grand Junction, Colorado: "Another arrowhead in position at Folsom can you personally examine find answer telegram."

Figgins fired out telegrams to major museums and to a group of archaeologists who happened to be assembled in a conference organized by A. V. Kidder at Pecos, New Mexico. On September 4, Brown appeared with Figgins at the Folsom site. Soon he stated his opinion: "The artifacts are substantially contemporaneous with the Bison."

Shortly after Brown arrived, Kidder drove over from Pecos, as did Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr., of the Bureau of American Ethnology who had also been at the Pecos conference.

Word of the discovery reached the United States National Museum, but if it got to Hrdlicka, as it should have, he did not accept the evidence. He was bound for Europe to make an intensive study of early man there; to receive the Huxley Medal of the Royal Society in London; and to lecture before the Society on the Neanderthal Phase of Man. In this lecture he avoided making reference to any early man discovery at the Folsom site.

Others on the staff of the United States National Museum took a different attitude. The acting secretary, Dr. Alexander Wetmore, wrote to Figgins confirming that Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr., had made a telegraphic report in which he declared that there was no question of the contemporaneity of the bones and artifacts in the Folsom deposit.

This activity in which Hrdlicka had not participated did not go unnoticed by him. In 1928, when Barnum Brown reported the discoveries and the work at the Folsom site, in which the American Museum of Natural History had now joined, Hrdlicka attacked the evidence Brown offered. Brown's paper, delivered in New York at the International Congress of Americanists on September 23, 1928, was heard by an interested audience—which did not include Hrdlicka. In his absence, the gathering listened to his prepared comment, in which he asserted that the artifacts found with bison bones at Folsom "cannot be linked with paleolithic culture or with geological antiquity." Similar material, he said, had been found in common use by Indians in many places.

Hrdlicka's activities for 1928, according to the Report of the National Museum, centered around "researches on early man in general, and on the antiquity of man in America." However, he continued to reject the data of the Folsom site, and to deny that there was credible evidence of really ancient man in America, although he claimed he was eager to find such evidence. "Physical anthropology has no prejudice in the case," he said.

Prejudice, however, was by no means foreign to the author of those words. In a paper he wrote for the Third Race Betterment Conference at Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1928, he said that he regarded Blacks as inherently inferior to whites and he alleged that "the accumulated observations of anthropology" supported this position. Hrdlicka further urged segregation of Blacks from whites as a way of avoiding danger to the superior white race.

In view of such opinions it was a bit of irony that Hrdlicka's notions about the antiquity of man in the New World went down to defeat because a Black, George McJunkin, noticed and wondered about and talked about evidence upon which he—Hrdlicka—turned his back.

Franklin Folsom *is the author of more than seventy-five books for adults and young people, including* America's Ancient Treasures *(1971) and* The Life and Legend of George McJunkin: Cowboy-Archaeologist *(1973).*

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PIRATE OR PATRIOT?

Hypolite Bouchard and the Invasion of Monterey

by Sherwood D. Burgess

ON A LOW BLUFF overlooking the blue waters of California's Monterey Bay, the site of the old *castillo* is marked by a few rusty cannons. Below the guns, across a busy street, crowds of tourists gawk at the white fishing boats and buy seafood and curios. A short distance west other tourists driving past the deserted packing sheds of Cannery Row might recall Steinbeck characters. But few visitors, or natives, for that matter, realize they are in the line of fire of perhaps the most violent amphibious action ever launched on the American Pacific Coast.

It was here that Hypolite Bouchard made his attack in 1818 and raised the Argentine flag over the capital of Spanish California. Happily, the invasion turned out to be a fiasco. It could have been a scene of mass murder and rapine; it might even have changed the course of Pacific Coast history.

A typical product of the Napoleonic age, Bouchard was born about 1785 at Saint Tropez, a small Mediterranean seaport between Toulon and the Italian border. An impressionable child, he witnessed the violence of the French Revolution and the early triumphs of Napoleon. The invasion of Italy, sea battles with the hated English, and Napoleon's armada sailing for Egypt also filled his youthful imagination. Born into a world of violence, Bouchard devoted most of his life to it; and ironically, after he had retired to become a peaceful planter, he suffered a violent death.

Yet Bouchard's violent spirit, reflective of his age and ours, had its spark of idealism, and it was often impossible to disentangle the two forces. He was self-seeking and loyal to no country; yet he hated monarchy and fought for democracy. He once used an unarmed boat full of Malayans for target practice; but he also prevented the sailing of a slave ship until its hapless victims were rescued. He used heathens and the riffraff of the Pacific to attack Monterey; however, he piously ordered them not to molest the church. This vain, arrogant, uncultured adventurer was truly a split personality —unprincipled, ruthless pirate and idealistic, revolutionary patriot.

Although the details of Bouchard's early life are not clear, he was soon attracted to the sea and as a youth was engaged in combat with the English. He may have been a navigator of a merchant ship or second-in-command of a *corsario;* in those days there was little difference between merchant vessels and warships. But it is clear that in his teens Bouchard was learning the ways of the sea and naval combat.

By 1810 he had left France for South America and was fighting with the revolutionary forces in Argentina's struggle for independence against Spain. For two years he fought around Buenos Aires, and beginning in April 1812 he joined the forces of San Martín for another two years. Eventually he was made a citizen of the Argentine for his outstanding service.

But as the war drew to a stalemate, the tall, strapping Frenchman resigned his army commission and joined the fleet of Admiral William Brown, another foreign adventurer

who was making revolutionary Latin America his bloody playground.

It was at this time that Pablo Vicente Solá, the aristocratic Castilian governor of California, first heard of Bouchard. Late in 1815 the Frenchman rounded Cape Horn as second-in-command of Brown's fleet of three ships. The following spring the privateers roamed northward spreading terror along the South American coast. Governor Solá at Monterey was warned of the approaching adventurers and ordered an alert for California. But the Brown expedition broke up at the Galapagos Islands, and Bouchard returned to Buenos Aires in a Spanish prize, the merchant frigate *Consecuencia.*

The vessel was condemned by a prize court, purchased by a Buenos Aires patriot, Echevarria, and refitted as a war frigate. Renamed the *Argentina,* she was placed under the command of Bouchard, who was given the rights of a privateer. Echevarria's plan was to have Bouchard lie in wait off the Cape of Good Hope for Spanish ships plying between the Philippines and Spain; but the ambitious young hero had other ideas.

After an uneventful Atlantic crossing, Bouchard was disappointed to find no Spanish ships around the Cape or at Tamatave, Madagscar. He did, however, interpose the *Argentina* to prevent the sailing of a slaver from Tamatave until a British warship could rescue its victims.

Bouchard next prowled the Indian coast and then continued eastward toward the Philippines through the Sondra and Macassar straits. There he was attacked by Malay pirates who mistook his vessel for a merchant ship. He impressed the younger pirates into his own crew and mercilessly conducted target practice on the others in their *prau.*

He reached the Philippines in January, having lost one hundred of his men to scurvy, and blockaded Manila single-handedly. After two months of insignificant pirating, he moved north and captured two important prizes and for a few days had a fleet of three ships. But the prizes, with a number of his crew aboard, were soon lost in a storm. Bobbing aimlessly in the waters north of the Philippines, with barely enough mariners alive and healthy to man the ship, Bouchard decided it was safest to turn eastward again, this time toward the Hawaiian Islands.

On August 17, 1818, the lookout sighted an island. On the following day Bouchard was visited by natives in a canoe, who told him that he was near the island of Hawaii, where a Spanish vessel now owned by the Hawaiian king was in port.

Bouchard found it to be the Argentinian corvette *Santa Rosa de Chacabuco.* This ship had sailed from Buenos Aires on a privateering expedition to the Pacific on May 24, 1817. But off the Chilean coast the crew had mutinied, set its officers ashore, and then roamed the Peruvian and Equadorian coasts, attacking small, defenseless towns and plundering their churches. Finally the mutineers took the ship to Hawaii, where the mutineer chief, using the papers of the original captain, sold the ship to the Hawaiian king Kamehameha I for a little sandalwood and rum. The crew divided up their loot and dispersed throughout the islands.

Having been unable to take and keep any prize by force, Bouchard decided to take this one by trickery. He forged a document that he back-dated as originating in Buenos Aires on 27 April, 1818, commissioning him to retrieve the *Santa Rosa.* The aging Kamehameha was taken in by the ruse and agreed to turn over the corvette to Bouchard and help him round up the mutineers for punishment.

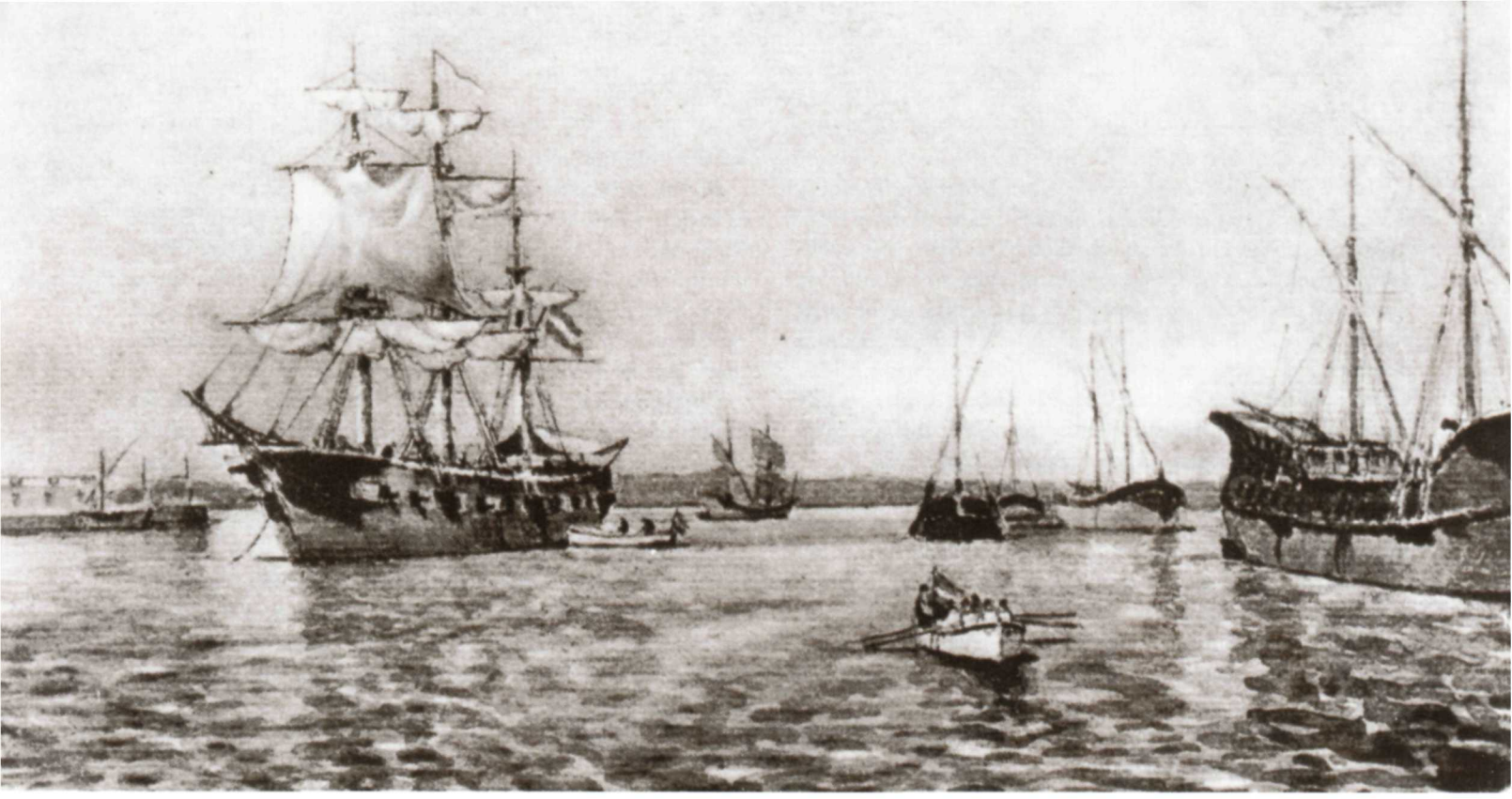
The king's men went throughout the islands, beating the bushes for the mutineers. Those who resisted were bound hand and foot, slung on poles like pigs, and carried aboard the *Argentina.* The still independent king of Kauai balked at giving up a mutineer leader named Griffin, but after Bouchard threatened to bombard the island, the king relented, and the reluctant rebel was dragged to the beach. The sanctimonious Bouchard gave Griffin two hours to contemplate his sins and then had him shot down. Some seventy other mutineers were recovered, tried, and lashed. All decided to join Bouchard's crew.

IN HAWAII, Bouchard met a former English naval officer, Peter Corney, who had made repeated voyages to North America. Corney had visited California in 1814 and 1815, and possessed detailed information concerning the harbor, fortifications, and size of the garrison at Monterey. Bouchard immediately struck up a friendship and a partnership resulted. Together the two men hatched the idea of an attack upon California—an attack with two objectives: plunder for Bouchard and his crews, and the planting of the flag of revolutionary Argentina on the northernmost flank of the hated Spanish empire.

Captain Corney was given command of the *Santa Rosa,* and most of September and October was spent at Oahu rounding up additional crewmen for the two ships. The recruiting drive made no distinction as to race, creed, or previous condition of servitude. All willing cutthroats were welcomed, and a few unwilling ones shanghaied, to reinforce Bouchard's crew. Corney recruited several of his former crewmen including as midshipman one Andrés Gómez, who seems to have been at Monterey the previous year, allegedly visiting his uncle, Sergeant Manuel Gómez of the Monterey garrison.

Finally the two ships were outfitted and on October 25, 1818, set sail with the intention of swooping down on an unsuspecting California. The *Argentina* now carried 260 men, 50 of whom were islanders; the 18-gun *Santa Rosa* had a complement of 100, including 30 islanders. With nearly 400 men and about 55 guns, the little fleet had more personnel and fire power than the four California presidios combined.

It must be remembered that California, although still loyal to the Spanish king, was a practically autonomous outpost of the empire at this time. Only tenuously connected with



The Argentine privateer Argentina, *under command of Hypolite Bouchard, lies at anchor at Tamatave, Madagascar, in 1817. During the next year the restless Frenchman was to sail her halfway around the world to the coast of Spanish California.*

revolution-racked Mexico by dangerous desert or sea routes, California could not look to either Mexico or Spain for support. The scattered, isolated communities along the California coast were entirely on their own for the duration of Bouchard's invasion.

Two alert moves saved the peaceful settlers in California from a bloodbath. First, the captain of the American brig *Clarion* learned of the plans while entertaining Bouchard and his officers at Oahu, and on October 6 he put into Santa Barbara to warn Commandant Guerra that the two insurgent ships were outfitting in Hawaii. Second, energetic evacuation plans were made by Governor Solá.

Solá's actions in this invasion have often been sneeringly maligned. But considering that Bouchard's crews equaled in number the soldiers scattered along five hundred miles of California coast, Solá acted wisely. He ordered an immediate alert and had lookouts—one soldier and two Indians—posted on the main promontories at all important ports to watch for approaching sails. San Mateo, Rancho del Rey (Salinas), Santa Ines, and Pala were designated as centers to which women and children were evacuated and at which food and clothing were stored. Valuable church artifacts were also sent to the interior, and all livestock were readied to be driven inland upon approach of the enemy. Invalided soldiers and ranchers were ordered to report to the nearest presidio to form a militia.

Then came a period of waiting. The excitement died down. A month passed, six weeks; still no enemy. Families returned to their homes and ranchers to their work. Obviously it was another false alarm. The vitriolic Solá wrote a scathing letter to Guerra accusing him of sending false information. Monterey was drifting back to sleep.

The Monterey of 1818 was indeed a sleepy, unimposing place. It consisted of a walled presidio about 550 feet square located less than a half mile inland from the present municipal beach. Its east wall ran along a lagoon, the west arm of present El Estero. Its south wall snuggled against the foot of the hills; the church dominated the south end of the quadrangle, its back forming the south wall. At the south end of the east and west walls were the governor's and commandant's houses, while the backs of some fifty small, one-story houses formed most of the east and west walls. Near the main gate, which opened to the north and looked out over the bay, were the guardhouse, armory, and storerooms. All the buildings faced a central plaza in the center of which was a flagpole. In this confined space lived about four hundred people.

A dirt road ran from the main gate around the west side of the wall and wound southward over the hill to the Carmel mission. Joining this road near the southwest corner of the presidio was another road that led eastward through the hills to the Salinas Valley. Another ran to the landing area, which was a cove near the site of the present customs house.

Less than a mile west of the presidio, a hill jutted out into the bay. On the nose of this headland, the present-day Presidio

Hill, was the *castillo,* or fort, which dominated the cove and the landing area to the east and northeast. This fort, elevated about fifty feet above the water, contained eight 6- and 8-pound fixed guns pointed so as to dominate the cove. These guns were protected by logs and earth, giving them excellent cover. But the west side of the *castillo,* toward the Point of Pines, was undefended. To the rear of the battery was the *casa mata,* or powder magazine. Near the water's edge, hidden behind embankments on the beach, were three larger guns, either long 9-pounders, or 18-pounders.

To man these guns and defend the entire community, Solá had 40 men—25 cavalry, 4 artillerymen, and 11 militia artillerymen. All, of course, were mounted and excellent riders.

Technically, the defense of the Monterey presidio should have been conducted by Commandant José Estudillo. Solá was governer of all the California province. But Estudillo was a vain, mediocre officer with the rank of lieutenant who was generally disliked by others in the garrison. Thus, there was no question; Estudillo was outranked in every way by Lieutenant Colonel Pablo Vicente Solá, who took command of the operation.

Like Bouchard, Solá was a man of conflicting personality traits. He was a proud, hot-blooded Castilian of an old, aristocratic family, who was seldom seen out of uniform or without his sword. Although about sixty years old at the time of the invasion, Solá was still husky, energetic, and erect. A disciplinarian to the point of being a martinet, he would often give soldiers and officers alike tongue-lashings or even beatings in front of the entire community. Solá first regarded his assignment in remote, provincial Monterey as an exile; but, as do most California residents, he gradually grew to like the place and soon began to take a paternal interest in the welfare of his subjects. Solá loved children and was often seen romping with them in the plaza. This broad streak of humanity probably explains his decisions to evacuate the women and children and to refuse, when defeat became inevitable, to make them the widows and orphans of dead heroes.

The afternoon of November 22 was an unusual day for Monterey. The prevailing wind had died down, and the bay was glassy and calm. Probably high cirrus clouds were drifting down from the north indicating a storm might reach the area the next day. Suddenly, the afternoon stupor was shattered as the sentinel from the Point of Pines rode into the plaza and to the governor's house. Icy chills gripped the people as the word spread. Two sails were approaching. Soon thereafter two more riders came in breathlessly from Santa Cruz. Two ships had paused off Santa Cruz earlier in the day, but the surf had prevented a landing.

As the dim winter sun began to set over the Point of Pines, all was chaos in Monterey. Solá had ordered the evacuation of noncombatants. There were heartrending scenes as women clutched their soldier-husbands for what might be the last time, and older boys gripped their fathers' hands begging to be allowed to fight and die as men rather than flee with the women. Women, children, and old men began to stream down the narrow, rutted road that led to the Salinas Valley. The more fortunate fled in bumpy, squealing oxcarts, covered with a few hides to protect them from the cold and clutching a few prized keepsakes. Others ran on foot with only the clothes on their backs. Wailing women, screaming children, and shivering old men trudged beside the oxcarts, numb with cold and disbelief.

Meanwhile, the soldiers manned the batteries. Sergeant Manuel Gómez, in command of the artillery, stationed himself with the battery on the hill. Twenty-year-old Corporal José Vallejo was in charge of the three larger guns at the beach. When darkness fell, the ships were still far out, approaching very slowly.

THE INSURGENT'S VOYAGE to the coast had been uneventful. The articles of war were frequently read, just as a reminder to those who had previously taken part in mutinies. Word circulated that this was going to be an easy victory as the Californians would not even fight.

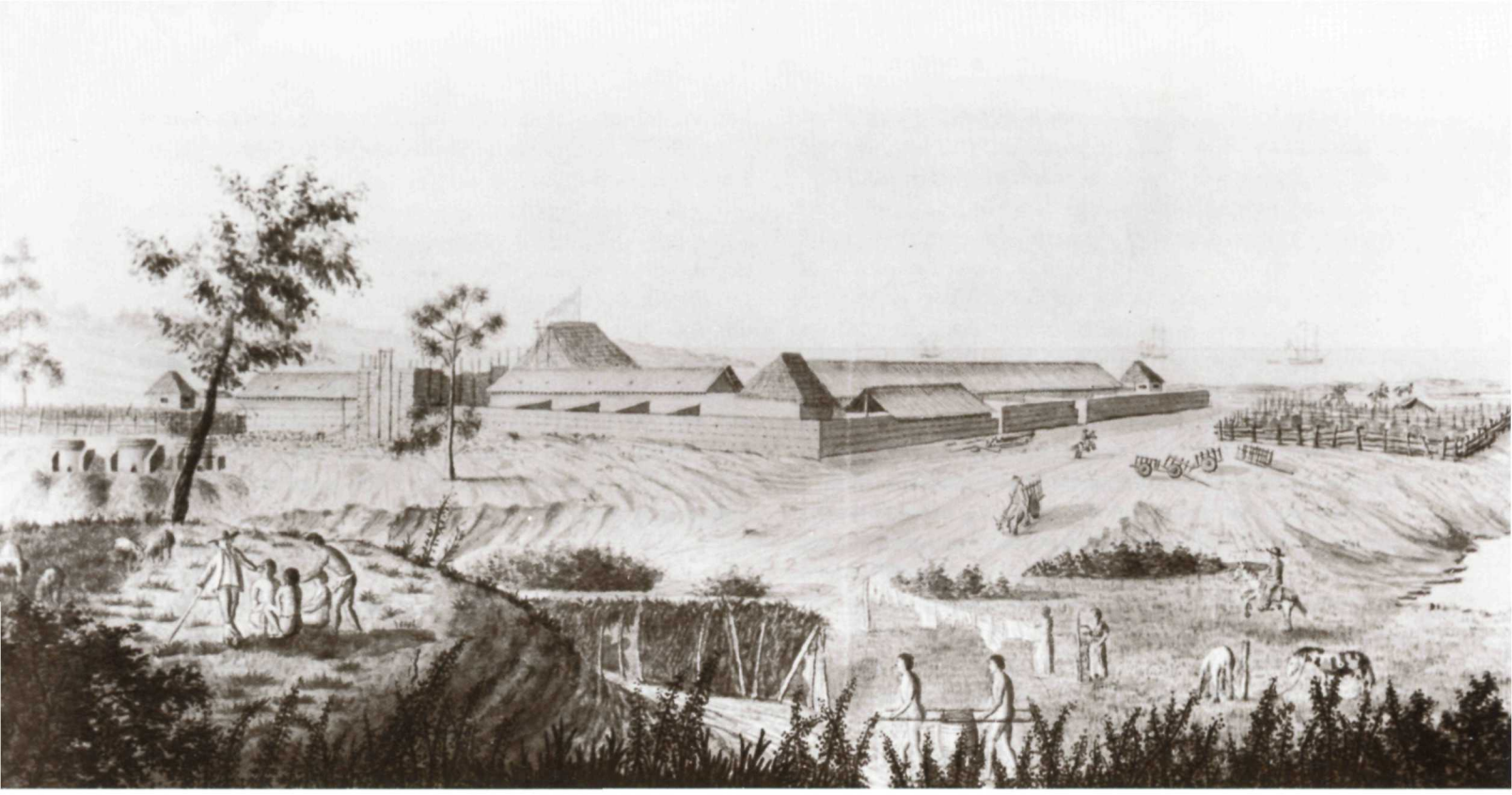
Taking the usual northerly route, the ships had reprovisioned at the Russian settlement north of San Francisco. The invasion vessels sailed past San Francisco and Santa Cruz but, despite reports to the contrary, did not attempt to take those ports. Bouchard's objective was the capital, Monterey, which he assumed would be the main prize.

The plan was simple. The two vessels would approach with the *Santa Rosa* in the lead and slip into the harbor flying the American flag. The *Santa Rosa,* under Corney, who knew the harbor, would come in very close with the *Argentina* lying offshore for support. During the night additional men would be sent to the corvette. At daybreak a sudden bombardment from both ships would cover a landing party from the *Santa Rosa.* With a beachhead secured more men would swarm ashore, and the surprised community would be at the mercy of these 360 dregs of the seas.

No hitch was anticipated. But about five o'clock, when the ships were still about two leagues (about six miles) from the shore, the winds died, and they were caught in a dead calm.

As the Californians manned their batteries and watched the approaching sails flash in the sunset, they did not know that Bouchard had ordered the ships towed by small boats. Bouchard, in turn, had no idea that his invasion plans were already known in Monterey. Darkness fell, and still Bouchard urged his tired oarsmen toward the coast. As the *Santa Rosa* maneuvered to within a few hundred feet of shore, Corporal Vallejo kept his 18-pounders tracking the ship's silhouette. About two miles from the beach, in fifteen fathoms, the *Argentina* dropped anchor.

Despite the exhausted condition of his crew after towing the ships, Bouchard ordered Lieutenant Sheppard to take two hundred men from the *Argentina* to the smaller ship and prepare to land an overwhelming force at daybreak. The men



In 1818 the walled Presidio of Monterey probably still looked much like this view drawn in 1791. Located about a half-mile from the shore, it included a church, armory, governor's and commandant's homes, and quarters for about four hundred people.

were tired and poorly led and disciplined, but they reached the smaller ship without being observed by the Californians.

During the night Solá repeatedly had the ship hailed and ordered it to send a small boat ashore; but Corney either ignored the orders or replied in English, which the Californians could not understand. Finally, the Californians made out an answer that sounded like the rebels would send a boat in at dawn. The *Santa Rosa* did indeed intend to send a boat at dawn—in fact, many boats fairly bulging with insurgents.

As a cold gray light from beyond the Salinas hills began to illuminate the scene, Bouchard saw to his horror the precarious position of the *Santa Rosa* and most of his command. From the *Argentina* he could see the battery on the hill frowning at point-blank range above the corvette. He did not know that, in addition, the three guns on the beach under Corporal Vallejo were trained at the smaller ship.

Suddenly, a brave cheer went up from the men aboard the *Santa Rosa.* Captain Corney loosened his anchor chain and swung ship, allowing his guns to bear on the fort. The Argentinian flag was hoisted, and the guns roared. Six small boats pulled out from behind the vessel and under the cover of its guns rowed toward shore. Then the Californians opened with devastating fire. Vallejo's beach battery peppered the approaching small boats with grape shot, sinking one and sending the others back toward the corvette in confusion. His ball shot crashed into the side of the ship just above the waterline, while from the *castillo* Sergeant Gómez poured shot down on the deck of the crowded ship. It was soon over. The *Santa Rosa,* riddled and taking water, its crew and landing forces demoralized, lowered its flag. The firing ceased.

His plans ruined, Bouchard raged and fumed helplessly from the deck of the becalmed *Argentina.* A slight breeze eased him a little closer to the scene of the action, but he had only forty fighting men aboard. Although he was soon reinforced by fifty marines who had escaped from the ill-fated landing operation, the shore batteries were still out of range.

The commodore's main concern now was to save his smaller ship and the bulk of his force, which were completely at the Californians' mercy in the wreckage-strewn, blood-streaked cove. A show of force by the *Argentina,* even if possible, would have certainly resulted in disaster. So he prudently ran up the Argentine flag, fired a salute to it, and sent a peace mission ashore. Meanwhile, Corney was frantically using canvas, blankets, and anything else available to plug the holes in the waterline of the smaller ship to keep it afloat.

Bouchard's peace party, under the ship's surgeon, delivered a vigorous note dated November 23 and stating that the king had declared war on the Americans and that Bouchard, presumably their savior, had crossed the Pacific. He threatened to reduce Monterey to cinders unless it was surrendered. Solá never replied to the note. In the meantime, at Solá's demand, Corney had sent ashore another boat with three men, one of whom was Joseph Chapman, an American. Solá had the trio summarily tossed in the guardhouse.

Meanwhile, there had developed a strong division in the Californian camp that almost resulted in civil war. Corporal Vallejo opposed the cease-fire and wisely demanded that the stricken ship be sunk as the only way to insure the safety of Monterey. Sergeant Gómez was opposed to further firing. However, Vallejo resumed fire on his own, directly disobeying Gómez' orders. The sergeant, in a fit of rage, ordered his own guns in the *castillo* turned on the beach battery; but his crew refused to fire. Finally, Solá sent Sergeant Ignacio Vallejo, the gunner's father, with the order to cease firing. Obeying parental authority, the corporal reluctantly silenced his guns.

The rift that developed continued after the battle with demands for a court-martial of Gómez. Some Californians even charged that Gómez had a nephew aboard the insurgent ship. It is true that an Andrés Gómez was on the rolls of the *Santa Rosa* and that he was among the leaders at the later landing. Word went around that Gómez' nephew had visited him and had been given the plans of the fort the previous year, and that Bouchard was aboard the ship at that time. However, it was Captain Corney in 1815, not Bouchard, who had visited Monterey; and it is possible that Gómez, who apparently joined Bouchard in Hawaii, was with Corney. But no expedition was being planned at that time. It could be that the *Clarion* carried mail for California and that Sergeant Gómez had been warned ahead of time. But if he had been a traitor, why would he have so effectively bombarded the *Santa Rosa*? The question will probably never be settled; Solá refused to court-martial Gómez, as his house had been hit in the battle. But the *Santa Rosa* was not sunk, and as Corporal Vallejo feared, results were inevitable.

The remainder of the day was spent by both sides preparing for the big show the next day. Bouchard could do nothing until nightfall as he feared that any movement would bring retaliation on the helpless corvette. At nine o'clock, in a slight drizzle that made the night even blacker, he began to abandon the *Santa Rosa*. The evacuation was completed in short order except for the seriously wounded, who were left aboard. It was feared that if they were moved their cries would disclose the evacuation and bring the ship again under fire. Because of the darkness the Californians were unaware of the movement and made no attempt to interfere. Juan Whaloo, officer of the first boat off the *Santa Rosa,* reported to Bouchard that the Spaniards ashore were having a dance to celebrate their victory. This was hardly true as there were no women left in the area. The Californians' accounts tell of men crouching by their guns in the drizzle all night, so probably a little morale-lifting guitar playing and singing echoed through the black mists and was misinterpreted as a victory dance.

AT DAYBREAK on the twenty-fourth, Bouchard was ready for a new landing attempt. This time he planned a wide flanking action from the Point of Pines, about three miles from the *castillo,* rather than assault the beach again in the face of the Californian fortifications. Two hundred cutthroats led by Bouchard and Corney tumbled into small boats, 130 armed with rifles and the rest carrying long pikes. The beach he selected was known as the Beach of Doña Brigida, named for the wife of one Don Armenta, whose fruit orchard supplied fresh produce for the presidio. The description of the site fits the present-day Pacific Grove recreation area known as "Lover's Point."

When Solá saw the invasion force approaching the beach, he ordered Alferece Estrada with a small force, probably twenty-five cavalry and a four-pound field piece, to gallop to the landing area and stop the invaders.

Estrada reached the bluffs, which rise steeply above the shore, before the invaders landed. He hastily cut down trees from an orchard for barricades and opened fire on the approaching boats. Bouchard withdrew from range, then ordered his landing force to split into two groups. One group lay off the beach and engaged the Californians with rifle fire while the other rowed around the point and landed unopposed on the sheltered side. After a brief skirmish Estrada, outnumbered nearly ten to one, in danger of encirclement, and short of ammunition, prudently ordered his men to mount. Dragging their field piece behind them, they fought a delaying action as they retreated along the shore toward the *castillo.*

Bouchard's force completed its landing at eight in the morning and marched the three miles along the shore toward the presidio with a fierce-looking band of naked Sandwich Islanders as advance guard. Just before ten o'clock they marched through what is the Cannery Row section of Monterey to the foot of the *castillo.*

The Californian forces, meanwhile, were preparing for the evacuation of the hill. Because the batteries were fixed to point seaward over the cove, no guns could be brought to bear in the direction of the Point of Pines, from which came the invaders. Solá realized the hopelessness of his position, and as the insurgents approached, the guns were spiked. Sergeant Vallejo dragged barrels of powder from the *casa mata* and made a powder train leading into the magazine.

The insurgents moved to the base of the hill and deployed the naked Sandwich Islanders armed with long wicked-looking spears as the assault force, while the rag-tag adventurers from beaches around the world lined up behind them. The drummer beat the charge, and the screaming islanders swarmed up the hill.

There was no futile heroic resistance to enliven the story. Sergeant Vallejo threw a burning faggot into the powder train, and the defenders mounted their horses and galloped down the other side of the hill toward the presidio. A deafening roar, a cloud of black smoke, and a shower of dirt marked the end of the *castillo.* The islanders hauled down the dripping flag of the crumbling Spanish Empire and raised the flag of Buenos Aires over the capital of California.

The French adventurer stood triumphantly beneath the flag he had temporarily adopted. Below him in the cove,

Drawn in 1792 by an artist with English navigator Capt. George Vancouver's expedition, this view shows the presidio as seen from the shore. A castillo on a headland (behind the viewer) protected the port—but failed to stop Hypolite Bouchard in 1818.

on the bloody splintered decks of the *Santa Rosa,* wounded moaned and dead lay quietly. Less than a mile away Bouchard saw his objective, the little white-walled quadrangle that held the pueblo of Monterey, the capital of California. There the defiant, unscathed Californians were bustling with activity.

The location of the presidio, with its east wall along the lagoon and the bay to the north, made it an excellent snare for the Californians. Once the Salinas-Carmel road junction at the southwest corner was cut off, the defenders would be trapped between the bay, the lagoon, and the advancing enemy.

Bouchard lost no time in taking advantage of this situation. After a few long-range rounds were fired into the presidio, the Commodore ordered Corney to invest the place. With flag flying and a band playing, the insurgents marched across what is now the downtown section of Monterey toward the presidio. But Corney was not quick enough. With a few token shots from their field pieces and muskets, the Californians temporarily halted the insurgent advance. The momentary delay allowed the defenders to mount their horses, and with Solá holding the provincial archives, they retreated down the road toward Salinas. Estrada and Corporal Vallejo formed a rear guard.

The insurgent troops went wild as they swarmed into the presidio and proceeded to engage in an orgy of looting. The previously naked Sandwich Islanders emerged from the homes dressed in Spanish clothes. Every house and public building was looted and its furniture smashed. Only the church was spared. Bouchard threatened with death any man who desecrated the place of worship.

This looting, which for the time being resulted in complete chaos and loss of control, gave the Californians a chance to withdraw unmolested.

Bouchard, when some semblance of order was restored, sent Lieutenant Burgess to the *Santa Rosa* to direct the evacuation of the wounded to the larger ship. At the same time, he organized a pursuit force to overtake Solá. This force reluctantly set out on what was then little more than a muddy horse trail, winding through the hills toward the Salinas Valley. Solá's rear guard, led by Estrada and the young José Vallejo, joyously harassed the sailor-infantry, who were slogging down the road into a vast unknown continent. The sailors were no match for a mobile enemy who picked them off in hit-and-run attacks. This was not the type of warfare that these wild adventurers had expected. After advancing about five miles to a point still known as El Saucito, the rebel rabble turned tail and ran back toward the safer and more desirable activity of looting the town. Estrada and Vallejo then had a field day as they galloped down on the rear of the fleeing column, killing and wounding many and capturing three.

The three prisoners were dragged to the Rancho del Rey, where the miserable refugees from the attack were huddled in whatever shelter there was. Hysterical women screamed that the prisoners should be burned at the stake, but the level-

headed governor prevailed. The three, along with the crewmen of the *Santa Rosa* who were detained earlier, were freed after a short imprisonment and subsequently lived out their lives in California.

It was a frustrated Bouchard who stood in the plaza of the Monterey presidio. He had lost at least twenty-six men, while the Californians had suffered virtually no casualties. Systematic looting of government stores in the presidio produced little of value—California was a poor province—and what few valuable items it did have had been taken inland. Nor could the physical lusts of his men be satisfied, as all the women had been evacuated. In summary, a pretty sad record for a pirate.

In the role of liberator, Bouchard was likewise a failure. The only way he could have revolutionized California and brought it under the flag of Argentina would have been to take Monterey, together with its governor and inhabitants, convert them to the revolutionary cause, and then take in turn each of the other three presidios. But the Monterey he had conquered was only an empty shell without government or people to revolutionize.

Bouchard's failure was due mainly to Solá. Notwithstanding the advance warning that saved California from surprise, Solá's evacuation minimized the loot available to the attackers. But probably the most important factor in Bouchard's defeat was Solá's refusal to be lured into suicidal heroics. Only the crusty old man's deep-seated humanity, which prevented Corporal Vallejo from finishing off the *Santa Rosa* and drowning most of Bouchard's force, saved the Frenchman from complete defeat.

Solá's retreat to Rancho del Rey in the Salinas Valley provided him with a haven that the pirates had no desire to reach and could have reached only with heavy losses. Here the governor awaited reinforcements, which were soon galloping from San Francisco and San Jose.

During the few days Bouchard was in Monterey, his position was made more irritating by the Californian scouts, who rode arrogantly about the hills in plain sight watching all that went on. Under a flag of truce, he sent a party to the Californian horsemen with a demand that his prisoners be returned. Three days were allowed for a reply. But Solá refused to grant an acknowledgement of any sort. In rage and frustration Bouchard ordered the presidio burned, all remaining cattle killed, and gardens dug up. Taking with him one citizen, an alcoholic who was left behind in the evacuation, Bouchard's little fleet raised anchor and sailed southwest on November 29, leaving Monterey a smoking ruin.

He proceeded to wreak his vengeance on California by attacking Rancho Refugio, where he lost three prisoners. These were recovered and the alcoholic returned after Bouchard threatened to attack Santa Barbara. A senseless, destructive raid on San Juan Capistrano followed on December 17, in which Bouchard reported the loss of four deserters; one name is the same as reported captured at Monterey. It is possible, however, that he was covering his losses at Monterey by reporting the desertions at San Juan. Continuing south, he gave San Diego a wide berth, as if he knew that the civilians had been evacuated and the Californians were ready for him.

A FAILURE as a revolutionary, Bouchard continued his piratical attacks along the Mexican and Central American coasts. On January 25 the *Argentina* and *Santa Rosa* arrived off San Blás and captured a brigantine from Nicaragua with a cargo of cacao, and later, an English East India ship.

Slowly Bouchard sailed southward. He attacked the port of Realejo and, in the greatest success of his voyage, took a number of prizes.

Meanwhile, world-shaking events had occurred in South America. In the north Simón Bolívar was on the move through Venezuela and Columbia, heading for Ecuador. José de San Martín had marched over the passes of the Andes and had swept the Spaniards from Chile. Thus a great two-pronged pincer was closing on Peru, the last royalist stronghold on the continent. Under a former English admiral, Lord Cochrane, a fleet was assembling at Valparaiso and a small Chilean navy was sweeping the coasts of Spanish naval power.

The vain Cochrane did not appreciate the arrival of another hero when, on July 9, 1819, Bouchard's *Argentina* and *Santa Rosa,* followed by a number of prizes, sailed into the harbor. Bouchard, who had defied the Spanish king in every part of the Pacific, stood in all pomp and pride on the *Argentina* awaiting a hero's welcome. Instead, he was seized by Lord Cochrane and thrown into prison under the charge of piracy for attacking a British ship in the Straits of Sundra. Ironically, Bouchard, despite his technical status as a privateer and as close to being a pirate as any man since Blackbeard, had not attacked the British ship. He was acquitted, but only after a long trial during which his prizes were confiscated.

Meanwhile, the expedition against Peru was being prepared, and Bouchard put himself at the service of his old commander, San Martín. His *Argentina,* which had sent chills of terror through all the islands of the Pacific from the Cape of Good Hope to the coast of California, was assigned the ignominious command of a transport. What was worse, it carried cavalry troops, the same type of troops who had prevented him from exploiting his victory at Monterey and turning California into a province of Argentina.

Later Bouchard joined the Peruvian naval service, rising to commander-in-chief. In his last years he retired to a plantation, but even there he did not find tranquility. In 1843 his life was cut short by a final act of violence—he was murdered by one of his peons.

Sherwood D. Burgess *is vice president of the Heald Colleges and director of the Heald Business Colleges in Oakland, Hayward, and Walnut Creek, California. He is author of a number of articles on regional and western history.*

A Matter of Opinion

THE AMERICAN WEST: Two Readers' Comments

TO THE EDITOR:

The article by Messrs. Reinhardt and Richards in your May issue entitled "Cut-rate Enchantment: Chicago to Los Angeles in a Tourist Sleeper" is a fairly accurate account of travel in one of these sleepers around 1905, but it somehow leaves the impression that this was typical throughout the long time of the operation of this type of sleeping car. . . .

The Tourist car of 1905 was a far cry from the ones of 1920 or 1940. These cars lasted until the advent of the fast, streamlined, lightweight trains. In fact I rode a Tourist Sleeper as late as 1960 on the Milwaukee Road, although technically it was not a "Tourist" car, since it was owned by the railroad and not the Pullman Company. The Milwaukee called it a "Touralux" car; still it was a second-class sleeping car.

The Tourist car conductor-escort began to phase out around 1910; thereafter on any train having two or more sleeping cars, either first-class Pullmans or Tourist Pullmans, there was a Pullman conductor in charge of the cars, porters, passengers, and their tickets.

I can recall walking through Tourist cars around 1915, when they had the rattan seats. (We usually rode the first-class Pullmans.) But it was not long after that that these rattan seats began to be supplanted with leather ones, which were more comfortable. Still later, Tourist cars had plush seats, the same as the first-class sleepers, which were termed "Standards." In fact these were simply older first-class sleepers.

I do know that some of the earliest Tourist cars had cooking facilities in connection with the Baker Heater, but I never saw one. And for as long as I can remember, hot water was always available in coaches, Tourist and Standard sleepers on main line trains for washing and shaving, *summer* or *winter* from steam heat supplied by the locomotive.

The most astounding statement in the article is that which reads "By comparison, the route of the Santa Fe was spooky and repulsive—a desert land of incredible aridity and intolerable heat, inhabitated by lizards and spiders, spiny plants and Indians of demonstrated ferocity. . . ." This is a statement with which I am sure thousands of experienced travelers will disagree. From Trinidad, Colorado (near the New Mexico state line) to Kingman, in western Arizona, the line seldom dips below six thousand feet in elevation, and there are four mountain passes that exceed seven thousand feet. Heat is not intolerable at this altitude. This is a country which many travelers consider as scenic and fascinating, with mountains, mesas, pine trees and canyons.

Edward Mahoney
Dallas, Texas

TO THE EDITOR:

Two items for praise and congratulations: First, for the splendid July 1974 issue of THE AMERICAN WEST.

And secondly, your own "Matter of Opinion" editorial on the "Robin Hood Myth." Very good, and highly appropriate. I have enjoyed inward smiles the past few days in remembrance of early experiences I had in Vernon, Texas, during the early 1920s when the Jesse James myth was still so very much alive. Many otherwise sane and sober people actually believed that Jesse robbed banks, held up trains, and murdered innocent people only for the purpose of handing out the gains to the poor and downtrodden. I recall that this approach received a shot in the arm when a traveling troup came through, erected a big tent, charged 25¢ admission, and put on a Jesse James melodrama.

During the course of the presentation, I recall vividly that a train made of pasteboard lurched onto the stage and was held up by Jesse. The engineer, conductor, and perhaps a few passengers were dispatched quickly with gunfire, whereupon all now being quiet and still, Jesse turned to the audience and gave a ten-minute lecture on how he regretted that these unpleasant things had to be done—but they were necessary because so many people in this world are poor and sick and old; and he announced his immediate departure to turn all this money and jewels over to *them*.

One other item: by coincidence I read first your quotation of Paul Taylor, "Is it true that what we learn from history is that we learn nothing from history?"; then only a day later, I was perusing the English book publication, *Books and Bookmen* (January 1974 issue) and came across the following from a Richard Ingrams review of the *Devil's Decade* by Claud Cockburn:

"Once more the force of Hegel's saying is demonstrated, that 'we learn from history that men never learn anything from history.' "

I made a cursory examination of Hegel's *Philosophy of History* and perhaps this saying is buried at some point in the three-hundred-odd pages; but if so, I missed it. In any event, it is of interest, and quite possible, of course, that even as with Darwin and Wallace, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Hegel arrived at the same conclusion by independent means.

William N. Stokes, Jr.
Lake Dallas, Texas

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

Frederic Remington: Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture

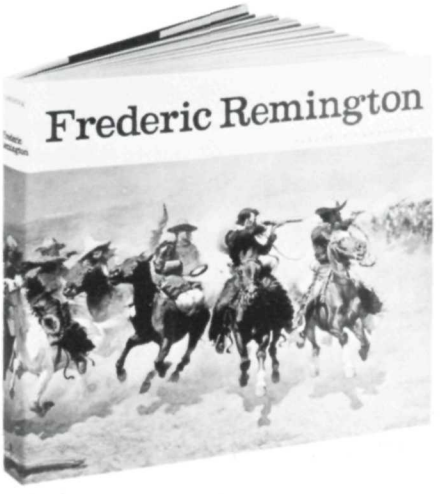
REVIEWED BY ROBERT HITCHMAN

ANY BOOK on Frederic Remington should be well illustrated—and this one is, with ninety-four plates, sixty of them in full color. Its size, twelve-by-thirteen inches, allows for good reproduction and eleven of the color plates are foldouts, so that little is lost by reduction. What is more, this volume provides something that is not always found in others on Remington: a text that is solid and valuable. Peter H. Hassrick, curator of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, reviews Remington's career and makes an equitable critical analysis of his work as an illustrator in the golden age of American illustration, as a painter deeply influenced by Impressionism, and as a sculptor.

Frederic Remington: Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture in the Amon Carter Museum and the Sid W. Richardson Foundation Collections by Peter H. Hassrick, foreword by Ruth Carter Johnson *(Abrams with the Amon Carter Museum, New York, 1973; 218 pp., intro., biblio., $35.00).*

Certainly — as Hassrick notes — Remington succeeded beyond all others in showing America her own West. The author quotes William A. Coffin as having written in a series of articles on American illustration, "It is a fact that admits of no question that Eastern people have formed their conceptions of what the Far-Western life is like, more from what they have seen in Mr. Remington's pictures than from any other source. . . ." So it is interesting to conjecture the part that Remington, in the short forty-eight years of his life (1861–1909), played in building the legend of the West that has become such a factor in American culture.

Remington's illustrations appeared in profusion in *Harper's Weekly, Collier's,*



and other of the nation's popular magazines for over twenty years. They brought life to his articles and to the articles and stories of other authors. They gave an element of pride and recognition to those in the West; they stirred the imaginations of men in all parts of the country and provided vicarious pleasure to those whose horizons and experiences otherwise were limited. As John Ewers has concluded, "There is no denying Frederic Remington's art works were a powerful force in creating the image of the Wild West." His work has helped to establish the cult of the West that continues to spawn western novels, western movies, western television programs and poses of the Westerners even in such unlikely places as Britain and Germany.

What is more, the acceptance of Remington's work by the public undoubtedly created appreciation for the work of many other artists. The action and realism of Remington's pictures and sculptures—and the stories they tell all won enthusiastic public approval. Here was something that the man in the street could understand and enjoy.

The favorable reception given Remington's work and also that of Charles M. Russell has served as a base for a whole school of cowboy and Indian art that flourishes luxuriantly at this time. So the accomplishment of the man is not to be tallied alone in terms of his several thousand paintings and drawings and his twenty-two bronzes, but rather by his influence on the minds of men, as a creator of the western saga—an influence that will extend for generations. And how fortunate for Americans that Remington could record the West during its formative years and that he recorded it in such detail and with such perception.

This volume is one to be cherished by all who love the West of cowboys and Indians, of cavalrymen and horses and mountain men. The text has substance, the bibliography offers exciting leads to those who would study further and—most of all—the illustrations reveal the genius of Frederic Remington clearly and convincingly.

The large-scale illustrations of Remington's drawings, paintings, and sculpture in this volume are from two of the most important Remington collections—those of Amon G. Carter and Sid W. Richardson, close friends who shared an admiration for Remington's work. In a preface, Ruth Carter Johnson, the daughter of Amon Carter, tells of the friendship of the two men and the growth of their collections.

This book is too large to be read in bed, but it can stir dreams of an untamed West in which man had no choice but to face Nature head-on, a West filled with men of independent spirit and self-reliance, and a West that has now gone forever.

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

Conquering the Frontiers

REVIEWED BY RUSSELL E. BELOUS

ON THIS NATION'S two hundredth birthday the cumulative toll of firearms fatalities among its citizens will have run into the millions. Since 1900 alone firearms have brought death to the astonishing total of more than 800,000 Americans—a civilian toll far greater than the 650,000 Americans killed in battle in *all* our wars. In no other country of the world have so many people killed and maimed each other—and themselves—with firearms. *Why?*

Conquering the Frontiers: Stories of American Pioneers and the guns which helped them establish a new life by James E. Serven *(Foundation Press, La Habra, Calif., 1974; 256 pp., illus., index, $19.95).*

While James E. Serven's handsomely printed *Conquering the Frontiers* is mostly about the *how*, he leaves no doubt about the *why*. "Once the Indian hostilities had been reasonably controlled . . . hunting to provide food and competitive shooting for sport kept firearms as a vital implement in every western home. The establishment of law and order called for the presence of a gun; and while guns alone did not 'Win the West' the way was made easier by their use." For Serven the rifle has been the instrument of destiny, the symbol of progress. "If there was any way to produce an orderly society and to write the history of this nation other than by raw courage and superior weapons, that way could not be found." And of the Bill of Rights' Second Amendment, much debated in proposed gun control legislation, Serven writes: "Yes, the writers of our Bill of Rights showed excellent judgment when they looked ahead to the needs of this nation and spelled out plain and clear—'the right of the people to keep and bear Arms shall not be infringed'."

Serven's thesis is well argued in a series of chapters, largely rewritten from previously published material in several weapons magazines and *The American West*. The narrative flows smoothly as it moves west in both geographic and chronological terms, from 1750 to 1900. In the seventeen installments of nearly equal length, we are shown the type of weapons used (243 are illustrated), who used them, where and why. We examine the arms carried by Daniel Boone through the Cumberland Gap, those used to soundly defeat the British at New Orleans, the weapons of the mountain men, emigrants, Texas Rangers, pony express riders, buffalo hunters, miners, cowboys and, finally, those of Theodore Roosevelt.

James E. Serven, a widely published weapons specialist, has well integrated technical information on weapons with an historical narrative; the liberal use of relevant illustrations (234 plates, 19 in full color) should please both lay and professional historians. For those interested in the nature of technological change Serven describes the slow evolution of the first uniquely American weapon, the Pennsylvania — or as we more commonly know it today, the Kentucky — long rifle. The relationship between form, function, and personal preference are clearly outlined as this rifle evolved from its rather clumsy European progenitor (the Yaeger) to a lighter, more accurate, economical rifle. Important also is the chapter on Capt. Samuel H. Walker and the results of his close association with a young, brilliant gun designer-entrepreneur, Samuel Colt. While we are not certain how much technical direction Walker contributed to the design of these "revolutionary" hand guns, we know he *was* responsible for influencing the government to buy 1,000 repeating pistols in 1847. It may not be an exaggeration to suggest that this was an important link in a growing military-industrial complex.

It is fitting that Serven's thesis concludes with "A Man Who Liked Guns—Theodore Roosevelt." T. R., the patron saint of the hunting fraternity, believed that "the chase is among the best of all national pastimes; it cultivates the vigorous manliness for the lack of which in a nation, as in an individual, the possession of no other qualities can possibly atone." In a well-written summary of T. R.'s life, Serven concludes: "his championship of the cause of the American rifleman has endeared him to all generations of sportsmen and to thousands who believe the Bill of Rights was wisely drawn when it preserved for American citizens the *right* to become a rifleman."

Some will consider *Conquering the Frontiers* a well-argued case against gun control, at least to the year 1900. For James E. Serven the frontier was now at an end, and he (wisely) avoids our twentieth century "pioneering" efforts into Europe, Cuba, and most lately, Southeast Asia. His text documents the casual relationship between the winning of the West and the development of a superior weapons technology. Perhaps, but this reviewer is not yet convinced. Is the M-16 automatic rifle really that much better than the eighteenth century Kentucky long rifle? Does the use of a sophisticated weapon result simply in "overkill," making *killing* easier, perhaps (and more popular), but not necessarily making it any easier to *win*?

Should you add this volume to your bookshelf? Yes, especially if it will provoke you to the additional research needed to better understand the relationship between social behavior (violence) and technology (weapons).

Russell E. Belous *is chief curator of the Historic Pensacola Preservation Board and author of* A Distinguished Collection of Arms and Armor on Display at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History.

Frontier Regulars

REVIEWED BY DON RICKEY, JR.

THIS SECOND OF TWO VOLUMES on the frontier Indian War campaigns of the U.S. Army stands as the very best single volume on the subject of the post–Civil War campaigns in the West. Drawing on published documents and a large number of monographs, Utley has provided a synopsis of Army-Indian warfare from 1866 to the 1890s. But this book is more than a compendium of wars and campaigns because it places the action in excellent historical context and describes the antagonists as they actually were, rather than as they have so often been depicted through warped socio-emotional biases.

Frontier Regulars: The United States Army and the Indian, 1866–1890 by Robert M. Utley *(Macmillan, New York, 1974; 462 pp., illus., maps, biblio, notes, index, $12.95).*

The first one hundred pages of this sequel to *Frontiersmen in Blue: The United States and the Indian, 1848–1865* (1967) contains an excellent background of the Indian Wars. Always it must be kept in mind that the U.S. Regular Army was functioning as the armed agency, carrying out policies which in dealing with the western Indians were supported and often demanded by the people through congressional and other pressure groups. Attitudes and viewpoints of the western Indians are well described, showing how they reacted to pressures exerted on them by white miners and land-seekers threatening their way of life.

To understand the Indian Wars, it is necessary to know something about the army that fought them, and here the author does an excellent job of portraying the post-1865 army, with all its bureaucracy, postwar doldrums, and doctrinal problems. For most of the Indian Wars era, the regular army was virtually the stepchild of the republic. Isolated from the nation, it was sent to serve as a sort of police force in the West and almost never given adequate support.

Like all other historical experiences of our people, the influence of the Indian Wars continued for many years after the 1890s. Its influence on the army has been considerable, revealing itself especially in the fixation of the Indian Wars army officer corps on obsolete tactics and leadership models.

A little over two years ago this viewer interviewed a retired colonel as part of an oral history project on long service in the army. The colonel had helped to formulate training programs early in World War II. He himself had enlisted in 1897 and retained as his ideal of soldierly qualities one "Long Tom" Shephard, whom he had known as a private in 1898 and who had served as Gen. Nelson A. Miles' orderly during the Sioux campaigns of the 1870s. It was Shephard who had taught the colonel how to take care of himself on campaign, keep his rifle clean, and perform as a good regular soldier should, and it was this ideal the colonel was passing onto American soldiers of the 1940s.

The frontier regulars of Utley's excellent volume came out of the Civil War, struggled through the western campaigns, and would go on to Cuba, the Philippines, and World War I—and in the ideal of "Long Tom" Shephard — train young American soldiers to fight their country's battles in World War II.

Don Rickey, Jr.—*a historian with the Bureau of Land Management, U.S. Department of the Interior—is author of* Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay: The Enlisted Men Fighting the Indian Wars.

The Pawnee Indians

REVIEWED BY ROBERT H. JONES

GEORGE E. HYDE'S history of the Pawnee Indians takes them from their southwestern origins through their zenith in Nebraska to their nadir, resettlement in Indian Territory during 1874 and 1875. Lay and professional students of Indian history will be both frustrated and fascinated by this book which has been out of print for twenty years. Hyde's disdain for orderly scholarly forms is obvious: he treats his sources casually in the text; his footnotes are seldom methodical citations of sources, and there is no bibliography. He devotes roughly half the volume to speculation about the location and origin of the Pawnee prior to 1800, and only a few pages to their history after resettlement.

The Pawnee Indians by George E. Hyde, foreword by Savoie Lottinville *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1974; 372 pp., maps, appens., notes, index, $8.95).*

The reader learns very little about the religious, social, or political organization of the Pawnee; he is told very little about the content of the treaties they signed with the exception of whatever provision brought them to Hyde's attention; he discovers virtually nothing about federal Indian legislation and is seldom able to put the Pawnee in any but the most general perspective.

On the other hand, there is little doubt of Hyde's scholarship. His narrative of Pawnee history since the early 1800s is based upon careful research and thoughtful reconstruction and in this reader's opinion is rhetorically superior. Hyde's obvious pro-Pawnee bias enlivens his prose, especially when it bristles with unflattering descriptions of Indian agents and federal activity. He slices through myth and misconception with obvious relish.

Dr. Robert H. Jones *is professor and chairman of the Department of History at the University of Akron. His most recent book is* Disrupted Decades: The Civil War and Reconstruction Years.

Timber Country

REVIEWED BY MURRAY MORGAN

ON FIRST ENCOUNTER, *Timber Country* seems to have been designed for forest industry executives to give each other at retirement parties. It weighs about eight pounds, costs $25 (which makes it more expensive than most steak), looks like an annual report, reads like hagiography and is illustrated with nearly 150 photographs, all handsome and few hinting at the amount of wet weather it takes to grow all those trees.

Timber Country: Logging in the Great Northwest by Earl Roberge *(Caxton, Caldwell, Idaho, 1974; 182 pp., illus., glossary, photographic data, $25.00).*

The text, too, concentrates on the sunny and the beautiful. The bad old days of cut-and-get-out logging are things of the past. The forest harvesters of today are ingenious, industrious, tough of mind and body, proud, reverent of life, committed to the future of forest and man—"an industry making plans for a harvest in the year 2033 can hardly be called shortsighted"— and so well paid that "if the average man knew how much a skilled logger can command, he'd probably be desperately trying to sign onto the crew."

Ecologists, usually referred to as "new ecologists," are here extended the dubious compliment of being sincere but are considered mainly as threats to logical management. The level of discussion of the forest industry's problems sinks, at one point, to this:

"Not surprisingly [the Weyerhaeuser Company] is a favorite target of the preservationists, but one that is approached with increasing wariness. Frederick Weyerhaeuser was a strong man and his heirs have inherited not only his business acumen but his fortitude. When attacked, Weyerhaeuser shoots back with facts, and its aim is sure."

Beneath such generalized affirmation a real book struggles to emerge. Earl Roberge loves the timbered Northwest and the men who gather its bounty. With Nikon in hand, he has visited logging shows ranging from the old-fashioned camps of southeastern Alaska to the hyper-modern operations in Oregon. His starting point was the pine forests of Idaho.

It would be impossible to read his book, or even to skim the pictures, without learning a lot about the industry. Roberge is especially informative on the technology of the new forestry. There is a casual enormity to the machines he pictures wafting logs—one cedar is fourteen feet in diameter and weighs sixty-three tons — onto the waiting trucks. There is a lovely improbability to the helium balloons which are the answer to the old timber beast's prayer for a sky hook.

The portraits of individual yarders and buckers and choker-setters reflect the tension of good men concentrating on serious tasks. The loggers who toy with giant toothpicks display the grace under pressure of great athletes, and they play on fields of extraordinary beauty.

Will the beauty survive the logging? Will the man-made forests of the future meet the needs of our descendants? Roberge admits no doubts. He acknowledges the follies of a previous generation and laments the excesses of an unnamed present-day gyppo operator but radiates confidence that the long-range planning of the great corporations will be in the best interest of the public. What's good for ITT . . .

Support for Roberge's optimism is to be found in his concluding chapter, "The Renewable Resource." He scans the laboratory research and field experiments of today's silvaculturists, who collect seed from "plus" or "sexy" donor trees and by spraying, thinning, grafting, aerial fertilization, and hand-planting create a forest more utilizable by industry.

That man can, at least for a time, produce trees better suited for the saw and the chipper, and at a rate faster than the unaided forest land has been proved. But a second meaning can also be read into Roberge's triumphant assertion that "Nature comes out a poor second."

Murray Morgan *teaches history at Tacoma Community College. He is the author of a dozen books, most of them about the Pacific Northwest.*

The Life of Captain James Cook

REVIEWED BY R. H. ROY

ALMOST TWO HUNDRED years ago, one of the most renowned explorers of the eighteenth century was killed by the natives of Hawaii. His death, in some ways, was ironic. Few British naval captains took more pains than James Cook to understand and make friends with the islanders of the South Pacific. Frequently greeted as a god by people who had never seen a white man or a large vessel, he imposed a strict discipline on his men and demanded humane treatment of the natives.

The Life of Captain James Cook by J. C. Beaglehole *(Stanford University, Stanford, Calif., 1974; 706 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, epilogue, $18.50).*

Cook was a remarkable man living in a remarkable age. Two years after joining the Royal Navy, in 1755, he was appointed a Master. It was while serving with the Navy, during the capture of Louisburg and Quebec, that he became seriously interested in surveying. Encouraged by others, and continually improving his ability by self-education, he soon made a reputation as a surveyor and cartographer by surveying the eastern coasts of Canada after the Seven Years' War.

In an age of scientific enquiry in almost every field, Cook was chosen by the Admiralty in 1768 to observe the transit of Venus from the South Pacific. While there, he was to undertake the exploration of the southern continent, still a subject of conjecture by European geographers. It was to be the first of three major voyages which were to make his name famous not only in Britain but in Europe as well.

The discoveries made by Cook exceeded the geographic. Accompanying him were a number of scientists whose task it was to examine and report on everything from the natives, plants and animals to what we would now term the anthropology and sociology of the newly discovered lands. The expeditions gathered a vast amount of information, and one is caught up in the excitement and anticipation which the crews must have experienced as they probed the Pacific from the frigid waters of the Antarctic to the ice floes of the Bering Strait.

Professor Beaglehole's biography of Cook does far more than merely retell a well-known story. His wide knowledge of eighteenth century history and his lifelong interest in Cook is manifest in every chapter. Rarely in such a book does one get such an intimate glimpse of social life aboard one of His Majesty's vessels or such a first-rate description of the ship, the crew, provisioning, and all the other concerns facing a captain prior to setting out on a long sea voyage. Rarely, too, has an author covered so much of the area and visited so many places which his subject first charted for the thousands who were to follow.

No other book, in this reviewer's estimation, has been written on Cook which better describes his triumphs and ultimate tragedy. Based on years of research and written with a keen appreciation of the era in which Cook lived, it will serve as a model for others to emulate.

Dr. R. H. Roy *is professor of military history and associate dean of graduate studies at the University of Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.*

New Mexico

REVIEWED BY DAVID SUMNER

NEW MEXICO, writes Tony Hillerman, "has been formed by edges and overlappings"—of climate, of geologic force, of peoples who have come from the South, the North, the East.

New Mexico with text by Tony Hillerman, photographs by David Muench *(Charles H. Belding, Portland, 1974, 188 pp., $22.00 until January 1, 1975; $25 thereafter).*

This book is dominated by a virtuoso collection of David Muench's photography (over 150 color plates). This portfolio of diverse "edges and overlappings" marks an impressive new reach in Muench's published work.

Here may be found what one expects: the peculiar landscape style; almost violent juxtapositions of foreground and distance; a near obsession with the long shadows and flaring light of sunrise and sunset; a persistent attraction to sombre, brooding, color-saturated tones; an aggressive eye which tends almost to thrust the viewer into a scene.

However, Muench has added a fresh dimension of surprise and delight to this, his seventh book in recent years. Here also are the rusted husks of junk cars, a turquoise necklace, weathered wood cemetery crosses, several *santos,* windmills, pueblos, an owl-eyed petroglyph, a polychrome platter, a sand painting, even an outhouse.

Leafing through this collection, there are moments when one almost expects to encounter a Dorothea Lange face — a human face, the final image of a culture that reflects (and perhaps merges with) its landscape. No such face appears. Muench instead chooses to explore the more timeless, aesthetic aspects of New Mexico's culture. In so doing, he creates a far more vivid sense of place than mere landscape photography could possibly achieve.

Tony Hillerman's text is graceful, swift, intimate. The color separations and printing—both by Charles H. Belding—are rich and true, as one now expects anything from his firm will be.

David Sumner — *whose photographs have appeared in Time-Life, Sierra Club, and American West publications — is executive editor of* Colorado Magazine.

To Conquer a Peace

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM P. MACKINNON

WITH BOTH THE COMPLETION of the Civil War centennial and the onset of the controversy over the Vietnam conflict in the mid-1960s, American writers have renewed their interest in the Mexican War of 1846–48 and the annexation of Texas that preceded it. John Edward Weems' *To Conquer a Peace* represents the latest entry in this field. While it is by no means the best of the lot and is not scholarly in its approach, Weems' book nonetheless offers a relatively unusual and at times engrossing account of what he calls the "human" side of the Mexican War.

To Conquer a Peace: The War Between the United States and Mexico by John Edward Weems *(Doubleday, Garden City, 1974; 500 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, chron., index, $12.50).*

At the heart of Weems' approach to the conflict is his use of ten political, military, and naval participants to trace on a personalized basis how the war both started and developed. For this purpose, Antonio López de Santa Anna and James K. Polk, presidents of Mexico and the United States, respectively, are employed as the political "heavies"; for although Weems believes that the conflict was inevitable and predestined by the national attitudes and traits of the two peoples involved, he also concludes that "when war finally came it resulted directly from various aggressions, mistakes, and blunders committed by (the political leaders of) both sides."

Santa Anna stands indicted, in Weems' eyes, for his pandering to and then victimization of a Mexico without democratic traditions but with an affinity for second-rate leaders offering pageantry and machismo. Polk's shortcomings included a keen appetite for Mexico's northern provinces coupled with the narrowness of a small-town lawyer unable to understand Mexico's pride and chaos. Once hostilities began, Weems' Polk also displayed unhealthy political suspicions of his Whig generals as well as a crushing inability to delegate even the smallest details of administering the war and the executive branch of government.

Weems' eight other participants—most of whom opposed the war but nonetheless followed orders—are used as foils for tracing the tactical side of the military conflict. The eight men are Capts. John C. Frémont, Ephraim Smith, and Robert E. Lee; 2d Lts. Samuel French and Ulysses Grant; Lt. Col. Ethan Hitchcock; naval Lt. Joseph Revere, and Pvt. John T. Hughes.

In one sense, it could be argued that their military backgrounds have been nicely balanced for purposes of interest and perspective. On the other hand, a strong case could also be made for the position that Weems' selection of fighting men is woefully lopsided with a distribution of seven well-educated career officers and only one volunteer enlistee, Hughes, who was atypical with a B.A. degree in his saddlebags. Similarly, it should be noted that Weems, with the benefit of hindsight, has purposely but not explicitly skewed his selection of participants toward historical overachievers. Ultimately, this imbalance in backgrounds also carries over somewhat into the timing and perspective of the author's source material, the heart of which is comprised of the memoirs written by the men involved.

Finally, aside from the substance of the book, a word should be said about Weems' prose, which constitutes the book's greatest strength as well as one of its minor flaws. Weems' accounts of troops on the march and in action are engrossing, as Bruce Catton comments on the book's dust jacket; yet occasionally Weems lapses into discussions of conceptual, less tangible material (such as national characteristics or strategies as well as discussions of his participants' innermost personal views) in a style that borders on the indigestible. Much of the latter comes early in *To Conquer a Peace*; however, once this is negotiated, the balance of the book is worth the reading.

William P. MacKinnon *has done extensive research on the trans-Mississippi West and the Mormons, and has contributed to the* Utah Historical Quarterly.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Historical Register of the Centennial Exposition of 1876 with a new introduction by Richard Kenin *(Paddington/Two Continents Publishing Group, New York, 1974; 324 pp., illus., index, $12.95, paper).*

REVIEWED BY T. A. LARSON

AS THE NATION'S bicentennial approaches, it is humbling for proud westerners to contemplate how insignificant in the eyes of the East the West was in 1876. The West was partly to blame for neglect by Expo '76 because it contributed almost nothing to the funding of the exposition.

The West's failure to get excited about the Centennial Exposition may be traced to the Panic of 1873 and to the region's lack of industries ready to advertise their wares in distant Philadelphia. Expo '76, to be sure, was more than a trade fair. As Richard Kenin says in his introduction, the theory of expositions at the time was that a world's fair should be a microcosm displaying in due proportion "everything of value the world was thought to possess."

The West did achieve some attention, although not as much as its 5 percent of the nation's population might lead one to expect. The Smithsonian Institution displayed many ore specimens furnished by the West with the understanding that the collection would become the permanent property of the Smithsonian. The U.S. Department of the Interior exhibited a great collection of Indian "curiosities." Present also were the Southern Pacific Railroad's fine collection of Pacific Coast woods; Australian ferns from California; a soapstone model of the Comstock Lode and Sutro Tunnel; specimens of algae from Colorado and California; shells of the Pacific; animal skins and stuffed animals; "totem posts" from British Columbia; some "gigantic models" of Arizona, California, and Colorado topography; cross sections of California "big trees" and specimens of California nutmeg trees; Arizona Joshua trees; Oregon grain "in the sheaf and in the sack"; an Oregon-made twenty-two-foot-long chart summarizing the history of the world; reproductions of Thomas Moran paintings of the Yellowstone region; two Albert Bierstadt scenes of California; Indian portraits by George Catlin; items from Ferdinand Hayden's geological surveys; and a model of a two-story Colorado cliff house.

Nevada sent a $20,000 working quartz mill that reduced enough ore to permit the manufacture and sale of silver souvenir medals at $2 each. Rated as the exposition's "most romantic" exhibit was a hunter's log cabin, open in front so as to display "all the paraphernalia that a pushing and ingenious pioneer would be likely to provide." Stalwarts in buckskin performed frontier tasks before the campfire and showed how to catch fish and beaver in a stream nearby. Of cowboys no mention can be found.

The odd-sized book (sixteen by eleven inches) under review is a facsimile of those first published in 1877. Its more than three hundred thousand words and eight hundred engravings lead one to conclude that absolutely nothing at the Centennial Exposition escaped Frank Leslie's notice.

T. A. Larson *is professor of history and American studies at the University of Wyoming, and a past president of the Western History Association.*

The Expeditions of John Charles Frémont, Volume 2: The Bear Flag Revolt and the Court-Martial edited by Mary Lee Spence and Donald Jackson *(University of Illinois, Urbana, 1973; 519 pp., intro., illus., map, biblio., appen., index, $17.50).*

Supplement to Volume 2: Proceedings of the Court-Martial edited by Mary Lee Spence and Donald Jackson *(University of Illinois, Urbana, 1973; 464 pp., intro., biblio., notes, index, $12.50).*

REVIEWED BY FEROL EGAN

IN THEIR SECOND VOLUME of *The Expeditions of John Charles Frémont,* Mary Lee Spence and Donald Jackson have maintained the high standard of scholarly editing that highlighted volume one. They have thoroughly examined Frémont's stormy career during the years 1845–48; and have brought "into focus the restlessness of American emigrants, with Oregon, Texas, and the Mexican borderlands all added to the Union."

These were pivotal years for Frémont. By 1845, he was at his peak as an explorer. Three years later, in a court-martial that captured the nation's attention, he was found guilty of: "mutiny, disobeying the lawful command of his superior officer, and conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline." While President James Polk approved the sentence, he remitted the penalty. But Frémont refused to accept the guilty charge and resigned from the army, ending his explorations for the Topographical Corps.

This intriguing compilation includes selections from a wide range of correspondence from such persons as Thomas Oliver Larkin, Albert Gallatin, Mariano G. Vallejo, and Thomas Hart Benton; from Frémont's *Memoirs;* from Edward M. Kern's *Journal* of the 1845 expedition; and from the military orders of Commo. Robert Field Stockton and Brig. Gen. Stephen Watts Kearny. Intelligent footnotes have been added to the essential documents culled from a massive number of primary sources. The result is a clear picture of what took place in the West during these key years of Manifest Destiny.

The *Supplement* is a full edition of the *Proceedings of the Court-Martial.* The give-and-take in this trial makes splendid reading and shows that Frémont was a man caught in the middle. Both Kearny and Stockton were tarnished by their roles, and President Polk appeared as a cloudy figure who was vague about his own policy.

Altogether, Spence and Jackson have done an excellent job. They have avoided partisanship and organized a mass of material into a model of highly creative scholarship that puts all historians in their debt.

Ferol Egan *is the author of the prizewinning* Sand in a Whirlwind. *He is working on a biography of John Charles Frémont.*

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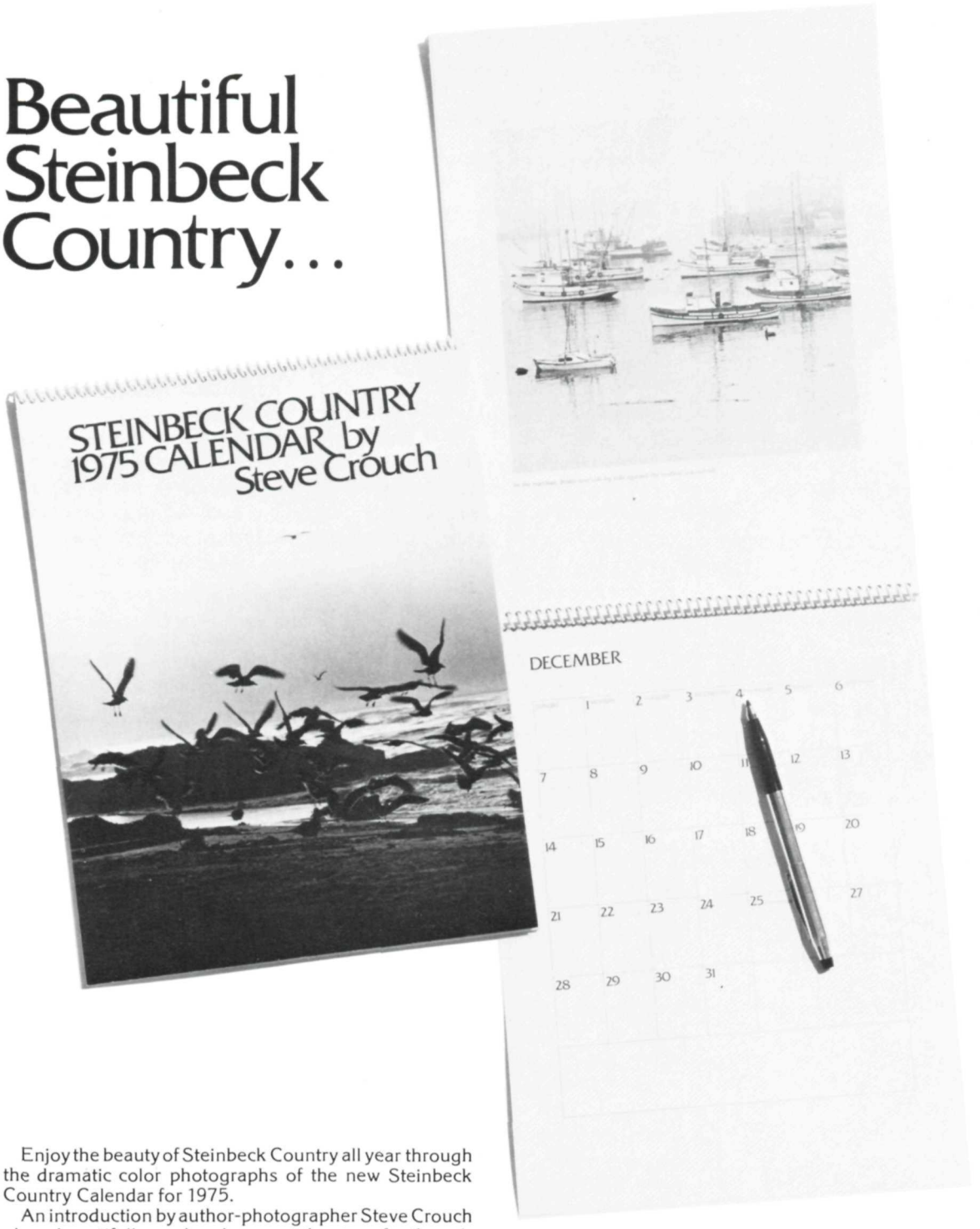

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Eye-Witnesses to Wagon Trains West edited by James Hewitt *(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1974; 178 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY THOMAS H. HUNT

THIS SLIM VOLUME is comprised of a collection of quotations drawn from various writings of persons who traveled west by wagon in the years 1841 to 1849. The excerpts — threaded together by James Hewitt's brief historical narrative —include selections dealing with the Bidwell/Bartleson Party of 1843, the Donner Party, the Mormons, and the Gold Rush of 1849. The excerpts are most commendably chosen to give the reader a good introduction to the flavor of this particular era in the American experience. The choice of sources and the editing are well done.

However, several portions of the author's own narrative need to be clarified and corrected in the name of historical accuracy. The first has to do with Hewitt's claim that the Bidwell/Bartleson Party "established the main route to be followed by emigrants thereafter: along the Humboldt River, through the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and into the Sacramento Valley. . . ." While in the broad sense (and this must be how Hewitt intended it to read), the Bidwell/Bartleson Party did set a general course to California for future wagon trains, it was only along the length of the Humboldt River that their particular pioneering route became the subsequently much-used California Trail. Those portions of their route from Sheep Rock on the Bear River at Soda Springs in Idaho across the desert north of the Great Salt Lake to the headwaters of the Humboldt and from the Sink of the Humboldt across the Sierra (in the vicinity of Sonora Pass) were not to be followed by later wagon trains at all, and these distances comprised a good deal of the journey, indeed.

Some possibility for reader confusion also exists in the fact that by 1849 several branches of the California Trail—and not just one route—led from the lower Humboldt River across the mountains to the Sacramento Valley. For instance, Sarah Royce took the Carson River Route while Alonzo Delano took the Applegate–Lassen Route far to the north, and yet the impression is given here that both writers were commenting on events taking place along the same trail.

One additional statement concerning the journey of the Royce family is historically inaccurate. The author writes that "like the Donner Party of '46, the Royces took the route south of Great Salt Lake rather than the safer but slower trail via Fort Hall." He is right in saying that the Royces didn't go by Fort Hall, but their actual route (like that of many forty-niners) was *north* from Salt Lake City via the Hensley Trail to join the established California Trail to the Humboldt River at a junction just beyond the City of Rocks in Idaho. It is unfortunate that such errors mar what is otherwise a quite well put together introduction to the literature of this fascinating time in American history.

Thomas H. Hunt *is a mosaicist and amateur historian from Palo Alto, California, whose book,* Ghost Trails to California, *has recently been released by the American West Publishing Company.*

Bright Eyes: The Story of Susette La Flesche, an Omaha Indian by Dorothy Clarke Wilson *(McGraw-Hill, New York, 1974; 396 pp., biblio., notes, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY BETTY M. LOUFEK

WITH THIS VOLUME, Dorothy Clarke Wilson has provided a vivid perspective of one Native American's crusade to preserve a small portion of the Indian ancestral lands and to win for her people the rights of American citizenship. The subject of this biography is Susette La Flesche ("Bright Eyes," 1854–1902), the eastern-educated daughter of Iron Eye, last chief of the Omahas, and the best-known Indian woman in nineteenth-century America. The account opens in the mid-1800s, when the Omahas and their Ponca neighbors were being pushed onto ever-smaller areas by land-hungry white settlers. Bullets, disease, and starvation cut deep into their numbers. The Sioux, pushed closer by the same forces, harassed them, making the last buffalo hunts even more dangerous than usual.

Desperately the Omahas and Poncas tried to emulate the white man, building log houses in their villages instead of round sod, planting crops, and pasturing cattle, only to be driven by soldiers from their homes and sent to more arid areas without food or equipment; white settlers replaced them. The deliberate policy of creating "good Indians" proceeded.

In addition to Bright Eyes and her father, others in the forefront of the many-years battle to save the Omahas and Poncas from complete extermination were her husband Thomas Tibble, a firebrand reformer who always needed a cause as much as it needed him; Alice Fletcher, a trained anthropologist who was able to provide important and immediate help with problems while gathering ethnological material for history; Helen Hunt Jackson, author of fiery articles on the Omahas' behalf, as well as of the moving *Ramona*; and Standing Bear, a Ponca chief of great intelligence and eloquence who was on many of the eastern lecture tours with Bright Eyes. Together and individually they fought for Indian education and citizenship, and for land that would remain theirs forever, not just "so long as the grass shall grow and the waters flow," as stated in the broken treaties.

To place the Omaha and Ponca situation in perspective, author Wilson has included concurrent problems of surrounding tribes in dealing with the white man from approximately 1830 through 1900. She has filled in the background with legends, religious beliefs, ceremonies, manner of speech and dress, attitudes toward all the important events in life, and a sprinkling of the language. She uses with a light touch the Indian way of creating eloquent speeches through nature imagery.

This book was well-researched over a two-year period, during which time Mrs. Wilson traveled to the Omaha, Nebraska, reservation, and to Boston, New York, and London to interview individuals and research newspaper files, magazine articles, and histories.

Betty M. Loufek—*former book review editor of the* Camarillo Daily News—*is a member of the Society for California Archaeology.*

Forthcoming in THE AMERICAN WEST

He had discovered Lake Tanganyika in Africa and was to make a daring sixteen-volume translation of the *Arabian Nights,* but for a few months in 1860 a liberated Victorian ethnologist explored America. In **Sir Richard Burton Visits Salt Lake City,** Laura F. Wilson relates the English explorer's reaction to the Mormon capital. That adventure also may be found in coping with everyday living is attested by naturalist-photographer David Cavagnaro, whose family's **New Life-Style** reflects a return to old-fashioned close-to-earth values. Also: William Childress recalls the generosity and warmth of fun-loving mining town residents who, in a fund-raising effort, set a record for **The Costliest Sack of Flour Ever Sold.**

Willa Cather: A Pictorial Memoir by Bernice Slote with photographs by Lucia Woods and others *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1973; 134 pp., illus., biblio., $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY RUTH VAN ACKEREN

UNDERSTANDING of author Willa Cather's life and work, as shown by Bernice Slote in earlier books and essays, seems distilled to essence in this book's fine text. Numerous historic and scenic photographs supplement the words in a most satisfying manner. Part I traces Willa Cather's life through girlhood and as journalist, editor, and novelist; Part II presents "The Midlands," "The Southwest," and "The Northeast and the South," measuring the writer's growth as the cultures of these regions became part of her and were reflected in her work.

In 1883, nine-year-old Willa moved with her family from peaceful, verdant Virginia to the Divide in Webster County, Nebraska, where "lands like this, stretching out to drink the sun" knew also tireless winds that drained strong men and women of serenity. Moved soon to Red Cloud, Willa absorbed the offerings of that remarkable countryside of the 1880s, described by author-conservator Mildred Rhoads Bennett (to whom this book is justly dedicated) as "an intellectual melting pot of Bohemian, Russian, German, French, Swedish, and Norwegian first-generation immigrant pioneers, to which were added the culture of New England and the Cathers' own gracious Virginia . . . Musicians, botanists, world-traveled linguists, and frustrated painters were Willa's childhood neighbors as often as the tireless farmers of the outlying lands." Sarah Orne Jewett later told Willa that "to write about the parish one must know the world," and to the child many doors were opened to world treasures of thought and achievement through words heard from gentle, homesick hearts.

After university training, she spent ten years in Pittsburgh as a journalist, editor, and teacher before that city "became the crucible of . . . books . . . which led her to New York at last" in 1906, beginning —as managing editor of *McClure's Magazine*—her contacts with England's and America's best writers.

One of Ours (1922) and *Shadows on the Rock* (1931), universal themes in widely differing settings, were awarded the Pulitzer Prize and Prix Femina Americain. *My Antonia* (1918) limned the strength of Nebraska; her last novel, *Sapphira and the Slave Girl* (1940) returned to the Virginia scenes of her vigorous roots.

This book's 192 illustrations include 82 sensitive photographs by Lucia Woods. Her pictures capture the seasons' moods in flowing shades of color: springtime, the flame of wheat fields and red grass, blue-shadowed snow on the Divide, and sunwarmed majesty in Southwest scenes. Their arrangement is especially pleasing, proceeding from a streamside scene so ageless one recalls "He leadeth me . . ." to the final poignant ones on facing pages: Willa Cather's gravestone with its inscription, "That is happiness; to be dissolved into something complete and great," followed by a photograph of "The golden bough" of Nebraska cottonwood, rising from a ledge against a smiling sky.

Ruth Van Ackeren *is author of many articles on western Nebraska's early settlers and editor* of Sioux County: Memoirs of Its Pioneers.

Frank Waters by Thomas J. Lyon *(Twayne, New York, 1973; 166 pp., biblio, notes, index, chronology, $6.50).*

REVIEWED BY PAUL SKENAZY

FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS, as novelist, historian, biographer, essayist, Frank Waters has tried to know and explain the multi-cultural heritage of the westerner. His finest works—*People of the Valley* (1941), *The Man Who Killed the Deer* (1942), *The Colorado* (1946), *Masked Gods* (1950), *Book of the Hopi* (1963), and the autobiographical *Pikes Peak* trilogy (1971)—emphasize the paradoxes and tensions of man's geography; his racial and tribal identity; his internal life. Waters' West is a vertical rather than horizontal country; to him, "it is depth, not space, which holds the secret of men's lives." He is a miner. His instincts tap deep veins of psychological ore in the canyons of the Colorado River and barrancas of the Sierra Madre, the sacred *kiva* of Indian rituals, and his own personal history.

Whether he writes about Navaho, Pueblo, and Hopi ceremonies, Mexican-American border life, or early settlers and fur trappers, Waters pinches and probes his raw material, seeking sources. He finds them in the archetypal dualities and divisions that characterize his region. In return, he offers a hope for harmony and reconciliation. Self, culture, and landscape merge in a myth of mutuality and relationship, "the cement that binds us each to the other, and all to the life of which we are a part, in the solidarity of one constantly moving whole."

The publication of Thomas Lyon's book in Twayne's United States Authors Series is a sign that Waters is beginning to receive the critical attention he deserves. Lyon portrays Waters as a philosophic writer concerned with the "primitive, intuitive mentality." His analysis of Waters' major fiction and nonfiction is thoughtful and clear, his explication of key concepts helpful, his evaluative judgments judicious. The book suffers at times from a lack of critical imagination and an unwillingness to explore inconsistencies and outright contradictions, but *Frank Waters* is written with grace and intelligence, and provides a useful introduction to a diverse, significant, and neglected writer.

Paul Skenazy *teaches American literature at the University of California, Santa Cruz. He is editor of* Quarry, *a magazine of literature and the arts.*

CORRECTION

The correct price for *Mistique of the Missions* is $12.50 for the regular edition ($15.00 for the deluxe edition). There is no pre-publication price for the book as was erroneously stated on page 57 of the September 1974 issue.

Cowboys coming to town for Christmas
Drawing by Frederic Remington (1889)

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

BY ED HOLM

The Steamboat Bertrand: History, Excavation, and Architecture by Jerome E. Petsche *(U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 1974; 177 pp., illus., maps, plans, biblio., appen., index, $2.65, paper).*

On April 1, 1865, the Missouri steamboat *Bertrand*—en route from St. Louis to Fort Benton—struck a submerged snag and sank about twenty-five miles upstream of Omaha. Discovered more than a century later under twenty-eight feet of silt and clay and subsequently excavated under direction of the Department of the Interior, the *Bertrand* and her cargo of more than a million items have provided archaeologists and historians with a treasure trove of nineteenth-century Americana, including quantities of foodstuffs, patent medicines, clothing, household goods, and mining and agricultural supplies. Although formal study of the artifacts will not be completed for several more years, this account provides a fascinating preliminary overview of the wreck, its history, and its contents.

Southwest Classics by Lawrence Clark Powell *(Ward Ritchie, Los Angeles, 1974; 370 pp., illus., index, $12.95).*

Powell has provided an overview of the forces shaping the distinctive literature of the Southwest, through essays on twenty-seven principal writers and their works, including Mary Austin, J. Frank Dobie, Zane Grey, and Charles F. Lummis.

The Bird Life of Texas by Harry C. Oberholser with paintings by Louis Agassiz Fuertes *(University of Texas, Austin, 1974; 2 vols., 1,069 pp., illus., maps, appen., biblio., index, slipcase, $60.00).*

Surely one of the most ambitious treatises ever undertaken on birdlife, this monumental work represents more than sixty years of research and writing by ornithologist Harry C. Oberholser. Information on more than five hundred species, and unnumbered subspecies, of birds found in Texas includes detailed descriptions, 480 maps delineating habitats, and thirty-six color paintings.

The Way Life Was: A Photographic Treasury from the American Past by Jeffrey Simpson *(Praeger, New York, 1974; 220 pp., illus., $19.95).*

A cross section of the work of sixteen pioneer American photographers — including western documentarians Edward S. Curtis, Arnold Genthe, Darius Kinsey, Erwin Smith, and Adam Clark Vroman —is handsomely presented in sepia-tone views in this large-format volume.

California's Railroad Era, 1850–1911 by Ward McAfee *(Golden West, San Marino, Calif., 1973; 256 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $8.95).*

A well documented, well illustrated account of railroads and their pivotal role in the growth, commercial development, and politics of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century California.

Nauvoo: The City of Joseph by David E. Miller and Della S. Miller *(Peregrine Smith, Salt Lake City, 1974; 264 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, index, $10.00).*

Both Mormons and non-Mormons will find this history of Nauvoo, Illinois, of interest. First occupied by the saints in 1839, Nauvoo quickly grew from a sleepy Mississippi River hamlet into the largest city in Illinois, with a population of twelve thousand. Seven years of prosperity (marred by the murder of leader Joseph Smith) ended abruptly in 1846 with the pillaging of the town and expulsion of the Mormon residents—who then made their epic migration to Utah.

The Destruction of California Indians edited by Robert F. Heizer *(Peregrine Smith, Salt Lake City, 1974; 321 pp., illus., biblio., $10.00).*

This collection of documents from the years 1847 through 1865—mostly newspaper accounts and letters written by army and government officials—details examples of outrage and neglect that resulted in the deaths of perhaps 50,000 California Indians from homicide, starvation, or disease.

FURS THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS

(Continued from page 19)

The Californians realized the Aleuts' value. Governor José Argüello in 1814–15 entered into a contract with the Russian–American Company to hunt on shares in California waters. The Russians were to furnish the Aleuts and the boats. The Californians were to feed the hunters and "furnish ten Indians to watch the Aleuts." When the products of this hunt were divided, the Russians got 838 skins and the Spanish government 677.

Despite their skill as hunters, the Aleuts did not always fare well in California. Along the coast they were attacked by the Spaniards and frequently by the native Indians. When the Russians sent them to hunt in San Francisco Bay, the Spanish stationed sailors in all the springs and would not let them have any water. When the Aleuts started back to their ship, two *baidarkas* capsized and the men were captured by the Spanish. Russian hunter Tarakanov and eleven Aleuts were taken to one of the missions. According to Tarakanov's narrative, they were badly treated by the priests, who beat the prisoners whenever they were displeased.

The first New England ship to enter a California port put into Monterey on October 29, 1796. It was not a fur trader but was prophetically named—the *Otter*.

A Yankee "contrabandista" dropped anchor in San Diego harbor on August 25, 1800. She was the *Betsey* out of Boston, carrying a crew of nineteen men and armed with ten guns. Another smuggler, the *Enterprise* out of New York, arrived in June 1801. Both these ships called at San Diego to trade the supplies they carried for sea otter pelts, which in turn were traded in China for luxuries to be taken back to New England—the eastern "triangle trade" that made so many New England fortunes.

Although all American trade was against Spanish law, attempts to stop the trading or to confiscate the vessels were usually halfhearted as both Californian and foreigner benefitted from the illegal traffic. The Californians loved luxury, and the Yankee ships were practically the only means they had of securing such items. But now and then the smugglers were caught in the toils of the seldom enforced law.

In March 1803, the *Alexander* out of Boston had been given permission to land at San Diego when Captain John Brown pleaded scurvy among his crew. Commandant of the Presidio, Don Manuel Rodriguez, treated the visitors with great courtesy until word reached him that there was chicanery afoot. A search of the ship revealed some five hundred otter skins for which the crew had traded with the Indians and soldiers liquor and "miscellaneous wares of little value." The furs were confiscated, and the *Alexander*'s abrupt departure "was not attended with the courtesies which had greeted its arrival."

WHEN THE NOOTKA AGREEMENT in 1790 ended the attempted Spanish monopoly of the West Coast trade, and when soon afterward Mexico broke with Spain, the tide of the otter trade turned to favor the Americans. Their numbers increased yearly until, shortly after the beginning of the century, the Yankees enjoyed a monopoly. Their shrewdness, ingenuity, and daring (or deceit, treachery, and lawlessness, depending upon the point of view) accounted for it partially, but the difficulties of their rivals played into their hands as well.

The Russians, in their trade with China, were limited by law to overland trade at one port of entry—the Kiakhta Gate—and so were unable to supply great numbers of furs as did the traders who had direct access to Chinese ports from across the Pacific.

The English, who had seemed the logical ones to take over after Cook's voyage, were not restricted by Chinese law as were the Russians but by conflict over privileges of the two great monopolies, the East India—which held the exclusive right to trade with China—and the South Sea companies. The East India Company could not send its vessels across the Pacific for furs but would not permit the rival company to benefit in any way from its Chinese monopoly. The result was that neither company could profit.

By the early twentieth century otter hunting had ended as a commercial venture. Not only had the otters nearly disappeared, but the fur had fallen from favor in China. Nevertheless, in 1903, the few furs obtained sold for over $1,000 apiece on the London market. In 1911, when the preceding year had yielded less than a dozen skins in the entire hunting grounds, the international treaty of protection was finally signed—apparently a barn door closed behind a long-departed horse.

Even before the middle of the nineteenth century, the fur trade had ceased to be a factor in California history. The Russians abandoned Fort Ross in 1841, selling it to John A. Sutter for $30,000.

The plan of Spain, and later Mexico, to maintain control of California by isolating it from the rest of the world was defeated "both by the enterprise of the foreigner and the demand by the Californians for varied commodities and luxuries, which caused them to welcome foreign ships." This, in turn, brought about an extension of foreign influence in the affairs of California. Says historian Robert Cleland: "But while it flourished, the influence of the fur trade and Chinese commerce cannot be over-estimated. From it the American public acquired the first knowledge of the resources and possibilities of California. From it came the first impetus of the movement for annexation."

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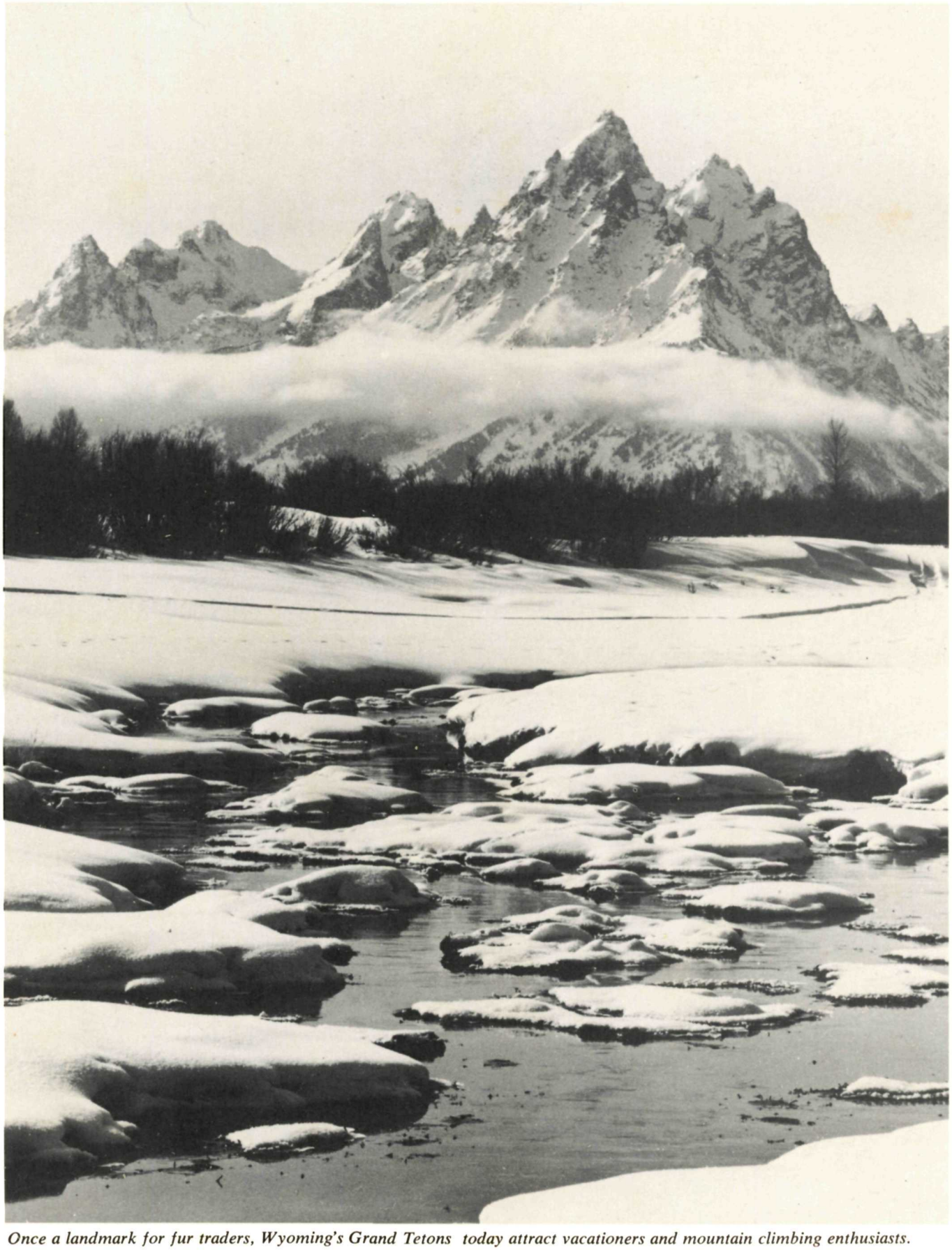

Once a landmark for fur traders, Wyoming's Grand Tetons today attract vacationers and mountain climbing enthusiasts.