
THE
AMERICAN WEST

Old buildings, transformed by decades of weathering by sun, rain, and wind—and with personalities imparted by the generations of people who have used and inhabited them—often have a mellow beauty lacking in modern structures. The farm building detail on the cover was photographed by David Cavagnaro in Marin County, California; for other impressions on the same theme, see "Essay from an Old Cabin," beginning on page 4.

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In a tableau seemingly as old as the West itself, bison graze in Custer State Park, South Dakota.

GRANT HEILMAN

Essay from an Old Cabin

by Robert O. Beatty

An old-timer I know from Idaho once wrote: "If those with the talent and inclination want to amass millions, build great cities, and shoot for the stars, that will be all right. Man was born to grow and master his surroundings as well as himself. Yet he still needs a cottage, a garden, a valley surrounded by friendly hills and mountains for periods of relaxation, planning, and thought; or, even more likely, to recover from the wounds incurred in his battles of conquest."

Well, I've found the place. She's very weather-beaten. Her wood is so old and dried out by the winds and hot summer suns of the Idaho desert that it's almost brittle. The spiders love to crawl into her cozy nooks and crannies and to come back out for a look around when it warms up a bit. She is at least seventy years old, but no one has lived with her for thirty. I think that she enjoyed her single blessedness all those years but that she's also happy now at being rediscovered.

A large cottonwood tree at least five feet in diameter shelters her north side. To the south, where the Snake River meanders by, she is screened by a volunteer growth of black locusts that are high enough to give her shade on hot August days when the cicadas sing, or to shower her with waxy white blossoms of penetrating fragrance in the springtime.

She has become such a fixture in the immediate countryside that the wild geese which frequent the river islands fly fifteen yards over her front door with regularity. Last night I sat on her restored front porch and watched the river. Prince Siddhartha had nothing better. At least two hundred mallard ducks circled and recircled overhead, trying to settle into a stubble field nearby. Fifty geese followed them, and the mourning doves were lined up in battalions on the single electric wire that dead-ends at the cabin's eave. A valley quail repeatedly called from the adjacent cornfield, trying to get his flock back together before nightfall. And, as I sat entranced, a great blue heron rose with a "qu-a-a-aw-ck" from the tip of a nearby island and headed for some distant rookery known only to him.

When I first saw the cabin, her front porch was caving in; you could see the sky through a hundred places in her roof, and the dust and dirt and accumulated packrat deposits of over a quarter century littered her floor.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

The old cabin really doesn't deserve the sunrises and the sunsets she gets. Nothing, or none of us, does. But such beauty may be one of the things that has kept her more or less intact all these years. Last night wisps of cirrus clouds turned from pink to salmon to gold and finally into a smoky color, silhouetting the wild Owyhee Mountains to the west. I guess the cabin is so used to basking in all that beauty that she takes it for granted. I couldn't. It was one of those nights.

When I first saw the cabin, her front porch was caving in. You could see the sky through a hundred places in her roof, and the dust and dirt and accumulated pack-rat deposits of over a quarter century littered her floor. "It's no use," I said to myself, "She's too far gone." Just then eleven pheasants took off in the lee of the big locust that shades her walls and flew to the island seventy-five yards away. And as I walked back up the ancient dirt lane that led from the "main" graveled road, I found it covered with quail tracks.

I suppose that anyone who falls in love with an old cabin must be slightly nuts. Still, I fell in love with her, and she had to be mine, one way or another. I would restore her—not to her former sprightly newness, but to a gracious, livable warmth that would preserve the patina of her weathered wood and take full advantage of her view and setting. Negotiations with her owner were both delicate and complicated, and took two months to complete. He really could not understand why anyone would be seriously interested in such an ancient and dilapidated dwelling.

Every lovely, old hunting cabin has to have a name. I had had another camp on the same river at one time that I called "Spidercamp." The name kept timid women away from the place—and since, when it comes to spiders, most women are timid—that meant most women. We even had the ultimate in gamesmanship, a diversion called spider roulette, which we used to play after a long day in the duck blind, or hunting in the nearby fields. Everyone who came to camp put a dollar in the "Spiderpot," an old coffee can. In return he was given a saucer of the precise diameter of 5¾ inches. Using it as a template, the game player was permitted to draw a circle anywhere on the ceiling or walls that suited him. The rules, clearly printed freehand on the wall by my friend Pete Hidy, stated that one could not coerce a spider in any way to enter the circle but that he could bait the circle with anything he wished, from flies to gumdrops. Some did! If a spider was observed entering your circle anytime during your stay in camp, *you* got the pot! I think I may revive the game at "The Shallows."

Which is the name conceived in a moment of inspiration by my son, David, following a cooling swim in the river in front of the cabin. After a hard summer day's work at restoring the cabin to some of her former glory, we'd stripped down to our underwear shorts and plunged in, to find that the Snake River at this particular point could be waded across almost its entire width of a quarter mile or so. It was the first time we'd tested the depth since acquiring the cabin. That night around the dinner table back home—after we had rejected "Spidercamp II," "Rivercamp," and

Every old hunting cabin has to have a name. Since the river meandering by my front door can be waded for almost its entire breadth, I call my retreat "The Shallows."

The shoal water in front of the cabin appears to be one of the major attractions for the great concentrations of waterfowl that use, nest in, and generally inhabit this part of the river.

assorted other suggestions as not fittin'—suddenly, there the name was.

And there it shall remain. Really, it has quite a ring to it. Sort of reminds one of the great quail plantations of the Carolinas, or possibly a fine goose-hunting club on Chesapeake Bay. Kind of a swishy name, I guess, for a little, old, weather-beaten hunting cabin in Idaho—but I've been to some of those other fancy places, and none of 'em have any more geese, ducks, quail, pheasants, beauty, or spiders than The Shallows! Indeed, I believe that the shallow water is one of the attractions for the great concentrations of waterfowl that use, nest in, and generally inhabit this part of the river.

You dasn't drink that river water now, as you once could, but the springs are still good. The Shallows has a fine one, about forty feet from the front door, spilling about ten gallons a minute into the river. Watercress grows around the spring in abundance. There is no finer feeling, on a hot day after laving your hot and dusty face in the spring, than to reach over and pinch off a chew of fresh, peppery watercress. It's also great with salad and a stewpot of quail.

Among the fascinating by-products that come from restoring an old homestead cabin are the things you find in the rafters! So far, while crawling around up there midst dust, leaves, abandoned flickers' nests, *et al,* I've found: (1) a U.S. Department of Agriculture bulletin dated May 17, 1914, on "The Making and Feeding of Silage" (you'll be interested to know that silage had, according to the bulletin, only been "invented" about thirty years previously and was, therefore, considered to be quite an advance in agriculture); (2) a short letter from one Andy Rose of Vale, Oregon, to W. F. Lyman, the cabin's builder, promising to "come up and give you a good licking if you don't send in your IOOF dues" (the IOOF, for you unsophisticates, was, is, and probably always shall be, the International Order of Odd Fellows); and (3) a tarnished, old brass coin (which I have since shined up and carry with me everywhere), handsomely emblazoned with not just one, but three symbols of good fortune—a horseshoe, a four-leaf clover, and a wishbone, too, by golly! The imprint, "Keep me for good luck," need hardly have been added. An inscription on the other side says: "Travel and Transport—A Century of Progress—Chicago 1933." Quite a treasure, don't you think?

Unfortunately, I have since finished wiring the cabin, and we have closed up the ceiling, so any future treasures will have to come from the walls or under the floor. I keep hoping!

Out in front of my old cabin was a pile of rusty old tin cans, pieces of stovepipes, wire, and heaven knows what else, that had accumulated over the decades. I disposed of most of it in the old root cellar, but not *all* of it. Do not think a pile of rusting metal is without its precious artifacts. This one proved to be a most useful and convenient source of lids of precisely the right color and size to cover the holes which assorted and sundry flickers and woodpeckers had drilled in the building over the years. If you enjoy the lovely color of ancient, weathered wood, and ever need to patch it, there is absolutely no better material than the end of a rusty bean

or tomato can. It matches perfectly. I must say that the introduction of aluminum to the can business has caused some problems for us old-cabin restorers! But I still have a goodly supply and might even share some with you, if you'll come and cart 'em away!

After my hole-patching job was finished, two flickers pecked fresh holes through the walls, apparently took an appalled look at the markedly changed interior, and got the hell out of there. I immediately covered the new holes with material from my supply of lids and haven't been bothered since.

I'VE NEVER HAD a place that intrigued me so much year around as The Shallows has. My old friend Havilah Babcock of South Carolina once published a collection of his bird-hunting essays under the title, "My Health is Better in November"—that month being the height of the bobwhite quail season in his part of the world. I have two fine German pointers who eat and bark all year for the privilege of wearing themselves out, and me too, in pursuit of quail, pheasants, ducks, geese, and partridge during the fall bird season. I used to heartily agree with Havilah regarding the superiority of fall until one Sunday morning in spring at The Shallows. Here are my notes from that memorable April day:

"I am sitting on the riverbank relaxing after a couple of hours of raking up and burning the debris blown in by winter winds. The large cottonwood is leafing out, and the delicious fragrance of the black locust flowers hanging from the great tree that shelters the front of the cabin permeates the air. It is an unbelievably tranquil morning, and the birdlife is in full mating flower—expressing itself through sound, color, and motion. The river, which is very high now, looks blue—the cerulean reflection of a spotless sky.

"Right at this moment the avian orchestration is overwhelming. I can hear goose music, dove music, mallard music, flicker music, redwing blackbird music, quail music —and even a 'squawk' on the 'oboe' by a lowly magpie. It is, indeed, a spring symphony. Most of the world is so busy playing golf or skiing or gardening or going to church that I'll bet they don't even hear it. And here *I* am, right in the front pew!

"A widgeon just 'whistled' as it came in to land, sounding a harmonious note much like the test puff on a flute or a recorder. And a crow piped up with a raucous 'Cra-a-w-k' as he flew out to the island—a jarring sound that accents the symphony but does not particularly harmonize with it. A few minutes ago, four snow geese—virgin white except for their black-tipped wings—flew by. I had noticed them last night, feeding on the young, green shoots of the ryegrass field across the river. They fraternized with a group of Canadian 'honkers,' of which there are sixteen nesting pairs on the island.

"The Owyhee Mountains, across the river to the south, are crowned with snow, and the horizon in all directions is etched vividly against the blue sky—where just a tuft of cotton-candy clouds is beginning to show. This morning I watched the alpenglow of sunrise on those mountains. The changing colors on the seven-thousand-foot snowcapped peaks were indescribably lovely, and reminded me of the Shoshone exclamation, 'Ed-daw-how,' meaning 'sun on the mountains,' or, more loosely, 'Good morning!' The state's name, Idaho, is supposed to have had its genesis in these words.

"A cock quail is calling his small brood together. I was surprised at finding a covey of ten or fifteen birds this morning—I would have thought they would have all dispersed for feeding. The cock pheasants are also, of course, crowing a good deal these days—it is their territorial imperative at mating time. This crowing sets up a boundary line—invisible, but as strong as the wall of China, should any male competitor dare to trespass!

"The pheasant crowing nearby just now sounds a little bellicose, and so in order to defend myself (and to shade the sun from my eyes) I have put on my old Aussie hat. Looks right smart. I should wear it more often. Like all the things at The Shallows, it's the 'real McCoy,' and I treasure it as a gift from a friend of the same quality.

"The grass is a rich green and quite high right around the cabin. The cottonwoods are just beginning to bud, and the locust tree is showering fragrant, white petals. The wild yellow roses that grow in profusion along the riverbank and behind the cabin are leafing out, and we should have a gorgeous panoply of yellow this spring. No sign of any of the grass, hollyhock, or other seeds that I planted a month ago, and that's disappointing, but maybe they will still come.

"A mourning dove just called from a branch right over my head. Its call *is* mournful, but very penetrating. I happen to have a dove call and I answered her (him?) right back—and now we're talking to each other. She's saying, 'I love you—come join me,' and I'm saying, 'I love you—come join *me*!'

"She's moved to the large cottonwood, just behind the cabin, and is 'wooing' me madly. It's nice to be wooed by a female with such a lovely voice (and I'm going to be terribly embarrassed if some biologist tells me that it's only the male that calls during nesting season). Now my mourning-dove 'lover' has moved again, to a fence post nearby, and is watching me. Once in a while I put down the pencil and give her an answering toot. I bought the call years ago, and it works like a charm. It's made in Austria by a firm called Faulhaber. I've never seen another one like it. I wonder if the Austrians shoot mourning doves in the spring. I hope not!

"Some of my goose friends, I notice, have just landed in the barley field across the way. They love the tender green shoots, and have stopped by for lunch. It's nearly noon, and I guess I'd better go and cook up some tender green shoots myself!

As the old-timer wrote, a man needs a cottage, a garden, and a valley surrounded by friendly hills and mountains for periods of relaxation, planning, and thought. I've found that need fulfilled at The Shallows.

"From the window I can see that the farmer across the way has driven down into his field, no doubt to scare the geese away. I hope his barley shoots mean as much to him as the goose music has meant to me. He scared the geese off, all right, and has just left, but the birds are sneaking back already. Unless he wants to drive around that field all day, guess who's going to win!"

I HOPE TO FINISH restoring the old cabin by the time the duck season opens. That's about three weeks away. But if I don't, I know she'll understand. Matter of fact, she might even be pleased. Who wants to be "finished," after all? And as September fades into October, the dry marsh grasses whisper, "Don't worry about it!"

I read once that the secret of sound sleep without pills is to go back in mind to a time and place in which you were utterly happy. Fortunately, I don't have to go very far. I have The Shallows to return to.

Robert O. Beatty *of Boise, Idaho, has served in both the publishing and public relations fields. He was for seven years the editor of* Outdoor America *and for two years assistant secretary for public affairs in the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Mr. Beatty wrote much of his recent large-format all-color pictorial volume,* Idaho, *on the porch of the cabin described in this article.*

HEALTH OR MONEY RESTORED

The customer couldn't lose—or so it seemed—during the great era of the Indian medicine show

by Brooks McNamara

Of course, the GRAFTER, the SLUM SLINGER, the FAKIR, will always exist, after their fashion—and be broke seven-eighths of the time. The LEGITIMATE LECTURER AND MANAGER will still go on his way MAKING MONEY.

Oregon Indian Medicine Company brochure

THE OREGON INDIAN MEDICINE COMPANY was the creation of Col. T. A. Edwards, a colorful frontier character and former circus manager. Edwards was born in Saugerties, New York, in 1832. As a child he was bound out to a farmer, from whom he ran away to sea, serving first as a cabin boy on an ocean liner and then as a sailor on a whaling vessel. After his return to the United States, he worked for a time as business manager for the Spaulding and Rogers Circus and later for the John Robinson Circus. In 1857, Edwards joined the expedition against the Mormons under the command of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and in the two years that followed was involved in the gold rush at Pikes Peak. After a dull interlude as an employee of the Memphis Transportation Company, Edwards joined the Secret Service at the outbreak of the Civil War and served for several years as a spy behind Confederate lines. In 1864 he became a scout for Gen. Frederick Steele in Arkansas, and after the war continued his career as both spy and scout under Gen. Philip St. George Cooke in the Oregon Territory.

It was in Oregon that Edwards first came across the flamboyant half-breed Donald McKay. McKay, a trapper and trader, had been born in 1836, the son of a white fur trader and a Chinook Indian woman. Ironically, McKay was disliked and distrusted by the Indians with whom his name came to be linked, although he had the confidence of white army officers who used him as a scout and interpreter. In 1873 he was hired by the army to lead a band of mercenary Tenino Indians from the Warm Spring Reservation in Oregon in what was to become a famous incident in the Modoc War. The scouts were sent to track down the rebel Modoc leader, Captain Jack, in the craters and caverns of the barren California Lava Beds. Captain Jack was found, and he and his warriors were forced to scatter in the face of the whites' superior firepower. At length, starving and exhausted, Captain Jack surrendered and was tried and executed.

The spectacular ending of the Modoc War made headlines in eastern newspapers. Within a short time showmen, sensing potentially profitable western attractions, began to take over: the body of Captain Jack was stolen from its grave, embalmed, and toured as a carnival attraction in the East, and Colonel Edwards, recalling his circus training, took the Warm Springs scouts to Europe in 1874 and to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876 as glorified sideshow attractions.

The Indians and Donald McKay shortly became the promotional hook on which Edwards hung his next venture, the Oregon Indian Medicine Company, organized in Pittsburgh in 1876. Edwards's advertising strongly implied that Ka-Ton-Ka, his principal cure-all, and the rest of the Oregon products, were manufactured by McKay and the Warm Springs Indians at the Umatilla Reservation in Oregon. In fact, the medicines were made in Pittsburgh and later in Corry, Pennsylvania, where the company moved in the mid-eighties. Edwards did flirt briefly with the idea of actually opening an Oregon plant under the supervision of McKay's brother, but he abandoned it because of the difficulty of getting bottles blown in the West. The fiction that Oregon remedies were actually concocted by the Indians themselves in the depths of the forest—an idea shortly borrowed by other patent medicine companies—had a strong appeal from the first, and Edwards built up a prosperous medicine show operation with a small laboratory and a number of advertising units traveling throughout the West and the Midwest, as well as a growing wholesale business. "I hav only Bean here two days," wrote Donald McKay on a visit to the Corry operation in 1888, "and thar Was over two thousend orders Was sent for from Difrent Druges Stors from Difrent Parts of this state so you Cin see how the Ka ton Ka is seling." At the plant, McKay found six people employed full-time bottling Oregon remedies; and he assured his brother that the Colonel "Will Be a Rich Man in a few years." By 1892 Edwards owned valuable property in Corry and was toying with the idea of retiring to California; by 1896 he claimed to have thirty-seven advertising units on the road.

THE RETURNS were excellent, but it was risky to operate a string of traveling units. McKay, whose job it was to supervise the road companies, wrote of the vicissitudes of medicine show business: "it has bin snow and raining the streets are all Full of Watter & Mud & sluch Busniss is not good at Present For this theatre has Bin a lagar Beer so you see how it is." A string of bad houses or a long siege of wet weather could eat up profits with incredible swiftness when a full medicine show company of ten or a dozen members had to be paid each week in spite of poor business or no business at all. "You dont Know," McKay told his brother, "how Much it takes to advertise."

Before the turn of the century Edwards turned increasingly toward the safer wholesale medicine business, merely furnishing independent showmen with drugs and the ubiquitous "paper" that made it possible for a troupe to suggest that it was an official Oregon Indian Medicine Company outfit. In *The Billboard* and other publications read by pitchmen and

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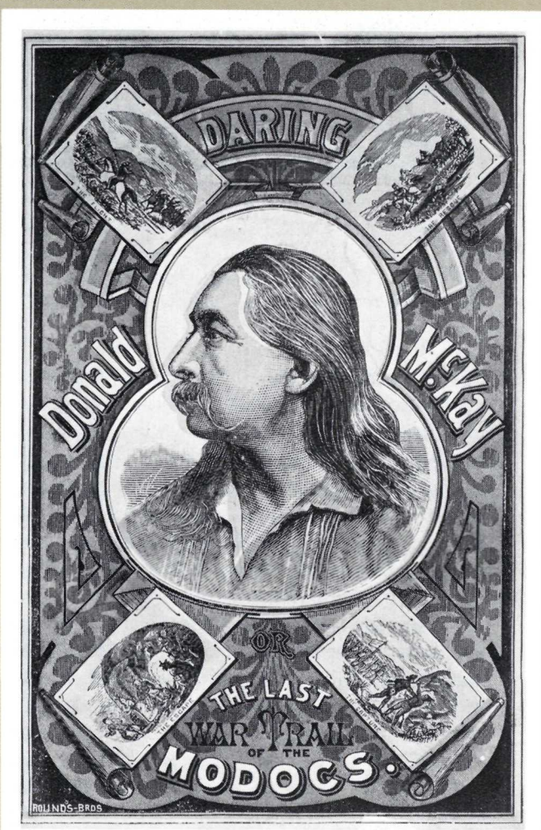
This article is excerpted from Step Right Up, *to be published this month by Doubleday & Company, Inc., © 1975 by Brooks McNamara.*

PICTURE COLLECTION, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

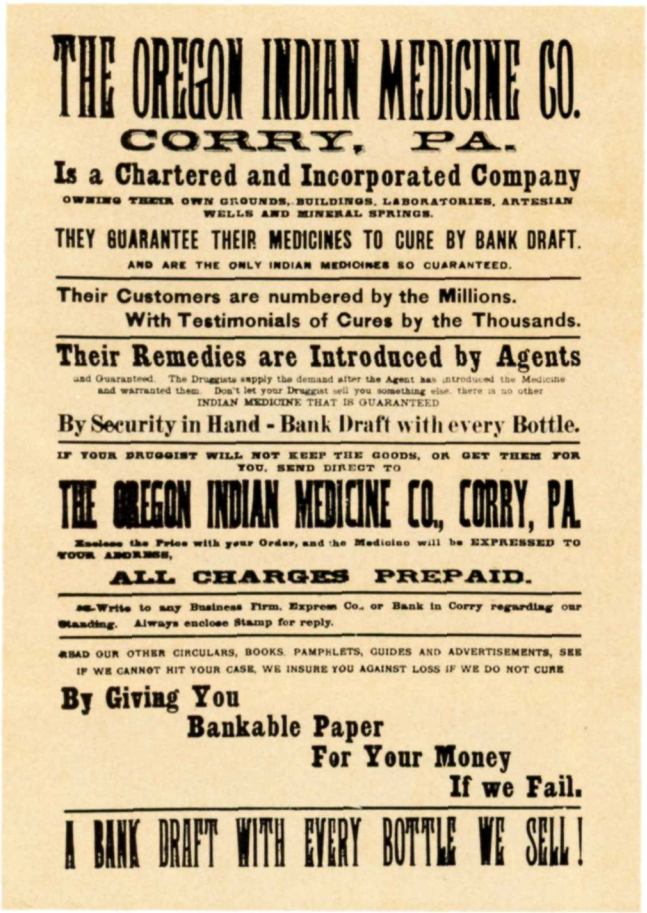
Col. T. A. Edwards, flamboyant promoter of Ka-Ton-Ka, Woman's Friend, and other noted elixirs.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



"Daring Donald McKay," half-breed trapper and official hero of Edwards' Oregon Indian Medicine Company.

BOTH PAGES: BELLA C. LANDAUER COLLECTION, NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY



THE OREGON INDIAN MEDICINE CO.

CORRY, PA.

Is a Chartered and Incorporated Company

OWNING THEIR OWN GROUNDS, BUILDINGS, LABORATORIES, ARTESIAN WELLS AND MINERAL SPRINGS.

THEY GUARANTEE THEIR MEDICINES TO CURE BY BANK DRAFT.

AND ARE THE ONLY INDIAN MEDICINES SO GUARANTEED.

Their Customers are numbered by the Millions.
With Testimonials of Cures by the Thousands.

Their Remedies are Introduced by Agents

and Guaranteed. The Druggists supply the demand after the Agent has introduced the Medicine and warranted them. Don't let your Druggist sell you something else, there is no other INDIAN MEDICINE THAT IS GUARANTEED

By Security in Hand - Bank Draft with every Bottle.

IF YOUR DRUGGIST WILL NOT KEEP THE GOODS, OR GET THEM FOR YOU, SEND DIRECT TO

THE OREGON INDIAN MEDICINE CO., CORRY, PA.

Enclose the Price with your Order, and the Medicine will be EXPRESSED TO YOUR ADDRESS,

ALL CHARGES PREPAID.

☞Write to any Business Firm, Express Co., or Bank in Corry regarding our Standing. Always enclose Stamp for reply.

☞SAD OUR OTHER CIRCULARS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, GUIDES AND ADVERTISEMENTS, SEE IF WE CANNOT HIT YOUR CASE, WE INSURE YOU AGAINST LOSS IF WE DO NOT CURE

By Giving You
Bankable Paper
For Your Money
If we Fail.

A BANK DRAFT WITH EVERY BOTTLE WE SELL!

"Health or money restored!" was Edwards' promise to users of Ka-Ton-Ka. Few sufferers may in fact have been cured, but a 20-percent alcohol content in the medicine ensured there would be few complaints either.

medicine showmen, the company inserted advertisements, often with pictures of Donald McKay in his picturesque frontier outfits, inviting "Independent Managers and Doctors" to handle the Oregon line.

The advertisements and flyers offered tantalizing propositions to every sort of showman and peddler. "Lady Canvassers" were advised that they could make as much as forty dollars a week selling Oregon products door to door, while men who possessed a horse and buggy were assured that they could earn more in a year driving through the countryside than a storekeeper with $15,000 worth of stock behind the counter. Men who could muster the elements of a small show like those sent out by the Hamlin Wizard Oil Company (a team, a fancy wagon, a parlor organ, and some musicians and singers) were almost certain, the advertisements said, to take in at least $2,000 each year and perhaps as much as $6,000.

In 1890 the Oregon products included Indian Ka-Ton-Ka, in both liquid and powdered form, Nez Perce Catarrh Snuff, Indian Cough Syrup, Modoc Oil, War Paint Ointment, Warm Springs Consumption Cure, and Donald McKay's Indian Worm Eradicator. A former Oregon employee described the manufacture of the tapeworm pills. "There was a fine kind of flimsy tissue paper we bought," he said. "I cut it into narrow strips like carpet rags. Then I would roll a strip up tightly and carefully make an egg-shaped pill. It was then dipped in a syrup that would be quite hard when dried. The pills would stand quite a lot of rattling around in a box without the coating peeling off." The coating of course disappeared in the human digestive tract, and the long roll of tissue became convincing evidence of the tapeworm's demise and the efficacy of Indian Worm Eradicator.

Later, Edwards added a number of new items to tempt showmen, including Ka-Ton-Ka pills, Wasco Cough Drops, Quillaia Soap, Mox-ci-tong, and Woman's Friend. Ka-Ton-Ka in its various forms was the staple item; an essentially innocuous but invigorating stomachic, it was largely made up of sugar, aloes, and baking soda, and contained a hefty 20 percent alcohol. In private, Edwards was disarmingly objective about the merits of Ka-Ton-Ka. He was once asked whether he took the tonic himself. "That ain't to take," he is supposed to have replied. "It's made to sell."

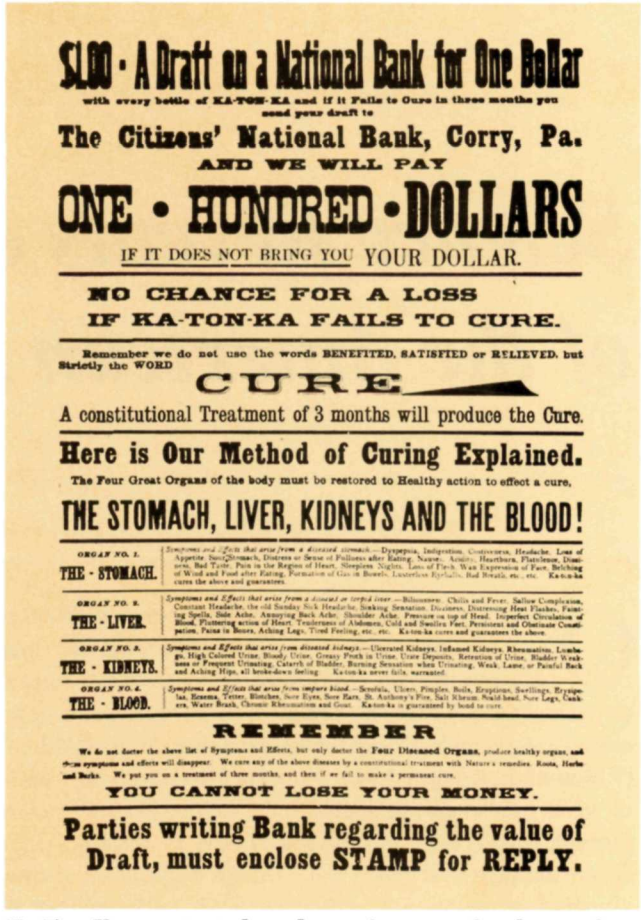
It sold amazing well and—at least in theory—provided a Ka-Ton-Ka showman with an enormous profit on a relatively small initial investment. In the last years of the nineteenth century, for example, Edwards sold bottled Ka-Ton-Ka to independent showmen for $2.00 a dozen, and the powdered variety for $1.00 per dozen boxes. The same remedies were sold by the showmen to druggists in the towns where they played for $7.50 and $3.50 a dozen, respectively. The price to spectators at the shows was suggested by Edwards to be $1.00 each for the bottled remedy and fifty cents each for the powder—or, in most cases, whatever traffic would bear since Edwards refused to supply showmen who were known to cut prices but accepted those who raised them when the opportunity arose.

AS A UNIQUE INCENTIVE to handle Oregon products, Edwards allowed dealers to issue a money-back guarantee with every bottle of Ka-Ton-Ka. In the nineties, the guarantee, a draft for one dollar on the Citizen's National Bank of Corry, was accompanied by so much complicated rhetoric that it was almost impossible to determine whether the company was offering one dollar or one hundred in case Ka-Ton-Ka failed to do its work—or, for that matter, how one qualified for a refund in the first place. After 1910, probably because of the increasingly close watch being kept on patent medicine men by the government, the company tamed the language of the guarantee somewhat and added a relatively clear description of how the dissatisfied user obtained his refund. But the apparent clarity of the guarantee masked a nightmare of complications: after taking Ka-Ton-Ka for three months according to directions for a disease for which

it was recommended, and using no other remedies or stimulants during that time, the uncured sufferer was entitled to begin the process of dunning Oregon. He was first required to send all the empty bottles he had purchased back to the company headquarters prepaid. Next he was asked to fill out a form certifying that he had purchased the bottles, listing the date on which each was purchased and the name of the agent. Having completed this form, he had only to go to a notary public and obtain his signature and seal along with the signatures of three additional reliable witnesses. Then he was required to send the form to the Corry National Bank. When the bottles had been received at company headquarters and the properly completed form was in the hands of the bank, the ailing one—probably now in a serious decline because of the exertion—was awarded his money. Presumably he was expecting a dollar for each bottle he had taken during his unsuccessful three months' cure, a sum that might at least have reimbursed him for postage and the notary's fee, and provided something for his trouble. But the bank draft on the rear of the form was for a single dollar. In fact, he would have had to fill out a new form and have it witnessed and notarized for each bottle on which he hoped to collect—a technicality of which the company would no doubt have been pleased to inform him at the completion of the obstacle course.

Edwards also supplied showmen with a complete line of free Oregon advertisements, including packets containing two different three-sheet lithographs, eight different one-sheets, and ten assorted half-sheet lithographs, along with a dozen plainer one-sheet posters. With these came a line of "small paper"—mostly flyers to be distributed to the audience at the show—and a miscellaneous selection of admission tickets, present tickets, and contest ballots. With each bottle of Ka-Ton-Ka purchased by the showman, Edwards also sent a novelty calendar of a copy of a pamphlet supposedly written by Donald McKay called *Indian Scout Life*, which could be given away as premiums by the showman.

Indian Scout Life is in the tradition of the *Kickapoo Indian Magazine* and other medicine show publications, with a heavy dose of house advertisements and testimonials, and filler extracted from other patent medicine almanacs and fact books. The main attraction of *Indian Scout Life* is a florid biographical sketch of McKay that traces his career as guide, scout, interpreter, and Indian fighter through the usual sort of sanguinary frontier anecdotes—McKay shot through both hips, struck by lightning, wounded by a poisoned arrow, and so on. For those who craved more of McKay's western adventures, an advertisement in *Indian Scout Life* announced a longer work, *Daring Donald McKay,* or *The Last War-Trail of the Modocs,* which could be obtained from Oregon Indian Medicine dealers or directly from Colonel Edwards in Corry. Like Texas Charlie Bigelow of Kickapoo, Donald McKay was an official company hero who admitted to no rivals as a professional westerner. "The record


$100 - A Draft on a National Bank for One Dollar

with every bottle of KA-TON-KA and if it Fails to Cure in three months you send your draft to

The Citizens' National Bank, Corry, Pa.

AND WE WILL PAY

ONE • HUNDRED • DOLLARS

IF IT DOES NOT BRING YOU YOUR DOLLAR.

NO CHANCE FOR A LOSS
IF KA-TON-KA FAILS TO CURE.

Remember we do not use the words BENEFITED, SATISFIED or RELIEVED, but Strictly the WORD

CURE

A constitutional Treatment of 3 months will produce the Cure.

Here is Our Method of Curing Explained.

The Four Great Organs of the body must be restored to Healthy action to effect a cure,

THE STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND THE BLOOD!

ORGAN NO. 1. THE - STOMACH. *Symptoms and Effects that arise from a diseased stomach.*—Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Sourness or Sense of Fullness after Eating, Nausea, Acidity, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Bad Taste, Pain in the Region of Heart, Sleepless Nights, Loss of Flesh, Wan Expression of Face, Belching of Wind and Food after Eating, Formation of Gas in Bowels, Lassitude, Eyeballs, Bad Breath, etc., etc. Ka-ton-ka cures the above and guarantees.

ORGAN NO. 2. THE - LIVER. *Symptoms and Effects that arise from a diseased or torpid liver.*—Biliousness, Chills and Fever, Sallow Complexion, Constant Headache, the old Sunday Sick Headache, Sinking Sensation, Dizziness, Distressing Heat Flashes, Fainting Spells, Side Ache, Annoying Back Ache, Shoulder Ache, Pressure on top of Head, Imperfect Circulation of Blood, Fluttering action of Heart, Tenderness of Abdomen, Cold and Swollen Feet, Persistent and Obstinate Constipation, Pains in Bones, Aching Legs, Tired Feeling, etc., etc. Ka-ton-ka cures and guarantees the above.

ORGAN NO. 3. THE - KIDNEYS. *Symptoms and Effects that arise from diseased kidneys.*—Ulcerated Kidneys, Inflamed Kidneys, Rheumatism, Lumbago, High Colored Urine, Bloody Urine, Greasy Froth in Urine, Urine Deposits, Retention of Urine, Bladder Weakness or Frequent Urinating, Catarrh of Bladder, Burning Sensation when Urinating, Weak, Lame, or Painful Back and Aching Hips, all broke-down feeling. Ka-ton-ka never fails, warranted.

ORGAN NO. 4. THE - BLOOD. *Symptoms and Effects that arise from impure blood.*—Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples, Boils, Eruptions, Swellings, Erysipelas, Eczema, Tetter, Blotches, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald head, Sore Legs, Cankers, Water Brash, Chronic Rheumatism and Gout. Ka-ton-ka is guaranteed by bond to cure.

REMEMBER

We do not doctor the above list of Symptoms and Effects, but only doctor the Four Diseased Organs, produce healthy organs, and then symptoms and effects will disappear. We cure any of the above diseases by a constitutional treatment with Nature's remedies. Roots, Herbs and Barks. We put you on a treatment of three months, and then if we fail to make a permanent cure,

YOU CANNOT LOSE YOUR MONEY.

Parties writing Bank regarding the value of Draft, must enclose STAMP for REPLY.

Ka-Ton-Ka was touted as the perfect cure for dyspepsia, sour stomach, lusterless eyeballs, biliousness, scrofula, tetter, and at least seventy-one other failings of the stomach, kidneys, liver, and blood.

that stands behind Donald McKay stamps him as the greatest Indian fighter and government scout that ever lived," said *Indian Scout Life*. "The numerous dime novel heroes, long-haired stage strutters, and Wild West exponents, who receive their plaudits from large audiences of our modern civilization, are but poor imitators of a life spent in actual service by an Indian whose experience with danger would make those parlor entertainers and ex-cow-punchers wish to be excused."

As the new century progressed, it all made very little difference—the public was no longer really interested. McKay died in 1894 and Colonel Edwards in 1904. After the colonel's death, the company passed to his daughter, a Mrs. Van Vleck, who ran it for a time to increasingly dwindling profits, ultimately abandoning the Indian image and changing the name of her line to Modern Miracles. The Indian medicine show boom was over.

Brooks McNamara *of New York City is a professor of the theatre at New York University. His credits, in addition to the forthcoming* Step Right Up, *include dozens of articles and* The American Playhouse in the Eighteenth Century *(1969).*

Science Reveals a New Portrait of the American Landscape

by Ed Holm

ONE OF THE REMARKABLE benefits of our present space age has been the new perspective afforded man whereby he can look down upon his earth from a distance. Pictures made by remote sensors in satellites or by orbiting astronauts—images now numbering in the hundreds of thousands, if not millions—have provided us with a point of view previously attainable only in the abstract sense, through maps. Of immeasurable worth to scientists in a dozen different disciplines, such views have often proved visually fascinating to the layman as well. But perhaps their greatest contribution to mankind has been through giving us a new sense of proportion regarding ourselves and the vast, yet fragile, sphere we inhabit.

After more than a decade of looking back from the vantage point of space, one might conclude that no new revelations in "earth" pictures could be forthcoming. But on the following pages we share with our readers a view of the "mainland" United States different from any that has ever preceded it. An almost magical combination of space imagery and the mapmaker's art, it shows our land as no man has actually seen it—undistorted with respect to the observer's viewpoint and completely cloud-free, with every major feature from coast to coast clearly defined.

Known in technical language as a "controlled mosaic," this unique map—for it is as much a map as a picture—was created by a team of U.S. Soil Conservation Service cartographers who painstakingly combined more than five hundred smaller images made by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's first Earth Resources Technology Satellite (ERTS-1). Mapmakers have for years employed similar techniques with aerial photographs to depict much smaller areas of the earth's surface. But to create a nationwide mosaic like this one using pictures made from airplanes would have required at least 1,500,000 photographs and would cost up to $50 million—obviously an impractical undertaking!

A team of six experts was occupied for about five months in constructing the U.S. mosaic. The procedures they followed were simple in concept but exacting. To ensure accurate positioning of the individual images, the cartographers first laid down a skeleton map or "base" by which features on pictures could be matched with known control points. Individual satellite pictures, each showing a sector of the United States measuring up to about 115 miles on a side, were then selected for freedom from cloud cover, corrected to minimize angular distortion, re-sized to the correct scale, and carefully glued down and tone-matched with the adjoining coverage.

For this mosaic the cartographers chose a scale of 1:1,000,000 (one inch on the map representing one million inches, or about 15.8 miles). So accurate was the completed mosaic that the maximum locational error of any point shown is about one mile—or 1/16 of an inch on the original ten-by-twenty-foot map. Because of its large dimensions, the mosaic was constructed in six separate pieces.

The Soil Conservation Service cartographers have actually completed *two* nearly identical mosaics of the United States, each employing imagery from a different portion of the spectrum and each providing the viewer with slightly different information. The map reproduced on the following two pages shows what the ERTS-1 sensors saw in the near-infrared band. Enlarged segments from this map tend to emphasize live vegetation and land-water boundaries. Three regional views shown on pages 18–22 are based on imagery from the red band and emphasize man-made features such as cities and highways, as well as exposed rock formations and soil. All of the views show the land during the summer and fall months. A second set of maps will soon be completed

Photographic prints of the ERTS-1 mosaics illustrated in this article are available to the public through the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Prices range from $7.50 for a 20″ x 24″ single-sheet map of the conterminous United States to $285 for a fifteen-sheet set which, when assembled, measures about 10′ x 20′ in size. Further information is available from the Cartographic Division, Soil Conservation Service, Federal Building, Hyattsville, Maryland 20782.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SOIL CONSERVATION SERVICE, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

which will depict the United States in the winter months.

The Soil Conservation Service mosaics are just one facet of a promising new field of exploration that came into reality when ERTS-1 was launched by NASA in July of 1972. (A second satellite of the same design, known as Landsat 2, was launched in January of this year.) Placed in a circular orbit that carries it over both poles, ERTS-1 sweeps across each portion of the globe at least once every eighteen days. Its camera-like sensors—which make simultaneous images of the earth below in the green, red, and near-infrared bands—have to date produced more than 100,000 pictures, which are being studied and utilized by geographers, cartographers, geologists, meteorologists, and agricultural, forestry, and environmental researchers from forty nations around the world.

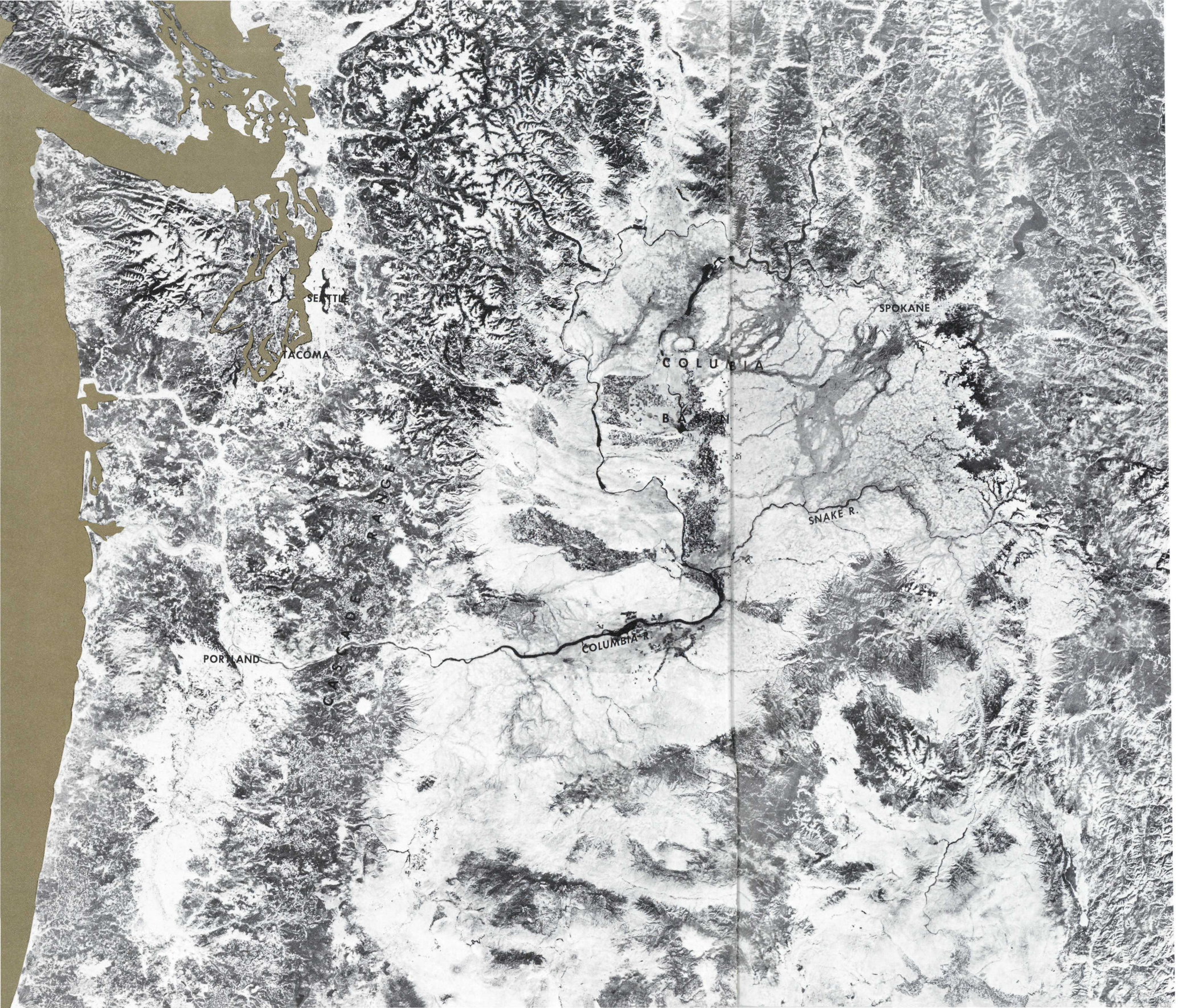
Although the earth study program is in many respects still an experimental one, results achieved during its first three years point out the promise space imagery holds for the future. Already, scientists using ERTS-1 imagery of the North American continent have mapped flood damage along the Mississippi River, located previously undetected geological faults and fractures in California, pinpointed possible nickel deposits in western Canada, defined the extent of spruce beetle damage in Alaska, made highly accurate crop acreage estimates in Nebraska, detected sources of industrial pollution in the Great Lakes, charted the extent of strip mining in Ohio, and located potential sources of geothermal energy in Washington's Cascade Range.

At some future date historians may well view the earth resources program of the 1970s as being as significant to our nation's progress as were the "Great Surveys" of the 1870s, when government expeditions under Ferdinand Hayden, Clarence King, John Wesley Powell, and George Wheeler explored and mapped the terrain and resources of America's last unknown geographical regions. The American frontier of the nineteenth century has long since been explored, but with its passing, others with exciting new dimensions have appeared and await man's probing vision.

Ed Holm *is managing editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

Completed by the U.S. Soil Conservation Service using imagery from NASA, this is part of the first picture map ever made showing the entire continental United States.

Overleaf: A total of 595 separate pictures from space were combined to create this unique cloud-free view of the conterminous United States, intended for scientific studies of the nation's geology, drainage network, foliage cover, and land use. For those of us interested in the interrelationship between the land and its history, the view shows, as no map drawn by hands could, the natural features that encouraged, hindered, or defined the westward progression of empire: the wrinkled Appalachian chain, which marked the edge of the first American frontier; the Great Lakes and Mississippi River, highways that facilitated exploration and settlement of the Midwest; the broad, fertile expanse of the Great Plains; and the rugged Rocky Mountain region and foreboding basins and deserts of the Southwest.



ALBERS EQUAL AREA PROJECTION
APPROXIMATE SCALE: 1 INCH EQUALS 35 MILES

A 450-mile segment of the nationwide mosaic, this view is a combination of about three dozen separate ERTS-1 pictures and includes all of Washington State and portions of Oregon and Idaho. Made from an altitude of about 560 miles, the imagery nevertheless shows such features as highways crossing the Cascade Range and checkerboard farmlands in the Columbia Basin.

One interesting characteristic of the orbit that ERTS-1 follows is that it is "sun-synchronous," meaning that each pass brings the satellite over the landscape at nearly the same hour, local time. Hence every picture shows the land illuminated by the same angle of sunlight. Because cloud cover is usually lightest during the morning hours, the satellite was programmed to cross the equator on each pass at 9:30 A.M. local time and so to sweep over the United States a few minutes earlier.

APPROXIMATE SCALE: 1 INCH EQUALS 36 MILES

Encompassing much of California and Nevada, this view emphasizes the varied topography of the region, including the heavily-farmed Central Valley, the rugged Sierra Nevada, and the desertlands of the Great Basin.

Using pictures from ERTS-1, scientists have attained new accuracy in delineating the fault zones in California's coastal region and even detected one fault line extending all the way to Canada. Space imagery is especially well suited for such "synoptic," or comprehensive, overviews of large areas.


SALT LAKE CITY
UINTA MOUNTAINS
PARK RANGE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS
DENVER
WASATCH RANGE
SANGRE DE CRISTO RANGE
GLEN CANYON
COLORADO R.
COLORADO PLATEAU
SAN LUIS VALLEY
GRAND CANYON
ALBUQUERQUE
RIO GRANDE

APPROXIMATE SCALE: 1 INCH EQUALS 55 MILES

Highlands of the Southern Rockies and Colorado Plateau dominate this view, a quarter-million-square-mile section covering the greater parts of Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico. Taken in such context, even the Great Salt Lake (upper left) and Grand Canyon (lower left) shrink in significance.

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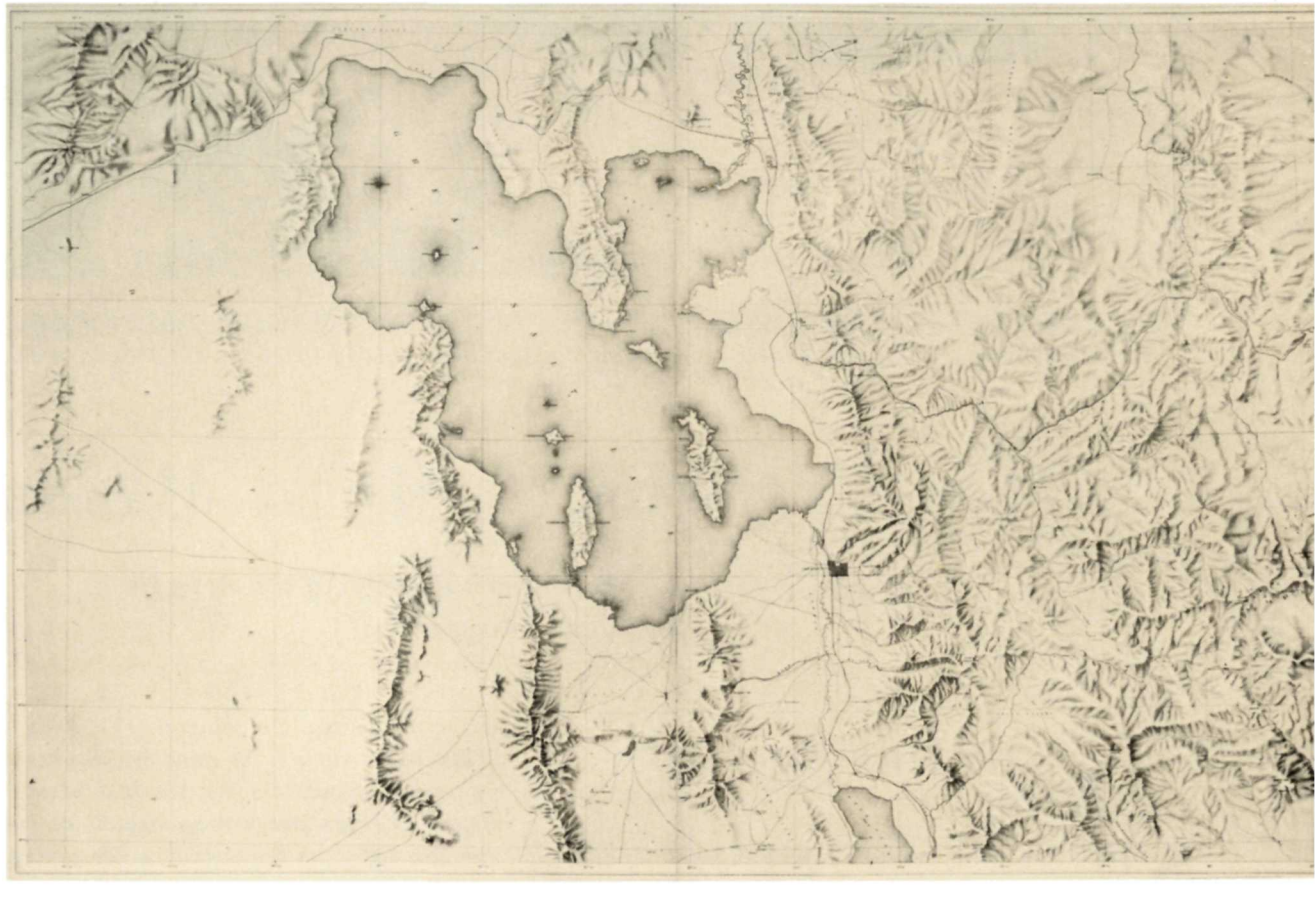


In one of the epochal surveys of the nineteenth century, Clarence King and his party of government topographers, geologists, botanists, and zoologists devoted seven grueling years (1867–73) to exploring and mapping a band a hundred miles wide from California to the Great Plains. The map above, a plate from King's 1876 Geological and Topographical Atlas Accompanying the Report of the Geological Explorations of the Fortieth Parallel, *shows the Utah Basin, the same region depicted in the upper left corner on the opposite page. Where explorers of a century ago braved desert heat and mountain blizzard with pack train and transit, today's investigators are seeking answers to new questions via remote sensors and telemetry from space.*

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Finally victorious in her long battle for equal suffrage, Abigail Scott Duniway registers as Oregon's first woman voter.

"By No Means Excluding Women"

Abigail Scott Duniway, western pioneer in the struggle for equal voting rights

by Elizabeth F. Chittenden

"NO, I WAS NOT ASLEEP!" Abigail Scott Duniway remonstrated with reporters from *The Oregonian*, who had just apologized for interrupting a nap. A victim of "rheumatic lameness," seventy-eight years old, she sat in her Portland, Oregon, living room rocking slowly with a pillow at her head. She was clutching a bundle of congratulatory letters and telegrams.

"Excited? No, I am not excited. I *knew* it would come," she said in answer to a reporter's question. "What if the bill had been defeated? We had careful arrangements to renew the fight at once!"

The day before, November 5, 1912, Mrs. Duniway had at last tasted victory. As campaign director and long-time fighter for women's rights, she had helped convince the males of Oregon that women wanted the vote as their inalienable right, not for reform or for government of men. And the men had voted the Equal Suffrage Amendment into state law.

She chuckled as she told the visitors that women had finally won "because men realized that we were not all fanatics on some one subject or another."

From her earliest memories, Abigail Scott had known experiences that led to her unyielding stand on equal rights for women. The second of nine surviving children, Abigail recalled her mother telling her, "What a pity you are a girl!" And when a sister was born, her mother said, "Poor baby!

She'll be a woman some day. Poor baby! A woman's lot is so hard!"

Abigail remembered the toil of collecting maple sap for syrup. With her father ill in bed, she had to carry heavy pails of the sap to the sugar barn, boil it, and then lug the syrup to the house. She was not yet ten. With the help of a younger brother, she planted a ten-acre cornfield. Her attendance at school, wedged between chores and sickness from overwork, was intermittent.

From the story-and-a-half frame house south of Peoria, Illinois, where Abigail had been born in 1834, her family watched lines of covered wagons heading west. Migrants often camped near the farmhouse for the night, and mothers sent barefoot children to the Scott house with hickory and walnut sticks to carry coals for starting their campfires.

On many an evening, Abigail's father wandered over to the camps and listened to the travelers' tales of free land in Missouri. From them he caught the fever to head west across the horizon too. Later, when he lost his Illinois farm to bankruptcy, interest turned into determination. But his wife opposed the adventure. Worn out from farm work and from bearing twelve children, she feared the unknown hardships of the journey.

Abigail's father ignored his wife's protests. He rounded up a party of thirty other settlers, and in March of 1852 the group set out with their ox-drawn wagons for the Pacific Northwest.

Abigail kept a journal of the 2,400-mile trip which she later developed into the first full-length novel of the West, *Captain Gray's Company*. In her diary she recorded the heartbreak that followed her mother's death from cholera in Wyoming. Two months later, Willie, the youngest of the children, died near Burnt River. In October the family's surviving members reached the town of Lafayette, Oregon Territory. Abigail was seventeen years old.

In spite of little formal education, she taught school there for a year. And she met Benjamin Duniway, whom she married the following year. Also an emigrant from Illinois, Duniway had a pioneer farm which he had cleared from virgin forest.

Abigail's early married life followed the same pattern which had worn out her mother in Illinois. Soon she, too, was bearing children and doing heavy farm work. After long days of scrubbing, sewing, churning butter, and nursing babies, she still had to prepare meals for her family and for the bachelors who, she said, "found comfort in mobilizing at mealtimes at the homes of the few married women in the township." She dubbed her home a "free hotel."

Abigail had savored the taste of money of her own when she was teaching. Now she resented having none of the cash she earned from the thousands of pounds of butter she made each year and from the chickens she tended. Like many other pioneer wives, every cent of her income went into the farm for taxes, groceries, harness mending, plow sharpening, and horseshoeing. She wrote in her journal, "My recreation during those monotonous years was making over for my cherished babies the trousseau I had earned as a schoolteacher."

One day she was outside plucking a duck's feathers for pillows. Benjamin was in conference with a friend from Lafayette. Fearful of the friend's purpose, she laid down the duck and hurried to join the two men. As she entered, her husband looked up from a document which he was signing. "What is that you are signing, Benjamin?" There was panic in her voice.

"Mama, don't worry," he assured her confidently. "You'll always be protected and provided for!"

Abigail said nothing. But she thought, "All the protection I'll ever get is what I earn by hard work!"

Benjamin had signed as surety for a considerable sum. When the friend subsequently defaulted on his loan, the farm, which had been Benjamin's pride, had to be sold. For the second time, Abigail had lost her home—first as a child and now as a wife. Her observations and life made her a rebel against a system where a man could sign away the security of his family without consulting his wife.

Not long after, Abigail's husband was thrown from a carriage when the horses bolted. He was so badly hurt that he remained a cripple for the remaining thirty years of his life. Abigail had to assume the role of breadwinner for her husband and six children.

DURING THE NEXT FEW YEARS, Abigail tried different avenues of supporting her family. She opened a small boarding school in Lafayette. Since she could find no hired help, she was up at three each morning to do the housework, then taught morning classes, prepared lunch, taught again until four in the afternoon, and finally finished the family chores. All in addition to keeping ahead of the pupils in classroom lessons. Strenuous as the work was, Abigail insisted it was easier than being a pioneer farm wife.

Later the family moved to Albany, a larger town, where she taught in a private school. But the money from teaching was not enough for her family, and she decided to open a millinery-and-notions store. Abigail needed money to stock the store. She went to a wholesaler for a loan.

"Have you friends who would go as security for you?" he asked.

"My husband went broke by going security, and I vowed long ago that I would never copy his mistake. But I have to have stock! At least $100 worth."

"Nonsense! Have enough stock to make your store pay. I'll go $1,000." Within three weeks, Mrs. Duniway had paid back the debt and had money left over for more stock.

Through her customers, she learned more and thought more about the injustices allotted women. One customer came asking for plain sewing work to supplement her in-

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

After passage of Oregon's voting rights amendment in 1912, Governor Oswald West honored Mrs. Duniway by asking her to write the state's Equal Suffrage Proclamation.

come. Her husband had taken all her butter and eggs money to buy a race horse, leaving none for his children's clothes. Another time a husband sold the family furniture and disappeared, leaving his wife and five children destitute. Later, after Mrs. Duniway and others helped reclaim the furniture with a loan so the woman could take in boarders for a living, the man returned, took possession of everything, and refused to honor the loan. His wife was powerless to object.

As Abigail related such tales to Benjamin, he challenged her. "One-half of the women are dolls; the rest are drudges. . . . It will never be any better for women until they have the right to vote!"

Abigail nodded in agreement and smiled at him. Since his accident, he had had time and inclination to reflect on what his gambling with the farm and his family's security had done to his wife.

"You women," he continued, "do half the work of the world. If you were voters, there would soon be lawmakers among you." His voice rose. "And since women do half the work of the world besides bearing all the children, they ought to control fully half the pay."

With Benjamin's moral support, Abigail moved the family to Portland. There she established a women's rights newspaper, *The New Northwest*, although she had no previous journalistic experience. She hired a foreman who taught the printing trade to her sons, now old enough to set type after school hours. Her brother, Harvey Scott, editor of a Portland newspaper, gave her editorial advice. After looking at her first issue, he told her, "You have made a capital paper!" He never, however, came out for woman suffrage. Benjamin, too, helped with the paper through caring for the family and sharing advice. Abigail dedicated the paper and the rest of her life to the advancement of women's rights. And over the years, through her store and newspaper, she personally made and spent more than forty thousand dollars for this cause.

When noted suffragist Susan B. Anthony visited Oregon on a speaking tour, Mrs. Duniway arranged the schedule, chaired the meetings, and introduced Miss Anthony. It was through this experience that she found herself an effective promoter of women's cause on a platform as well as through her newspaper. Soon she was traveling by stage, riverboat, and even sleigh all over the Northwest on speaking engagements. Always she held up as her goal the literal fulfillment of the words of Lincoln, "By no means excluding women."

As a successful editor and suffragist, Abigail Duniway became a natural subject of denunciation and ridicule. In Jacksonville, Oregon, a mining community, she was the target for a barrage of eggs. She thereafter always referred to them as "Jacksonville arguments." Once, on Valentine's Day, she received a card picturing a henpecked husband quaking in fear before his broom-brandishing wife. The verse read:

Fiend, devil's imp, or what you will,
You surely your poor man will kill,
With luckless days and sleepless nights,
Haranguing him with Woman's Rights.

Mrs. Duniway had the gift of turning derision to her own advantage and regaled an audience with this Valentine verse. Another time, after she had debated the equal rights for women issue, her male opponent spoke out. "I have often known a hen to try to crow, but I've never known one to succeed at it yet!"

Mrs. Duniway tilted, "I am free to confess that the gentleman is right; I have myself discovered the same peculiarity in hens. But in the poultry yard of a friend, I once saw a rooster try to set, and he made a failure, too."

A similar exchange occurred on a stagecoach in eastern Washington, when fellow passengers had been passing the bottle. One man, well mellowed, jeered at Abigail, "Madam, you ought to be at home enjoying yourself, like my wife's doing. I want to bear all the hardships myself and let her sit by the fire toasting her footsies."

Near Yakima, the stage stopped to let this same man out at his gate. His wife was outside chopping at a pile of snow-covered firewood. "I see, my friend, that your wife is toasting her footsies!" Abigail called out in parting as the stage pulled away.

ABIGAIL helped found the Oregon Equal Suffrage Association in 1873 and was its first president. She faithfully attended the state legislature with petitions. She was received with respect and was sometimes invited to speak from the floor. "We women pay equal taxes. Yet we have no voice in levying taxes or determining policies!"

Abigail's cause faced opposition in the capitol, but she held her own even in this male domain. Once she startled and enraged a lawmaker when—after he had flatly stated in a speech that no respectable woman from his county would possibly want the right to vote—she produced a women's rights petition from that very county, with the signature of the lawmaker's own wife at the head of the list!

In 1884 the legislature approved a woman suffrage amendment. But at the polls it was defeated. Why? she asked herself. In Oregon, as elsewhere, she concluded, the major cause for the defeat of equal rights was the linking of the temperance issue with woman suffrage. On this point, she differed radically from her eastern peers and eventually came to verbal blows with them.

The proposed use of the ballot to "put down whiskey" made men determined not to let women get the ballot, she argued. Equal suffrage, to be successful, must never become a lever for any issue, or for any party or creed. Women demanding the ballot for purposes of reform rather than as a right, she said, "drive nails in the coffin of their own and other women's rights."

Abigail herself never touched wine or liquor. But her statements regarding the temperance issue and her use once of a saloon for an auditorium when a church refused her the building, laid her open to accusations of conciliating the liquor interests. Temperance advocates rejected her stand that self-discipline, not prohibition, was the cure for drunkenness.

The conflict between Mrs. Duniway and the eastern workers broke into open war when she gave her famous "Ballots or Bullets" speech before the National Woman Suffrage Association in Washington, D.C., in 1889. She reminded the delegates that to get the vote, they had to win the consent of the voters—men! Women would never secure the ballot when they forgot it was their right but instead used it as a whip over men. "Where we seem to threaten men's liberties," she emphasized, "we simply throw boomerangs that recoil upon our own heads."

She told how, in 1886, the women of Washington Territory had themselves defeated woman suffrage, which had already been endorsed by both political parties. A wave of Woman's Christian Temperance Union speakers from the East had inundated the territory with the slogan, "Women are voters! Now is the time to show the world what you can do with the ballot!" Because of the suffrage-prohibition tie-up, equal suffrage lost.

With a paraphrase from Oliver Goldsmith's "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," she described the defeat. "Whiskey recovered from the fight: 'twas woman's vote that died."

Eastern suffragists had welcomed Abigail Duniway to their convention. But after her speech, she was given the cold shoulder. Susan B. Anthony, an officer in the WCTU, said to her at the table that evening, "Mrs. Duniway, you shocked a great many good people by your speech."

"Glad to hear it," Abigail responded. "Time was when you shocked good people, and that was the way you got your start."

The next morning in the hotel corridor, Mrs. Duniway stopped Miss Anthony and tried to persuade her of the dangers of the temperance-suffrage alignment. Miss Anthony replied, "If I can reach the women of the churches through the national office of the WCTU, I shall not hesitate to do it." But in time she, too, saw the need for separation.

When eastern suffragists, who regarded themselves as superior organizers, insisted on coming west to run the 1906 campaign for women's right to vote, Mrs. Duniway resigned from the presidency of the state organization and would have nothing to do with the campaign in Oregon. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, an officer in the national WCTU and president of suffrage, took over. The suffrage amendment once again went down in defeat.

After the two-to-one victory of a woman suffrage amendment in Washington in 1910 (for which Mrs. Duniway helped plan the strategy), she organized the National Council of Women Voters. It was nonpartisan, pledged better conditions for men, women, and children, and claimed justice for women in the political and economic world.

Then, in 1912, her work through the council and her leadership of the Oregon campaign from a wheelchair finally won the victory for woman suffrage in that state. Governor Oswald West asked her to write the Oregon Suffrage Proclamation, and she became the state's first woman voter.

And several years earlier, during Oregon's Lewis and Clark Exposition of 1905, Mrs. Duniway had received another prized citation for her efforts on behalf of equality. A day was set aside as "Abigail Scott Duniway Day" in recognition of a "grand old pioneer . . . not only in the sense of being one of the early settlers in the wilds of Oregon . . . but a pioneer in the ranks of those struggling for the liberty and enfranchisement of women."

Abigail Scott Duniway, convinced of the rightness of her cause, was an indefatigable worker, a redoubtable debater, and a gallant fighter. She won key rounds in the West for women's rights to full citizenship.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Abigail Scott Duniway's 1914 autobiography, *Path Breaking: An Autobiographical History of the Equal Suffrage Movement in Pacific Coast States,* was reissued in 1971.

Elizabeth F. Chittenden *is a writer and retired English teacher who resides in Kenmore, New York. Her* Profiles in Black and White: Men and Women Who Fought Against Slavery *was published in 1973.*

Echo from a Lonely Grave

by Elizabeth B. Goodman

ON A JUNE DAY in 1972 anthropologist Robert F. Heizer was riffling through the pages of an old report which he and Dr. Albert B. Elsasser of the University of California at Berkeley had put together sixteen years before. It was a description of the archaeological findings of Dr. Philip Mills Jones, an obscure researcher who had been sent to Santa Rosa Island, off the Santa Barbara coast, in 1901 to collect Indian artifacts for the university's newly established Museum of Anthropology.

As Dr. Heizer reviewed the photographs accompanying the report, he noticed for the first time that one artifact resembled a crude gravestone. Neither he nor Dr. Elsasser had previously had cause to pay any special attention to this object. It was a slab of fine-grained sandstone, 13½ inches long, 4½ inches wide, and 2 inches thick. The picture clearly showed three figures deeply incised into the stone's surface—a simple cross; the joined initials *JR* with a rather vague curlicue attached to the tail of the *R*, possibly forming a *C* or *S* or just a decorative flourish; and a primitive, headless stick figure. To the left of the initials were some shallow, wavy lines.

As Dr. Heizer pondered possible meanings of the markings on the stone, it dawned on him that the initials *JR* could be those of the discoverer of California, Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo. Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, had perished during a voyage of exploration up the West Coast in 1543 and had been buried on one of the Channel Islands. Historians have always called him "Cabrillo" (the Portuguese rendering of his full name was actually Joao Rodrigues Cabrilho), but he was undoubtedly known to his contemporaries as "Juan Rodríguez" after the Spanish custom of dropping the maternal last name. Dr. Heizer decided to explore the intriguing possibilities the inscriptions on the stone presented.

It is known that Cabrillo's expedition of two small ships, the *San Salvador* and *Victoria*, set sail from the port of Navidad on the west coast of Mexico on June 27, 1542. Cabrillo headed north toward seas where no western European had ever sailed before. His instructions were to explore and chart the western coast of North America and, if possible, locate the fabled "Straits of Anian"—the northern sea passage that geographers long believed linked the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

On September 28, 1542, Cabrillo discovered and entered San Diego Bay, which he named San Miguel, and in early October he discovered Santa Catalina and San Clemente islands. As Cabrillo's ships continued north, high winds and stormy seas forced them to seek shelter off the Channel Islands. Cabrillo named the island where he dropped anchor "Isla de la Posesion." This had been identified by some historians as San Miguel Island.

Cabrillo's decision to go ashore became his own death warrant. He slipped on the wet rocks and (according to one account) broke one of his arms near the shoulder. But when the storm abated, despite his injury, Cabrillo ordered the expedition to resume its voyage of exploration. The ships beat their way up the California coast about as far as Fort Ross, where they finally had to turn back because of more bad weather. On November 23 they once again anchored back at Isla de la Posesion for a winter layover.

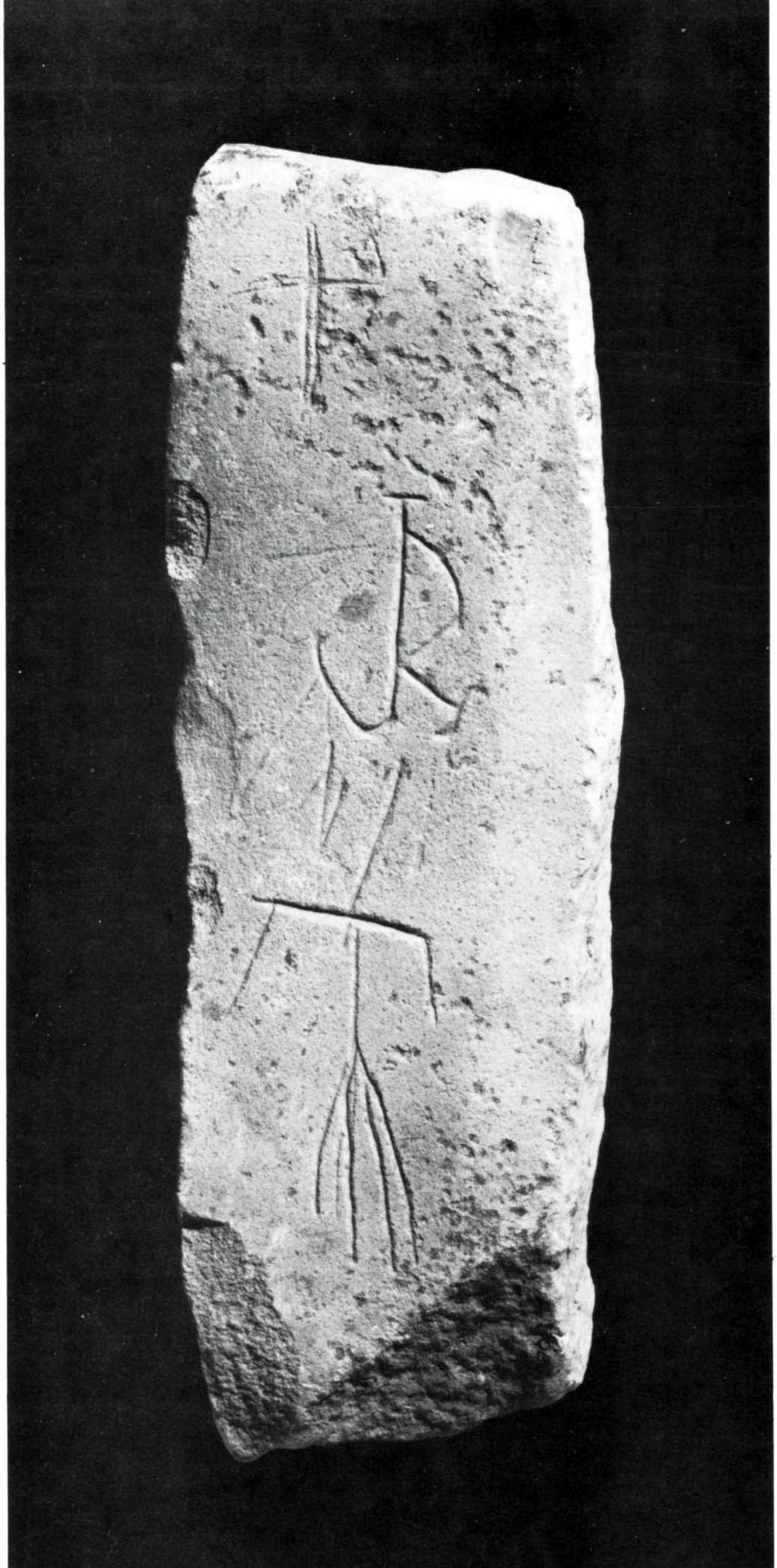
By this time blood poisoning had developed in Cabrillo's broken arm, and he was a very sick man. With the new year his condition worsened. A surviving abstract of the log kept by his pilot, Bartolome Ferrelo, records that "there passed from this present life, January 3, 1543, Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, the captain of the ships, from a fall which he had in this island the previous time they were there, in which he broke an arm. . . ." (Another account, however—the testimony of two sailors from the Cabrillo expedition—indicates that Cabrillo may have in fact sustained a broken leg, and that his death may have occurred only about ten days after his injury.)

Somewhere on lonely Isla de la Posesion, Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo was buried by his crew. For 429 years no clue to his burial place was found.

Continued on page 62

Found on one of the Channel Islands off the West Coast in 1901, this inscribed stone—here reproduced at about two-thirds actual size—may have once marked the grave of the discoverer of California.

LOWIE MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SOLOMON D. BUTCHER COLLECTION, NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Pages from a Nebraska Album

The Sod House Photographs of Solomon D. Butcher

by John I. White

THE PHOTOGRAPHS of sod buildings and their occupants on the following pages are from the remarkable Butcher Collection of the Nebraska State Historical Society at Lincoln. This treasure trove contains more than seven hundred prints and corresponding glass negatives, all taken by West-Virginia-born Solomon Devoe Butcher (1856–1927), who learned the photographer's trade before arriving in Nebraska in 1880. There he filed a claim on a 160-acre farming homestead in Custer County, virtually in the center of the Cornhusker State.

Having developed some second thoughts about "batching it" for five years while proving his claim, and at the same time developing a distaste for tilling the soil, Butcher turned his farm back to Uncle Sam and tried something new—medical college in Minneapolis. But his subsequent marriage to a widow, Mrs. Lillie Hamilton, ended plans for this new career. The fall of 1882 found Butcher and his bride back in Custer County, living with his parents at their homestead on the Middle Loup River. There the young couple farmed and taught school while converting a leaky sod shanty into a photographic studio. "I worked on the farm for my father for 50 to 75 cents a day," Butcher later wrote, "and whenever anyone wanted a tintype I dropped my hoe and made it and went back to the field again."

Aside from building several sod houses for his family, Butcher was soon devoting most of his time to photography and somehow making a living at it, although, as he commented, "the country was new and the people not overburdened with money." In the spring of 1886 he conceived the idea of publishing a history of Custer County. (Organized in 1877, a year after the Battle of the Little Bighorn, it had been named in honor of George Armstrong Custer.) For the next seven summers he roamed central Nebraska in a two-horse wagon fitted up as a traveling darkroom, capturing on his glass plates just about everything in sight—people, houses, cattle herds, scenery, barnyards, prize bulls, stores, churches, trains, and even balloon ascensions—and writing, and encouraging others to write, historical anecdotes and biographies of pioneer residents.

There were many setbacks, including a fire in which Butcher lost many of his documents and photographic prints. But he persevered and in 1901, fifteen years after Butcher began work on it, his *Pioneer History of Custer County, Nebraska*, appeared in print. (A facsimile reprint of *Pioneer History* was issued in 1965.) The four-hundred-page book contained some two hundred photographs. But rather oddly —or so it seems three-quarters of a century later—only eighteen of Butcher's hundreds of sod house pictures were included. Of those accompanying this article, only the Cram house photograph (overleaf) was included in the book, appearing in a three- by two-inch reproduction with no other comment than an identifying caption. Could Butcher perhaps have felt that in his day Nebraska's soddies were too commonplace, and that few readers would be interested?

John I. White *of Chatham, New Jersey, has been a radio singer (the Lonesome Cowboy on "Death Valley Days"), a recording artist, a map publishing firm executive, and for the past ten years a free-lance writer specializing in the West. His book on western songs and songmakers,* Git Along Little Dogies, *will be published this year.*

IN THE VIEW on the opposite page, we have Solomon D. Butcher allowing his own image to be captured on one of his glass negatives. His two-horse darkroom-on-wheels is parked before the soddy of I. N. Butler, who lived on the Middle Loup River near Jefferson, Nebraska. The year is probably 1886. Butcher is again shown above, three decades later, with part of his unique collection of sod house photographs. In 1926, just a year before the noted photographer-historian passed away, his pictures were acquired by the Nebraska State Historical Society.

COMPLETE WITH FLOWERPOTS, birdcages, and a pile of elk horns for drying the family wash, the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Cram resembles thousands of other sod houses built in the prairie states during the half century following the Civil War.

Attracted by the promise of 160 acres of free land under the Homestead Act of 1862 or by the propaganda of railroads with cheap land to sell, farmers from east of the Mississippi and emigrants from Europe had flocked to the Great Plains. On many of their farms not a single tree grew; only a vast expanse of bluestem or buffalo grass stretched to the horizon. At the base of the grass was a tangle of tough, matted roots that made excellent natural material for building blocks. So, with lumber being scarce, the newcomer on the prairie simply built his house with sod.

The thick walls of such homes were usually laid down as a double course of sod, tightly packed in even layers and with the grass side facing down. The slanting walls of the home pictured here are unusual; in most houses photographed by Solomon Butcher the side walls go straight up. Mr. Cram has followed common practice in prudently leaving some open space above the window frames to protect the glass from being broken by the gradually settling walls. He has set the front windows flush with the outside of the house, providing a deep sill inside to hold potted plants. Mrs. Cram, who obviously loves her flowers, has had her husband install an inside shelf halfway up the window for the additional greenery planted in tin cans.

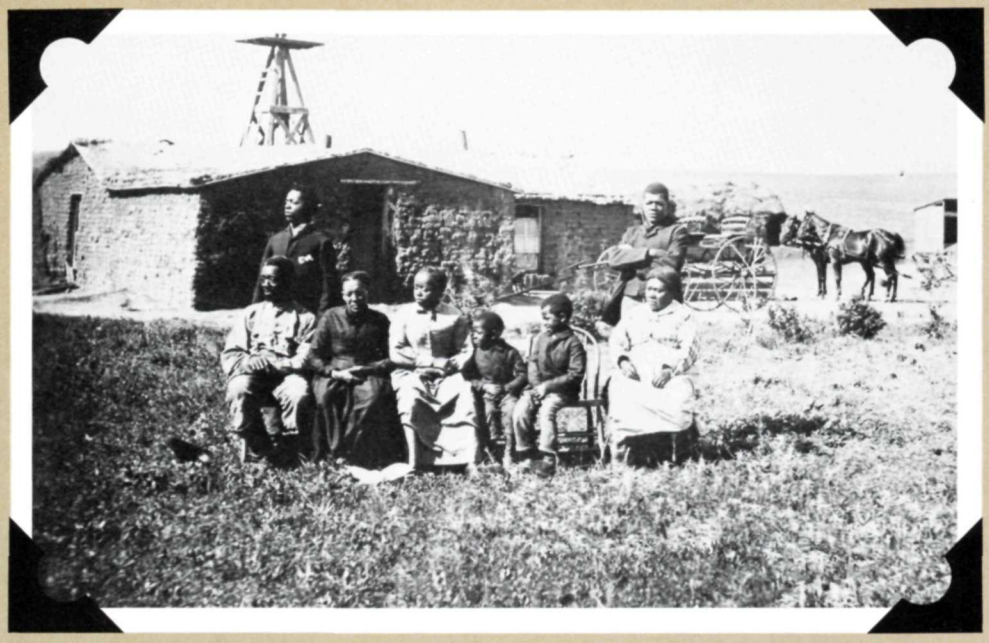
As can easily be seen, the Crams' roof is supported by five cut-lumber rafters. Thin planks, probably with some overlap, extend across these from the ridge rafter to the tops of the side walls. The planks are covered with a single layer of sod, grass side up. A more affluent settler might have a shingle roof but would still usually include a layer of sod over that. Such a topping insulated the house in both winter and summer, and helped to hold down the roof during violent windstorms. The extended eaves on the Cram dwelling, however, indicate the house may have stood in a sheltered spot. Many soddies were built with no overhang at all in order to keep blizzards from ripping off the roofs.

THESE FOUR YOUNG WOMEN are the Chrisman sisters, posing in 1886 before a sod shanty on the homestead of the eldest, Elizabeth ("Lizzie"), who stands second from left. Elizabeth's soddy was located near the headwaters of Lillian Creek, about eighteen miles north of Broken Bow and close to the homestead of her father, Joseph M. Chrisman, who had brought his large family to Custer County in 1883. Flanking Elizabeth in the picture are Harriette Susan ("Hattie") and Lucie Belle ("Lutie"). Standing at the far right is Jennie Ruth ("Babe"), who was fourteen years old at the time.

Eventually three of the four Chrisman girls homesteaded on 160-acre farming claims. (By the time Jennie Ruth became of age, all the good land had been taken.) Some members of the family also took advantage of the Timber Culture Act and the preemption law in force at the time. The former, dating from 1873, originally awarded an additional 160 acres of prairie to any settler who would plant 40 acres of trees; in 1878 this requirement was reduced to 10 acres of trees. Under the preemption law, which dated from 1841, a qualified person could obtain still a third 160-acre tract at a minimum cost of $1.25 an acre, providing he made certain improvements and lived on the land for six months.

While homesteading may sound like a large order for attractive young ladies, with the aid of their father and three brothers the Chrisman girls "made do." Each of the three who homesteaded had her own sod shanty similar to the one in the picture. The homesteading laws were flexible enough for the girls to take turns living together while proving their respective claims.

It was characteristic of Solomon Butcher to include domestic animals in his pictures of sod houses. Many show teams of horses or mules standing alongside the homesteader's family. So it was with the Chrisman girls, who apparently could round up only two of their mounts on short notice. Judging from the standard Texas stock rigs on the horses, the girls rode astride, "clothespin style," rather than sidesaddle. As their clothing seems out of keeping with a canter on horseback, it would appear that they had changed into their "best bib and tucker" for the photographer.

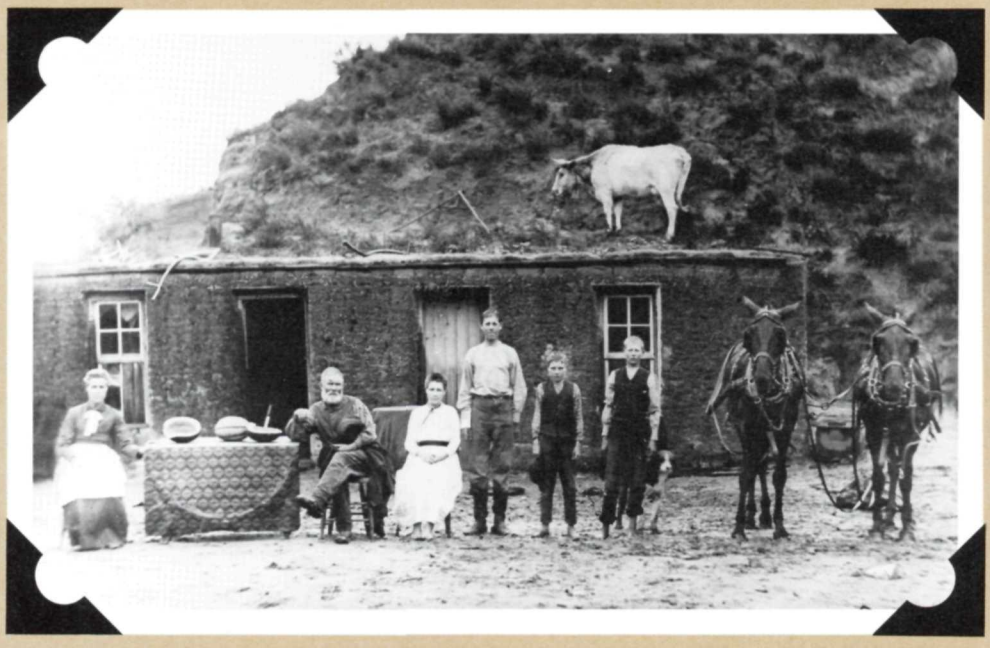


THE Moses Speece family was only one of several black families who homesteaded near Westerville, once the most important town in Custer County. Berna Hunter Chrisman stated in her book *When You and I Were Young, Nebraska*, that the Speeces, like the other Negro homesteaders, were very musical and took part in all the musical entertainments in the area. Their soddy appears to have been enlarged one or more times. As in many of Butcher's other sod house photographs, the people are dressed in their Sunday clothes, and the farm animals have been included.

THIS is the Breeding family, close neighbors of photographer Butcher when he lived at West Union, Nebraska, a town on the Middle Loup River that has disappeared from the maps of today. Note that their soddy has no eaves. Boards at the top of the walls, held in place by pegs, help retain the sod hip roof. Did the Breedings' house leak? Most likely. During a prolonged rainy spell, many such dwellings could boast an abundance of running water. In fact, a prairie housewife would have seen nothing odd about holding an umbrella over the stove while she cooked.

NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

THERE are two odd things about the Rice soddy at Round Valley, about ten miles north of Broken Bow, county seat of Custer County. At the far end is a *wooden* addition, which is unusual but no doubt very necessary considering the size of the family. At the near end of the house is another structure, almost hidden by the clutter of boxes, boards, and wire, that looks for all the world like a sod doghouse. As with most other soddies, the Rice dwelling has a roof with very little pitch, insurance against the sod covering sliding off during a rainstorm.



ALTHOUGH pioneer women must have considered a home dug out of the side of a hill as only a slight improvement on cave living, many a family began its new life on the prairies in such crude structures. Dugouts usually were small, hard to ventilate, and gloomy. And in addition to the usual problems with insects, mice, and snakes, dugout occupants had another worry: they never knew when a stray animal might put a hoof or two through the grassy roof. It was a happy day when they could move into a home with *four* sod walls and turn the dugout into a root cellar or cowshed.

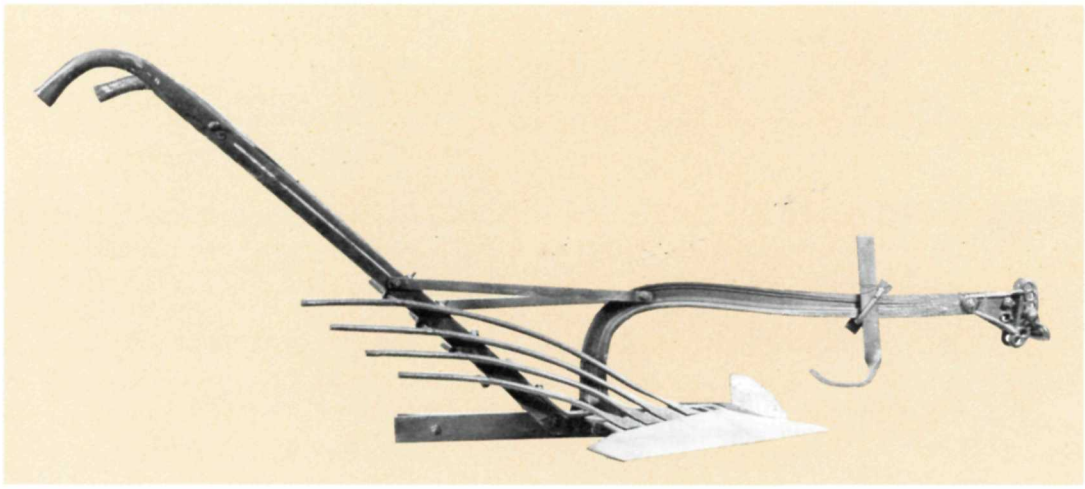
BELGIAN-BORN homesteader Isadore Haumont found nothing in central Nebraska's Custer County to remind him of the picturesque farm architecture of his native land. And, like most other early settlers in the prairie states, he built a sod house. But Haumont's home, completed during the early 1880s, was unique. Its unusual height, hip roof, and rounded corner buttresses somehow gave it the flavor of a Flemish-style chateau back in the old country.

Farmer Haumont was in his sixties when he came to America with his wife and teen-age son Joseph. In the accompanying picture the three of them pose with two friends in front of their "sod palace" about ten miles north of Broken Bow.

The shingle roof and brick chimney on this king-size soddy indicate that the builder's economic status was a cut above that of his neighbors. Most newcomers to the treeless prairies had to be content with a single-story one- or two-room sod house. The Haumont house (which cost about $500) has three rooms upstairs and two downstairs, plus the lean-to at left that served as a kitchen. The stairway to the second floor is located in the center rear, about in line with the split front door, another rather unusual trimming for a soddy.

The sturdy rounded corners that give the house its fortress-like appearance provided extra support for the roof timbers and no doubt frustrated the livestock that wrecked many a soddy by rubbing their itching hides against conventional square corners. The horse at left appears to be demonstrating this technique. As was common in sod house construction, the walls of Haumont's house were approximately thirty inches thick. Inside the building, the sides of the window openings were beveled back at an angle of nearly 45 degrees in order to admit the maximum amount of light.

Isadore Haumont's home was unique in one other respect. While all but a handful of the hundreds of smaller soddies that once dotted Custer County's landscape disappeared long ago, this two-story "Nebraska marble" structure endured for almost ninety years as an outstanding monument to man's ability to adapt himself to his environment. It kept a date with the bulldozer in May of 1972.

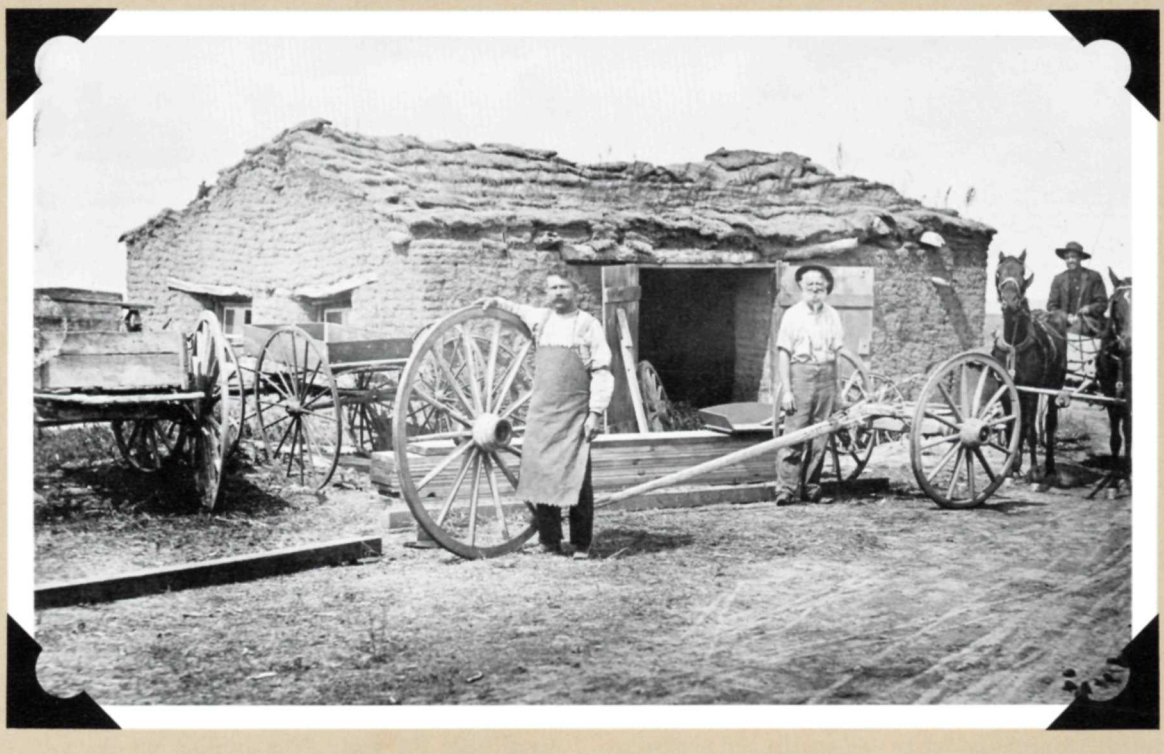


HERE is the special implement known as a "grasshopper plow" that enabled the settler on the virtually treeless prairies to peel up the sod needed to build his home. Unlike the ordinary plow, which bit deep into the earth, the rather flat, triangular blade of this one moved forward at a shallow depth controlled by the adjustable J-shaped metal bar near the front. A uniformly thick strip of sod from twelve to sixteen inches wide, depending on the width of the blade, and from four to six inches thick, was ripped from the earth and gently turned over by the four long curved metal rods. The object resembling a shark fin just above the blade squared up the left side of the strip.

The settler had to plow about an acre of sod for an average size house. First, however, he had to mow the grass from the plot. After peeling up the sod, the house builder chopped the long strips into convenient lengths with an axe or sharp spade, then proceeded to lay these sod blocks like bricks but without the benefit of mortar. The builder usually laid a complete double row of blocks around the building, leveled it, and filled in the cracks with earth before beginning a new course (see house under construction in the view below).

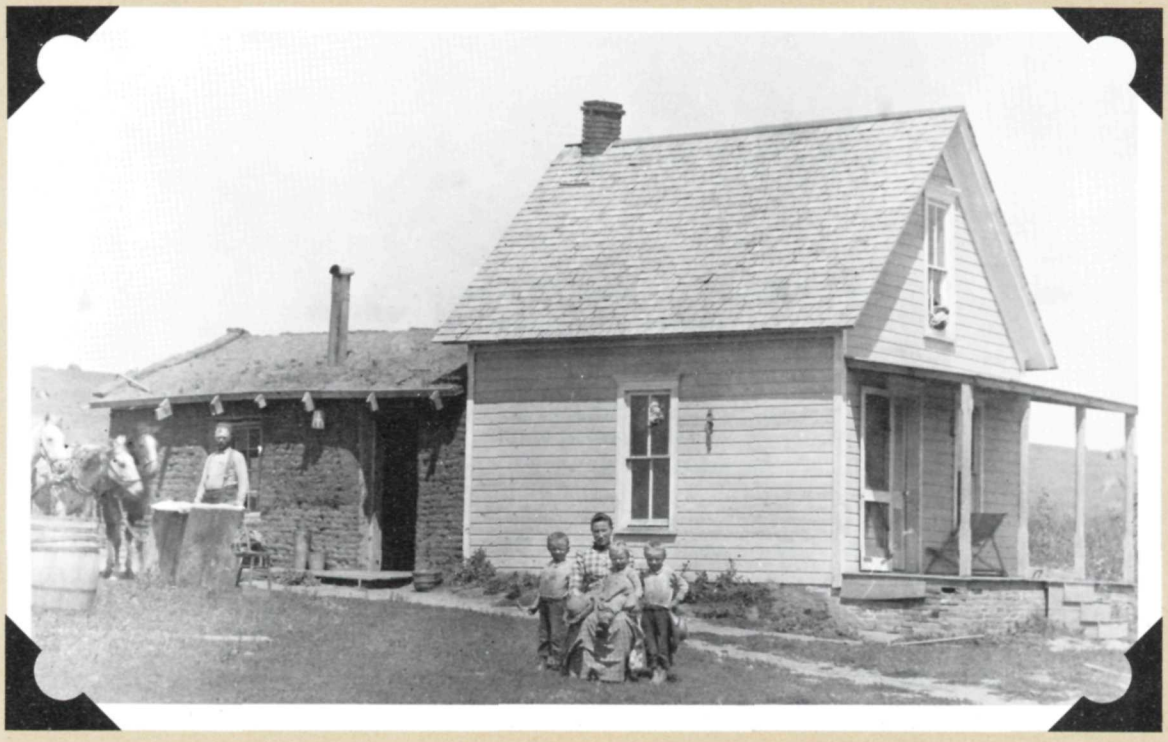
In 1897 a grasshopper plow equipped with a blade that cut a twelve-inch strip of sod was being offered by Sears, Roebuck, and Co. for $6.50 F.O.B. Chicago.

PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN: NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



ALTHOUGH the photographer labeled the building above "Blacksmith shop, first in West Union, Custer County," the principal business carried out here appears to be the construction and repair of wagons. Some idea of the thickness of a typical sod wall may be obtained by looking through the doorway. Sod blocks on the sagging roof apparently overlap like shingles. In the unidentified photograph below, presumably taken somewhere in Custer County, the youthful teacher (holding the bell) and her pupils offer an interesting study in clothing and hairstyles of the 1880s. Soddies frequently served as schools, newspaper offices, stores, and even churches.

MR. AND MRS. James McCrea and a grandson, above, pose before their sod house at Berwyn, a few miles southeast of Broken Bow. The object just above Mr. McCrea's head is not an air conditioner but a birdhouse. Despite its crude appearance, the McCreas' dwelling—like other soddies—was very inexpensive to build, warm in the winter, cool in the summer, fairly fireproof, and stable in a howling gale. But "progress" was just around the corner. As their prosperity increased, more and more sod house owners built and moved into trim wooden frame buildings like the one below, pictured in southwestern Custer County in 1892. Solomon Butcher and his camera had documented a passing era.



When War Came to Yosemite

The World War II home front in the high Sierra included victory gardens in Yosemite Valley, army tours, and a luxury hotel full of uniforms

by Shirley Sargent

ALTHOUGH California's Yosemite Valley was apparently first glimpsed by white men in 1849, and explored in 1851, it was 1855 before it began to attract what could properly be termed tourists. That summer, forty-two men in four parties visited the remarkable chasm and then spread scenic words of praise through newspapers and magazines, inspiring more travel. Beginning in 1856, pioneer innkeepers provided saddle-sore visitors with beds (usually without bedbugs), meals, and rude shelters. Eventually the valley became the focal point of Yosemite National Park, and the various entrepreneurs, known as concessionaires, were directed by the regulations of the National Park Service. "Scenery is a hollow enjoyment," proclaimed the first park service director, Stephen T. Mather, "to a tourist who sets out in the morning after an indigestible breakfast and a fitful sleep on an impossible bed."

By 1925 the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, founded in 1899, had emerged as the park's chief purveyor of food, beds, and rooms. Although the Great Depression of the 1930s seriously curtailed business, the Curry Company experienced boom years in 1939 and 1940, and the future seemed to promise increased visitation and revenue. That prospect ended, as did so many plans and dreams elsewhere, on December 7, 1941.

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and America's subsequent declaration of war, the national response was overwhelmingly one of shock, anger, and unanimity. Yosemite residents reacted accordingly: "What can we do here?" Their immediate answer then, and in each of the war years, was to oversubscribe their Red Cross War Fund quota of $1,250. Ultimately, nearly two hundred men and women from the park's near thousand population served in the armed forces, many with distinction, and a few died in combat.

The park's new superintendent, Frank A. Kittredge, who had been an officer in World War I, took zealous command of Yosemite's World War II efforts. For instance, he organized and became chairman of a local Red Cross chapter, which sponsored the yearly fund drives, first aid classes, a women's Blue Jeans Fire Brigade, and knitting and sewing circles. Kittredge was a friendly, unassuming man who quickly and thoroughly acquainted himself with park affairs and personnel as well as Yosemite's peaks, lakes, and meadows. In time, however, his strong anti-liquor stand created problems with some residents.

To Kittredge, Half Dome was as definite and beloved a symbol of democracy as the flag flown above park service headquarters. His primary duty was to guard all of Yosemite's great natural assets, and the war increased his responsibilities. Predictably there were those who wanted usage of park lands based on so-called wartime necessity. Cattlemen, especially, pressured the park service for grazing rights, and Kittredge was at his persuasive, militant best resisting that threat to the meadows. Conservation of food was so imperative, however, that he sought and received permission from Washington to utilize sandy land adjacent to the maintenance area in the valley for victory gardens. Soon the battle against worms and blight was joined by scores of residents, who planted, weeded, watered, boasted of, and consumed their produce. An electrified fence was fair protection against the worst enemy—deer. Three pioneer apple orchards were pruned and sprayed, and the resulting crop was so profuse that a cider mill was imported to preserve every last drop of juice.

During the first weeks after America's entry into the war, rumors were more numerous than Yosemite bears that the park and/or its chief concessionaire, the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, would close for the duration since their existence was considered nonessential. But the January 1942 issue of the *Yosemite Sentinel*, the new company house organ, optimistically discounted the rumors and pointed out that travel was needed as a stimulus to morale. Rest and change were fundamental to productivity for both military and civilian workers; they could find these among

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This article is adapted from material in Yosemite and Its Innkeepers, *to be published this spring by the Flying Spur Press,*

During World War II, 89,686 soldiers visited Yosemite on tours that were recorded by photographer Ansel Adams, later world-renowned for his landscape views. Here a group poses by the Wawona Tree in Mariposa Grove.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS; YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK COLLECTION

Military personnel comprised about half of Yosemite's wartime visitors: these GIs are on Glacier Point.

Yosemite's towering cliffs and spectacular waterfalls.

Behind the scenes, however, company president Donald B. Tresidder was a fount of pessimism regarding business prospects. After Pearl Harbor, the decline in house counts, the shortage of labor, and the anticipation of rationing convinced him that the dire years of the recent depression would be duplicated, if not multiplied, during wartime. In August of 1942 Tresidder called an administrative staff meeting during which he made a bombshell proclamation: "I believe that almost no one will be able to reach Yosemite during the war, what with gas rationing and travel restrictions. Therefore, I believe we should close down most operations."

Before that statement was fully absorbed, he began issuing equally startling directions. "Hil, I suggest you make your office at the Village Store. Keep it open to serve the few people who may get in and the caretaker National Park Service staff. Hoss, when you have closed the corporate affairs for the year and handled the annual meeting of stockholders, you are through. Ouimet, as soon as you have terminated the summer crew, you are through. . . . Huffman, you are through September 30. . . ."

Similarly, Tresidder "furloughed" the traffic and advertising superintendent and the maintenance superintendent. He then turned to the auditor, Sterling Cramer: "Someone has to keep the corporate books going. I suggest you keep your secretary and that you take a couple of rooms in "A" dormitory for office space. . . . If any travelers manage to reach the park, we will house them in the dormitories; one of our High Sierra camp couples can live in the nearest duplex house and provide family-style meal service."

Company operations would continue, pessimist Tresidder said, to fit the needs, if any, of the no longer traveling public. "If there is any comfort in unanimity," company official Hilmer Oehlmann later recalled, "we can console ourselves with the recollection that not a discordant voice was raised against the false conclusion that the park would pass forthwith into a state of practical oblivion."

(In 1941 Yosemite had hosted 594,000 visitors. The following year the number dropped to 332,000. In 1943 and 1944 attendance bottomed out at 128,000 and 251,000 visitors, respectable numbers, considering the circumstances. In 1945 the number increased to 252,000, and by 1946 equaled prewar levels.)

IT WAS early 1943 before most of the company staff left, sadly and reluctantly. Within months their absence was keenly felt, for as it turned out, 1943 house counts overtaxed the depleted facilities and personnel. Although the visitors were mainly servicemen, civilians from the San Francisco Bay Area and the San Joaquin Valley, who saved or pooled gasoline coupons, swelled traffic. Yosemite Lodge was kept open and busy, and personnel manager Harold K. Ouimet was rehired to beat the bushes and the alleys for employees. Once, when Ouimet returned with a busload of men recruited, or shanghaied, from skid rows of the San Joaquin Valley, they stumbled bleary-eyed, into the glory of

After this soldier drove a jeep atop Sentinel Dome, a ruling was belatedly made prohibiting such sacrilege.

a breezy Yosemite day. "Where are the grapes you want picked?" inquired one.

In effect, the Yosemite Park and Curry Company was now staffed by a handful of hardworking old-timers, a few bums, and a lot of kids. "College students, formerly the nucleus of our crew, were now engaged in war activities," Ouimet recorded, "so we had to turn to high school students who were young, immature, and inexperienced for seasonable help. Parents were often more of a problem than the sons and daughters, but we could understand their concern for progeny away from home for the first time in an area overflowing with servicemen. The employment was a three-sided affair: the company, the parents, and the students."

To ensure security, Ouimet hired counselors and instituted an intensive recreational program as well as one of job training. Naturally the youngsters tried to emulate the few remaining old-timers. Ouimet recalled that at Camp Curry, for example, "experienced waiters could trot through the dining room balancing a tray of dishes on one hand, whereas broken crockery rewarded the young imitators. Eventually the diners made a game of it and applauded success rather than failure. Soon, there was a dramatic decrease in casualties." Tops among the high schoolers were teen-agers imported from the Phoenix Indian School who, after their initial shyness wore off, were excellent workers.

A number of men rated 4-F because of minor handicaps were eagerly recruited. One of the most treasured 4-F employees was Earl Pierson, longtime chef at Yosemite Lodge, who commanded a battery of hot stoves and did battle with inexperienced staff and strict food rationing. "Earl may still attest that turkey necks make excellent oxtail stew," Hil Oehlmann said, "but I venture that he may now confess that bean sandwiches were not very acceptable even during wartime." John Loncaric, hotel superintendent, never had to wash dishes, but he filled in at stoves, served tables, and worked at the reservation and transportation desks in addition to regular duties.

"As the noose of rationing grew tighter," a 1966 *Yosemite Sentinel* revealed, "the bills of fare at the Lodge and Camp Curry became skimpier, particularly in the meat line. John Loncaric found himself, at one time, able to get only lamb for an extended period. Lamb was served in every possible fashion—in stew, as chops, in patties, and as steaks. The regulars at the Lodge cafeteria made impolite sheep noises when they spied John. Later when ration stamps were needed for lamb as well, poultry became the mainstay."

"While business could scarcely be called brisk, it did improve," John recalled, "making the ever-growing shortage of help more vexing. Competent, or even sober, male employees were impossible to find. The hotels operated with bare-bones crews, mostly women and child labor."

In emergency situations, Loncaric asked for volunteers from the office force. At such times women deserted desks for ovens and helped with baking at Yosemite Lodge while others pitched in to do maid work at Camp Curry. The gas station and garage there were managed by a resourceful woman who proved she could lube and service cars as ably as she had cooked before the war.

Some young army lieutenant in public relations no doubt thought this shot of howitzers at Inspiration Point quite a coup.

But that was wartime, and somehow it all made sense.

Late in January 1943, front-page news startled Yosemite residents and devotees. Donald Tresidder had been elected president of his beloved Stanford University. War had not ended, but had diminished Tresidder's business responsibilities in Yosemite; Stanford offered challenge, prestige, and the task of making a great university greater under difficult conditions. He accepted the mortarboard but retained his Yosemite "hat," serving the company without pay after his inauguration in September 1943, by handling negotiations with the armed forces and with the secretary of the interior. Predictably, Hil Oehlmann, Tresidder's faithful assistant, was appointed general manager—in reality acting president —of the company.

MANY "Uncle Sam wants you" letters were directed to eligible Yosemite men, but the most astounding request was issued by the U.S. Navy, which wanted the Ahwahnee Hotel for use as a convalescent hospital. In many ways the proposal was attractive; leased to the navy the hotel would express the company's patriotism yet bring in revenue. After a series of meetings, a contract was negotiated and signed wherein the navy filed a condemnation suit in court and deposited $55,000 yearly to cover taxes, insurance, and depreciation on the property. The Curry Company argued that the sum was insufficient, and during the thirty months of the navy's occupancy, negotiations continued spasmodically.

Paying guests were still in the luxury hotel when the first sailor, a maintenance man, arrived on May 30, 1943. Between that date and July 6, when the first patients arrived, the hotel's contents had to be inventoried and stored by the company, a task supervised by John Loncaric and Sterling Cramer. Neither wore a uniform, but both fought the little-known Battle of the Ahwahnee with valor. An account in a latter-day *Yosemite Sentinel* gave details of the campaign:

"For three months they counted, tagged, and prepared for storage outside the park the thousands of chairs, sheets, rugs, etc. Meanwhile several navy chiefs, with eyes for comfort, had to be discouraged from rerouting chairs and innerspring mattresses to their quarters."

Dining-room furniture was kept by the navy for use in what must have been one of the world's most luxurious mess halls. The enormous twenty-four-foot-high Great Lounge was turned into a ward where 350 men or more slept in five rows of double-tiered cots. The gift shop became a canteen, the writing room a Protestant chapel, and the bar and cocktail lounge on the mezzanine a Catholic chapel.

In 1928 the Curry Company had expended $30,000 and countless hours of manpower on landscaping and planting wild-flower gardens around the new hotel. These became the first casualty of the naval invasion. Where flowers had bloomed in clumps and banks, and meadowlike lawns had stretched, a series of barracks-type buildings and intercon-

In 1943 naval forces took command of the Ahwahnee Hotel on the valley floor for use as a convalescent hospital, prompting one sailor to complain, "I joined the navy to fight on the high seas, not the high Sierra. . . ."

necting covered walkways mushroomed like mole warrens. Eventually these excrescenses housed an auditorium, a pool hall, a two-cell brig, a large washroom, a bowling alley, an enlisted men's club, occupational therapy quarters, and hobby and craft shops. Natural beauty was sacrificed for utility and rehabilitation of human resources.

For a few months the new navy hospital treated neuropsychiatric patients, whose conditions worsened in the face of the fortresslike cliffs as claustrophobia was added to their other stresses. By 1944 the navy had realized its mistake, and thereafter only general medical and surgical patients were admitted. These war-weary veterans wanted girls, beer, and fun and games. On the whole, appreciation of beauty, other than in feminine form, was virtually nonexistent. One sailor summed up the patients' mood: "Yosemite is a beautiful place surrounded by solitude." In summertime the gobs established beachheads with the female employees at Camp Curry and Yosemite Lodge. Shore patrolmen had to restrain men from worrying the girls in the dorms and government housing areas. There were a few arrests for rape and many for drunkenness.

As head of the hotel division, John Loncaric was continually involved in trying to protect company properties from the navy. According to a *Yosemite Sentinel* account, his holding tactics were not always successful:

"The first patients at USS Ahwahnee were veterans of naval encounters near Okinawa. Despite their convalescent status, they were a lively lot, and upon release from duty at 4:00 P.M. were wont to take a little cheer at the Lodge bar which had about thirty stools. A hundred and fifty bluejackets arrived one 4:05 P.M. and, as boys will, hoisted a few too many. When the situation became explosive and the jolly tars commenced smashing the furniture, the lodge manager sent out a distress call for John. There was no shore patrol so Loncaric took on the mob. The fracas ended with two bartenders hors de combat, the place demolished and the bottled booze going out by the armsful. John escaped with minor bruises."

In time, the battle of the bottle was lost by all concerned. Officers would pull rank on the enlisted men at the Yosemite Lodge, and that inspired rebellion. More than once the bartender was attacked when he tried to close the place at 11:00 P.M., the official witching hour. Turnover in bartenders was frequent, and soon superintendent Frank Kittredge shut the bar down for the duration. After that, liquor was smuggled in for the sailors by their visiting friends and relatives, and hidden in the talus slopes north of the Ahwahnee. This whiskey-on-the-rocks practice, along with naval pressure, was so great that Kittredge was forced to again provide a place for the sale and imbibing of alcoholic refreshments (besides Degnan's, where only beer could be bought). Reluctantly he ordered that an area just outside the Village Store be screened and equipped with tables and chairs. There sailors could hoist a can or a glass in what became surreptitiously known as "Frank's Place."

Despite the problems caused by the navy, Yosemite residents were proud to have veterans there and welcomed them to local dances, movies, and parties. Coincident with the

Ahwahnee gardens and wild flowers were annihilated by the occupying forces as ancillary buildings sprouted across lawns and meadows. After the war the park concessionaire spent a year and $400,000 restoring the grounds and hotel.

"occupation" were unexpected fringe benefits for inhabitants and the company's till. Because of labor scarcity, the company could not operate the toboggan slide near Camp Curry, so the bluejackets took it over. Families of patients and staff requiring housing were rented cabins at Yosemite Lodge and, in season, tents and housekeeping cabins at Camp Curry, all at reduced rates. The tents brought in only $30 each per month. Still, $30 times the forty-five tents made available was money in the cash register. Several company houses were rented to officers and their families, and the Ranger's Club served as the bachelor officers' quarters.

The Badger Pass ski area operated through the 1942–43 season, but with the approach of the following winter, Hil Oehlmann recalls, "Superintendent Kittredge suddenly made the shocking statement that it would have to close, as the park service had no money to keep the road open. With that news I went to the commanding officer and pointed out what a wonderful recreational need it would serve for navy and other personnel. He agreed, and the navy kept the road open. Badger was heavily visited, too, by the airmen from Merced. I must confess that the wisdom of the decision was mildly questioned by those in charge when the usual number of broken legs, sprained ankles, etc. showed up among the navy men and flyers. But, on the whole, the Badger operation served a useful purpose and was regarded with approval."

While sailors were in the majority, army, marine, and air force personnel also came to the park for rest and recreation during the war. Military visits accounted for about half the total visitation in Yosemite in those years, and Signal Corps units had a large training camp at Wawona. When the United Nations Conference was held in the spring of 1945 in San Francisco, Yosemite was the weekend goal for the delegates, and 340 American and foreign visitors received much-needed uplift. During a walk through Mariposa Grove, a Frenchman commented, "I believe if we were holding our meetings here, we would have a better sense of proportion."

By its very existence Yosemite influenced the war and peace efforts and, by energetic and patriotic contributions, so did its residents, who joyfully celebrated the war's end on August 14, 1945.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Few places in the world have deserved or received more published attention than Yosemite National Park. Its sights, sites, flora, fauna, inhabitants, and history have been extensively chronicled in a plethora of books and magazine articles. In the author's opinion, the most outstanding and comprehensive history is Carl P. Russell's *One Hundred Years in Yosemite*, which is a virtual bible of information.

However, the history of the park's business development and involvement in World War II has been only fragmentarily documented. This article, one of sixteen chapters in the forthcoming book *Yosemite and Its Innkeepers*, is based largely on original sources, such as interviews with, and letters from, participants, and on material from the files of the Curry Company.

Shirley Sargent, *a writer, historian, and longtime Yosemite devotee, lives on an old homestead twelve miles west of Yosemite Valley, where she nurtures pine trees, manzanita, and books such as* John Muir in Yosemite *and* Pioneers in Petticoats: Yosemite's First Women.

A Matter of Opinion

For Sale . . . The Old West

ERIC JOHNSON

Though weeds grow in the main street of Bumble Bee, Arizona, and its days of prosperity are plainly past, writer Jacquelyn Johnson sees a rich heritage in such fading reminders of the Old West, and suggests that with the passing of the last ghost towns we will be immeasurably poorer.

A RAGGED PROSPECTOR leads his burro across the parched Arizona desert, struggling slowly toward a shimmering, distant mountain range where he hopes to find his fortune. That's as familiar a scene of America's past as the Boston Tea Party. But what about the rest of the story? Maybe the old prospector died without ever locating pay dirt. Or maybe he found his dream and established a prosperous mine. And a town grew up around it, where men worked and reared families until word came of a richer strike on the next mountain. So the old prospector's dream became a ghost town.

Hundreds of these dusty, lonely places dot the West today, as much a part of our heritage as Plymouth Rock or Appomattox. But we seem to value them less, and one by one they are disappearing, victims of man's highways, his mountain resorts, and his greed for the land and the profit it can bring. He sells them by the acre, seemingly not caring that the towns he destroys are reminders of the spirit that tamed this land.

The town of Cleator, high in Arizona's Bradshaw Mountains, is typical of the legendary "ghost town." You'd find it very much the same today as it was at the turn of the century. It isn't a place for tourists. There's no dance hall with fancy-dressed ladies, no staged gunfight at high noon. Just the Old West as it really was.

Cleator began its existence as the mining center of Turkey Creek in about 1864. Located midway between several nearby mines, it prospered when the Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fe Railroad built a siding there in 1902. In 1904 James Cleator settled in the town. A sailor from the Isle of Man, he had arrived on the western coast of Canada in 1890 and ended his sailing days to prospect for gold. He wandered through the western territories until he reached Turkey, where he worked in the mines for several years before acquiring half-interest in the general store and saloon. Jimmy Cleator became a merchant, a respected businessman, and eventually the postmaster of Turkey. Finally, in 1920 he bought out his partner, and Turkey changed its name to Cleator.

It was a rough town, built by rough men for their simple needs and pleasures. The main street consisted of a post office, general store, and saloon. Miners lived in one-room cabins rented from Jimmy Cleator. He never found the gold he had searched for, but about three miles east of town he struck a vein of silver and established his Silver King Mine. But by 1934 the railroad had closed its siding into Cleator; most of the miners had moved on, and Jimmy Cleator and his family found themselves the inhabitants of a ghost town.

No longer a young man, Cleator chose not to leave, and he lived out his remaining days in the town he had helped build. Today Cleator stands as it did then, owned by one man, Jimmy Cleator's son Tommy. Just as his father did, Tommy runs the saloon—a dark, dusty room piled high with tools from the old mines, lanterns from the cabins, even children's toys abandoned in the miners' haste to find a richer vein.

The saloon is still the town meeting-place. The few men who live in Cleator all wander in sometime during the day for a cool drink and to catch up on the latest gossip. They argue politics and debate whether the mine will resume operations next month. Neighboring ranchers stop in occasionally, bringing news from the city or looking for a ready hand to help with the branding.

Tourists aren't uncommon in Cleator, but Cleator isn't what they're really coming to see. They're usually en route to one of the more famous ghost towns or to one of the wilderness recreation areas. Most of them see Cleator merely

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The Taming of the West: A Photographic Perspective

REVIEWED BY GEORGE HART

THIS REVIEWER must confess a prejudice in favor of *all* books devoted to old western photographs. In light of our current tight money problem, however, it becomes needful to stress drawbacks in a book that in other times would seem like nit-picking. Thus, the faults of the item under review will be stated explicitly, while its virtues are implicit in the critique's opening and closing statements.

The Taming of the West: A Photographic Perspective compiled and edited by David R. Phillips with commentary by Phillips and Robert A. Weinstein *(Regnery, Chicago, 1974, 232 pp., technical appen., index, $25.00).*

First of all, *The Taming of the West* is for the incurable aficionado. Much cradling must be performed to come up with the "photographic perspective" promised in its title. Nevertheless, to one willing to do so, the work yields quite a few nuggets.

The initial chapter, "The American Dream," contains some of the more appropriate thematic illustrations. Conversely, it also serves as a repository for the most disconcerting. Examples of the latter include pictures of New York, Baltimore, Atlanta, etc. Many of them are of a rather late nineteenth-century vintage, further confounding the situation. About one-eighth of the book's approximately two hundred photographs are of this nature, quite a few in a work purporting to deal with the "taming of the West."

The first group of photos to capture the spirit of the volume's title are those of E. E. Henry, a Leavenworth, Kansas, photographer. Although I have not seen David R. Phillips' premiere entry, *The West: An American Experience,* reviews of that volume indicate a like role played by Henry's work. [This book was reviewed in the May 1974 issue of THE AMERICAN WEST.]

Henry's plates hold a special interest for me, due not only to their excellence, but because the former owner of the collection, Mary E. Everhard (now deceased) of Leavenworth, was a correspondent of mine. In 1922 she purchased the material, along with a photographic studio, from Henry's stepson, Harrison Putney (another photographer represented in *The Taming of the West*). A great deal of credit should go to Miss Everhard for preserving these wet-plate negatives. In her later years she offered the collection to the Library of Congress at an unbelievably modest price, but they turned her down.

Phillips' frequent use of blowups to highlight certain minute areas of a negative is a laudable innovation. However, it seems little application has been made of this technique as a research tool. For example, a blowup of a billboard area shows a theater poster (obviously out-of-date, as it is partially covered by newer notices) dated 1870. The caption date is 1869.

Chapter two, "The Way West," consists almost entirely of work by Joseph E. Smith, a Socorro, New Mexico Territory, photographer. Herein a frontier character with a peg leg is misidentified as "Captain Jack Crawford." If John Wallace Crawford, the "Poet Scout," suffered such a handicap he seems to have hidden it very expertly in other pictorial representations!

Chapter three, "Golden Alaska," is composed solely of views by a "photographer unknown." Owing to their relative sameness (with a few exceptions), it is not hard to imagine that all were taken by the same "unknown" person.

A singularly striking close-up in chapter four, "The Native Americans," is that of a 119-year-old Indian, Chief Wah-hah-yun-ta. This portrait reveals a face resembling the cracked sun-baked earth so familiar to certain western locales, leaving us with no doubt concerning the chief's age.

The fifth and concluding chapter, "The Bountiful Land," convinces us that indeed the West has been "tamed." Here are dull bucolic scenes of the late 1890s and the opening years of the twentieth century, views of man's early encounters with the horseless carriage, and finally a seriocomic representation of his attempt to fly.

The task of providing text for a photographic work is a formidable and thankless one. Phillips and Robert A. Weinstein offer a generally satisfying and unobtrusively pleasant commentary.

In these days of purchasing books by mail and phone, it would be most rewarding for the lost art of browsing to be revived. This volume should not be bought sight unseen. Despite this cautionary remark, scanning of *The Taming of the West*'s contents should not discourage potential buyers.

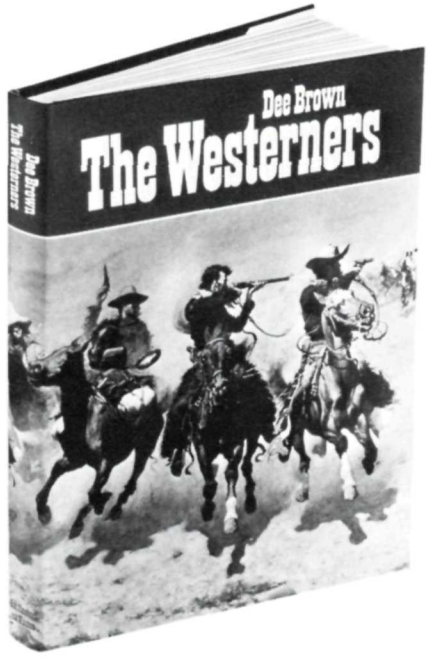
George Hart *is a free-lance writer and collector of photographs, whose specialty is the Old West.*

The Westerners

REVIEWED BY ROBERT V. HINE

AS THE TITLE SUGGESTS, *The Westerners* portrays the West through a series of biographies. Beginning with Spaniards like Cabeza de Vaca and Coronado, the narrative's focus moves northward with Verendrye, then on to Lewis and Clark, Jedediah Smith, George Catlin, Josiah Gregg, Susan Magoffin, Brigham Young, William Russell, George Francis Train, William Tecumseh Sherman, Charles Goodnight, Ann Eliza Webb, George A. Custer, Sitting Bull, and finally, the quintessence of all westerners, Theodore Roosevelt. These in general comprise the drama's main cast; others peek through the interstices.

The Westerners by Dee Brown *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston, New York, 1974, 288 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $17.95).*



Dee Brown, well known for his *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, sees the western story as an heroic odyssey of mythic proportions. Only a Homer, he sighs, could approximate its proportions. Such a premise, however, does not make Brown merely a romantic defender, since he often includes negative elements. He even goes as far as to summon the spirit of D. H. Lawrence in remembering that the shout of freedom associated with the frontier may sometimes be a cover for the rattling of chains. The search for the Golden Fleece frequently became a sordid business while some latter-day Jasons acted as if they hated the earth over which they wandered. Thus in his introduction Brown readies us for the complexities of the epic.

In conceiving such a work, Brown's chief challenge would be selectivity. Who would he allow aboard his *Argo?* Among Brown's representatives of the West, Coronado and Estebán take precedence over Cabrillo. The Mallet brothers and Verendrye take the place of Cartier and La Salle. Jedediah Smith eclipses Bill Williams. George Catlin stands in for Karl Bodmer and Alfred Miller. George Train overshadows Collis Huntington and Theodore Judah. Sherman outranks in importance O. O. Howard; Custer outranks Alfred Terry. Charles Goodnight upstages Richard King, while Sitting Bull represents most of the other Indian leaders who fought the last of the Plains wars. As this listing indicates, the technique is risky, and Brown would probably be the first to admit that his choices are highly subjective.

One premise in these selections, however, seems to be the dramatic proportion of the individual story. Thus, for example, Sacajawea and the Pony Express each get unusual attention. This is not to say that the biographies are glorified or unduly worshipful. We see the shameful financial machinations of William Russell. We are allowed to know that the men of the Lewis and Clark expedition contracted venereal disease. Yet, in the format and conception of this work, we may find syphilis, but not the common flu.

In heightening the drama, Dee Brown proves his skill at writing. He glories in specifics. We learn every clothing detail of the first Pony Express rider and even the color of his horse. The vivid intricacies of Coronado's march rival Bernard DeVoto's descriptions in *Course of Empire*. Unlike DeVoto's, however, Brown's publishers have not permitted him to use footnotes. When we are most intrigued with details, we cannot find the sources, even for quotations.

One issue raised by this book is not the fault of Dee Brown but may be fundamental to the historiography of the American West. As so often elsewhere, the impression is left that the frontier was subdued by intrepid individuals acting out heroic dramas—always against great odds—with breathtaking results. There is, of course, some truth in these assumptions, but it is not the truth that will set the history of the West free. It was a truth that pleased an age seeking to remove curbs on personal enterprise. In such a time the worship of self-reliance is understandable. In our age, crying out for cooperation, individualistic historiography comes increasingly under attack.

There is no room in Brown's story for the cooperative community or the religious congregation moving or standing together. The cornhusking bee and the barn raising are not included. Indeed, the farmer is hardly here at all. The cowboy is not portrayed as a wage earner or a part of emerging organized labor. Wobblies, who lived contemporaneously with Theodore Roosevelt, cannot be understood as "true" westerners. Yet they may be more significant for the twentieth century than Jedediah Smith.

The volume contains six maps and individual chapter bibliographies. It also has 272 illustrations, 32 of them in full color, and a separate, helpful list of full captions and picture credits. The book is a visual delight and a pleasure to read.

Robert V. Hine *is professor of history at the University of California, Riverside. His works include* The American West: An Interpretive History, Edward Kern and American Expansion, *and* California's Utopian Colonies.

Nature's Yellowstone

REVIEWED BY FEROL EGAN

NATURE'S YELLOWSTONE is one man's love affair with a fantastic, outdoor laboratory, an examination of an incredible region where "the terrible is beautiful, and life abounds." This one sentence is a good summary of Yellowstone country. But within this sentence are traps any writer should consider before putting pen to paper, for geology is a demanding discipline, that requires the talent of a John Muir to make it clear, to present it in such a way that there is no confusion, no mystery. In contrast, the abundance of life that bounds, climbs, and scurries across the face of what geological upheavals have created is an easier topic to make understandable. Bartlett has tried to ride both horses in this book, but he has taken some falls.

Nature's Yellowstone: The Story of an American Wilderness That Became Yellowstone National Park in 1872 by Richard A. Bartlett *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1974; 250 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $10.00).*

His attempt to present the hows and whys of Yellowstone ranges from experiments that do not work to pages of fine prose that capture all the beauty and life of this wonderland. Part of the difficulty is the result of having to divide a full study of Yellowstone into two books. Another thorn that pricked him was how to explain the area's earth history so that a layman could understand it.

The narrative about the formation of Yellowstone fails to capture the drama of tremendous, creative forces at work. It is confusing because of a device Bartlett had hoped would simplify complex matters, for how does one cover billions of years; show when the earth shook and pushed upward and rolled over like a playful puppy under a rug; describe volcanic action, steaming geysers being formed, and the glacial carving and polishing of canyons and lake beds? These are not easy tasks, and Bartlett elected to use a time clock to aid readers. In theory, this was a good idea. It should have worked so that a reader could think: I am at x billion years in y area, standing at point z. Fine, but when the reader gets to point z, there is no simple line sketch of his time clock. Did a pack rat walk off with the time clock, as one did with Bartlett's watch? No, a pack rat would have dropped whatever piece of food it was carrying to indicate that a trade had been made. But the author was not dealing with pack rats. He was dealing with publishers at a time when costs were about as stable as a new geyser basin. So, there is no line sketch of a time clock. The reader must flip the pages back and locate x billion years and y area and place them with point z. He will not do this many times before he decides that last year's slides of his trip to Yellowstone might be more interesting. Besides, he'll be going back next summer, and he'll pay closer attention when the ranger explains this again.

Beyond his struggle with Yellowstone's earth history, Bartlett relaxes. His descriptions of the flora and fauna are accurate, and capture the beauty of life. This is especially true when he deals with animals. His story about "Jesse James," the black bear who started the begging for handouts in 1920, is a delightful yarn. The bear had picked Fishing Bridge for his nap. "When a busload of tourists appeared, the bear sat there and someone on the bus, anxious to be on his way, threw a morsel to the bear—a ham sandwich, or something of that sort. The bear gulped down the tidbit and allowed the bus to pass. The next day the bear was there again, and this time he made signs of begging." One bear, one anxious tourist, and the start of a tradition.

The second part of the book is a sampler of history. Here are the early Indians and the later tribes that wandered this region. Here are such mountain men as John Colter and Jim Bridger, and here are the first prospectors. But the best part of this section deals with exploration: the 1869 amateur expedition of Cook, Folsom, and Peterson—two Quakers and a Dane who were employees of the Boulder Ditch Company; the more professional expedition of Washburn, Langford, and Doane in 1870, and the first-rate examination of Yellowstone in 1871 by geologist Ferdinand Vandiveer Hayden, pioneer photographer William Henry Jackson, and landscape artist Thomas Moran. In these chapters, Bartlett is completely at ease. He knows his topic thoroughly and allows his writing style to flow free and loose.

The final chapter might have been called "Our Yellowstone," for this is a short discussion of how the country was saved from the many evils of Manifest Destiny to become Yellowstone National Park in 1872, while it was only "a vague reality somewhere in the wilds of the American continent, created hastily by a busy Congress. . . ." But year after year the park has survived ignorance, natural disasters, and a burden of too many cars loaded with too many tourists.

Unfortunately for Bartlett as well as his readers, this is only part of his big history of Yellowstone. The publisher bringing out the other half of this history did not have enough vision to see that *Nature's Yellowstone* belonged with the rest of the book. One day, with luck, the two books will be put together as Bartlett obviously intended.

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

Arizona the Beautiful

REVIEWED BY LEE FOSTER

READERS WILL LOOK in vain through this book for a tired sentence. Both prose and photographs are remarkably free from smog, which is fitting for a book on Arizona.

Arizona the Beautiful with text by Don Dedera and photographs by Herb and Dorothy McLaughlin *(Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1974, 192 pp., illus., index, $18.95).*

The state's kaleidoscopic natural facade and multicultured heritage provide rich material for an area study. Novices will be informed and seasoned Arizonaphiles beguiled by the engaging anecdotal text of Don Dedera, an able and veteran Arizona observer.

He begins with a glance at geological wonders and archaeological finds that make a human life seem like a fingersnap of eternity. After describing with sympathetic tableaux such historic figures as Geronimo, whose defiance retarded settlement of a land larger than France and Germany, Dedera plunges into the Arizona deserts. In a characteristically fresh manner he regards this region as the state's "ocean," describing it in gracefully precise botanic terms.

The book's anecdotal style is evident when Dedera rides the Mogollon Stage, now mechanized with a van rather than drawn by horses, from the desert metropolis of Phoenix to the mountain village of Payson. The stage driver's comments contrast the two ways of life: "I lock my car in Phoenix because I'm afraid some stranger might steal it. In Payson, I leave the keys in the ignition, in case some friend may need to borrow it."

Dedera is no naïf who glorifies without reservation the good old days before the supposedly accelerating stress and strain of modern life. In an imaginative vignette he has a city man lounging against a black walnut tree in the wilds, believing that the pristine location transports him to an Eden of two generations earlier. Along comes an old codger who chases him from the property after some talk because he, the codger, never had a moment in forty years to rest against that same tree.

With a unique perspective Dedera analyzes the Grand Canyon, not as an open geology book, but as a mirror of human foibles and an occasion for human excesses. He catalogs the numerous people whose interaction with the canyon has been bizarre. One case: the caper in 1970 of William Moyes, the New Zealander who flew a glider kite to the bottom of the canyon and was fined $150 "for holding a special event in a national park without a permit."

Dedera wonderfully details a commonly acknowledged truth: the people of Arizona, from miners to schoolmarms to Indians, have christened the state's towns, rivers, and geographic places with the most riotous labels on the globe, a verbal Painted Desert smeared boisterously on the land. His lists, gathered in amusing categories, proceed from Show Low, the town that changed hands over a gambling game, to the creeks lying side by side and named for lovers, Benny and Rosey creeks.

The author discusses controversial issues of modern Arizona: "How should Phoenix direct its growth?" and, weighing how the state's parks should be managed, "What is the optimal wilderness experience that people seek today?"

Herb and Dorothy McLaughlin photographed competently and extensively for the book. Their work looks like the culled images of a life's encounter with the state. The McLaughlins have enough fresh images to avoid a pitfall of Arizona photography, the impression that selected scenic views are photographed so frequently and similarly as to suggest the presence of stone tripods cemented in place for common use. Not only do the McLaughlins present fresh scenics, they have also stopped roadrunners in their tracks and captured blossoms of the night-blooming cereus cactus, which opens only once in its lifetime for a single night of reproductive glory.

Lee Foster *is a photographer and the author of a book on growing up in America,* Just 25 Cents and Three Wheaties Boxtops.

Rivers of the West

REVIEWED BY DON GREAME KELLEY

A SUNSET PICTORIAL book, *Rivers of the West* serves well as an encyclopedic account of "a resource—vital but vulnerable." Well organized, it describes in sufficient detail the greater and lesser waterways of the United States west of the Continental Divide.

Rivers of the West by the Editors of Sunset Books, edited by Elizabeth Hogan *(Lane, Menlo Park, Calif., 1974, 224 pp., illus., biblio., diagrams, glossary, index, $12.95).*

The world around, rivers have served man as routes for exploration and migration, and as highways of commerce. Human use has meant change—in the American West, chiefly through damming. Indeed, "every major western river has been dammed. . . . But "of course—damming has enabled the West to grow." And, "fortunately, western rivers do not suffer the heavy pollution problems that plague their eastern counterparts." Fewer "industrial and metropolitan areas" have meant less "industrial waste or raw sewage." Then, too, there were the Federal Water Pollution Control Act of 1972 and the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act of 1968; and are not "environmental groups and public agencies . . . working hard to preserve the natural state of our waterways and their surrounding lands?" (In contrast to the book's optimism, the "go-ahead" for the new Melones Dam on California's Stanislaus was sounded by a close vote on a state proposition after this book was issued.) By and large, our western waters *have* been broken and saddled; the last free stretches and the few free streams large enough to be called rivers *are* vulnerable, all of them.

As to organization: the four divisions deal with the four major, and clear-cut, drainages of the "Columbia River Basin," the "Colorado River Basin," the "Pacific Coastal Basin," and the "Great Basin." The first includes, besides the Columbia, the Spokane and Pend Oreille, the Yakima and Wenatchee, the Willamette, the Deschutes and John Day, the Snake, and the lesser branches of this most voluminous system. The Colorado chapter gives us also the Green and the Salt, and such other tributaries as the Little Colorado, Yampa, Gunnison, Virgin, San Juan, and Gilda (to which the Salt is actually tributary but given precedence, it seems, because of its importance to the mushrooming city of Phoenix). The Sacramento-San Joaquin system of course dominates the Pacific Coastal "Basin" which is made to include the Eel, Klamath, Rogue, Umpaqua, and others, with the Olympic Peninsula streams thrown in. Interspersed, sidebar fashion, are "Special Features," including a glossary of river terminology; life cycle of the salmon; log moving, paddle wheelers, and other history; and name origins.

The many, generally excellent, and very decently printed photographs bear such recognizable credits as Ed Cooper, Ted Streshinksky, Jack McDowell, Bob Waterman, David Muench, and others no less deserving of their credits. Throughout, the book is alive with people enjoying every kind of recreational use of small stream or big river.

This reviewer, an admitted conservative in bookmanship, had best refrain from much carping on what he considers a bad choice of text types and an unhappy mixture of garish headline faces, plus overall design associated with magazine, not book, work.

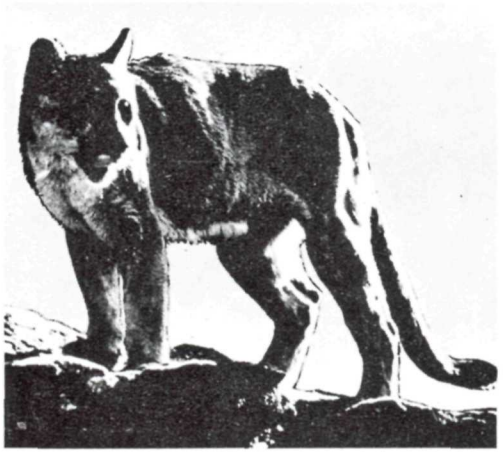
Not just for contrast but as a useful addendum to the subject, another book should be mentioned: *Wild Rivers of North America* by Michael Jenkinson *(Dutton, 1973, 413 pp., biblio., appended sources of river-running information by states and provinces, index, $12.95).* With photographs by Karl Kernberger and freely sketched maps, this is a continental guide to river running for the devotee of the sport. Featured are the Rogue, Salmon, Urique of Mexico, Colorado, Suwannee, Yukon, Buffalo, Rio Grande, and the North Woods canoe routes of the voyageurs. A short chapter on "Our Vanishing Wild Rivers" is a plea for preservation. A closing chapter, "106 Wild Rivers to Run," gives their too brief due to the lesser, but perhaps even more precious, waters not covered elsewhere. Many of these could be "sold down the river" when no one is looking.

Don Greame Kelley *is editor of* Oceans *magazine and author of* Edge of a Continent *(1971).*

Forthcoming in THE AMERICAN WEST

It is sad to recall that, not too long ago, human consideration was a goal, not a right. In **The Temperate Mutiny,** Robert J. Schwendinger destroys stereotypes while depicting the dignity and control of seamen aboard the clipper *White Swallow* in 1865. Humane compassion also distinguished Alice Fletcher, who won the respect of the Omaha, Winnebago, and Nez Perce tribes while surveying their lands during the 1880s. Ruth Carson relates the life of this government agent in **Indians Called Her "The Measuring Woman."**

While the aforementioned individuals sought to demonstrate and share inner principles, others chose to conquer tangible obstacles. Anita Nygaard presents a colorful catalog of one such group of trailblazers in **Pioneers of the Western Peaks.** And in the first of three major articles commemorating the national bicentennial, Larry Meyer focuses on the mysterious unknown that was **The West of 1776.**



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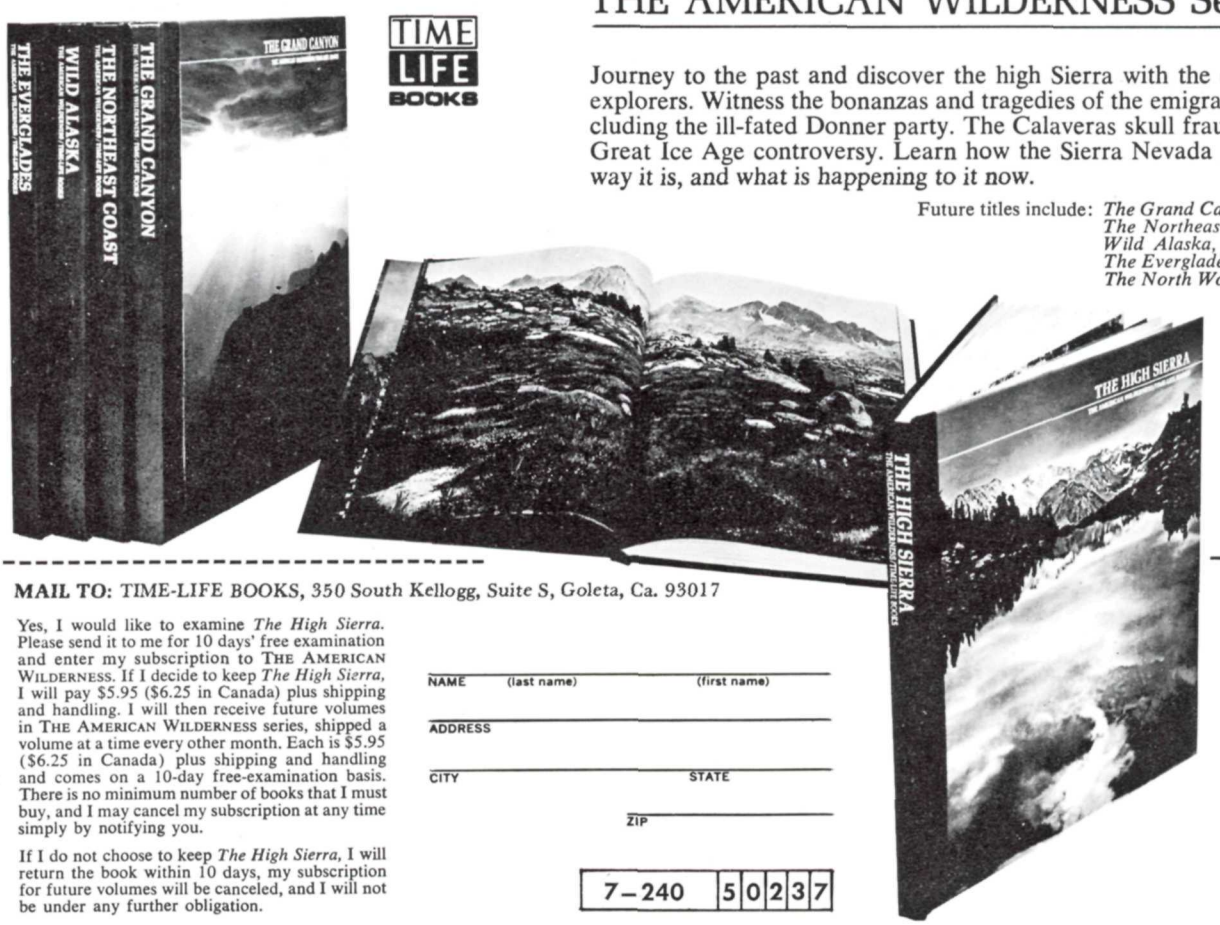

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Belden, The White Chief: or, Twelve Years Among the Wild Indians of the Plains by George P. Belden, edited by Gen. James S. Brisbin with an introduction by Jack Matthews *(Ohio University, Athens, 1974; 513 pp., illus., $10.00).*

REVIEWED BY LEO E. OLIVA

THIS REPRINT of the 1870 edition of George P. Belden's fascinating story makes available a valuable, mostly reliable, primary source relating life among the Sioux before the Civil War and soldiering in Sioux country during and after that conflict. Matthews calls it honest, and only a fool would dare call the White Chief a liar despite his propensity to embellish, exaggerate, or just plain brag about his narrow scrapes and accomplishments. At his best when describing his own experiences (some portions are secondhand), he provided insight into Indian life, the work of a soldier, and the role of the army in settling the West.

Belden lived with Yankton and Santee Sioux, and took Indian wives. He showed both respect and disdain for the "savages," admiring their freedom and disliking many of their habits.

As a soldier in Nebraska and Wyoming, Belden participated in Indian campaigns and learned about the Crow Indians. He was clearly not officer material, for regimentation and discipline were contrary to his nature, and he was dismissed from the service.

This account, like any memoir, must be compared with others to be useful to scholars. In comparison, it stands up well at most points. The lively narrative will delight anyone with casual interest in Indians and soldiers in the 1860s. Because most chapters were prepared for newspapers, chronology was violated and repetition occurred. Fine sketches illustrate many of the events described. It is our misfortune, as well as his own, that Belden met an untimely death in 1871, thereby depriving history of any further episodes of this highly adventurous, self-proclaimed hero.

Leo E. Oliva *is professor and chairman, department of history, Fort Hays Kansas State College, and a student of Plains Indians.*

Witchcraft in the Southwest by Marc Simmons *(Northland, Flagstaff, 1974, 184 pp., illus., map, notes, biblio., $8.50).*

REVIEWED BY RUSTIE BROWN

ACCORDING TO HISTORIAN Marc Simmons, witchcraft is still alive in the Rio Grande Valley. Lest you think him rash, Simmons quotes an experience of his friend N. Scott Momaday, a Pulitzer Prize novelist: "There *are* witches at Jémez Pueblo. One night I saw some curious lights in the distance at ground level. I was told that they were 'witch lights.' I thought: Nonsense; they are some boys with flashlights. Then one of the lights rose slowly and moved like a shooting star across the whole expanse of the sky."

Simmons admits that witchcraft does not lend itself to a simple definition, because, unlike formal religion, it lacks a standardized doctrine. The practically universal belief in supernatural powers among American Indians bears a striking resemblance to practices in Europe, Africa, the South Seas, and even New England. The Indians didn't burn suspected witches at the stake, however, they hung them on rafters by their thumbs.

The author notes that although the missionaries have been in Navajoland for a hundred years, their work can scarcely be rated a success. Many aspects of Christianity directly contradict Navajo beliefs. No amount of Christian teaching has been able to eradicate the Navajo's fear of the dead and of ghosts.

An entire chapter of this absorbing book is devoted to the herbs of extraordinary properties that are used in healing and in the magical formulas of witches. This reviewer found some of the legends in this volume a bit heavy but *quien sabe*? As Simmons says in his last paragraph, "It is quite easy, and indeed fashionable, for modern man to dismiss folk medicine, witchcraft and supernaturalism as unadulterated humbuggery, and yet who at present is so well versed that he can pretend to know the extent of the power of unbelief?"

Rustie Brown *is a free-lance newspaper-magazine writer who is working on a book about the* Titanic *survivors.*

Apache Lightning: The Last Great Battles of the Ojo Calientes by Joseph A. Stout, Jr. *(Oxford University, New York, 1974, 210 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY CLIFF TRAFZER

THRILLING EXCITEMENT surrounding Apaches and soldiers flows through this scholarly narrative, written by Professor Joseph Stout of Oklahoma State University. His research and study of the Victorio Campaign of 1877–80 parallels that of Dan Thrapp who likewise completed his work, *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches,* last year. Basically, both books contain the same story, although there are slight differences in organization and interpretation. Moreover, the difference in their classification of Victorio's band as Ojo Caliente or Mimbres is tenuous.

In this dramatic account, Stout skillfully deals with the Apaches' background, the origins of the conflict, the soldiers who engaged the hostiles, the attempts to "reservationize" the Indians, and the clash of the final campaign. The author argues that the Victorio Campaign "was the culmination of three decades of intense conflict between the . . . cultures of Indians, Americans, and Mexicans," and objectively states that this war resulted from factors relating to all three cultures.

"Conflict" is the word used by the author to convey this thesis. Struggles between local and national politicos, entrepreneurs, soldiers, and civilians resulted in the poor direction and administration of Indian policy. The Victorio Campaign, he maintains, was a senseless conflict, for neither party sincerely sought the causes or solutions to their dilemma. Nothing resulted from the fighting, except the death of many people. Reason, not force, was the key to the settlement that was not, and has never been, reached. Hence, Indian problems still exist. This well-documented treatise will be enjoyed by professionals and buffs alike.

Cliff Trafzer *is curator of Century House Museum, a branch of the Arizona Historical Society. He has authored several reviews and articles, as well as* The Yuma Crossing: A Short History.

Money on the Hoof—Sometimes by Edith Wharton Taylor, introduction by Ben K. Green *(Old Army, Fort Collins, Colo., 1974, 116 pp., illus., biblio., notes, glossary, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY WAYNE GARD

FROM THE DEVASTATING blizzards of 1886 that left dead cattle piled like driftwood in the coulees, to the wasteful calf slaughter of 1974, growing beef in the American West has been speculative and often hazardous. How this uncertainty affected stockmen in north-central Texas is treated in a generally concise, penetrating book by Edith Wharton Taylor.

Mrs. Taylor begins with a thumbnail survey of the Plains cattle industry from the era of open range and trail drives to the present. In this she becomes a bit mixed up on the trails—no wonder, since her notes and bibliography show no consulting of the more reliable sources, not even the basic memoir of Joseph G. McCoy.

Her account of the cattle-tick fever is better, although it fails to mention the early restrictive laws of states and territories against Texas cattle. The real value of the book is in its narrative of the rise and decline of Fort Worth's stockyards and meat-packing plants, which served a large area.

Refrigerated railway cars gave rise to the Fort Worth enterprises, but later economic conditions favored decentralization. In this chapter the author gives information gained by interviewing several old-time livestock men, thus putting together and passing along a historical perspective not readily found elsewhere.

The Taylor chronicle, well illustrated from photographs, shows that the cattle business has been speculative for the marketer and the packer, as well as for the ranchman. As the author points out, "To withstand the triumphs and disasters, a stockman had to be an innate gambler." Despite errors, omissions, and poor proofreading, the book fills a gap and is a help in tracing beefsteaks from the range to the supermarket.

Wayne Gard, *a former president of the Texas State Historical Association, is author of* The Chisholm Trail, The Great Buffalo Hunt, *and other western books.*

The American Compromise: Theme and Method in the Histories of Bancroft, Parkman, and Adams by Richard C. Vitzthum *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1974; 236 pp., biblio., notes, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY GENE M. GRESSLEY

PERIODICALLY, depending on the mood of the guild, an historian will send up lamentations about the absence of literary style in historical narrative. Inevitably, there will be comparisons with the giants of old—Parkman, Trevelyan, Motley, *et al.*—followed by the query, stated or implied: where are the historians of similar stature today? A century ago, historians were read by the literate masses; presumably they influenced their readership. Historians were, in sum, appreciated. Why the sad decline? Why have journalists and novelists usurped the historians' rightful place and audience?

The answer, and the blame, usually returns to one point—most contemporary historians simply cannot write. One of the latest commentators on historians as *literati,* Peter Gay, in a delightfully sophisticated essay, attributes (as have others) the literary decline to professionalization. The university seminar has exacted its price and contributed its reward. For what is frequently forgotten in the anguished wailings of the unread is that a beautifully-told intoxicating story is often that—a story, no more, no less. In reverse, and just as obvious, poor writing does not, *per se,* translate into good historiography.

A perhaps as potent, though less commented on, reason for the popularity of the romantic historians originated with their approach. Biased to a Whiggish fault, melodramatic, nationalistic to the point of verging on jingoism, they transformed their readers into partisans of their heroes, winning in the process a loyal, enthusiastic, and wide audience. Francis Parkman, Henry Adams, and George Bancroft would have choked on the pabulum of consensus history. Regardless of the erroneousness of their views—and they were often wildly wrong—these lamp-light and shadow historians proved to be more interesting to their readers than their scholarly twentieth-century counterparts do to their readers' sons, indeed, if the succeeding generations discovered history at all. Self-evidently, few would contend that we should revert to the prejudicial historiography, no matter how graphic, of a century ago. But it does argue that, whether in history or politics, a strong, opinionated stance will win votes and readers.

It is in analyzing the procedure and method of Bancroft, Parkman, and Adams that Vitzthum makes his contribution. For Vitzthum's individual profiles of these three differ little from the assessment of their previous biographers: Nye, Pease, Jordy, and Samuels. In fact, Vitzthum's Bancroft, Parkman, and Adams all exhibit and possess the by-now-stereotyped traits of the romantic historians, which David Levin, Russell Nye, Harvey Wish, Donald Gordon, George Callcott, among others, have noted in the past. Vitzthum finds the pages of his subjects crammed with the romantic syndrome of nationalism, belief in progress, transcendentalism, the magnificent destiny of a people, the power of the divine (occasionally devines), and history by hero.

Vitzthum is at his most provocative when probing the unifying motifs and methods of his historians under glass. He perceives all historians as writing America's history within the framework of the conflict between the centrifugal forces of decentralizing and separatism, and the centripetal power of unification and a central sovereignty. Though they differed in their perception, all three historians examined in this work viewed their nation's history through a bright reflection of steady progress via moral authority—from individual chaos to organized stability. America's history becomes a dramatic journey, full of sound and fury leading to solid success and prosperity. As a descriptive taxonomy for this thesis, Vitzthum has applied the worn motto, *e pluribus unum.* Further, he finds this phrase useful in describing Bancroft, Parkman, and Adams' methods, as well as their approach. Just as this historical trio found the meaning of their America in unification, they cut, molded, and forced their discordant sources to parrot an integrated tale.

This then became history via imaginative self-creation. As historians, how successful were they? Vitzthum offers a judgment, though balanced, tinged with presentism. Parkman and Bancroft excelled in the magnificent tradition of merging art into history. With *élan* and magnetism they told their saga well. The romantic historians were heard and, we assume, had an influence on their generations. Vitzthum regards Bancroft as the least, and Adams as the most, masterful historian. Adams is the more mature and original thinker; Parkman loses out in the glow of natural romanticism. Bancroft, though more restrained than Parkman, cannot extricate himself from the quicksand of meaningless philosophizing. Henry Adams' sophisticated pessimism yields more insight than the statements of Bancroft and Parkman. Given the tenor of contemporary historiography, perhaps there was an inevitability to Vitzthum's verdict.

Vitzthum has less success in carrying off one of his main propositions: that all three historians of New England interpreted American history as a compromise between violent extremes. In reading Bancroft, Parkman, or Adams, one has difficulty seeing the compromise thread for the conflict metaphor. One can plausibly hold that these three Brahmins discern the value of compromise as the happy ending for their nation's story, a national goal, but it is difficult to ignore the dominance of conflict in their writing and, presumably, thinking.

We can, with speculative enjoyment, reverse the observed and the observer. What would Bancroft, Parkman, and Adams have thought of their dissection in *The American Compromise*? Stylistically, it is doubtful whether Bancroft and Parkman would have bestowed accolades on Vitzthum, or for that matter most of twentieth-century historiography. They might have understood some of Vitzthum's estimates. Hiding an insecure and sizeable ego behind a thin smile, Henry Adams would have thanked Vitzthum. Understandably, Adams always approved those who applauded him.

Gene M. Gressley *is professor of American studies at the University of Wyoming and the author of* West by East: The American West in the Gilded Age.

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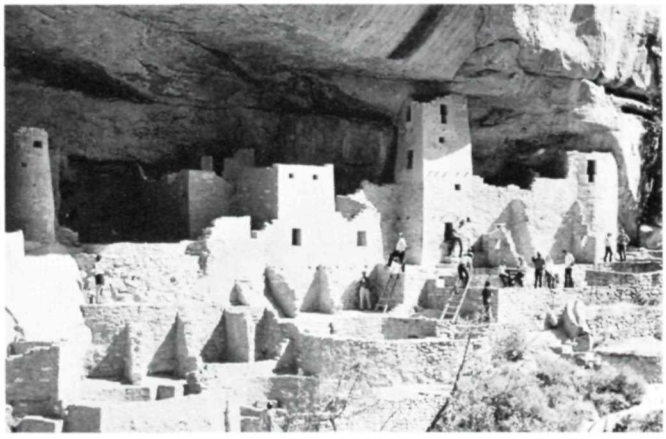

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The New Country: A Social History of the American Frontier, 1776–1890 by Richard A. Bartlett *(Oxford University, New York, 1974, 487 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $15.95).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD W. ETULAIN

RICHARD BARTLETT argues that too many historians have overemphasized mythic and romantic notions about the American frontier. He proposes in the volume under review to correct these earlier mistaken interpretations. He intends his study to be the "poignant story of people elevating themselves to new affluence and dignity in a new country, in a new civilization of their own making."

Beyond these general statements, Bartlett does not clarify the specific purposes of his book. If he aims at tracing several selected strands of the American frontier experience from 1776 to 1890, he has accomplished his limited purpose, and his study is much more useful than earlier general accounts by Nelson Klose and Kent Steckmesser. On the other hand, his work is not as comprehensive as the latest edition of Ray Billington's *Westward Expansion* (1974), as lively and vivid as Robert Hine's *The American West* (1973), or as penetrating as the interpretive works of Earl Pomeroy.

Judging from Bartlett's text, his footnotes, and his bibliography, he has utilized relatively few manuscript sources; he has not read widely in the "new" social and economic history, and he has not drawn on several major recent works dealing with the trans-Mississippi West. New studies by Darrett Rutman, Kenneth Lockridge, and John Demos indicate there was much less consensus in frontier New England than Bartlett suggests. Nor does he make as much as he could have of significant recent articles by T. A. Larson on western women, the research of Francis P. Prucha and Reginald Horseman on Indian-white relations, and new statistical studies of western urbanization and agricultural development. His bibliography and text contain few references to the articles and books of Pomeroy, John Caughey, and Howard Lamar. And one is surprised that none of the important articles in *Western Historical Quarterly*, *Pacific Northwest Quarterly*, and *Pacific Historical Review* is cited.

Perhaps Bartlett is not aiming at a comprehensive reexamination of the frontier experience. If so, this reviewer may be asking for too much. Bartlett does provide useful summaries of the nature of frontier populations and migrations, developments in agriculture and transportation, and tangled relations between Indians and whites. In addition, his discussions of women, families, and children on the frontier are interesting. Even more entertaining is his section on canal and river traffic, a topic that seems to interest the author a great deal. His treatment of western towns and cities is useful, although additional statistical research would have made his generalizations more penetrating. Bartlett's descriptions of tools, wagons, and other material culture of the frontier are among the best portions of his book. And his summation of the ways in which men have maimed or destroyed their environment is instructive for those who wish to learn from the mistakes of the past.

On the whole, Bartlett is a clear and smooth writer. While his style may be undistinguished, he avoids scholarly jargon, and he will please general readers with his cheerful sense of humor. He makes good use of travelers' accounts, particularly in the sections of his book dealing with the eastern frontiers. (The major emphasis of Bartlett's volume is on frontier areas east of the Mississippi.) The author does not employ fiction as much as he could have in adding apt descriptions to his discussions of social life. The book does contain, however, nearly one hundred excellent illustrations: pictures, paintings, sketches, drawings, and reproduced dioramas. These items add a great deal to the visual appearance of the volume.

Bartlett should have avoided other problems. He is guilty of a few small factual errors in his treatment of the Far West. He is also incorrect in stating that few scholars have dealt with the Mormons, for scholarly essays have appeared in several recent issues of state historical journals, and *Dialogue* is particularly helpful with its balanced discussions of the Mormons. Although Bartlett attempts to avoid the romantic, he emphasizes some of the unusual aspects of Mormonism (a tendency of many non-Mormon historians) and the lively ways of the mountain men.

In short, if Bartlett wishes to provide general readers with convenient summaries of the topics mentioned above, he has achieved his purpose. But he seems to hint at the more ambitious goal of reinterpreting the frontier experience and of giving important new insights into his subject. He has not done this; his book is primarily a competent summary of several of the experiences in the "new country," a summary that is based on the author's reading of monographs and selected original sources. A first-rate, highly-interpretive treatment of the American frontier is still needed.

Richard W. Etulain, *who teaches history at Idaho State University, is currently helping Rodman Paul compile a bibliography of western history. His most recent books are* The Idaho Heritage *and* The Popular Western *(both 1974).*

William H. Jackson by Beaumont Newhall and Diana E. Edkins with a critical essay by William L. Broecker *(Morgan and Morgan/Amon Carter Museum, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., 1974, 158 pp., intro., biblio., chronology, $14.00).*

REVIEWED BY DURRETT WAGNER

IN THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY American West, no accomplishment was more prodigious, impressive, and fruitful than the work of the expeditionary and frontier photographers. And among them, William Henry Jackson was without equal. Further, Jackson's life (1843–1942) spanned virtually the first century of photography, a period doubly important in its growth and that of the United States. His vast contribution is partially reflected in *William H. Jackson*, and therein lie the strengths and weaknesses of this book. We are more familiar with Jackson's panoramic mountain views, his memorable shots of Yellowstone wonders, Indians, and southwestern cliff dwellings; and we know about his life from his autobiography, *Time Exposure*. Therefore, the editors have given us only a five-page biographical summary and have, through Jackson's photographs in conjunction with William L. Broecker's critical essay (four pages), pushed well beyond the 1870s. However, in a book of this size a lot had to be left out. For example, nothing of Jackson's work outside the United States is included: Mexico in 1883, etc., around the world from 1894 to 1896, and the Caribbean, 1900. But how can any book include the work of a man who actively photographed for seventy years? Impossible! We cheer any work that gives us excellent reproductions of 108 Jackson photos, and in a brown tone much like his original prints.

It is perhaps because *William H. Jackson* is so good that it prompts us to wish for more: not just more photos, but more attention to the interesting technical aspects of nineteenth-century photography and to facets of the history of the trade and the art. This book does, however, take a step in that direction with its illustration of Jackson's paste-up and paint-in style. Four such pictures are shown, and Broecker comments on Jackson as the "economic realist" who turned to "cosmetic work . . . to achieve a more salable image."

I have two format/design criticisms: first, captions are removed from the photos and inconveniently grouped at the beginning of each of the six sections; and second, page numbers are awkwardly placed. A reader must do much to match photo with caption; he cannot simply flip through the pages to the appropriate view, because the folios are buried toward the gutter and hard to find.

I have one editorial misgiving. The editors' explanation of the choice of photos and their sequencing is "esthetic feeling rather than strict chronology." Yet chronology is given emphasis in the text. There is a sixteen-page chronology of Jackson's life, and Broecker's essay is organized around a periodization of Jackson's life and work. It would have made some point, if Broecker were to be taken seriously, to choose and sequence the photos in terms of the analysis he developed. As the book now stands, the reader must make his own connections between Edkins' chronology and Broecker's essay on the one hand, and Jackson's photos on the other. But the lack of integration is undoubtedly due to the fact that this book is an offshoot of a traveling photo exhibit (over two hundred prints) put together by Newhall and Edkins for the Amon Carter Museum, and Broecker's essay is probably *ex post facto*.

Overall, this is a fine book. What it does well is to present excellent reproductions of Jackson photographs (97 full-page views, 8 partial pages, and 3 double-spreads in a 9 x 10½ inch format), including some less well-known scenes, e.g., date palms in Los Angeles, a crowd swimming in Salt Lake, and San Francisco after the 1906 earthquake; and to provide important and useful contributions in the chronology, in a six-page bibliography (slightly flawed by a few errors and typos but complete on works by and about Jackson); and in a list locating the major collections of Jackson photographs. *William H. Jackson* is the best book available of Jackson photographs.

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The Western History Association's fifteenth annual conference on the History of Western America will convene at the Fairmont Mayo Hotel, Tulsa, Oklahoma, on October 8–11, 1975.

ECHO FROM A LONELY GRAVE

(Continued from page 28)

AS HIS RESEARCH into the origin of the stone and its possible connection with Cabrillo proceeded, Dr. Heizer encountered a number of obstacles that hindered conclusive identification. The original logs of Cabrillo's voyages have never been located. The oldest abstract of their contents is dated about 1555, twelve years after Cabrillo's death, and is lacking in many details that would be useful to the researcher. No trace of the explorer's remains has yet been found, either. None of the skeletons that archaeologists have excavated in the Channel Islands show any break in an arm or leg bone, nor have there been found any metal objects or Indian trade goods which can positively be attributed to the Cabrillo expedition.

Philip Jones' records showed the slab was found near the east end of Santa Rosa Island, not on nearby San Miguel Island where Cabrillo was always thought to have been buried. It is of course possible that the stone, if it indeed marked Cabrillo's grave, could have been moved from its original site by Indians. More intriguing is the possibility that Santa Rosa is in fact the "Isla de la Posesion."

Unfortunately, it has been impossible to determine the exact original source of the sandstone block, as the geology

of all of the islands making up the Channel group is very similar.

There is the additional possibility that the initials are those of an unknown settler on one of the islands or of a Christianized Indian. The headless stick figure, however, does not resemble other primitive drawings found in the area.

In support of his theory linking Cabrillo to the inscriptions, Dr. Heizer determined that joined initials like those on the stone were common during the sixteenth century. He sent actual-size photocopies of the slab to three scholars in Spain, all experts on sixteenth-century tombstones. Their reports indicate that the artifact could, indeed, be a crude tombstone of this period.

The three inscriptions on the block, when examined under a binocular microscope, appear to have been cut at the same time with the same implement, but the shallower lines to the left of the initials probably date from an earlier period. A graduate student in anthropology, using a piece of sandstone similar in composition to the artifact, tried six different types of instruments on its surface and found that the cuts most closely resembling those on the block were made with a pocket-knife with a thin steel blade. It seems reasonable to assume that the men sailing with Cabrillo carried knives or daggers with similar blades.

Dr. Heizer also considered the possibility that the inscriptions could be a hoax. But after examining all evidence, he discounted as highly unlikely any complicity by Philip Jones in any possible plot. Jones had never exhibited any interest in Cabrillo and had included the stone in his collection only because of the peculiar incising. Furthermore, researchers established that lichen fragments clinging to the slab and scribing pre-dated 1901. Study of these scraps is continuing, and it is hoped they will help to determine the age of the block and its markings more exactly.

In 1972 the University of California published a monograph by Dr. Heizer reviewing his findings. Dr. Heizer is not yet prepared to say that the slab is actually Cabrillo's tombstone. He considers his report "merely a means of bringing to public notice the fact that the stone exists, and the possibility that it was engraved and set over the grave of the discoverer of California 429 years ago."

So until some further, conclusive evidence turns up, it will be up to the reader to decide in his own mind whether this stone could have once stood on a solitary grave on the Isla de la Posesion. If this is indeed Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo's tombstone, it is one of the most important and exciting historical discoveries yet made in the West. Cabrillo was not only the first white explorer to see the California coast, but he was also the first European to die and be buried there.

FOR FURTHER READING

Readers wishing to know more about the artifact described in this article may be interested in Robert F. Heizer's 74-page illustrated monograph, *California's Oldest Historical Relic?* available for $3.25 postpaid (plus 13¢ tax in California) through the Robert H. Lowie Museum of Anthropology at the University of California, Berkeley. The stone itself is also on display at the Lowie Museum.

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FOR SALE . . . THE OLD WEST

(Continued from page 48)

as a crossroads, and they stop just long enough to be sure they're going the right way. They are. Cleator's residents prefer that the ghost town seekers and bottle collectors drive right on through.

There's defiance in Tommy Cleator's face when he hears his home called a ghost town. Strangers who linger too long are sure to be watched closely. Everyone has become suspect since relic hunters made off with part of a stove from one of the rented cabins. Tommy recalls a group of bottle collectors who had gathered a fine collection: they left empty-handed after a confrontation with the town's leading citizen, who sees that kind of collecting as just plain stealing.

But if you stop just to take a look around, you'll be welcome, and you'll meet some people worth knowing. The population of Cleator totals less than a dozen, and Tommy half-jokingly tells you that even these wouldn't be here if they could be anywhere else. Maybe that means they're just not cut out for society today. It could be that they're holdovers from an earlier time. Whatever their reasons, they all belong to Cleator. They've made their own society . . . or perhaps never left the one they grew up with.

They live in the same tin-roofed shacks occupied by Cleator's first citizens. Most of the cabins lack electricity, and none have indoor plumbing. Everyone spends a few hours each week cutting and hauling wood for heating in the winter and for cooking all year round. When they need money, the men find employment in the same nearby mines that have supported the town since its beginning.

Tommy still owns his father's Silver King Mine. The vein is still there, and just as rich as ever, but mining today is expensive business. Tommy isn't sure that it would pay for him to open the mine again. To make ends meet, he works for a few days every month in one of the other local mines. Along with renting the cabins and running the saloon, that provides enough money for a man to live comfortably in Cleator. Tommy's occasional trips to Phoenix for supplies provide him with all the contact he wants with the "outside world." And what he sees happening not too far away could be the reason he's concerned for the future of his town.

Just a half-hour's drive away, the famous old mining town

of Bumble Bee has recently been closed. Bought by a millionaire, perhaps it will be torn down for its relics—or maybe it will be rebuilt and reopened, complete with a restaurant and half a dozen antique shops. But whatever becomes of Bumble Bee, an important part of the past has been lost. Humbug, a few miles to the south, uninhabited for almost ten years, crumbles to the ground one wall at a time. Its hotel, small adobe homes, and brick factory all disappear piece by piece as coin collectors rip out floors, bottle collectors dig under the foundations, and antique hounds tear the stovepipes from the ceilings. Every weekend finds the town alive again, not with men who would preserve this reminder of times past, but with destructive scavengers.

And what about Cleator? There's talk of a dam to be built not far away that could make this quiet town a thriving recreational center. Or if it's left alone, the few remaining residents will finally move away or die, perhaps leaving the town to die as well. Tommy Cleator talks of selling his town to a rancher, bringing an end to the question more quickly. But any change will surely destroy a bit more of this way of life, nurtured by a handful of people reluctant to leave a seemingly better time. And when Cleator and Bumble Bee and all the others like them live only in men's memories, we will have lost a part of America that can never be again.

Jacquelyn Johnson *is a Phoenix, Arizona, free-lance writer. She works with her husband, a photographer, and their articles concentrate on the North American wilderness and wildlife.*

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.*

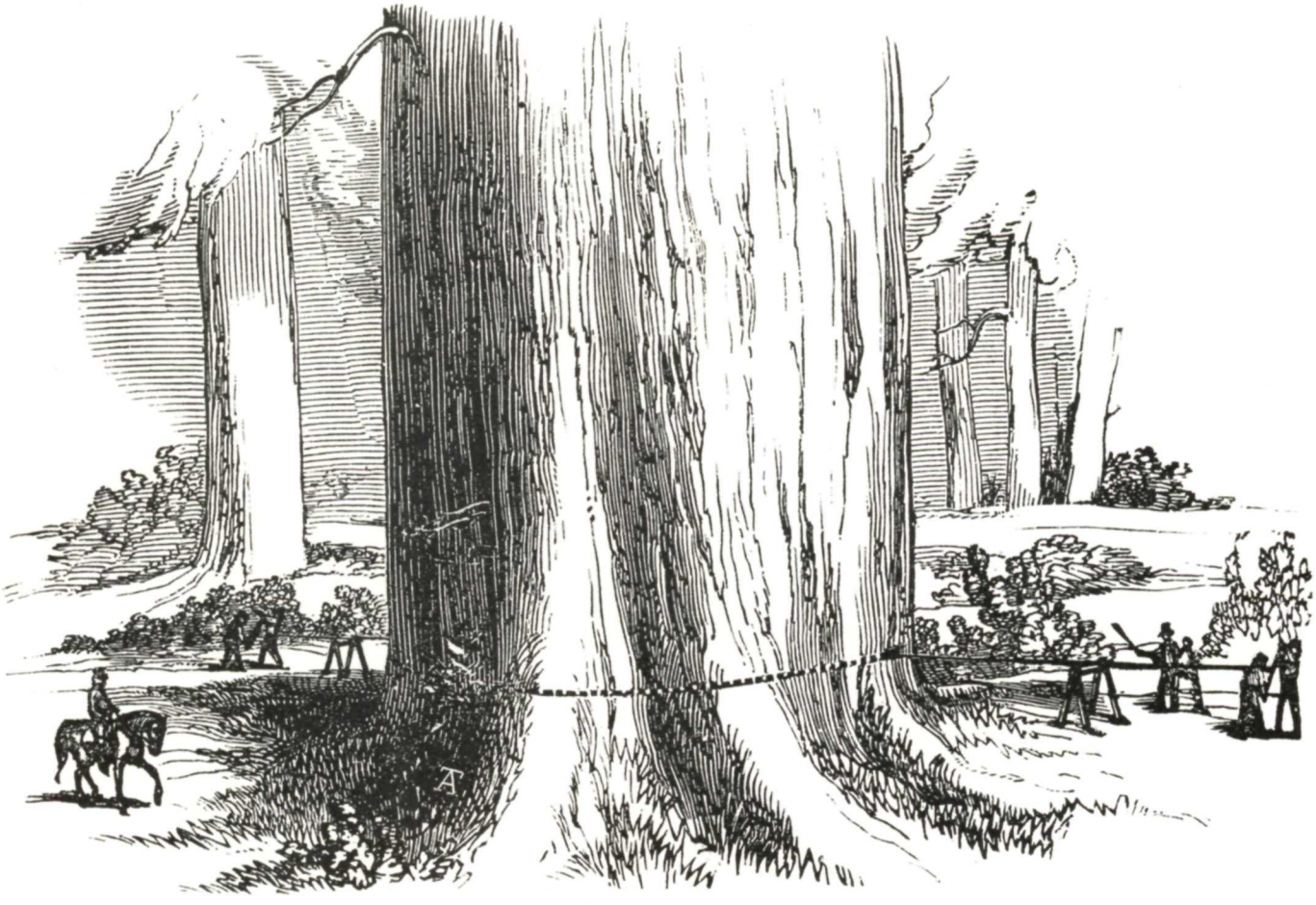
EPILOGUE: The GIs having their picture taken beside the famous Wawona Tree in Yosemite National Park (page 40 of this issue) were following a tourist tradition of long standing, for this notable example of a mutilated *Sequoiadendron giganteum* was said to be, over the years, the most photographed tree in the world. The tree's career as a major Yosemite attraction ended in 1969 when, possibly weakened by the tunnel cut through its base in 1881, it toppled during a winter storm. It was exactly two thousand years old.

While pondering the significance of the Wawona Tree's demise, and the peculiar fact of man's simultaneous awe for, and vandalism of, such works of nature, we were reminded of another California giant, the "Discovery Tree." The melancholy story of this sequoia—which was located in present-day Calaveras Big Trees State Park—was told by J. M. Hutchings in his 1888 book *In the Heart of the Sierras:*

"This [lower illustration, opposite page] is the stump of the original Big Tree discovered by Mr. Dowd. We can see that it is perfectly smooth, sound, and level. Its diameter across the solid wood, after the bark was removed (and which was from fifteen to eighteen inches in thickness), is twenty-five feet; although the tree was cut off six feet above the ground. However incredible it may appear, on July 4, 1854, the writer formed one of a cotillion party of thirty-two persons dancing upon this stump; in addition to which the musicians and lookers-on numbered seventeen, making a total of forty-nine occupants of its surface at one time! The accompanying sketch was made at that time, and, of course, before the present pavilion [a circular dance hall and exhibit room] was erected over it. [A two-lane bowling alley was also constructed on the flattened surface of the fallen tree-trunk.] There is no more strikingly convincing proof, in any grove, of the immense size of the big trees, than this stump.

"This tree was three-hundred-and-two feet in height; and at the ground, ninety-six feet in circumference before it was disturbed. Some sacrilegious vandals, from the motive of making its exposition "pay," removed the bark to a height of thirty feet and afterwards transported it to England, where it was formed into a room; but [it] was afterwards consumed by fire with the celebrated Crystal Palace at Kensington, England. This girdling of the tree very naturally brought death to it; but even then its majestic form must have perpetually taunted the belittled and sordid spirits that caused it. . . .

"The next act in this botanical tragedy was the cutting down of the tree, in order to accommodate those who wished to carry home specimens of its wood as souvenirs of their visit. But how to do this was the puzzling conundrum! If one could fittingly imagine so ludicrous a sight as a few lilliputian men attempting to *chop* down this Brobdingnaggian giant, his contempt would reach its becoming climax. This, therefore, was given up as altogether too chimerical and impracticable. Finally the plan was adopted of *boring it off with pump-augers* [top illustration, opposite page]. This employed five men twenty-two days to accomplish; and after the stem was fairly severed from the stump, the uprightness of its position, and breadth of its base, prevented its overthrow, so that two-and-a-half of the twenty-two days were spent in inserting wedges and driving them into the butt of the tree by logs suspended on ropes, thereby to compel its downfall. While these slow and apparently hopeless attempts were being undertaken, and the workmen had retired for dinner, a gust of wind took hold of its top and hurled it over without the least seeming effort, its fall causing the earth to tremble as by an earthquake. Thus this noble monarch of the forest was dethroned after 'braving the battle and the breeze' for nearly two thousand years. Verily, how little real veneration does the average man possess."



Workmen engaged in felling a mammoth California sequoia with pump-augers in 1853.

A cotillion party of thirty-two persons dancing on the stump of the mammoth tree.