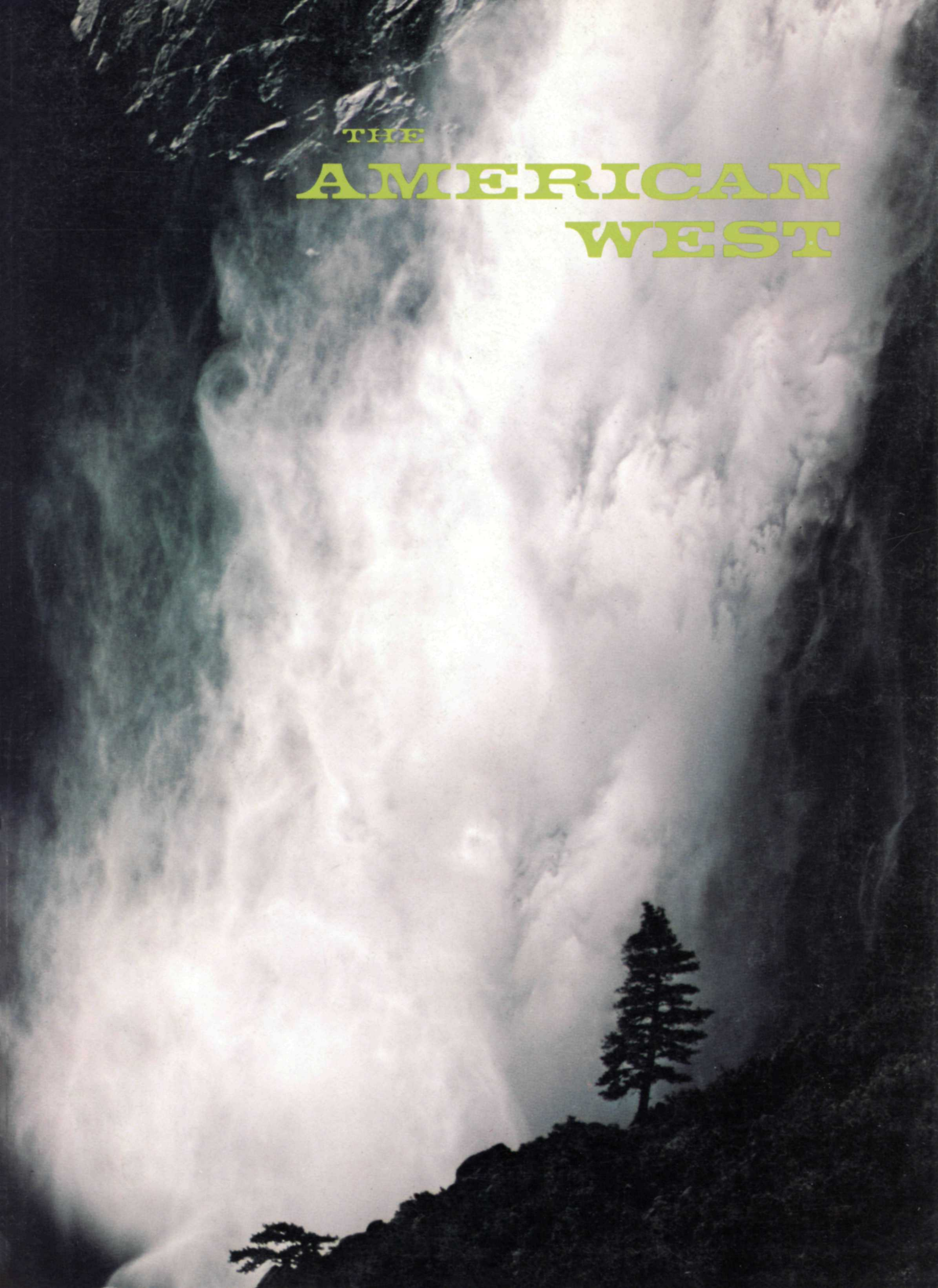
THE
AMERICAN
WEST

COVER: Ethereal in their misty beauty but powerful enough to shake the ground, the melt waters of spring spur California's Upper Yosemite Fall in its headlong plunge to the valley floor almost a half-mile below.

(Photograph by Dewitt Jones from the American West book John Muir's America, *to be released next spring.)*

THE AMERICAN WEST

THE
AMERICAN WEST
THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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The archetypal Wyoming cowboy: a portrait made sometime during the 1920s or 1930s by ranch owner and photographer Charles J. Belden. A portfolio of Belden photographs appears on pages 20–29.

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BOTH PORTRAITS BY C. B. FEVRET DE ST. MEMIN; THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

Meriwether Lewis

William Clark

THOMAS JEFFERSON had served as president of the United States for three years when he performed one of the most important acts of his two terms in that office—the presentation to Congress on January 18, 1803, of a secret message, in which he asked for an appropriation of twenty-five hundred dollars to send a military exploring party into the trans-Mississippi West. The objects of the exploration, as he presented them, were to develop improved commerce with the Indians and to "explore the whole line, even to the Western ocean. . . ." The secrecy of the message was of paramount importance. Jefferson's familiarity with the intrigues and maneuvering of France, Spain, and England in their jostling to claim the western part of the continent—and also his awareness of the attitudes of his own political enemies—necessitated such secrecy, which, he wrote, "would cover the undertaking from notice, and prevent the obstructions which interested individuals might otherwise previously prepare in its way."

Jefferson's interest in the lands in the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri valleys had developed years before he became president. But it was his presidency that provided the opportunity of exercising the necessary authority to consummate long-enduring dreams, which had probably been incited by his father, Peter, and his guardian, Dr. Thomas Walker, who together possessed "certain lands on the Branches of the Mississippi river." In previous years Jefferson had tried to arrange for western exploring parties under George Rogers Clark (1783), André Michaux (1793), and others. Historical events fortuitously brought the Louisiana Purchase within the boundary of the young republic at the very time Jefferson was completing, with Congress, his plans for western exploration.

In 1801, Jefferson detached young Meriwether Lewis from the army and brought him to live in the president's mansion to serve, ostensibly, as his private secretary. Lewis knew the army, had become familiar with the trans-Allegheny West, and loved the out-of-doors; he had applied to Jefferson when he was eighteen years old to lead the proposed expedition which aborted under Michaux. It is unlikely that Jefferson really expected his young assistant to write letters of state, in view of the spelling Lewis later displayed in the journals of the expedition (Jefferson said, "I write my own letters."); rather, it is probable that the president and his young protégé spent much of their time planning for that great undertaking which has become known to history as the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

Jefferson did not have a staff to draw up instructions for Lewis, and probably he would under no circumstances have relinquished to anyone else what to him was a personal privilege and a responsibility. He had dreamed and planned for so long beforehand that he did not want to chance omission of some detail. So, despite a painful arthritic wrist resulting from an old injury, he wrote pages of detailed instructions for Lewis about what to observe and record with regard to geography and climate. He asked that descriptions and specimens of plants, animals, and minerals be brought to him by the returning Corps of Discovery. He wanted to know about the Indians—their mores, their languages, their diseases, their

Thomas Jefferson and the Corps of Discovery: Could He Have Done More?

by E. G. Chuinard

BY C. B. FEVRET DE ST. MEMIN (DETAIL); WORCESTER ART MUSEUM

Thomas Jefferson

trade. He wrote to many friends asking them to give Lewis the necessary tutoring in astronomy, geography, and health care. He directed Lewis to determine the best travel routes, keeping in mind that the nebulous Northwest Passage might yet be found. He provided Lewis with credit in various nations of the world should he reach the Pacific Ocean and come home by way of ship. He directed Lewis to designate a successor in case of his death. And, most importantly, he directed that Lewis and others keep detailed journals.

Jefferson was very aware of his own historical perspective and acumen. He wrote frankly of "the preculiear part I have had in the designing and execution of the expedition." To his friend William Dunbar he wrote, "We shall deliniate with correctness the great arteries of this country; those who come after us will extend the ramifications as they become acquainted with them, and fill up the canvas we begin." And yet, even with his great sense of history, his avidity for acquiring knowledge, and his perseverance in filing and classifying artifacts and papers, Jefferson fell short of expectations, in the view of some historians, in his handling of certain elements of the expedition. A discussion of some of the most important of these points follows.

ITEM ONE: Jefferson has been berated for lack of concern about some medical aspects of the expedition. One writer has expressed the opinion that "one of the things most difficult to understand . . . is that an expedition as equipped as this one was for the exploration of the continent, should have gone out upon a journey of 8,000 miles, to be absent from civilization for two and a half years, without a physician as a member of the party." This is not an entirely valid criticism, both in view of Jefferson's arrangement for Lewis to have tutoring in health care from Dr. Benjamin Rush, and in view of the excellent health care provided for their men by the two captains. It is clear that Jefferson entrusted Lewis with complete responsibility for providing health care, for picking his own men, even his co-leader, William Clark, and even for conferring commissions. Lewis may have had some reservations about his competency in medical care because he offered a lieutenancy to a Dr. Ewing Patterson in Wheeling. Luckily for the expedition the doctor didn't make his appearance at departure time—he was a chronic alcoholic.

It would have been simple for Jefferson or Lewis to have requisitioned a doctor from the army to serve with the expedition. But it was the army practice of the time for commanders to be responsible for the health of their men, and the captains bled and physicked their men according to the best health practices of the time. It is highly doubtful that any medical practitioner of the time could have done any better, or even as well, as did the two captains. Therefore, Jefferson cannot legitimately be faulted for not requiring that a doctor accompany the expedition.

There is another medical aspect about which interesting conjecture can be made. Jefferson added in his written direction to Lewis, "Carry with you some matter of the kinepox; inform those of them (the Indians) with whom you may be, of its efficacy as a preservative from the smallpox." Evidently

Despite President Jefferson's brilliant success in creating the Lewis and Clark Expedition, in the view of some historians his contribution was flawed. One criticism has been that he failed to assign a doctor to the Corps of Discovery. But both Meriwether Lewis and William Clark were familiar with frontier medical techniques and remedies, and prior to Lewis' departure he was sent to Philadelphia to receive instruction from Dr. Benjamin Rush, the nation's foremost physician (left).

BY C. B. FEVRET DE ST. MEMIN; THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

Lewis followed Jefferson's direction in this regard as he wrote to his commander in chief from Cincinnati on his way down the Ohio to St. Louis, "I would thank you for forward(ing) me some of the vaxcine matter, as I have reason to believe from several experiments made with what I have, that it has lost its virtue." There is no record that Jefferson made an effort to send more "vaxcine matter," although he had contributed to a means of successful transportation of it at least for short distances. Lewis might have added another star to his role as a physician if he had conducted the first smallpox vaccination in the West.

It is not known why Jefferson sent no more vaccine to Lewis. It is hardly fair to fault him on this score in view of packaging and transportation difficulties—we can only express regret that Lewis did not have the opportunity to carry out more vaccine "experiments," even though this was not a prime and essential objective of the expedition.

ITEM TWO: Jefferson has been criticized for not sending a trained naturalist with the expedition, perhaps a botanist-surgeon. Many of the so-called "ship's surgeons" on the vessels which sailed along the Pacific Coast were really botanists. Their knowledge of plants provided them with some insight into the use of herbs as medicines. Thus it is consistent that those who would fault Jefferson for not sending a physician on the expedition would also fault him for not sending a naturalist. Jefferson had sent Lewis to Philadelphia to be instructed in elementary botany and zoology—so elementary that Lewis's subsequent scholarly accomplishments in these fields stand out most impressively.

Paul Cutright, in his *Lewis and Clark: Pioneering Naturalists* (1969), destroys the criticism of Jefferson on this count. He points out that Elliott Coues was probably the first noted scholar to criticize Jefferson in this regard; Coues wrote in his *History of the Expedition Under the Command of Lewis and Clark* (1893) that "the most serious defect in the organization of the Expedition was the lack of some trained scientists." Cutright points out that there was a sparsity, if not a total absence, of "trained naturalists" in America in Jefferson's day, and that the naturalists who contributed so much in describing American flora and fauna were self-trained. Cutright suggests that only a few of these men had a "biological edge" on Meriwether Lewis, and concludes that "in the context of the day, Lewis was an unusually capable naturalist. . . ."

The monumental contribution of Captains Lewis and Clark in recording hundreds of plants and animals of the western part of North America previously unknown to the white man has withstood the test of scrutinizing appraisals of scholars with formal training, better equipment, more leisure, and an assisting staff. That the captain's contributions as naturalists were made while they were "proceeding on" and having to give a due proportion of time and effort to other responsibilities makes it almost unbelievable that they set down descriptions so accurately and collected and preserved their specimens so well.

Moreover, a naturalist might have been an encumbering

In his budget for the expedition, Lewis included $90.69 for medical supplies, many identical with those found in the medicine chest (right) owned by Dr. Benjamin Rush, his adviser. The supplies included physics, emetics, poultices, various pills, mercury ointment, saltpeter, opium, and tourniquets and syringes. Although a number of accidents and illnesses occurred during the twenty-eight-month venture, only one man died—probably of a ruptured appendix.

MUTTER MUSEUM, COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF PHILADELPHIA

"fusser" who would have slowed the pace of the expedition. Donald Jackson has pointed out in his *Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition with Related Documents* (1962) that Jefferson's object "was to get a few men to the Pacific and back, encumbered no more than necessary by equipment, and intelligent enough to recognize and collect . . . the natural resources of the region." Jackson concludes that "Jefferson made the right decision in not sending a trained botanist with Lewis and Clark."

The captains' performance as naturalists must be rated with their performance as physicians—tops!

ITEM THREE: Jefferson has been censured for not insuring that Clark received the captain's commission which had been promised to him. Lewis wrote to Clark from Washington on June 19, 1803, proposing that he share with him the leadership of the expedition. After explaining the nature and purposes of the expedition, Lewis continued, "I make this communication with the privity of the President, who expresses an anxious wish that you would consent to join me in this enterprise; he has authorized me to say that in the event of your accepting this proposition he will grant you a captain's commission. . . ." Clark promptly accepted the offer with earnest expressions of personal regard for Lewis and eagerness to participate in the expected rigors of the expedition. In his memoir written about Lewis after his death, Jefferson stated that "Lewis had proposed William Clarke (sic) as co-leader," and that he "was approved." This suggests that Jefferson had approved Clark. Jefferson continued in the same sentence ". . . and with that received a commission of captain."

This indicates that Jefferson never knew that when Clark's commission reached him after he had joined the expedition in St. Louis, it was for a second lieutenancy in the artillery instead of a captaincy. Lewis received a letter from Secretary of War Dearborn dated March 26, 1804, enclosing Clark's commission with a seemingly poor explanation that the "circumstances and organization of the Corps of Engineers is such as would render the appointment of Mr. Clark a Captain in that Corps improper and consequently no appointment above that of a Lieutenant in the Corps of Artillerists could with propriety be given him. . . . "

Dearborn's action is difficult to understand; he must have known of Jefferson's approval of Clark inasmuch as he had previously directed a letter to Clark at the president's request, asking for information about the St. Louis area; and as secretary of war he could hardly have been uninformed about the role of William's older brother, George Rogers Clark, in securing the Old Northwest for the young nation. Jefferson had notified Dearborn of Clark's acceptance after hearing from Lewis.

Lewis had been so certain of the firmness of his offer to Clark that he had written to him, "Your situation . . . in this mission will in all respects be precisely such as my own." That Lewis was chagrined and angry about the lower grade of Clark's commission is evident from his remarks to the latter, and he proposed that no one else would be informed of

Another criticism of Jefferson's planning was that no trained naturalist was sent along on the expedition. Here too, however, both leaders performed exemplarily in observing, collecting, and cataloguing botanical specimens, minerals, and animal life. Lewis found this example of an* Anemone dichotoma Linnaeus *(an already known plant species) while proceeding up the Missouri River in August 1804.

ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES, PHILADELPHIA

Clark's lesser rank; and so it was throughout the journey—Lewis always wrote of Clark as captain in the journals.

Donald Jackson has recorded the course of this matter with further detail: "Jefferson records a letter from Lewis also received 20 March; possibly Lewis was reminding the President, too, that Clark's commission had not been received. Dearborn sent a list of nominations to Jefferson on 24 March, including the name of William Clark of Kentucky, to be appointed second Lieutenant in the Corps of Artillerists (DLC). On the same day, Jefferson routinely copied the recommendations and sent them to the Senate for confirmation. There is nothing to indicate that he protested the decision to make Clark a lieutenant. He offered no explanation to Lewis, and Lewis does not mention the matter in any extant letter to Jefferson. The nomination was approved by the Senate on 26 March, and on 30 March the Secretary of War notified the Adjutant and Inspector of the appointment, saying that Clark was to take rank from 26 March. Clark was thus now allowed the seniority that would have been his if the commission had been dated on the day of his decision to accompany the expedition, or even on the date of his joining Lewis at Louisville."

As noted in Jackson's account above, it is possible that Lewis carried this problem to the commander in chief—even probable, in view of how he felt toward Clark. Jackson's account also indicates quite clearly that it was Jefferson "who dropped the ball." Should he be faulted? Probably so, in view of his usual great attention to detail and his personal acquaintance with Clark. He did not just perfunctorily add Clark's name to the list without noticing the rank; as Jackson points out, he copied the complete list himself.

Historians have rarely either noticed the inconsistency or addressed Clark by his official rank of second lieutenant. When Nicholas Biddle was editing the journals (published in 1814), he noticed the discrepancy between the rank used for Clark in the journals and the official rank given by the War Department; he asked Clark for an explanation. In answer, for the first time, Clark let his rankled feelings be known. He had promptly resigned his commission when he returned from the exploration (submitted October 10, 1806, and accepted by the War Department on February 27, 1807), but said he was "not disposed to make any noise about the business."

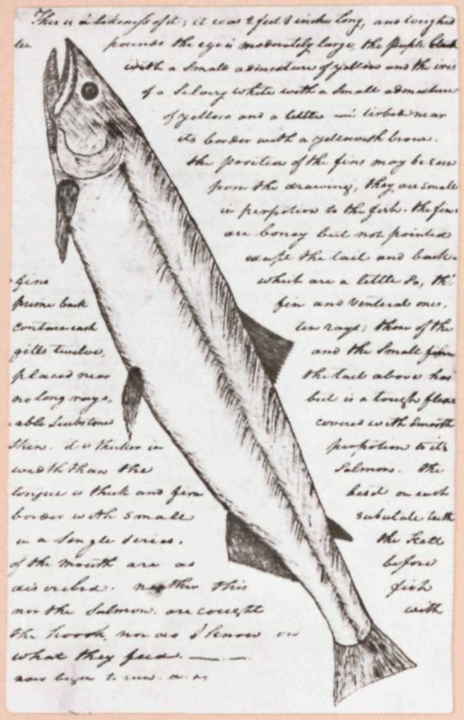
Although Dearborn's apologetic letter to Lewis mentions the grade of lieutenant, the commission actually was for a second lieutenancy. Clark was later made a brigadier general (in the Louisiana militia)—a title he always enjoyed using!

ITEM FOUR: Occasionally the question is asked, Why didn't Jefferson send a ship to the mouth of the Columbia River to bring the expedition home? (Sometimes with the added phrases "as he planned to do" or "as he promised to do" or "as Lewis and Clark expected him to do.") Written commentary about the expedition is not free from the imputation that this was a part of Jefferson's plans and the captains' expectations.

In fact Jefferson did plan for the contingency that return of

In all, Lewis and Clark collected or observed over a hundred species and subspecies of animals and birds previously unknown to science, and nearly two hundred new species of plant life. In addition to preserving specimens, the explorers often included detailed drawings in their journals: this illustration of a salmon trout, made by Clark while at Fort Clatsop, is one of the best such examples.

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY

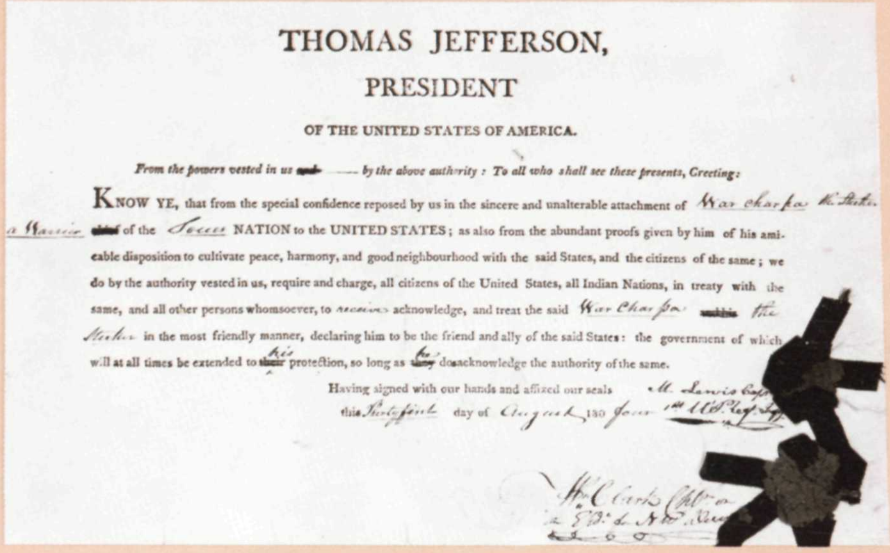


the entire expedition or a part of it by ocean voyage might be necessary or desirable. He included in his written instructions to Lewis ". . . send two of your trusty people by sea, in such way as shall appear practicable, with a copy of your notes: and should you be of opinion that the return of your party by the way they went will be eminently dangerous, then ship the whole, & return by sea . . ." Jefferson provided Lewis with written authority to draw upon the credit of the United States for transportation and other necessities. He added, ". . . Should you find it safe to return by the way you go . . . if no conveyance by sea can be found, do so . . . ."

Thus it can be seen from the above written instructions of Jefferson to Lewis that plans for the return voyage were based on many "ifs" and that the final determination was left to the judgment of Lewis. Jefferson's instructions also show that a return sea voyage depended solely upon the contingency that a ship, American or foreign, might appear and provide transportation. There is not the least hint in any extant records pertaining to the expedition that Jefferson contemplated sending a ship specifically to bring the expedition home by sea, or that Lewis expected such from some spoken promise made by Jefferson.

There is ample evidence in the correspondence between the president and Lewis that he, Jefferson, was greatly concerned about the accumulation and preservation of the information in the journals. Corporal Warfington and his engages accompanied the expedition from St. Louis to the Mandan villages not only to help get the expedition that far along, but also to bring back to St. Louis and ultimately to the president, records and materials collected by the captains. The captains also considered that some men of the expedition might be sent back to St. Louis to carry information and materials from some point along the Missouri River more westward from the Mandan villages. It was not until the expedition had completed the portage around the Great Falls of the Missouri that the captains resolved this consideration. Lewis wrote in his journal on July 4, 1805, ". . . not having seen the Snake Indians or knowing the fact whether to calculate on their friendship or hostility . . . we have conceived our party sufficiently small and therefore have concluded not to dispatch a canoe with a part of our men to St. Louis as we had intended early in the spring. We fear such a measure might possibly discourage those who would in such case remain, and might possibly hazard the fate of the expedition. We have never once hinted to any one of the party that we had such a scheme in contemplation. . . ."

Apparently the captains were not expecting a ship to bring supplies or to take them home, as there was no mention in the journals of watching for ships, or of asking Indians about the appearance of trading ships on the Columbia or along the coast. The captains knew of the previous entrance of ships into the Columbia River (Robert Gray, William Broughton), and the extensive trading along the coast all the way up to Alaska by ships of many countries. The journal entries for Fort Clatsop record constant concern about securing food, clothing, and salt, and making general preparations for the homeward journey, but no expressions of concern about expecting a ship. There has been a spurious story about



THOMAS JEFFERSON,

PRESIDENT

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

From the powers vested in us ~~and~~ —— by the above authority: To all who shall see these presents, Greeting:

KNOW YE, that from the special confidence reposed by us in the sincere and unalterable attachment of War Charpa the Sticker a Warrior ~~chief~~ of the Sioux NATION to the UNITED STATES; as also from the abundant proofs given by him of his amicable disposition to cultivate peace, harmony, and good neighbourhood with the said States, and the citizens of the same; we do by the authority vested in us, require and charge, all citizens of the United States, all Indian Nations, in treaty with the same, and all other persons whomsoever, to receive acknowledge, and treat the said War Charpa ~~within~~ the Sticker in the most friendly manner, declaring him to be the friend and ally of the said States: the government of which will at all times be extended to ~~their~~ his protection, so long as ~~they~~ he do acknowledge the authority of the same.

Having signed with our hands and affixed our seals this Thirty first day of August 180 four

M. Lewis Capt. 1st U.S. Regt. Infy.

Wm Clark Captn. on an Expdn. for N.W. Discy.

One of Jefferson's most regrettable apparent oversights was his failure to get William Clark the army captaincy that he had been promised. Both leaders of the expedition concealed the fact that Clark was of lesser rank: on this Indian Commission given to "War Charpa" of the Sioux nation, Lewis has signed with his army rank of captain, Clark as a "Captn. on an Expdn. for N.W. Discovery."

THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

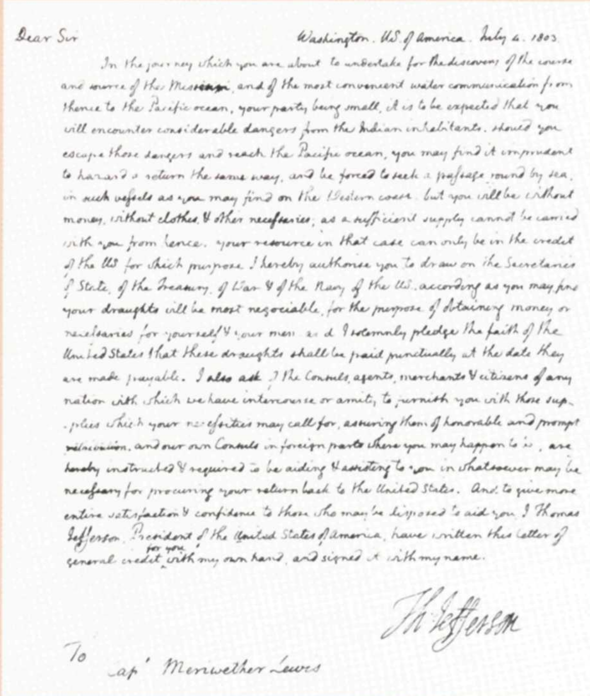
the expedition maintaining a constant lookout from a tall tree on the grounds of Fort Clatsop, on which steps were nailed to reach the lower limbs, and from which a view to the sea was possible; but substantiation of such an occurrence is entirely lacking in the journals and other documents of the expedition.

The brig *Lydia* missed a "rendezvous with history"—when it came into the Columbia River in November-December, 1805, while Lewis and Clark were on the estuary. Their failure to meet was probably due to Captains Lewis and Clark and Captain Hill of the *Lydia* not knowing of each other's presence, and the Indians deliberately not wishing to transmit the information. Again, it is most likely that Lewis and Clark had put contact with a ship out of their minds. There is no record of any other ship coming close to the expedition during its stay on the Pacific from November, 1805 to March, 1806.

In addition to the question, Why did Jefferson not send a ship to bring the expedition home? there is the related question, Should he have done so? This question also must be answered in the negative. Jefferson probably judged that he had obtained the maximum amount of money that Congress would approve when he asked for and received a sum of $2,500 to finance the expedition. (Actually the total cost was $38,722.25.(The cost of insuring the *Tonquin*'s cargo of the Astor Expedition was $10,000 for its trip from New York to Canton and return—an indication of the additional costs Jefferson would have faced. Coues wrote, "One naturally wonders why President Jefferson did not take the same care of his Expedition." This statement from such an eminent historian may be the raison d'etre for the criticism about Jefferson not sending a ship. Coues expressed himself further: "The advantage of such an arrangement is so self-evident, that there must have been some strong reason why it was not made. It could not have been overlooked; it must have been discussed, and rejected." Coues then discusses the political hazard of putting to sea a supply ship to meet with and support the expedition, which was already the object of considerable suspicion and attention on the part of Spain. Even if it had been possible to outfit a ship to supply and/or bring the expedition home by sea, the timing of the rendezvous would have been difficult.

In summary, although Jefferson *might* have sent a ship to supply and/or pick up his expedition at the mouth of the Columbia, he cannot be criticized for not doing so; and there is no substantiated reason to believe that he planned to do so or that the captains expected or even looked for it.

ITEM FIVE: Jefferson has been criticized for not preserving the appurtenances of the expedition. Arriving back at St. Louis on September 23, 1806, the expedition was received by an excited citizenry, who had shared with the rest of the nation a concern about the possible loss of the captains and their men. In accordance with Jefferson's directions, the captains had brought back preserved specimens of plants and animals and Indian trappings, which were promptly given temporary storage. Some of this material found its way to



Dear Sir Washington. U.S. of America. July 4. 1803

In the journey which you are about to undertake for the discovery of the course and source of the Missouri, and of the most convenient water communication from thence to the Pacific ocean, your party being small, it is to be expected that you will encounter considerable dangers from the Indian inhabitants. should you escape those dangers and reach the Pacific ocean, you may find it imprudent to hazard a return the same way, and be forced to seek a passage round by sea, in such vessels as you may find on the Western coast. but you will be without money, without clothes & other necessaries; as a sufficient supply cannot be carried with you from hence. your resource in that case can only be in the credit of the US for which purpose I hereby authorise you to draw on the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War & of the Navy of the US. according as you may find your draughts will be most negociable, for the purpose of obtaining money or necessaries for yourself & your men: and I solemnly pledge the faith of the United States that these draughts shall be paid punctually at the date they are made payable. I also ask of the Consuls, agents, merchants & citizens of any nation with which we have intercourse or amity, to furnish you with those supplies which your necessities may call for, assuring them of honorable and prompt retribution. and our own Consuls in foreign parts where you may happen to be, are hereby instructed & required to be aiding & assisting to you in whatsoever may be necessary for procuring your return back to the United States. And to give more entire satisfaction & confidence to those who may be disposed to aid you, I Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States of America, have written this letter of general credit for you with my own hand, and signed it with my name.

Th: Jefferson

To Cap' Meriwether Lewis

Some critics have asked why Jefferson did not send a ship to pick up the members of the expedition after they reached the Pacific Coast. The president may have felt that it would be diplomatically unwise with regard to Spain, or he may have thought the cost prohibitive. He did, however, provide Lewis with this "letter of general credit" —in effect a blank check—with which to obtain passage home should a chance meeting with a vessel occur. During the expedition's stay on the lower Columbia, the trading brig Lydia ***entered the river, but neither expedition was aware of the other's proximity.***

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Jefferson, but most of the botanical specimens suffered careless treatment for a long time; some were lost forever. Jefferson could have ensured better reception and preservation of this material, but he was apparently oblivious to the fate of the appurtenances of the returning expedition: the guns, knives, tomahawks, fishing gear; the handmade clothes fashioned from the skins of animals killed along the trail for food; the air gun that played such an impressive role with the Indians; the keelboat and canoes. What price would be placed today on the fiddle that Cruzatte carefully carried to the Pacific and back, playing for the merriment of the corpsmen and the Indians?

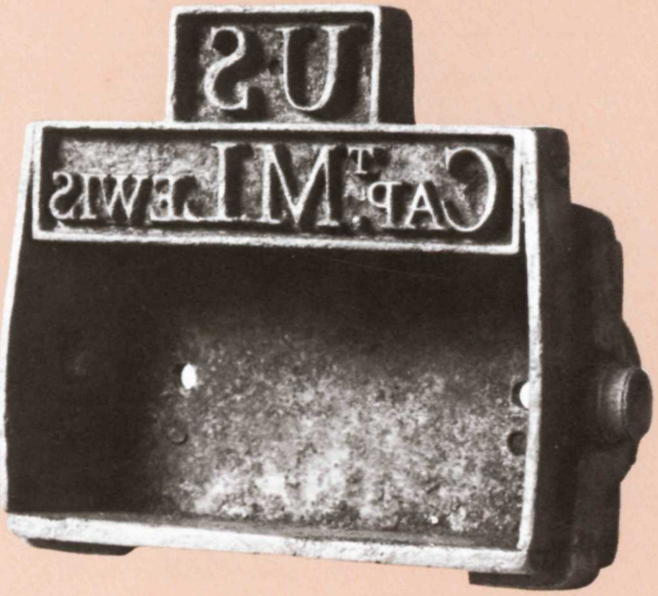
Jefferson's popularity soared after the return of the expedition. Although he had only meager revenues available (compared with those of the nation's "chief magistrate" today), he had used his position and influence to accomplish, rather irregularly, such transactions as the Louisiana Purchase. Surely a congress that had responded to his request for twenty-five hundred dollars toward financing the expedition, would probably have responded just as readily to a request for financing the archival preservation of the resulting valuable materials. But Jefferson made no such request, even though it seems inconsistent with his interest in, and perspective of, all things historical.

The final records of the expedition rendered by Captain Lewis at St. Louis, dated August 5, 1807, show that all the appurtenances of the expedition were disposed of at public auction. (The sale was held in the fall of 1806, at the direction of Lewis and in conformity with U.S. Army policy.) Jefferson was probably in such a state of ecstatic appreciation at the return of the expedition and at the value to the United States of its accomplishments that detailed directions for the preservation of material used on the journey, if bothered with at all, could only be trivia in the afterglow. But, considering the numerous museums filled with pioneer clothing and relics, which are viewed with appreciation by millions of today's citizens, it is truly regrettable that all those articles used by the men of the expedition were not preserved for an admiring people.

ITEM SIX: Jefferson permitted the captains to retain army records (their journals), which consequently might have been lost and never published.

It is easy to imagine the great satisfaction that President Jefferson had felt when at last there was to be an exploration of the trans-Mississippi West. But such prospects were tempered by sober humanitarian concern for the lives of the men of the expedition. Jefferson advised Lewis to use careful judgment about pursuing his objective against dangerous odds, writing to him in his instructions of June 20, 1803, "We value too much the lives of citizens to offer them to probable destruction." Jefferson repeated his instruction ". . . to bring back your party safe . . ." and expressed "my sincere prayer for your safe return."

As the expedition was nearing home on September 17, 1806, it met a Captain McClellan ascending the river, who told them "that we had been long Since give out (up) by the



Much to the regret of today's museum curators and historians, neither Lewis, Clark, nor Jefferson seemed to have realized what historical significance the appurtenances of the Corps of Discovery might someday have; in 1806, Lewis disposed of all equipage at public auction in accordance with army policy. One of the few surviving relics from the expedition is this branding iron, lost by Captain Lewis along the Columbia River and found in 1894.

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

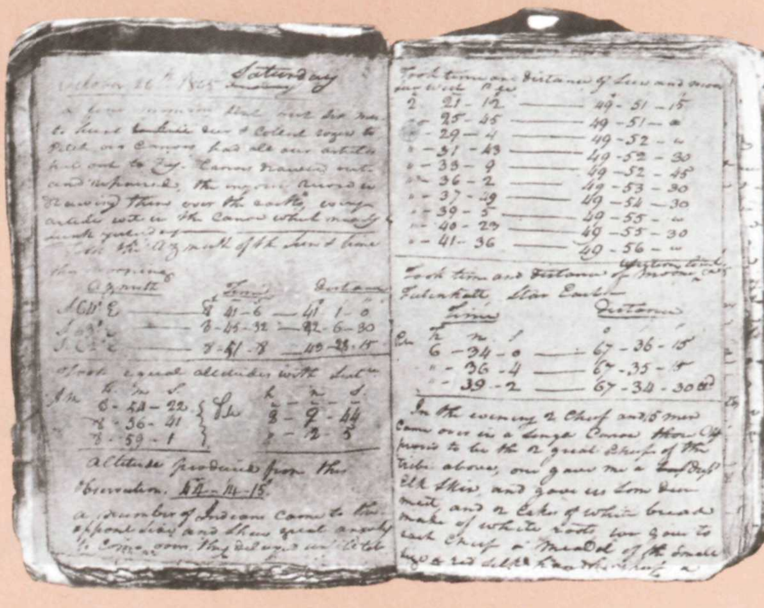
people of the U S Generally and almost forgotten, The President of the U. States had yet hopes for us. . . ." How poignantly Jefferson had the captains and their men on his mind is seen in his penned answer to Lewis's letter to him notifying him of their return: "I received, my dear Sir, with unspeakable joy your letter of Sep. 23 announcing the return of Capt. Clarke & your party in good health to St. Louis . . . the length of time without hearing of you had begun to be felt awfully." Jefferson assured Lewis of "my constant affection for you."

The very genuine appreciation of Jefferson for Lewis and Clark may have been a factor in Jefferson's decision to leave to the two captains the responsibility of publishing their journals, to assure them proper credit and compensation. In a letter to Jose Correa de Serra dated April 26, 1816, Jefferson explained the delay in the publication of the journals: "They are the property of the government, the fruits of the expedition undertaken at such expense of money and risk of valuable lives. . . . But we are willing to give to Lewis and Clarke whatever pecuniary benefits might be derived from the publication, and therefore left the papers in their hands, taking it for granted that their interests would produce a speedy publication, which would be better if done under their directions." The first copies of the published journals had appeared two years before this letter was written, and Jefferson had become concerned about obtaining the original journals. He continues in the same letter, ". . . the government should attend to the reclamation & security of their papers. Their recovery is now become an imperious duty."

It is thus evident that problems related to the ownership, possession, and disposition of papers accumulated by government functionaries is not a new problem. If Jefferson recognized so firmly that the journals belonged to the government, and should be in its possession, as demonstrated in the above letter, he knew he had no legal right to permit them to remain in the possession of the two captains for their "pecuniary benefits," no matter how sincerely he desired to see them receive adequate reward.

Lewis arrived in Washington in late December, 1806, to report personally to his commander in chief about the expedition. Clark did not arrive until about one month later; he had journeyed by way of Fincastle to see his Judy—the young lady he had so much in mind throughout the months of exploration that he named a river in Montana after her, the Judith. The president could wait while he courted and married his Judy!

Neither captain remained in the East more than a few months. By March, 1807, Jefferson had arranged other duties for them, both to go west again, Lewis as governor of Louisiana (actually Lewis did not arrive back in St. Louis until March 8, 1808) and Clark as superintendent of Indian affairs. It would have been tragic if the journals had been lost while passing from publisher to publisher and editor to editor. Thus, Jefferson may be faulted for not requiring the captains to place their journals with the War Department along with their other final reports of the expedition. Even more so, he might be criticized for not immediately promoting both captains to higher ranks and assigning both of them to duty with the War Department in Washington, with no other responsi-



Although the explorers' field notes and journals (Clark's diary appears at right) were government property, Jefferson allowed the officers to retain them and make their own arrangements for publication—a decision that in retrospect seems unwise. The first published editions of the journals did not appear until 1814, years after Lewis's death.

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY

bilities than working with secretarial help and special advisers in getting the journals published promptly as a publication of the War Department. (Congress published the reports of John Charles Frémont.)

The tragic death of Meriwether Lewis in 1809 could have been matched with an early death of William Clark (who wrote so often that he was unwell) and the journals, even if published eventually, would have lost the added information and interpolations provided by Clark to editor Nicholas Biddle. Today an 1814 Biddle edition with the map included is one of the rarest and most valuable of all books of Americana. That the journals were saved and published is fortuitous, considering their irresponsible treatment.

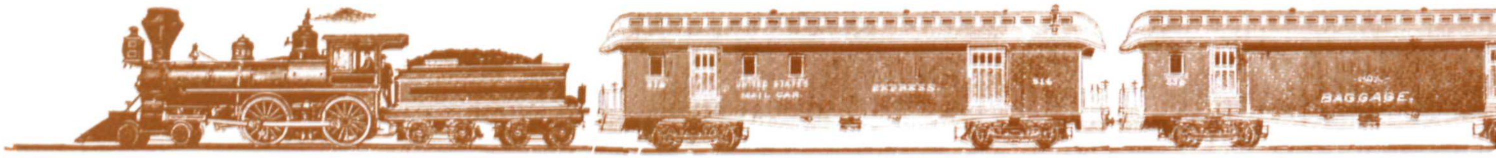
MOST OF THESE ITEMS which have been offered from time to time as criticisms of Jefferson are not pertinent to the main purposes and records of the expedition. If Jefferson is to be faulted at all, the only criticisms of reasonable substance and consequence are for his failures to ensure that Lewis and Clark were pressed into getting their journals published immediately, and for his lack of interest in directing that all appurtenances of the expedition be saved. That Clark did not receive a captain's commission was an inexcusable and regrettable oversight, probably due equally to Lewis, Dearborn, and Jefferson.

But despite all criticisms, Jefferson still deserves much credit for conceiving and directing this great achievement for his country. Without his dream and without his persistence, there would never have been a Lewis and Clark Expedition, Louisiana and Oregon territories, or beginnings of the expansion of what was to become the Manifest Destiny of the United States of America.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The historical background of plans by Thomas Jefferson for an expedition to the trans-Mississippi West previous to that of Lewis and Clark is reviewed in the introduction of Reuben Gold Thwaites' *Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* (1904, eight volumes). A. P. Nasatir's *Before Lewis and Clark* (1952, two volumes) provides much historical and political material on the background of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Ann Maury's *Memoirs of a Huguenot Family* (1853) is the source of the information of the place of Dr. Thomas Walker and Jefferson's vision of the West. Paul Russell Cutright's *Lewis and Clark: Pioneering Naturalists* (1969) provides the best and fullest references to the inattention given to the specimens brought back by Lewis and Clark. *Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition with Related Documents,* edited by Donald Jackson (1962), is a comprehensive and essential reference source concerning the Lewis and Clark Expedition, including pre- and post-expedition years.

E. G. Chuinard *is emeritus chief surgeon of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children in Portland, Oregon. He is also chairman of the Oregon Lewis and Clark Trail Committee, past president of the national Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, and a commissioner of the United States Territorial Expansion Memorial Commission. Dr. Chuinard's continuing interest and research into the medical aspects of the Lewis and Clark Expedition has led to his writing a book on the subject, entitled* Only One Man Died, *now in the process of publication.*



By Train from Omaha to Sacramento One Hundred Years Ago

From the diary of Giles Barton Lumbard

Giles Barton Lumbard was twenty-six years old in 1875 when he and three friends—known to us today only as Hen, John, and Brosshart—boarded a train in Iowa, bound on a vacation to California. Only six years earlier the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads had joined at Promontory Summit, Utah, opening the overland route from Omaha to Sacramento. For Giles this trip of over two thousand miles from his home in Iowa City was the adventure of a lifetime, and he faithfully kept a journal of each day's happenings. Recently his diary was brought to our attention by his family; the following account of the journey west, edited from the diary, tells us something of the experiences the overland traveler could routinely expect to encounter just one hundred years ago.

Omaha, Nebraska
April 30, 1875

WELL, AT LAST our journey has fairly begun. Leaving Iowa City at ten o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Omaha at ten this morning. We were met in Council Bluffs by John and Hen, and together we crossed by the transfer train to Omaha. We have our trunks checked through to San Francisco, our party made up, and our tickets bought, and in less than an hour we will have started on our run of over two thousand miles. We expect to be about eight days on the road from here.

Plum Creek, Nebraska
May 1

It is 7:00 A.M., and we are 240 miles west of Omaha. Our train consists of two baggage cars and twelve passenger cars, three of them filled with soldiers for the Black Hills. So far we have run on express time. This morning we passed two trains of empty passenger cars, each with twenty cars. We are now in the plains. As far as the eye can reach to the south, the plains stretch out as level as a floor. To the north, it is perfectly level for about ten miles, and then the country grows bluffy. The plains are scattered over with buffalo bones, but there are no buffalo around here any more. There are no fences, the country being all open. Every little ways we pass a farm, or ranch, as it is called. Most of the houses are built of sod—and some pretty decent houses, too. Plum Creek Station has about twenty or thirty houses, and only one of them, the church, has any fence around it.

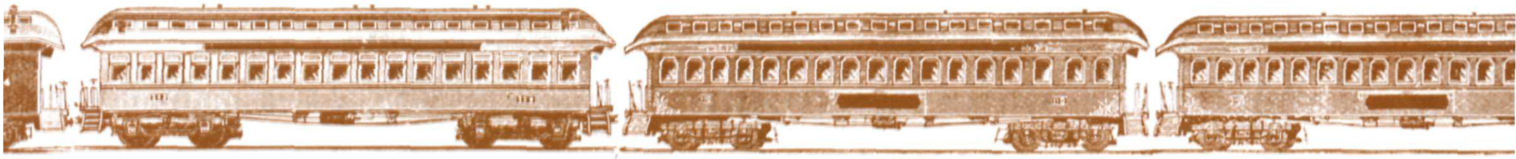
We are all feeling first rate, and all able to eat a good, hearty breakfast. We have a good, lively crowd in our car, and last evening we were right melodious, "or hideous," with such popular melodies as "Bingo," "John Brown's Body," and "Mary Had a Little Lamb." I think John Brown's body would have risen out of his grave to hear such music, and Mary's little lamb would have been scart to death. The bell rings. All aboard, and we are off.

North Platte, Nebraska
May 1

11:45 A.M. Just arrived here, and this being the end of a division, we stop here for dinner. Our road during all the forenoon has been across level plains. For some time, we have been running along the Platte River, and a strange stream it is. Here it is near a quarter of a mile wide but only a few inches deep. It seems to have no tributaries, as we have not crossed a stream today until just as we entered this town, when we crossed the north branch of the Platte. Starting again.

Laramie City, Wyoming
May 2

6:40 A.M., Sunday morning. After leaving North Platte, the country grows more hilly as we approach the foothills of the Rockies. We saw plenty of prairie dogs yesterday, going



by several of their cities. No sooner would we come in sight of them than revolvers would begin to crack from one end of the train to the other. We saw some wolves in the bluffs last evening, and we saw two or three herds of antelope; they are much smaller than I supposed. We also passed one ranch yesterday on which were twelve thousand cattle pasturing. I saw more cattle yesterday than I have ever seen all together before.

At Cheyenne, we left the three cars of soldiers, and now we have eleven cars. We had on two monster big engines all night while climbing up the mountains. I slept from eight o'clock last night until four this morning, without waking once. At six o'clock we passed Sherman, the highest point in the road, and the highest point ever reached by a railroad, being over eight thousand feet above sea level. The summit of the mountains is a desolate, dreary place. As far as the eye can see, there is nothing but huge rocks and boulders piled in confusion. No vegetation, except a few dwarfed and stunted evergreens. There has been snow in the gulches along the track all morning. This morning we passed the Red Sandstone Buttes. They are curiously shaped rocks, standing out in a level plain. They are of a deep red color, and stand high above the surrounding plain. The winds and storms have worn them into fantastic shapes. We also crossed the Dale Creek bridge. It is about 125 feet high and 600 feet long.

It is quite cold up here. I expect we will have to stay at Laramie City most of the day, as there is a train off the track ahead of us. They have just sent out a wrecking train to get it back on. We are now 573 miles from Omaha and 1,341 from San Francisco, and 7,123 feet above sea level. Off to the south we see mountain peaks, white with snow and most of the time wrapped in clouds. And when the sun strikes their snow-crowned caps, they glisten like silver.

Fort Fred Steele, Wyoming
May 3

11:30 P.M. We left Laramie at 4:00 P.M. yesterday and after running only twenty-seven miles we stopped again and lay until morning, waiting for them to clear a wrecked train from the track. We have passed some fine mountain scenery today and have seen lots of antelope and prairie dogs. And we have traveled over mile after mile of alkali plains. Nothing growing but sagebrush. In some places, the alkali is so thick that the ground is perfectly white, and you can scrape it up perfectly fine. It looks and tastes the same as soda, and can be used for the same purpose.

All day long we have been in sight of Elk Mountain. It looked not to be over twenty miles away, but in this clear atmosphere distances are deceitful, and it was the middle of the afternoon before we reached it, leaving it off to our left. We have run in all directions today—north, south, east, and west. The road is very crooked and has very steep grades. Sometimes we have run so slow that we could get off and on the train, and once we got stuck so that we had to put two engines on. We are now 696 miles from Omaha, just about one third through.

Rawling's Springs, Wyoming
May 3

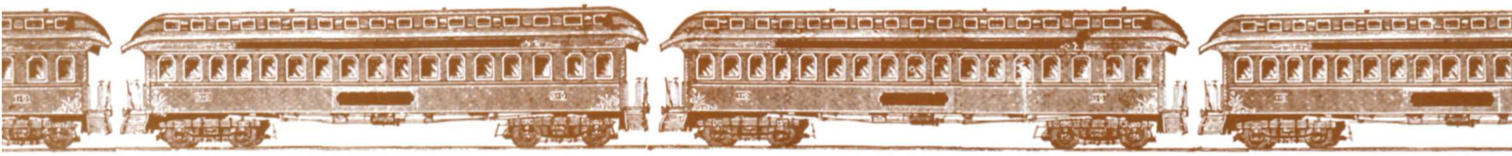
5:10 P.M. This being the end of a division, we change engines and conductors here. We have lively times in our cars, singing and carrying on. There are four ladies and one little girl, the rest all men, "no small boys admitted." Our lively time is from supper time until bed time. And it is fun to see them try to get quieted down at night. All will be perfectly still but for the rumbling of the train, when all at once someone will call out something to another one, and that will set all of us to going. "Hush up," "Give us a rest," and such expressions run from one end of the car to the other, and then we all get to laughing and we can never get settled for good before eleven o'clock.

We are now running through some of the worst forsaken country that could be imagined. It will be a million years before it is ever settled up. Nothing in the world will grow here but sagebrush. We have not seen a dozen trees today. We passed some coal mines, and ran through our first tunnel today. I expect we will run through Echo and Weber canyons before morning.

Green River City, Wyoming
May 4

9:30 A.M. We have just come over a section of the road where a washout has caused much trouble. The scenery is growing wilder all the time. At Rock Creek Station, on the other side of the washout, we stopped for about twenty minutes, and some of the passengers ventured a little too far from the track and got left. But the track is not solid, and we had to run very slowly to the next station and stopped for some time there, and they overtook us, having run nearly five miles. We gave them some good cheers when they came up. I guess they will stick close to the train from now on.

Right back of the depot, where we are, is a high bluff, and



right on top of it stands a rock, about twenty feet square and forty feet high. We expect to get into Ogden sometime tonight. We are about halfway through from Omaha now. For sixty miles back from here, the road runs down the Bitter Creek and Green River Canyon, a valley from twenty rods to a mile wide. The sides are of high rocky bluffs. We saw a herd of over two hundred antelope about an hour ago. Saw lots of Chinamen at work on the railroad today.

Promontory, Utah
May 5

11:00 A.M. We passed through Ogden about daylight this morning, stopping there only a few minutes. Having passed through Echo and Weber canyons in the night, we missed seeing them. Although I was out on the platform part of the time in Echo, it was so dark I could not see much but rocky walls rising perpendicularly from the sides of the track, their tops lost in the darkness above.

Last night we were way up in the mountains, and snow lay along our track, but this morning we are in the Great Salt Lake Valley, the home of Mormonism. Everything looks beautiful and springlike here. There are large peach orchards, all in full bloom, and they look beautiful. At Corinne, we stopped about half an hour, waiting for a train to pass us. We went down to the shore of the lake and gathered salt. The ground around the shore is low and marshy and as white as snow with salt. You can scrape up handfuls of it, as we did. They say that if the surface is scraped perfectly clean, inside of twenty-four hours it will be covered again. After leaving Corinne, we ran along the base of the mountains for about five miles and then began winding up their sides over the crookedest road you ever saw or heard of. After having run over fifty miles, we can still see our track where we were in the morning. And we can see the valley and lake for forty miles, spaced out like a map far below us.

Elko, Nevada
May 6

6:00 A.M. We have just arrived at Elko. Soon after leaving Promontory, we entered the Great American Desert. It is a desolate waste. The desert is about ninety miles long and sixty miles wide. We cross it the narrow way, and at the extreme upper end. It is a level plain of sand and alkali. In some places, it is as white as snow for miles and miles. Then miles of sand and stunted sagebrush.

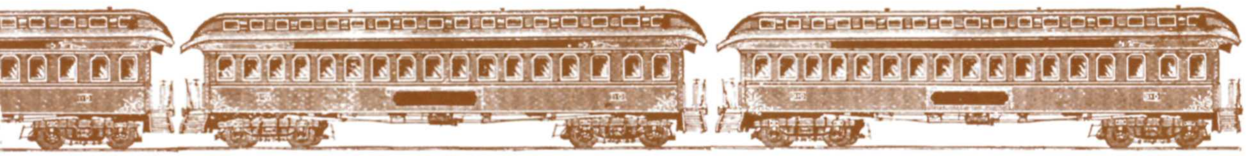
Yesterday was the warmest day yet, seventy degrees in the shade down in the valley. This is the largest and nicest place we have seen since leaving Omaha. We are in the Humboldt Valley, in the mountain range of the same name, and are now 1,307 miles from Omaha and 607 from San Francisco. It has been raining this morning, but is clearing up now. The bell rings, and we are off again.

Wadsworth, Nevada
May 7

7:00 A.M. We stop here for half an hour. Between Elko and here we have passed through some fine scenery. The Humboldt, or Twelve-Mile, Canyon possesses the wildest and roughest scenery we have yet seen. For the whole distance we have run down through a narrow pass, or gorge, just wide enough for the river and track, the sides rising nearly perpendicular from three hundred to six hundred feet above us. Through this gorge, the road is so crooked that for half of the time, from the middle of the train, we could see neither end. I rode through this pass out on top of the cars so as to get a good view.

We came out from this gorge onto a level plain or valley, some fifty or sixty miles across. Right out in the middle of this plain, when they were building the railroad, over thirty miles from any station, the graders found a grave right in the track of their grading. There was no name on the headboard; it simply said that years ago an emigrant train crossing to California had buried here one of their number, a young lady. And here thousands of miles from home, and at that time hundreds of miles from any house, they left her. The graders took up the body, and digging a grave, buried her again in a little knoll about ten rods from the track. And the railroad company has placed a large white cross on the grave bearing only the words "Maiden's Grave." The name is in large letters and can be plainly read from the passing trains.

This morning we were just entering the Nevada desert, a barren, sandy tract, all scattered with black, red, and brown lava. At one place we passed the hot springs and could see the steam rising from them. The nights are still very cold. We are slowly going higher up the mountains and sometime tonight will reach Summit, the highest point on the road over the Sierra Nevada mountains. And from there we will soon run down to Sacramento, where we will begin to see warm weather, I expect. There are plenty of Indians at the stations, all along here, and they are a dirty, ragged set. They come around the train, begging at nearly every station we stop at.



Truckee, Nevada
May 7

7:00 P.M. Snowing like the dickens; how is that for the middle of May! Our trip up the mountains today has been through grand scenery. After leaving Reno, the road runs side by side with the Truckee River, up a narrow gorge, or canyon, the mountains rising on either side from 1,000 to 2,500 feet and covered with fine trees. Along the sides of these mountains are carried streams of water in sluices, used to float logs and wood down from the mills higher up in the mountains. Some of these sluices are four or five miles long.

Once, as we were coming up a grade of about sixty feet to the mile, by a sudden jerk a link connecting two of the cars broke, letting half of our train loose, our car among the rest. We started back down grade, but fortunately stopped before we had gotten up much speed, or no telling what would have become of us. It is a grand old ride up the Truckee gorge. Tomorrow morning I expect we will be in California and should nothing happen, tomorrow we will be in San Francisco.

San Francisco, California
Sunday, May 9, 1875

At last we are at the jumping-off place. As far west as we can go. Friday night, as we left Truckee, it began to storm, and all the first part of the night it snowed and blew fearfully. It was a dreary-looking scene to look out from our warm car into the dark, gloomy pine woods, the wind whistling through the trees and deep snow drifts along the track. We passed mile after mile through great snow sheds, making it nearly dark in the car, even in the daytime. We were still rushing on through storm and wind when I went to sleep.

Three or four times, before we reached the summit, our train broke apart. All at once, we would stop and could hear the brakeman calling forward that we had lost part of our train. Then we would begin to slowly back up until we found the cars, hitch them on, and go ahead, only to repeat it again. It broke back of number 62 (our car) every time.

During the night we passed Cape Horn. I was up to see it, but the night was so dark I could see nothing but a deep black gulf at the side of the car, seemingly with no bottom—and the bottom is 2,500 feet below us. I tried to imagine how it would be if a broken rail should throw our whole train down that steep gorge. I am thinking there would have been few left to describe the scene. But morning found us in a new world. From winter to midsummer, in one short night! At night I went to sleep in the summit of the Sierra and in the morning awoke in the beautiful valley of the Sacramento. And here we were in summer, sure enough. The farmers were cutting their barley and hay. The gardens and yards were bright with flowers and plenty of strawberries and cherries. During the night we had come down over seven thousand feet inside of one hundred miles. We arrived at Sacramento at nine o'clock in the morning.

We left our train and took the boat down the river for San Francisco. And it was a delightful trip. Beautiful farms and orchards were along the banks, and this, with a bright sunshiny day, made it truly enjoyable. All day long we steamed down the river, and then down through Suisun Bay into San Francisco Bay, and as night began to settle down, we could see in the distance the hills of the city. A little after ten o'clock last night, the plank was run out and we stepped ashore in that strangest of American cities, San Francisco. Right at the wharf, we took the street cars up town and landed within a square of the Russ House, where we are now stopping. The first thing in the morning was a good walk, down by the wharves. And here are gathered ships and steamers from every nation in the world, and the streets are thronged with foreigners from all lands. Chinamen with their long braids of hair hanging down their backs, or coiled around their necks, pass you at every step, and they have one peculiarity, they all look alike.

All the forenoon, Hen and I wandered through the streets. Everything is so strange and so different from what it is in eastern cities. And I can scarcely imagine that I am 2,300 miles from home! You cannot imagine the distance from hearing of it! But travel for day after day, across barren plains and deserts, over mountains and through deep, rocky canyons, and you begin to think that home is a good ways off.

After tarrying for several days in San Francisco, Giles and his companions traveled by ocean steamer to Santa Barbara. Purchasing a team and buckboard, they devoted the next six weeks to a leisurely journey back up the interior of the state, climaxing their explorations with a grand tour of Yosemite Valley. The travelers returned home as they had left, by train. In 1898, Giles Lumbard journeyed west again, this time permanently, settling with his large family in San Jose, California, where he died in 1935.

Leroy *and* **Barbara Lumbard**, *who brought Giles Barton Lumbard's diary to our attention, live in Los Altos Hills, California.*

"I'll Sing You a Little Song"

by Catherine Williams

WHEN THE REVEREND JOAB POWELL arrived in Oregon's Willamette Valley in 1852, he was immediately pegged as an oddity. This Tennessee-born itinerant seemed the least likely of any known preacher to attract and sway a crowd. Physically he appeared to be a homely, coarse giant. Squarely built on a huge frame, he weighed nearly three hundred pounds and stood just under six feet tall. One observer wrote: "He peered from a large, shaggy head of hair that sat on his shoulders as if independent of a neck." His uncultured and sometimes downright racy humor were hidden under a dour Welsh countenance.

His clothes, made by his wife, Ann, were not unusual. Almost everyone then wore homespun. The trousers opened at the sides and the coat was long, buttoning to the chin. But who else had trousers measuring four feet across the seat? And was there ever a preacher who would appear with holes in those trousers, and food and tobacco stains up and down the coat front, and mud caking his boots?

Aside from that, the man was illiterate. People didn't yet know that he had memorized large portions of the Bible and that he knew his song book from cover to cover without ever having to look.

But the little colony of Baptists he had brought with him from his church in Missouri knew the power of this graying fifty-four-year-old preacher. "Go listen to Uncle Joab sing!" they'd say. "And hear him exhort. You've never heard the likes!"

Joab was his own press agent. The very fall after his arrival, after measuring off his donation land claim near the forks of the Santiam River, he left the farm work to his large family, packed his saddle bags, and "in majesty astride his wiry and not too dependable cayuse" rode through rain, mud, and streams to "preach to poor sinners," which was his avowed life's work. He walked his horse up and down the main street of any community he happened on, bellowing, "Preachin' tonight at th' school house—preachin' tonight!"

But Joab didn't neglect his own community in Linn County. By April 1853, he had helped build and establish an active missionary church, Providence Baptist, in a log structure lit by candles anchored along the rough walls.

At first people gathered out of curiosity, sitting on backless benches and craning their necks as he entered the front door, tramped up to the low platform, and wedged his massive frame into a chair. Half-closing his eyes and tugging his unkempt hair down on his forehead with a huge paw, he would say, "Well, breetherin; I'll sing you a little song!"

It was true, what the Baptists said. They'd never heard the likes. The singing was a marvel of loudness. Joab's voice matched his stature. Men later claimed to have tested and found it could be heard a mile away. Some said two miles. Joab's voice was clear and bell-like but not melodious, and it sometimes strayed from the tune. But it made no difference to his listeners. His magnetic power often moved them to join right in, but he never seemed to notice whether he was singing alone or accompanied. Sometimes he sat and sang for an hour. A favorite song of his, "The Golden Harp," had gained him a nickname, "The Harp of a Thousand Strings":

He played on a harp with a thousand strings,
Though all his tunes were one.

Always the time of singing closed with one certain song:

The judgement day, the judgement day is rolling on;
PREPARE, OH PREPARE!

The last three words shook the rafters and roared out the windows and over the hills.

Joab invariably opened his sermon with the same words: "I am Alphy and O-me-GAY. I am the beginnin' and the end." He might talk of General Pater and General Paul, commanders in the mighty army of the Lord. Or he might take his "tex" from the "one-eyed chapter of the two-eyed John" (a favorite quote around the Oregon countryside even today). His preaching was powerful, vivid, and laced with wit and original parables. Heaven was a place of golden streets and pearly gates and harps and clouds of glory. Hell blazed cruelly with fire and brimstone and bristled with devil's pitchforks. The messages were delivered in the Baptist sing-song way larded with "ahs" until Joab finally forgot about that and started speaking right from the heart. It is true that he mutilated the English language—but so did some of his listeners. His talk might go something like this: "It ain't too hard to make a sinner see th' errer of his ways—ah—but th' work ain't never done—ah—the foot slips now and agin, and I aim t'try t'keep the foot on the right path—ah—the hardest job of all—ah—"

But Joab had a magnetism and a sympathetic understanding of human beings which drew them to him in spite of his peculiarities. Some people attended his gatherings just to be entertained; they often stayed to laugh or weep with him

Continued on page 57

Ungainly in body and unkempt in clothing, the Reverend Joab Powell had an appearance that belied his strong convictions, powerful personal magnetism, and sympathetic understanding of people.

DOUGLAS COUNTY MUSEUM, ROSEBURG, OREGON

Spurs Were a-Jinglin'

The Wyoming Range Country Photographs of Charles J. Belden

by Don Hedgpeth

THE PHOTOGRAPHER: The pictures on the next several pages represent only a small portion of the remarkable photographic legacy of the Wyoming range left by Charles J. Belden. He was born in San Francisco, California, on November 26, 1887; graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1910; and operated the Pitchfork Ranch in the Big Horn Basin country west of Meeteetse, Wyoming, from 1914 until the early 1940s.

The Pitchfork, where Belden took these photographs, was founded by Count Otto Franc von Liechtenstein, a German nobleman who emigrated to Wyoming in 1879. In 1903 ownership of the ranch passed to Louis G. Phelps, a Montana banker and cattleman; later his son and son-in-law, Eugene Phelps and Charles J. Belden, took over. The Pitchfork is still a working ranch today, although the land has been portioned off among several of the Phelpses' heirs.

With his camera, and with the eye of a knowledgeable cowman, Belden was able to capture images of the rawhide kind of cowboy life before it had undergone the drastic changes of the modern age. The men in Belden's pictures were the kind who could talk with a cow in her own language, and they were ill at ease on foot. Belden was sympathetic to their way of life. His compassion and understanding for his subject made him something more than just a fine photographer—Charles Belden was an artist. Using a camera instead of paint and brush, he did for his time what Charlie Russell had done for the cow country a generation before. Belden's work is in the tradition of the great Texas range photographer Erwin E. Smith.

The pictures in the selection constitute something more than a candid, on-the-scene, record of Pitchfork ranch life during the 1920s and 1930s. They show an artist's attention to composition, perspective, and light values, as well as that most necessary ingredient in all fine art, a sense of the spirit of the subject matter.

Charles Belden died in Florida on February 1, 1966. Today a collection of more than two thousand of his negatives is an important part of the archives collection at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. Here, the photographic legacy of Belden has a good home, "just down the road a piece" from the Pitchfork range.

THE COWBOYS: Being a range cowboy anywhere was a tough line of work to follow, but in Wyoming's cow country the winter weather added extra harshness. Riding ranch boundaries for drifting cattle in a deep snow and bitter cold called for rugged men.

There seemed always to be men to take on the job; men who never failed to laugh at every hardship and danger. A young Texas cowpuncher—an ancestral brother to the men on these pages—wintered on Box Elder Creek north of Cheyenne in the 1880s. He remembered the experience: "I did not know until then that I was so tough. I was from Texas but could wallow in snow at 30 degrees below zero."

There was a large measure of independence to life on the Wyoming range. Self-reliance and vitality were essential qualities in a top hand. The men took pride in their kind of life and in the cow work they did. Loyalty to the brand they rode for was a strong bond between the men of a particular outfit. As one cowman put it: "They live on little and are as loyal in their promises and their sympathies as they are ardent in their vengeance."

After years of cowboying for scant wages, they had nothing but the experience to show for it all, and they generally had paid a high price for that. The harshness of their life was reflected in their creased, tanned faces; and in the bow of their legs, and the stoop of their shoulders. It was a life of early mornings, long days, and short nights, and all hard work when there was work to be done. But there was a dignity in doing it on horseback. Half-broke horses and snorty mama cows kept it from being boring. They used to like to boast they could go anywhere a cow would and stand anything a horse could.

The Wyoming cowboy had a taste of genuine life, and while it lasted, he savored every bit of it. His motto was: "Take her as she comes and like it."

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This article is adapted from material in Spurs Were a-Jinglin' *by Don Hedgpeth with photographs by Charles J. Belden, being published this month by the Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona.*
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A range man always dressed from the top down. This early-rising cowpuncher's spurs are already strapped on; he had no reason to take them off the night before since he wasn't going anywhere but to bed.

There was still a chill in the air when the day's work began at roundup camp. On the Wyoming range a good outfit like this one boasted of a cook tent complete with wood stove, in addition to the usual chuck wagon. At spring roundup (below), bawling calves learned about cowboys during their turn at the branding fire.

In summer, Wyoming's high country provided good grass and water for the cattle. Here two cowboys, leading pack horses with supplies, pause to look over their charges as they head for the remote line shack where they will make their home until time for the fall roundup.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ARCHIVES COLLECTION, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WYOMING

Riding among the cattle at spring roundup time, this top hand loops his rope around a calf's heels instead of its head so that it won't choke while being dragged to the branding fire.

The isolation of ranch life was the toughest thing to which a youngster had to adjust. Letters from home or sweetheart put his desire for cowboying to a hard test. For a grizzled old veteran like the one on the opposite page—too stove-up to work horseback—the memories were probably of his days as a top hand. But that was a long time ago.

It has always been the nature of horses bred and raised in range country to hump up and buck from time to time. Here, at an early day ranch rodeo, the broncs were saddled and ridden out in the open, with the spectators forming the arena. One didn't have to look far to find snaky horses for this kind of action.

In the fall the beef steers were rounded up for shipment to the eastern markets. In the picture above, the cattle convey themselves across the Shoshone River on the way to the railroad pens at Cody (below).

For some hands, the conclusion of fall roundup meant a final paycheck and the end of cowboying for a few months; for others it was the beginning of a long, cold winter working out of some lonely line cabin.

Sagebrush Princess with a Cause: *Sarah Winnemucca*

by Elinor Richey

LUCKILY for the first white trappers who ventured into the Great Nevada Basin in the mid-1800s, the Paiute Indians there had preserved a myth their chief deemed most important. The world had started, the story said, in a beautiful forest where dwelled contentedly two boys and two girls—one pair dark skinned and one white. One day they quarreled bitterly, and the angry dark couple strode off in one direction, the angry white couple in the other. The white couple vanished, but one day, promised the myth, they would return.

Truckee, the Paiute chief, said the pale, hairy men who had just been sighted in his territory were the tribe's "long-lost white brothers." Joyfully he sought to welcome them, but the cautious trappers fled in haste. Not long afterward, however, another pair of trappers let Truckee approach their campfire. There were smiles and handshakes all around, and the strangers presented Truckee with a tin plate, which so delighted him that thereafter he wore it upon his head. Later, his joy overflowed when John Frémont engaged him as a guide. After he returned home the old chief frequently donned part of an army uniform and feelingly sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

Princess Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of Chief Winnemucca, and herself a chief in later life, was old Truckee's granddaughter. She well remembered her little grandfather's quavering rendition of the Yankee anthem; and his admiration for white people was the most formative influence in her life. Young Sarah walked with a shining faith in the white world. To her good fortune she did not meet personal rebuff there, for she was strikingly prepossessing with her old-gold skin, oval symmetrical face, luminous eyes, and graceful, lively manner. She attended a white school, gave herself a white name, adopted white clothes and customs, and in time took two white husbands.

But in her heart Sarah remained a Paiute. Though she but slowly relinquished her belief that white men meant to do right by Indians, relinquish it she finally did in the face of mounting injustices toward her people. And she trained on those injustices a well of indignation, a keen intelligence, surpassing courage, and, when it served her, a scorching temper. Sarah carried her protests to the highest authorities she could locate—army officers, politicians, the secretary of the interior, the President of the United States, and finally, Congress. When public officials failed to act, she courted public opinion, declaiming eloquently from lecture platforms, dressed in stunning Paiute costumes. And when the opportunity came, she did not hesitate to turn authoress. Her candid book, *Life Among the Paiutes: Their Wrongs and Claims,* tossed up a storm in the nation's capital. Sarah made an imprint both upon her times and upon history, leaving to her tribe a tradition of peaceable contention that serves them to this day.

Sarah's birth date is not known for certain. She herself estimated it to have been in 1844, the year Frémont encountered the tribe. But that guess was made in middle age, and vanity may have entered into her calculation. Probably she was born a year or so before that. She was christened Somittone, the Paiute word for shell flower. More appropriately, her name might have been drawn from that other source of names for Paiute girl babies, colorful rocks. There was a touch of flint about Sarah.

She was but a toddler and her sister still in her cradle board when Chief Truckee returned from his travels with Frémont. The old chief was brimming over with talk about how wonderful white people were—how clever, how well-equipped. And how much they knew! Little Sarah was one of his most attentive listeners. She was thrilled by his plan to move the Paiutes to California so they might live near their white brothers. Some Paiutes, however, were not so sure, among them Sarah's father, Chief Truckee's son-in-law. During the chief's absence they had had some glimpses of whites that were far from reassuring. From heights and thickets, they had covertly watched the passage of emigrant trains, and while they admired the "houses that moved," they were apprehensive of the "big sticks" the white men carried. Neighboring tribes said those sticks could make thunder and lightning and could kill an Indian. Even more frightening were the rumors that one group of white people had been trapped in deep snow in the mountains, and after running out of food, they had eaten one another. Paiute mothers coaxed exemplary behavior from their offspring by threatening to feed them to the white people.

Sarah was relieved to hear her grandfather pooh-pooh the dreadful story. The Paiutes and their white brothers would be friends, he promised; moreover, hunting was better on the other side of the Sierra. No Paiute could lightly spurn that. The tribe was then encamped at grassy Humboldt Sink, where the Humboldt River mysteriously sank into the ground—a place the Paiutes returned to periodically. But they usually kept on the move, combing the basin's alkaline wastes for edibles. Fowl and game were rarities, large game almost nonexistent; fish was available only during the spawning season. Their usual menu was pine nut mush, pieced out with roots and seeds, even insects. Mush was boiled up in a crudely-woven pot by dumping hot stones into it. All the roving and sifting for seeds left the Paiutes no time for the cultural pursuits some tribes went in for; they had no pretty pots or colorful baskets or elaborate dances. So preoccupied were Paiutes with their stomachs that they even eschewed warfare. In the hierarchy of tribes, the Paiutes were relegated to the role of poor relations—except by the impoverished Washoes, who were a notch below them.

Sarah listened anxiously to the arguments for and against moving. Some Paiutes felt they had nothing to lose by giving California a try, while others were reluctant to live near white people and their dangerous sticks. But the old chief percolated optimism until thirty families agreed to accompany him. He insisted on taking his daughter, Sarah's mother, and her four children, even though Sarah's father refused to go. Upon departing, Truckee appointed Winnemucca chief of the tribal majority who remained in Nevada.

Sarah found the journey to California in the spring of 1847 almost too thrilling to endure. She had her first look at white people, who frightened her initially. With their pale eyes and beards they reminded her of owls, and she associated them with the scary hoots she heard at night. Just the same they fascinated her, and she peeped out at them from behind her mother in breathless wonder. The Paiutes' progress was assisted by a letter of introduction by Frémont, which, when handed to white people encountered along the trail, had a magical effect. Scowls promptly changed to smiles, and suspicion to generosity. Sarah ate her first slice of bread, melted sugar on her tongue, and sipped carefully from a white cup.

Chief Truckee led his awed procession past the new American settlements at Sacramento and Stockton to a large cattle ranch on the San Joaquin River. There the Paiutes were accorded a plot to establish a camp. Paiute men were given jobs herding cattle in the foothills, while some of the women found domestic work around the ranch.

CHUBBY, PRETTY SARAH cautiously explored the fringes of the mysterious white world, attracting smiles and indulgence. A white woman, who had recently lost a daughter of Sarah's age, visited the Indian camp and gave her child's clothing to Sarah's mother. Sarah thought them magnificent, but as soon as the donor was out of sight her mother made a bonfire of them. Every Paiute knew possessions of the dead must either be buried with them, or else burned. That was disappointing. But Sarah was appeased by the treat that followed—a peek inside the rancher's big stone house. Especially enchanting was the staircase leading to the upper floor and the glistening dining table with chairs upholstered in red. She thought the chairs "the most beautiful things I had ever seen," and she couldn't resist hoisting her small rump onto one of them, against her mother's express instructions. What pleasure! She now understood her grandfather's admiration for white people: there was no end to their marvels.

The Paiute men were generally more content in California than the women. Their small wages seemed bountiful, and their fears of rifles subsided. But the women lived in a constant state of apprehension. They worried that their men might be ambushed in the hills, and that white men might steal their eldest daughters. They complained and sobbed and wouldn't resign themselves. So when spring came, and snow had melted in the Sierra passes, Chief Truckee led his people back home to Nevada.

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NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Sagebrush country leaders: Sarah Winnemucca of the Paiute tribe, her father, Chief Winnemucca, her brother Natchez, and a man who may be Captain Jim of the neighboring Washoes.

They returned to find the Paiutes greatly agitated. Recently a strange sickness had spread through the tribe, and some had died. Historians have identified it as cholera, transmitted by flies from a wagon train, but the nervous Paiutes believed whites had poisoned the river. The old chief called for calm and reason. Why would the whites spoil their own water supply? Something else had brought the evil. But he did wonder why the whites had set fire to the tribe's food pits, which held their store of nuts and dried berries. Why would they do that to their peaceable brothers? The truth was that by the time the emigrants reached Paiute territory, they were slightly crazed by weariness and unable to differentiate between fractious and peaceable Indians. They squinted suspiciously at every brush and tree, their fingers close to their gun triggers.

That summer, traffic on the emigrant trail multiplied astonishingly. Fond as she was of white people, Sarah found the noisy, dust-raising throng terrifying. Of course, the California gold rush had gotten under way, and the wagon trains were swelled by throngs of swaggering adventurers bound for the diggings on the Sierra's western slopes. The gold-fevered men were too impatient to take potshots at them. Chief Truckee prudently withdrew his people into the mountains.

Meanwhile, another white invasion was taking place. Mormon farmers were spilling over from Utah, claiming tillable farmland, and more often than not what they fenced in was a favorite Paiute seed and root gathering area. But being highly vulnerable, the Mormons took pains to be friendly with the Indians, and the Paiutes, feeling uncertain and insecure, responded gratefully. Some Paiute men found work on Mormon farms and at so-called Mormon Station (later Genoa), a Mormon trading post which catered to overland travelers.

Old Truckee still felt brotherly, and he could think of nothing better for his granddaughters than an opportunity to learn white ways. The chief became friendly with Maj. William Ormsby, a tall, amiable Virginian who managed a stage line at Mormon Station. Before long, Sarah and her sister Elma were thrilled to find themselves part of the Ormsby household, playing with the Ormsby children. The little Indian girls, used to a tent made of grass and limbs and to wearing dresses woven of leaves, were delighted to live in a warm frame house, wear long dresses of printed calico, and learn to speak and write and sing in English. They discarded their Indian given names and chose English ones. The chief's granddaughters were affectionately accepted as part of the bustling settlement. Years later, Sarah could remember the names of the settlement's twenty-eight householders; and recalled that the Mormon men each had three or four wives, while most of the non-Mormons had none at all.

But in later years, if in a dark mood, Sarah might brood upon another memory of her Mormon years. The settlement had been outraged when a white storekeeper and his companion were found dead on a mountain trail, their bodies pierced with arrows of the sort Washoes used. The Mormons had their Paiute workers deliver an ultimatum to the Washoes to surrender the killers or risk war. At length the woebegone Washoes delivered three young men, but the youths vehemently pleaded innocent, insisting they had been sent only because the tribe feared being demolished. Sarah overheard the Washoes' pitiful plea, believed them, and told Mrs. Ormsby the men were telling the truth. Mrs. Ormsby rebuked her sharply. In desperation the Young Washoes broke from their captives and were shot down in flight. Not long after, two white men confessed to the slaying and to setting arrows in the wounds to shift the blame. Sarah and Elma were visiting their parents when the mistake was learned. They did not return to the settlement.

Precocious Sarah was the apple of her grandfather's eye during his dotage. Chief Truckee never tired of listening to her chatter in English and sing Mormon songs. But soon he fell ill—some said of a lung ailment, others said of a tarantula bite—and the signal fires were lit on the mountaintops, summoning all Paiutes to come and pay their last respects. As the old chief lay dying with all his family grouped sorrowfully around him, he sent to the settlement for a Mormon friend named Snyder. Sarah and Elma listened intently as their grandfather told Snyder that his California rancher friend had promised to arrange for his granddaughters' education. He asked Snyder to take them to California. After that, he appointed Sarah's father main chief of the Paiutes, counseling him, "Do your duty as I have done—to your people and to your white brothers." Then his eyes closed, and they thought he was dead, but he opened them again and asked to be buried with Frémont's letter of safe passage laid upon his breast, and to the regret of future historians that is exactly what was done with the intriguing document.

This time it was no owl-fearing child who crossed the Sierra, but a composed young girl on her way to boarding school. At the sleepy country town of San Jose, south of San Francisco, the girls were left in the care of nuns at St. Mary's Sister of Charity School. The black-habited nuns conducted their convent school in a dilapidated, thick-walled adobe structure, which was part of Mission San Jose. The mission had been built in 1797 by Indian labor, and at one time eighteen hundred Christianized Indians had lived and worked there under the padres. But in 1860, the two little Paiutes were the only Indians among the convent students, most of them children from well-to-do white families.

Sarah and Elma were enrolled and began their classes. That much is known, but the length of their stay and the level of their education remain obscure. In her book, Sarah claimed that they were turned out after only three weeks because "wealthy parents" objected to their children going to school with Indians. But earlier she had told a Nevada newspaper reporter that she had remained in the convent school three years, while on another occasion she regaled an interviewer with details of attending a "select school at San Jose," where she had especially enjoyed her instruction in fine needlework. The three-year version was probably the true one. Sarah sometimes exaggerated when it suited her. Certainly, her formal education was not extensive. While she spoke correct English, she pronounced somewhat hesitantly, and her spelling was often atrocious.

WHEN SARAH returned home in the early or middle 1860s, she found her tribe in trouble. Now it was a silver rush that buffeted them. Forces generated by an ore bonanza flowing from a hill near Virginia City had shunted Paiutes onto a reservation, or relegated them to grim camps on the fringe of the ore fields. They were poverty-stricken, angry, and so unruly Chief Winnemucca could no longer control them. Sarah was shocked. What had come over her people?

There had been a most humiliating collapse of their independence and status. As more and more of their food-gathering places were overrun by whites, they were reduced to begging menial jobs or handouts at the settlements. Many Paiute women worked as domestics, and male employers often seduced them into concubinage. Paiute men had meekly suffered the loss of land and edibles, but they did not peacefully surrender their women. They paid back with raids on white men's provisions and cattle. White men took down their guns. Indian-white clashes finally culminated in a battle near Pyramid Lake in which both sides lost scores of men, including popular Major Ormsby. The upshot was that the Paiutes were herded onto a hastily-created reservation at Pyramid Lake. But as their corral lacked a means of livelihood, and since they were not actually fenced in, the Paiutes began trickling back to the settlements.

Sarah was then about twenty and as eager as any present-day student to apply wisdom learned in school. She joined her father, Chief Winnemucca, where he was camped near Virginia City, worriedly trying to keep the Paiutes out of trouble. The stocky chief wore a four-inch bone through his nose that made him look ferocious, but actually he was mild and peaceable. He was also inept: his nephew Numaga, not he, had commanded the Paiutes during the scrimmage at Pyramid Lake. The sad truth, apparent even to his loving daughter, was that the Paiutes in their time of greatest crisis had a chief lacking in both brilliance and leadership.

Sarah confidently stepped into the vacuum. Unlike her sister Elma, who scorned Indian ways and had remained in California to live with a white family, Sarah, for all her fascination with whites, was a prideful Paiute. She wasn't above sharing a bowl of pine nut mush with the humblest Paiute family, and she enjoyed squatting on the ground for a session of Paiute gambling, a noisy game played with sticks. Nonetheless, in her earnest view the Paiutes were now in the wrong: they were behaving disgracefully with their stealing and raiding. She set about persuading them to act decently. The Paiutes listened respectfully to Sarah, but they argued that the whites had acted worse than they. Sarah wasn't persuaded. They must learn to work for a living like white people did, she urgently counseled; then everything would turn out all right. To set an example, she applied herself to the needlework skills the nuns had taught her and peddled her handiwork door to door in the white settlements.

While exhorting the Paiutes to behave themselves, Sarah appealed also to the whites. Silver had swiftly elevated Nevada to statehood with a new capital at Carson City. Sarah, accompanied by her father and her brother Natchez, traveled to Carson City to ask the governor to help smooth relations between whites and Indians, and to eject the white squatters who had carved off portions of the reservation almost as soon as it was created. Sarah, dressed in her convent best, and her father and brother, wearing second-hand army officer uniforms with epaulets, were courteously received by Governor Nye. He assured them of his sympathy and promised aid.

Some time later the trio undertook another mission, making the long trip to San Francisco to call on Gen. Irvin McDowell of the United States Army. At his formidable headquarters at the Presidio, they reported the Paiutes' problems and appealed to him to refrain from sending troops against them, as had been done after the fighting at Pyramid Lake. The general was respectful and amiable, but entirely noncommittal. The general's indifference came on top of indications that Governor Nye had forgotten *his* commit-

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Reflections on the Great Sand Dunes

by Richard C. Hopkins

I HAD GONE TOO FAR and was committed to go on. I knew it the moment my Travelall nosed down the descent of the primitive road. Soft, powdery sand concealed devil's hands that grasped and tried to hold the wheels. I'd passed the "Point-of-No-Return," named by the park rangers as a grim warning to the foolhardy; I had ignored it.

Halfway down, the road leveled out for several yards. I turned the wheel hard to scramble off and under the branches of a huge ponderosa. Its old, discarded needles mantled the sandy ground, giving a secure footing. I shut off the engine and sighed with relief. The car could be turned around, but whether it could be coaxed back to the top remained for a later and cooler hour. If I had to dig out, let it be after the sun dropped to a lower angle. I stepped out and sniffed the air. It was heavy with the aroma of the sage which I had crushed as I left the road.

I walked the rest of the way down the hill, stopping frequently to photograph the dunes lying across Medano Creek. To the east, about a half-mile up Medano Canyon, I saw the spines of the dead forest. It was one of the things I'd come to photograph in the Great Sand Dunes National Monument of southern Colorado.

It's an unusual place of quiet beauty. Mounded in a canyon on the western flanks of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains lie 150 acres of brownish sand. Some of the dunes, like small mountains, reach several hundred feet above the canyon floor.

"How did they get there?" is the most frequent question asked by visitors to the monument. The answer begins in the distant geological past.

Visualize two great mountain ranges trending southerly and separated by the San Luis Valley, some forty miles in width. The San Joaquin Mountains rise on the west; the Sangre de Cristos lie to the east. During late Pleistocene times the Rio Grande flowed out of the San Juans, across the valley and then south, carrying and depositing grains of sand worn from the volcanic terrain of those mountains. Later, in the whimsical manner of rivers, the Rio Grande altered its course, moving gradually westward to the San Juans and leaving behind it a broad deposit of sand between its oldest and youngest channels.

Enter the wind, blowing across the valley floor to the Sangre de Cristos. Sometimes gentle, but often fierce in its intensity, it found the brown alluvial sands an immediate source of material to lift and carry. On reaching the massive upthrust of the Sangre de Cristos, the wind encountered resistance to its previously unrestrained movement. As though frustrated, it became violently turbulent in the face of such obstruction and loosed its grip on the sand which piled up into the magnificent dunes of the monument. The process continues, even today.

Unlike much of Colorado and the Southwest, historical events have left the Great Sand Dunes largely untouched. True, John C. Frémont crossed the dunes in the winter of 1848 during his fourth expedition, but it was only an arduous passing through, rather than an event of great historical significance.

We tend to be drawn to places serving as the background for important events. But the barren dunes have no history in that sense. Nor do they grow crops or provide shelter. Game has never been plentiful there, so the dunes had nothing, really, to attract the nomad of prehistory or the homesteader who followed him. Nonetheless, there's a compelling quality about them that draws one back again and again. I wonder—is it because no one has claimed them, leaving them unspoiled and generally untouched by man's rude hand? Or is it their quiet beauty of soft, round lines? For me, it's the purity of peaceful desolation that draws off the contamination of too much civilized involvement.

I am a frequent visitor to the sand dunes, having seen them in every season. I like them in springtime when the canyon hills that define their southern boundary are lichen-green, responding to the generous spring rains. But it is in the autumn I like them best. The sky seems bluer, the night air crisp. Nature's fall palette scatters varying hues of yellow and orange in the cottonwoods and maples along Medano Creek. On the mountainsides, the aspen stand golden in the green ponderosa forests. It is a quiet time, and the days are warm enough for lazy sunning on the soft sands.

My wife and three children had arrived with me late one afternoon to stay in the old campground, now used primarily as a picnic ground. It lies on the edge of the longitudinal dunes which make a natural southern levee for Medano Creek. Willows, cottonwoods, and conifers hold the sands from being moved by every lusty breeze.

After supper we lounged comfortably in lawn chairs beside our trailer, not talking, simply absorbing the quiet beauty around us. Across the creek, the purple-hued dunes gathered shadows from the setting sun. Above them, draped in folds, rose-breasted clouds glided toward the darkening east. I felt a kinship with them in their passing through, for we are all travelers in a sense: merely passing through and only belonging for a little while to the place we're in, before moving on to an uncertain destination.

The moment's reverie was broken by a rustling in the brush. I turned and saw that a delightful visitor had quietly come to us. A doe stood on slender legs a dozen paces away, staring at us and nervously flicking her long, brown ears. Her nearness was no accident, for we were in plain view. "She's come for a handout," I said. "She's been fed before." I moved my hand in her direction; she showed no fright. We called to the children in the trailer to bring some bread for her. She advanced confidently and ate from their hands while I rubbed and scratched her forehead and the slight hollow between her ears. She stood quietly munching for a few moments, then moved on, probably to join the less valorous—or perhaps less curious—members of the mule deer herd that browse on the salix along the watercourse. I almost called after her: Stay in the dunes this fall—your trusting nature could be your undoing, and a bullet might penetrate the little skull we've just petted.

It was late the next morning when I drove beyond the Point-of-No-Return and walked to the dead ponderosa forest after leaving my car. I was winded when I finally stood by the bare spines. Once the trees had lived, sunk their roots into the sand, harbored squirrels and birds in their branches, creating a whole environment of living things that pursued life's cycle within the forest. In time, some precarious balance that existed among the dunes in that area tipped, and the sand began to move again. Fixed as they were by their roots, the trees were chained in place as the muffling sand crept up their trunks and slowly throttled their life, then buried them. Much later, the fickle sand moved on and exposed its deed, leaving darkened, bare skeletons with outstretched branches pointing mutely in useless protest to the sky. And all around them now, only their shadows move in the changing light of day, and the restless wind.

I returned to my car and, not caring to plow farther down the hill, turned it around and prepared for the fight back up. I gathered leaves and dead pine boughs and covered the softest places in the road. I got in and set the four-wheel-drive and tromped on the accelerator so as to hit the road as fast as I could. Desperately, the car scrambled its way upward over the places I'd packed. There were a few anxious moments when the car slowed and it seemed as if the sand would grip and hold us. But the car groaned mightily on and finally we made it! We had come back to the Point-of-No-Return. I stopped and looked down. How innocent the road appeared from above! I decided if I ever tried it again, I'd have wider and softer tires or a smaller vehicle.

When I got back to the trailer, I could see on the dunes far across the creek that some hikers were making antlike progress up the slopes, heading for the high peak, no doubt. We wondered if they knew enough not to go barefooted. The cooler sands by the creek deceive the uninitiated. At certain angles the dunes absorb a great amount of heat from the sun, and the surface temperature climbs well over a hundred degrees. Many hikers with blistered feet have sought relief in the washbasins of the rest rooms!

There are other hikes to take. I said that history had largely bypassed the area, but for a time the sand dunes were an avenue to a wagon trail that climbed to Mosca Pass. In Frémont's time, it was called Robideau Pass and was the one he crossed on one of his westward journeys. Starting on the Montville Trail, you can climb to Mosca Pass and see the remnants of the old tollhouse and stage station maintained when a toll road was in operation. Along the trail, you can pick gooseberries and chokecherries. The latter are very puckery unless you wait till late August when they ripen.

I told my family of a secluded spot up the creek I'd found. Later, leaving the children to cavort in the shallow water there while their mother sunned herself on the sand, I walked farther upstream where the dunes arc down to the creek's edge. In little hollows where two dunes merge, moisture gathers when the sun's at bay behind the shoulder of a dune. There the desert grass grows, though sparsely. Guided by the changing breeze, spears trace semicircles in the sand. It was quiet there, save for the intermittent, soft puffing of the wind. I lay on my back in the soft sands and traced the outline of the cumulus clouds, like galleons in the sky. As I watched, alien lines appeared over the Sangre de Cristos to the east. At first I found myself resenting the jet trails etched across the sky. Somehow in this corner of unspoiled wilderness, it seemed to be a profanation. Yet, on reflection, I minded less, for the jet trails were no less white than the companion cumulus and besides, the soft rush of the jet engines was barely discernible. The jet itself carried no threat. It would not stop there, for it was bound for another place. Moreover, I couldn't really see it, but only where it had been, like a ghost leaving footprints in the sand.

Last night's visitors in the dunes had done just that— kangaroo rats, perhaps, in their nocturnal foraging for grass seeds in preparation for an intemperate winter. I followed one trail to where it ended. The sand around was mussed and scuffed. A night raider on ghostly owl's wings had floated in to finish a tiny rodent's life and fuel its own.

We left the sand dunes next morning, having sipped its inexhaustible essence of shape and color, scent and sound, quiet and turbulence. There is a quality of indifference about the sand dunes that had been a soothing counterpoint to my own unsettled mood. How little they cared for one troubled spirit! And in the sense of larger things that move the earth and populate it with a myriad creatures, each anxiously pursuing its uncertain history, my own unsettled mood seemed, somehow, irrelevant in my passing through.

Richard C. Hopkins *is a lawyer and writer of western history who lives in Boulder, Colorado.*

Overleaf: With their wind-formed crests sharp-etched in morning light, sinuous mounds of the Great Sand Dunes National Monument rise mirage-like above Colorado's San Luis Valley. The Sangre de Cristo mountains loom beyond.

ED COOPER

ARTIST UNKNOWN; CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

William C. Ralston during the 1860s—at the summit of his powers and before the dream began to tarnish.

An End to Innocence

For a quarter-century San Francisco and William C. Ralston had together achieved the impossible. But in 1875 the city's age of naïveté —and the banker's flamboyant career—came to an abrupt end.

by David Lavender

During the unseasonably hot weather that marred the last days of August 1875, William C. Ralston, co-founder and president of The Bank of California, died and was buried under extraordinary circumstances. He was forty-nine years old. The sequence of events just before his controversial death—events leading to the temporary collapse of the leading financial institution west of the Mississippi River—marked the conclusion to an unparalleled era of optimism for San Francisco and the West. The following account, adapted from material in David Lavender's just-published biography of Ralston, re-creates the last days of high drama in the career, life, and death of one of the West's most memorable personalities.

PROLOGUE: January 1875. William C. Ralston and his fellow San Franciscans had just passed through a unique quarter of a century. During that period everything that a man desired had appeared attainable. One might have to work and scheme and fight, but in the end all would turn out well. For proof, consider the record. The United States had scarcely won the Southwest when the gold that the Mexicans might have found in California was unearthed instead by Americans. Clearly the favor of providence was involved. Thinking so, tens of thousands of people flocked to this latest Golconda. Scores of millions of dollars in raw gold poured out of the Sierra, stimulating commerce and industry to such an extent that within a decade San Francisco was transformed from a handful of huts called Yerba Buena into the nation's fourteenth city in population.

It was no will-o'-the-wisp. When California's own output of gold diminished, even richer strikes of precious metal were made across the mountains at the fabled Comstock Lode in what became Nevada. Prosperity surged back, faltered during the late 1860s, and then heated again with new discoveries of rich ore at unprecedented depths.

Beguiled by so lavish a background, men dreamed hugely. Why not connect the Pacific Coast to the rest of the United States by thrusting railroads over the western deserts and mountains? Why not, in California's fertile central valleys, create wheatfields, irrigation canals, and livestock ranches such as the world had never seen? As capital accumulated, men could build factories capable of exporting many goods, and with their ships they could seize the trade of the Orient. Indeed, why not use these plans for turning San Francisco into one of history's greatest cities?

There were no limits to possibility, only to boldness. It was California's age of naïveté.

Billy Ralston's career had mirrored the state's. During the rush to the West in the 1850s, he had suffered disaster as a shipping agent and a young owner of ships, but soon bounced back as a banker financing new industries, experimental vineyards, and troubled mines. In 1864, Ralston masterminded formation of the powerful Bank of California, the state's first true commercial bank. As both his and California's prosperity increased, he helped put together railroads, telegraph and steamship companies, woolen mills, sugar refineries, cigar and furniture factories. He sponsored the arts, erecting the West Coast's finest theater, and advanced the cause of education, serving as one of the first regents of the University of California. In his lavish city and country homes, he entertained up to a hundred guests at a time with the flair of a Medici prince—indeed, he was often compared with princes.

When the flow of Comstock ore slowed during the late 1860s, Ralston and his bank—deeply involved in the Union Mill and Mining Company—teetered precariously. But

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This article is adapted from material in Nothing Seemed Impossible *by David Lavender, just released by the American West Publishing Company.*

BY EADWEARD MUYBRIDGE; CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY, SACRAMENTO

As president of The Bank of California, Billy Ralston (seated, center) headed the state's most prestigious financial institution. But his daring investments placed the bank's assets—and his own reputation—on shaky ground.

the new discoveries of metal that saved San Francisco saved him, too. Instead of being sobered by the closeness of calamity, he plunged ahead more recklessly than ever. For the sake of his and San Francisco's material gain, he laid plans for adding a prosperous new commercial zone to the metropolis south of Market Street. Needing additional funds for this ambitious venture, he sought a new fortune by developing supposed diamond mines in the western deserts, and in his zest fell victim to "the great diamond hoax" of 1872, one of the most notorious swindles in American history. The experience left him undismayed. His next plan was to use a fine hotel as a magnet for drawing fashionable retail shops to his land beyond Market Street. To that end he poured millions of dollars into erecting one of the world's most lavish hostelries, the Palace Hotel. The city could not support it yet. But tomorrow. . . .

The failure of Jay Cooke's mighty New York banking empire in September 1873–inaugurating what would become one of the longest depressions in the nation's history—had foreshadowed new financial difficulties ahead. Distance, however, was slowing the spread of its poison to the Pacific Coast. The Comstock mines still poured out treasure; opportunities for cleverness still abounded. Surely, Ralston had told himself, there was no reason to fear.

But by mid-1875 the tide had turned. To survive, Billy Ralston had to find quick funds somewhere. Bidding desperately, he gained control of the private company that supplied San Francisco with water. His hope was to sell his new monopoly to the city for $15 million. Meanwhile, however, jealous competitors had appeared in the California banking field. The stock market gyrated wildly. Men who Ralston had supposed would remain friendly no matter what emergencies he brought to them turned their backs on him, and suddenly it became evident that boldness alone no longer sufficed.

DISASTER: On August 25, 1875, the jittery San Francisco stock market, which had rallied earlier in the month, gave way to general malaise. During the day, stock in the Consolidated Virginia silver mine of Nevada dropped 45 points, even though the mine was then paying out a million dollars a month in dividends. Stock from the Ophir, a Comstock mine in which Billy Ralston was heavily invested, fell 17 points. Other shares suffered comparably.

The next day, August 26, was worse. William Sharon, an icy-veined multimillionaire, partner of Ralston's in numerous business and financial ventures, including Comstock mines and the Palace Hotel, and a director of The Bank of California, ordered his brokers to sell all his Ophir stock and much of the rest of his portfolio of mining shares for whatever they would bring. Perhaps Sharon had panicked and was trying to grab what he could while he could. Perhaps he was manipulating the market for his own purposes, as he had done the previous January. Or perhaps, some whispers said, he wanted to bring about Ralston's downfall. In

BY GEORGE ALBERT FROST; CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

As Ralston's personal wealth increased, so did his taste for personal extravagances. The most lavish of these was his beautiful Belmont estate twenty-two miles south of San Francisco.

any event, the impact of his tens of thousands of shares on the already shaky market was disastrous. Ophir fell seven more points in seven minutes.

The floor of the exchange became pandemonium. One broker, watching the turmoil, wondered aloud whether the Bank of California might be in trouble and whether Sharon was trying to raise cash to save it. The question turned into a statement and skittered like a dry, hot wind along the edges of the crowd. Here and there brokers began to edge out of the room toward the bank, intending to withdraw their deposits.

In those gold-short days it was just the sort of assault the bank could not withstand. Stockbrokers depended heavily on The Bank of California. Because of the rapid turnover of money in their business, between $6 and $9 million in gold coin moved across the bank's counters during a normal day. [Ever since the Civil War, California had refused to accept greenbacks as legal tender, hence its businessmen needed more gold for daily use than in other parts of the country.]

Since daily disbursements and receipts at The Bank of California almost balanced, it was only necessary to have reserves of about $2 million on hand. But throughout the summer Ralston had been forced to let the reserves dwindle below the danger point. Even more ominous than the general statewide shortage of coinage was the fact that most of the bank's assets were tied up in loans, several of them to corporations that Ralston himself controlled. With the advent of hard times, several of the borrowers—Ralston included—were on the verge of default.

Groping for cash with which to stay the widespread deterioration, Ralston had resorted to illegal expedients, disguising these and the low reserves from other bank officials by various stratagems. In July he had borrowed, for twenty-four hours only, $2 million in gold coin and had somehow gotten it into the vaults as part of the bank's normal transactions. It had been counted dutifully by the tellers and entered as part of the reserves. Surreptitiously, then, Billy had returned the money to the lenders.

Earlier he had ordered all $2 million worth of bullion in the San Francisco Assaying and Refining Company, which he controlled, struck into coin for the bank. He charged the bullion to his personal account, thus without authorization going still another $2 million into debt. He borrowed every cent that he could on his Spring Valley Water stock, though as yet he did not really own it. When these sums failed to meet day-to-day needs for cash, he overissued 13,180 shares of Bank of California stock and on that spurious paper managed to raise $1,319,277.25. When even this did not suffice, he extracted from the vault Southern Pacific Railroad bonds that had been left with him in trust and borrowed another $300,000 on them.

When appreciable amounts of coin finally became impossible to borrow, Ralston wrote checks in the bank's favor against his personal account. He put what were called "cash tags" on the checks and let them be counted as part of the

BOTH PAGES: CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A prime source of prosperity for San Francisco and Ralston—and a major factor in his downfall—was the fabulous Comstock Lode of Nevada. Ralston was treasurer of the high-paying Gould & Curry Mine, shown here.

normal reserves, even though his account had no coin in it.

On the evening of August 25, when the directors finally realized the precariousness of the bank's position, they sought to obtain help from James C. Flood and William S. O'Brien of the yet unopened Nevada Bank but were rejected. Thus the vaults of The Bank of California held only $1.4 million in coin the following day when the stockholders began their run.

About one in the afternoon employees in the bank noticed that withdrawals, many of large sums, were accelerating. By two o'clock lines of customers reached from the counters clear outside to the street. Police had to be summoned to keep the people moving in and out. Pale tellers called again and again for fresh trays of coin and, using little scoops to move it, paid it out as fast as they could verify the checks that were thrust at them.

The panic fed on itself. Clots of excited people jammed Sansome and California streets outside the bank. Some were morbidly hopeful of disaster; some were merely curious. Struggling angrily to get through them were depositors who had taken fright too late. At 2:35, twenty-five minutes short of closing time, a distraught teller informed Ralston that the vaults were empty. Billy replied with an order that the doors be closed.

By then the excitement had drawn most of the bank's directors to the beleaguered institution. After a little discussion they prepared a news release. "The Trustees are under the painful necessity of stating to the creditors of The Bank of California and to the public that the bank has been compelled to suspend business. At this moment of excitement . . . they are not prepared to make a statement as to the situation of the bank. But they are now examining into it critically, and will at the earliest possible moment make a definite report."

The curt announcement was too evasive for the city's newspapers. Reporters cornered William Ralston in his office. He answered their questions calmly, showing anger only when he denied an innuendo that Flood and O'Brien of the Nevada Bank had brought about the collapse by withdrawing their deposits a few days earlier. A shortage of coin, Ralston admitted, had indeed forced the suspension, but it was a statewide shortage and not attributable to the malice or machinations of anyone. He insisted that "there is no question whatsoever as to the ability of the bank to meet all its obligations, with considerable surplus besides."

Ralston had dinner at his normal time with his wife, Lizzie, at their Pine Street home. Still showing no emotion, he told her of the collapse and said they would have to close both their town house and their Belmont estate south of the city and live with her foster father until he had brought order back to his affairs. Her response is unknown. Whatever it was, it did not calm his restlessness. A little after dark he ordered a horse to be saddled and rode back down the ten steep blocks to the bank. Most of the employees were still there, rustling dazedly through their papers. Ralston called them together, and for the first time his voice broke as he talked

Billy Ralston's most ambitious undertaking for Victorian San Francisco was construction of the $5 million Palace Hotel. He did not live to see it completed.

about the crash; and then he promised what he could not fulfill: "I this night enter into a contract to provide each and every one of you with a first-class position."

Somberly he rode through the darkness back to his home. A friend, Alfred Cohen, was waiting there, and they sat up until long after midnight, talking. Ralston's great desires, Cohen remembered two days later, were to pay the bank's depositors in full, distribute a large dividend to the stockholders, and leave his children a good name.

FINIS: The next day crowds still milled around California Street, staring at the shuttered bank as if waiting for some sign. Inside the board room the directors were studying balance sheets hastily prepared during the night. William C. Ralston was $9,565,907 in debt. [In today's dollars, this and the following figures correspond roughly to ten times the amounts shown.] Of that sum he owed the bank $4,655,973. He owed William Sharon nearly $2 million. The remainder was due various individuals and several of the city's savings banks. Somewhere between $3.5 million and $5.6 million of the debt was not backed by adequate security. As for the bank, its liabilities exceeded its available assets by roughly $4.5 million. It would be solvent again only if the directors collected what Ralston owed it.

Ralston said vehemently that if he were granted time, he could pay. Sale of the Spring Valley Water Company to the city would assure him the leverage he needed.

The directors, all of whom had known for some time that the bank was in danger, yet had failed to face up to that knowledge, were not persuaded. After acrimonious discussion they forced Ralston to revoke the will he had drawn up a month earlier in his wife's favor and to execute a deed of trust conveying to William Sharon all his property, real and personal, "in trust to collect and receive the rents, issues, incomes, and profits thereof . . . to have and to hold . . . forever."

The idea was that Sharon, as one of Ralston's principal creditors as well as a director of the bank, would be keenly interested in straightening out the shambles so that he could pay off both the bank and himself.

The signing of the document did not still the bitterness, and Ralston was asked to leave the room. Sharon then offered resolutions that Ralston be requested to resign as president. Ralston complied with complete calm and then, with no indication of his feelings, went outside. At the door he encountered a friend, Dr. John Pitman, and suggested that they go for a swim, a normal procedure for one who frequently sought that sort of relaxation, as Ralston did.

Pitman was not free, and so Ralston continued alone to North Beach, nearly two miles away across the hilly town. Customarily he rode horseback on these excursions, but that afternoon, as if to emphasize that he had surrendered everything he owned to Sharon, he either walked or (accounts vary) took an omnibus for part of the distance. It was an unusually hot day, and the exercise made him perspire freely.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875

Wild gyrations in the San Francisco stock market, triggering a run on The Bank of California, led to its sudden collapse on August 26, 1875—and to pandemonium outside.

His destination was the Neptune Beach House at the end of Larkin Street, a wooden building scaly from the ravage of salt winds. It stood at the foot of a precipitous clay bluff, and swimmers could, if they wished, dive into the icy waters of the bay from the end of a short pier. A few hundred yards away a much longer pier reached out into the water from Thomas Selby's lead smelter. The *Bullion,* a small stern-wheel steamer belonging to the smelting company, was anchored about two hundred yards off the end of the long pier.

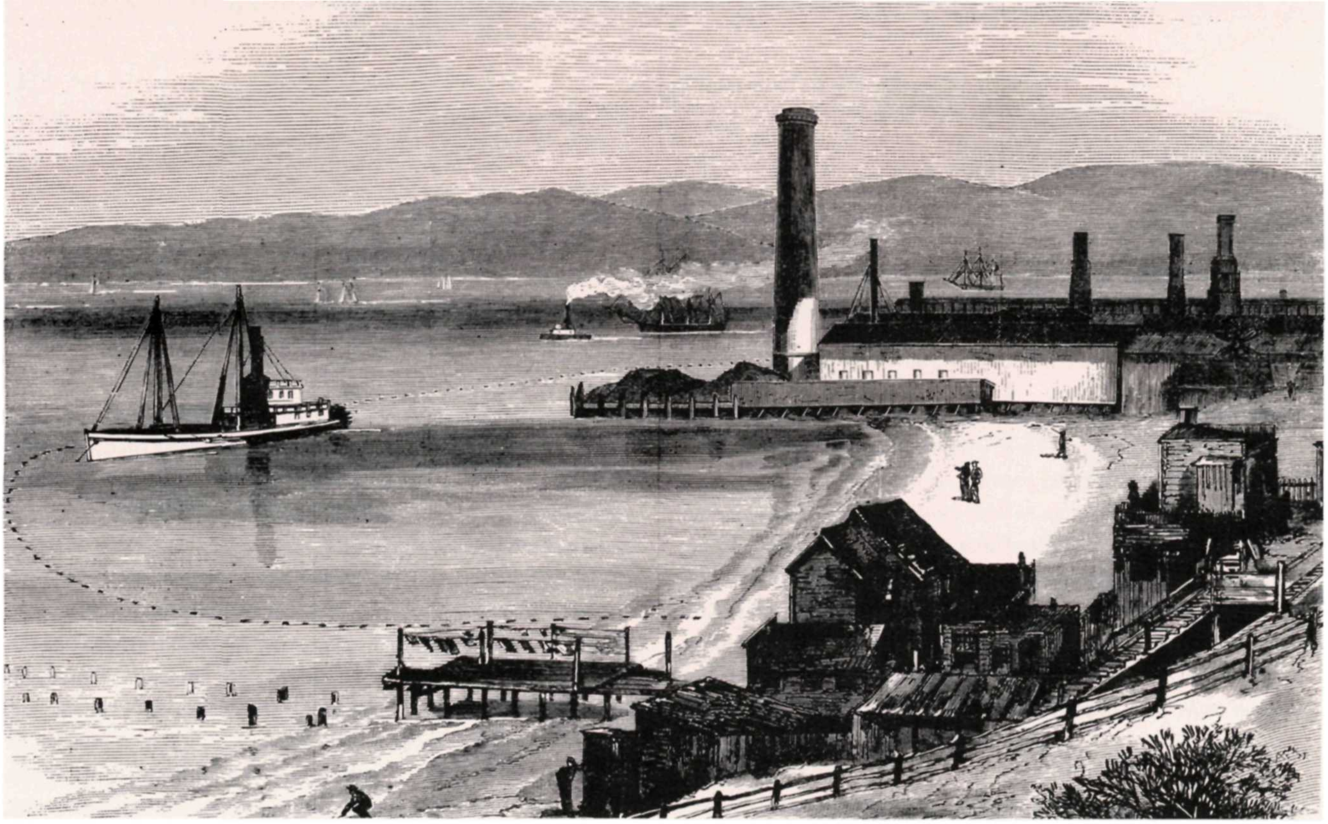
Billy showered, rubbed down briskly, and walked out onto the beach house pier. He had not been there since Monday. According to testimony given later by Michael Reese, Ralston had been patronizing the establishment for less than a month and was not familiar with the local currents, which were treacherous and had caused recent fatalities. He seemed to feel no hesitation, however, but dove vigorously from the pier's end.

Though fleshy, he was a strong swimmer and had soon gone past the *Bullion* in the general direction of Alcatraz Island. Suddenly the watchers at the beach house saw, even at that distance, that he was in trouble. Before they could do anything, a small boat put out from the *Bullion.* The men in it pulled Ralston aboard and rowed hard to the strip of sand between the beach house and the smelter. The group that met them there worked hard over Billy for nearly an hour, chafing his limbs and applying artificial respiration. Then a doctor came along with a wagon, and they took the body home.

EPILOGUE: The news spread swiftly. Unbelieving men, many of them Ralston's business associates, hurried to his home. As they were milling about the sumptuous drawing room, various officials arrived, including the coroner, who selected a jury on the spot to inquire into the nature of the death. This jury, composed almost entirely of Ralston's intimate associates, heard such evidence as was presented, deliberated for ten minutes, and then returned a verdict of death by drowning. Later, the insurance company that held a $68,000 policy on Ralston's life would accept this decision and pay his widow the sum due her. Many San Franciscans of the time, however—and some later historians—insisted that the distraught banker, stripped of pride, position, and property, had committed suicide.

While the question was still on everyone's lips, an amazing crystallization of sentiment took place. Viewing the phenomenon with the detachment of a hundred miles' distance, an editorial writer for the *Sacramento Union* remarked that, if William Chapman Ralston had lived, he would have been execrated for the losses that the bank's closure threatened to bring to his depositors as well as to the city. Instead, his death transformed him overnight into a folk hero.

Funeral services were scheduled for eleven o'clock in the morning, August 30, at the Calvary Presbyterian Church near Union Square. Police made arrangements with care, for they expected that when the casket was moved from the church to the cemetery, it would be followed by about



HARPER'S WEEKLY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1875

Forced to resign his bank presidency and facing monumental debts, Ralston went for a swim in San Francisco Bay (the dotted line traces his route). His death in the chill waters has been a subject of controversy ever since.

eighteen hundred people–units of the National Guard, members of the Odd Fellows lodge, of which Ralston had been a member, family friends, and employees of the various firms in which the banker had held a majority interest. Seldom have estimates been more awry.

Long before eleven o'clock Union Square was packed so densely with people that several fainted from the heat and the crowding. When the cortège left for the burying ground, the mourners in the square and others waiting in adjoining streets fell in behind. They formed a line that filled the avenue from curb to curb and reached for three miles. One reporter noted that it took the procession forty-two minutes to tread past a given point. Another estimated that fifty thousand people joined the march. If the figure is accurate, at least half of San Francisco's adult population was involved. Neither before nor since has an American municipality paid comparable homage to a businessman who throughout his career never held military or elective political office.

The following Sunday the ministers of the city's leading churches devoted all or part of their sermons to eulogies of the departed. On the evening of September 8, twelve thousand people assembled in mass meetings to roar approval of resolutions condemning Ralston's detractors and expressing the city's sense of loss at his passing, even though it was evident by then that, had he lived, he might well have been the subject of criminal proceedings.

How does one account for emotionalism of such apparent perversity? Controversy provides one element. Shortly before his death, during his fight for control of the city's water supply, Ralston had been libelously besmirched by two of the city's newspapers. His fellow San Franciscans no doubt felt that through their demonstrations they were restoring perspective. The good that the banker had done, they were saying, in effect, far outweighed his derelictions.

All true—and yet, from the hindsight of a hundred years, the explanation seems incomplete. Fifty thousand people marching spontaneously to a graveyard just for a sentimental redressing of the scale of justice? Surely something more was involved.

Context provides part of the answer. For a quarter-century the hopes and dreams of William C. Ralston, San Francisco, and California had spiraled upward together in a climate of seemingly boundless optimism. His death coincided with the ending of this exuberant innocence born of the gold rush. The people sensed the pattern. Hence the outpouring at his funeral. It was a spontaneous farewell not only to Ralston but also to the hopes that he had symbolized.

The Bank of California would recover. Later the state would know other booms, other hopes, other flamboyant entrepreneurs. But the atmosphere would be different. Adolescent San Francisco had finally touched the limits of possibility.

David Lavender *is a California author and historian whose eighteen published works include* Bent's Fort, The Rockies, California: Land of New Beginnings, *and* Westward Vision: The Story of the Oregon Trail.

A Matter of Opinion

Death Valley Dilemma

In the September issue of THE AMERICAN WEST, *"The Bantam of Ballarat" (pages 16-17) recalled the life of Shorty Harris, one of the colorful prospectors typical of California's Death Valley region early in this century. The following report by* San Francisco Examiner *news writer Alan Cline, excerpted with permission from the September 28, 1975, edition of the* Examiner, *describes the mining scene in Death Valley today—and forecasts a dilemma facing the West as our growing need for exploitable natural resources collides head-on with our equally vital need for natural wilderness.*

The Editors

DEATH VALLEY—President Herbert Hoover proclaimed this hottest, driest, lowest, starkly beautiful and fragile valley a national monument in 1933, and four months later Congress approved mining here, declaring: "The picturesque miner is one of the characteristics that give the area the color of the early pioneer days."

Last week, Bob Mitcham, a National Park Service mining engineer, watched giant trucks removing tons of waste from a gaping open pit mine and observed: "It's hard to believe. They intend to mine everything around here."

The grizzled old miner with his burro and pick and shovel has disappeared, replaced by vast mining operations that wind up as huge holes in a hungry quest for minerals peculiar to this lonely desert. The valuable minerals are colemanite and ulexite, in demand for insulation and for glass fiber tires, plus talc, a paint constituent. New mining claims increase at a rate of some 200 a year. Current active claims total 1,827.

Tenneco Mining, part of a conglomerate, recently told stockholders it expects to expand output fivefold in the next three or so years in one mine alone. Tenneco at the start of operations four years ago removed 4,000 tons of ore. By last year the volume had risen to 20,000 tons. This year's estimate is 120,000 tons.

The result of all the mining, the U.S. National Park Service said in a recent report, means that natural features the monument was established to protect "are being totally and irreparably altered at a rate of nearly 1,200 acres per year. . . . Exploration, work on mine roads and minimum work done to hold mining claims is marring the natural features on an additional 1,000 acres per year."

The Park Service, overseers of this two-million-acre home of the burro, gecko, and now, Tenneco, has asked Washington for authority to at least curtail the increasing demand to chew up the land that, once scarred, does not recover. The Park Service took the offensive after Tenneco filed 47 claims in June on 940 acres in Gower Gulch, a major attraction viewed annually by 500,000 visitors. The gulch is viewed from popular Zabriskie Point.

Conservationists have labeled the Gower Gulch claims an outrage. They want the mining, all of it, stopped. And legislators in both houses of Congress have introduced moratorium bills to do just that. The Senate measure repeals the 1933 mining law that opened Death Valley for mining, and stops mining for three years while a study is made of the feasibility of federal acquisition of all mining rights within national parks and monuments. Death Valley superintendent James Thompson says this would cost millions. He favors limiting mining to current operations.

Under the latest federal ruling, Thompson is barred from protecting the land for scenic or recreational or wildlife purposes. He is restricted to withdrawing lands from mining only for campgrounds, housing, and for protecting archaeological sites.

This is a strange country, and the laws pertaining to mining are just as strange. The government sells claims for either $2.50 or $5 an acre, although the land is public. The mine operator also pays an assessment fee of $100. Once he has the land, its value, naturally, skyrockets.

The largest Tenneco operation, the Boraxo mine on the road to Dante's View, is a terraced hole, now 240 feet deep. By 1977 it is expected to be 400 feet deep and finished.

"I know this may not make sense," said Bill Tilden, a young mining attorney sent to the area by Tenneco to handle press inquiries, "but we have no intention of mining in Gower Gulch." He insists the company needs reserves, and that the claims were filed "for negotiating, practical, and business reasons."

Bob Mitcham responds that "that doesn't make sense. Pretty good deposits are in there and they intend to mine everything."

This land of pinks and purples and shadows, of mountains and mirages, moved one pioneer to write his family that he had "just seen all of God's creation" in one place. Unless changes come rapidly, future visitors may find the views taking in much more than that old-timer saw.

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.*

The West of Buffalo Bill

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM GARDNER BELL

FEW FIGURES in our history personify the American West as comprehensively as William Frederick Cody. He participated in or was directly exposed to many of the major elements of frontier life: hunting, trapping, trailing, scouting, guiding, soldiering, peacekeeping, outlawry, mining, ranching, and more. Two of his central activities—buffalo hunting for the railroad and scouting for the army—threw him into events and associations that dramatized his exploits and brought him increasing publicity. Although this led in turn to a questionable notoriety in fictionalized works, it also laid the foundation for his later career as entrepreneur in the Wild West show business.

The West of Buffalo Bill: Frontier Art, Indian Crafts, Memorabilia From the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, by Richard I. Frost, Leo A. Platteter, and Don Hedgpeth, with an introduction by Harold McCracken *(Abrams, New York, 1974; 288 pp., illus., map, $35.00).*

Stripped of the dime novel overtones and circus press agentry, Buffalo Bill's life was one of substance and authenticity, well deserving of memorialization. The Buffalo Bill Historical Center at Cody, Wyoming, is a tribute worthy of the man. It was conceived and launched by friends and admirers. It was located in the town that bears his name, and was designed, constructed, and placed on the land with sensitivity and taste. It had Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, sculptress of the heroic mounted statue of Buffalo Bill, as its principal patron. Most importantly, it was developed and has progressed under professional supervision.

The West of Buffalo Bill is a further testimonial to the man as well as a tribute to a prominent cultural institution. Dr. Harold McCracken, director emeritus of the center and a central figure in its development, introduces the volume,

and his remarks suggest the problems inherent in an undertaking of this kind.

Richard I. Frost, curator of the Buffalo Bill Museum, reviews Cody's full and varied life from his birth in 1846 in Iowa to his death in 1917 in Denver. The account is illustrated with photographs, paintings, and posters that portray Buffalo Bill's wide-ranging activities. It taxes the reader's imagination and credulity to follow Cody from fifteen-year-old pony express rider to army scout, and from buffalo hunter and Indian fighter to Wild West impresario before the crowned heads of Europe. One must do a "double take" to realize that this is fact, not fancy.

Leo A. Platteter, curator of the center's Plains Indian Museum, provides a brief introduction to the Plains Indians from pre-Columbian times to Wounded Knee, and describes in parallel with forty-one full-color photographs a fascinating selection of their art and artifacts from the collection. Here are ceremonial costumes of such prominent Sioux leaders as Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, and American Horse, as well as some personal possessions of Nez Perce Chief Joseph. Among other tribes represented in the holdings are the Blackfoot, Crow, Gros Ventre, Arikara, Kiowa, Omaha, Pawnee, and Cheyenne.

Half of the book is allotted to the center's Whitney Gallery of Western Art. Don Hedgpeth, director of the center, introduces four sections devoted to the works of "Artists in the Wilderness" (Catlin, Bodmer, Miller, Stanley, Bierstadt, Moran); "The Golden Age" (Russell, Remington, Schreyvogel, Seltzer, Paxon, Farny, Sharp, Cross); "The Fading Frontier" (Leigh, Borein, Dunton, Johnson, Koerner, N. C. Wyeth, Reiss, Rungius, Eggenhofer, Dixon, Clymer); and "The West in Sculpture" (Fraser, Solon Borglum, Dallin, Proctor, Harvey, MacNeil, Russell, Remington, Scriver, Jackson). A short biographical sketch on each artist accompanies the example(s) of his work and assesses his contribution to the documentary portrayal of the American West.

There are 248 illustrations in this large-format book, 119 of them in color. Design and layout are exceptional. The Rosa Bonheur portrait of Cody that serves as the frontispiece and the full color fold-outs that introduce the three major sections are nice touches in what may only be characterized as a beautiful work.

Buffalo Bill Cody was an arresting figure who seems somehow to typify both the fictional character that the adventure writers forged and the authentic frontiersman that he was in real life. Those of us who are not fortunate enough to be among the upwards of a quarter of a million visitors who may enter the Buffalo Bill Historical Center this year to see firsthand what this heroic figure's life and times were all about, will be able to savor the experience vicariously through the medium of this book.

William Gardner Bell, *a historian in the U.S. Army Center of Military History, collects and occasionally writes about western art.*

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God's Dog by Hope Ryden, introduction by Michael W. Fox *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, New York, 1975; 288 pp., illus., biblio., appen., index, $12.50).*

Reviewed by David Sumner

God's dog, the Navajo call him, and early Anglo explorers, the "prairie wolf." But to moderns he is the coyote—sometimes pronounced in two syllables, sometimes in three—his name normally accompanied by expletives requiring deletion or sentimentalities in need of same.

Now is no easy time to write about the coyote. The hatred he has evoked and the self-righteous, Bambiesque response to that hatred have made true facts far tougher to come by than convictions. In addition, long decades of predator control have forced the coyote to adopt a highly shrewd and evasive style—making it difficult for man, now his enemy almost by instinct, to manage more than fleeting observations of his life and habits.

The great strength of Hope Ryden's book is that she *has* observed the coyote, intensively and intimately for the better part of two solid years. Furthermore, she has made these observations in the wild and has recorded them precisely and with care. To read *God's Dog* is to read about the coyote himself. Though admitted biases and sympathies sift into her warm, first-person narrative, Miss Ryden's work contains a hard, rich core of new information about this controversial animal—and many remarkable documentary photographs as well.

The study is based in two areas of the West where human intrusions on coyote behavior are minimal. Yellowstone National Park proved an apt winter site for watching coyotes as they hunted, scavenged, cooperated with ravens and magpies, communicated and courted. Come spring and the disruptive tourist influx, Miss Ryden shifted to an off-limits area of the National Elk Refuge along the southeastern margin of Jackson Hole. Here, for two consecutive springs she observed a group of four to seven coyotes—"The Miller Butte pack," she calls them—raise two litters of pups, three the first year and nine the second. The result is the first study ever written of wild coyotes at a den.

Aside from the basic rituals of parenthood (both male and female tend the young), Miss Ryden also noted various "aunt" and "uncle" animals—lesser members of the pack hierarchy—baby-sit and feed the pups. She watched mother and mother surrogate move the young to new dens at the least hint of disturbance, saw that the Miller Butte pack observed defined territorial boundaries, drew careful accounts of complex and subtle hierarchic relations among the adults, and the emergence of the same among the pups.

Miss Ryden is both an informed ecologist and ethologist; her studies are well reasoned revelations in their own right. In addition, they angle logically into a second major thread of *God's Dog:* a sustained critique of predator control practices throughout the West. From her work at Miller Butte, for example, she postulates "that coyote density is in part regulated by behavior within the female hierarchy"–the top ranking bitch being the only one bred. From that, she is able to suggest that disruption of these hierarchies (by poisons, traps, shooting, etc.) leads to situations where subordinate females are bred, where surpluses of young are produced, and where territorial boundaries break down. Biologists suggest that coyotes thus displaced more readily become livestock predators; animals with stable territories normally confine their feeding to natural prey species within the "home" area.

How else might predator control be counterproductive? Sadly, we don't know—and in the end this ignorance focuses the outstanding element of Miss Ryden's book. After the millions of dollars spent trying to eliminate the coyote, after the hours and weeks of angry testimony and debate, after the massive outpourings of sympathy and hate, someone has finally decided to go into the wild simply to watch the coyote do his thing—and to find out what manner of beast he truly is.

David Sumner *is a free-lance magazine and book writer who specializes in environmental subjects.*

American Indian Policy in the Jacksonian Era by Ronald N. Satz *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1975; 343 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, epilogue, index, $12.95).*

Indians and Bureaucrats—Administering the Reservation Policy during the Civil War by Edmund Jefferson Danziger, Jr., *(University of Illinois, Urbana, 1974; 240 pp., map, biblio., index, postscript, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY JERRY A. HERNDON

DONALD SATZ'S STUDY covers U.S. Indian policy during the period from 1829 to 1849 in depth and detail. The author gives a clear account of the complexities of the debate over Indian removal, correcting popular misconceptions about Andrew Jackson's motivations in the process. In particular, he demonstrates the sincerity of Jackson's position on the legal status of the Indians vis-à-vis the states. He shows Jackson's conviction that the federal government could not interfere with the extension of state laws over tribes residing within state borders, and he emphasizes Jackson's sincerity in his claim that the removal of the Indians of the Southeast (and North) to the trans-Mississippi West was designed to insure the preservation of the Indian. The political motivations of Jackson and his successors are also explored in detail in this admirably balanced study, as are the complex motivations of opponents of Jackson's policy.

Moreover, the author explores the continuities, ramifications, and contradictions of the Indian policy established by Jackson and pursued by his successors; he discusses the evolution of the administrative machinery set up to handle Indian affairs; and he discusses the vicissitudes of the emigrant tribes in the trans-Mississippi West.

Professor Satz discusses both the accomplishments and the failures of American policy. He documents the achievements in Indian education and acculturation, but he also points out the frequent discrepancy between American promises and actual performance —a discrepancy generated by lack of administrative foresight, political opportunism, the Indian's anomalous political and legal status, congressional parsimony, and the pressures of Manifest Destiny.

Closely based on primary sources, this study is a model of thorough, painstaking historical scholarship and will undoubtedly be accepted as the definitive study of its subject.

Another volume on a parallel theme, Edmund Danziger's *Indians and Bureaucrats,* views problems encountered during the Civil War in the administering of the reservation policy adopted in the 1850s. His study focuses primarily on Indian Office field problems because much of the management of Indian affairs during the War was necessarily left in the hands of field personnel—the various territorial and state superintendents and local agents. The bulk of congressional and executive attention, of course, was focused on the Civil War.

To the reader's convenience, Mr. Danziger divides his examination into two parts: "The Nomadic People" and "The Reservation People." He discusses the Cheyennes as representatives of the first group, and portrays the Santees of Minnesota as exemplars of the latter. He broadens his study of each classification by comparing his exemplars to other tribes. He documents clearly the problems encountered by the Indian service, e.g., delays in annuity payments, inadequate planning, dislocations caused by white encroachment and the exigencies of the Civil War, dishonest contractors and agents, jurisdictional bickerings with the military, tribal factionalism, and violent Indian resistance to white intrusion. He shows that both the West's political clout and the lack of sufficient military force to keep whites off desirable Indian lands made constant relocation of the Indians inevitable.

One senses the need for supplements to Mr. Danziger's broad overview; in-depth studies of particular agencies, agents, superintendents, etc., would make for a more detailed understanding of the period discussed. But this observation is hardly a criticism. This is a solid, satisfactory study of a neglected subject.

Jerry A. Herndon *is director of graduate study in English at Murray State University, Murray, Kentucky.*


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Yosemite and Its Innkeepers by Shirley Sargent, with foreword by Horace M. Albright *(Flying Spur Press, Yosemite, 1975; 176 pp., preface, illus., maps, notes, index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY FEROL EGAN

SHIRLEY SARGENT brings three key ingredients together to tell the story of Yosemite and its innkeepers. She has an abiding love for Yosemite that goes back to her childhood days there, an extensive knowledge of the park's history, and an unobtrusive writing style that understates nature's overstatement.

Beginning with accounts of the early attempt to feed and house Yosemite's visitors, she describes the wide range of individuals who provided for the primary needs of awe-inspired tourists. The one who stands out, who really fits the mold of an innkeeper in Yosemite, is David Curry, who, with his wife, Jennie, set up Camp Curry's first primitive offerings in the summer of 1899.

In a loud, booming voice that could be heard throughout the valley, Curry's "WELLLCOME" and "FARRREWELL" were never forgotten once the tourist heard them. But it was a good deal more that made Camp Curry an example of how to treat guests who were low on funds but high on appreciation of beauty. The old wooden cabins were certainly rough, but they served adequately as lodgings for the night. The food wasn't fancy, but stuck the ribs together. And there were the evening campfires where a visitor roasted in front, shivered in back, but never forgot the lecture, the little drama, the smell of woodsmoke, and then the firefall from Glacier Point.

From buggy to automobile; from the Great Depression to World War II; from a handful of tourists to summer ghettos that turned rangers into police; from the personal touches of men like David Curry to the impersonal, corporate approach of today's MCA, *Yosemite and Its Innkeepers* is a rich history with a deep love and understanding of Yosemite Valley and what it means to *all* the people.

Ferol Egan, *western writer, has just completed* Frémont: Explorer for a Restless Nation, *to be published by Doubleday.*

The Presidio: Bastion of the Spanish Borderlands by Max L. Moorhead *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1975; 288 pp., preface, illus., maps, biblio., index, $9.95).*

REVIEWED BY LARRY L. MEYER

SPAIN'S SUCCESS in controlling the sprawling, hostile territory north of the Valley of Mexico for more than 250 years must always puzzle us some. Max Moorhead helps explain that achievement in this study of the presidio.

Beyond its strategically defensive and tactically offensive purposes, Moorhead sees the shabby adobe descendent of the medieval European fort as the nucleus of civil settlement in northern New Spain—particularly in chronically troubled Nueva Vizcaya and Sonora—first drawing families of soldiers, then settlers seeking protection, and finally Indians of sedentary inclination.

With admirable detail, Moorhead traces the evolution of what began as a cramped guardhouse for four to fourteen soldiers during the Chichimeca War (1550–1600) to a well-manned, spacious, walled quadrangle with angular corner bastions in the late eighteenth century. This evolution was neither haphazard nor smooth. There were numerous reorganizations and *reglamentos* meant to curb the nearly feudal powers of frontier commanders and save the Crown pesos while still prosecuting difficult wars against rebellious Tarahumaras and Seris and raiding Apaches.

Moorhead draws a memorable portrait of the common soldier, usually a mixed-blood local whose few hundred yearly pesos were subject to a "multiplicity of deductions and extortions" by avaricious captains and light-fingered paymasters. Slovenly, illiterate, ill-disciplined, poorly outfitted, and burdened with musket, pistols, saber, lance, shield, and thick leather armor (which Moorhead tallies at 123 pounds excluding field rations), this mounted man was formidable, performing as few could the endless routine of escort, patrol, and pursuit.

Larry L. Meyer, *formerly editor-in-chief of* Westways, *is a free-lance writer and author of* Shadow of a Continent.

Fall 1975 books from the new Texas A&M University Press

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This panoramic view of Indian peoples and European intruders in the early Southwest has been acclaimed by Max Moorhead of the University of Oklahoma as "the most soundly based, comprehensive, and intelligent geopolitical and ethnohistorical analysis of the Southwest's colonial period I have yet seen. . . . the depth and breadth of its source materials should assure it a pre-eminence in the literature for a very long time." Scrupulously fair in her presentation, the author effectively orders the vast progress of events and brings to life both European and Indian leaders.

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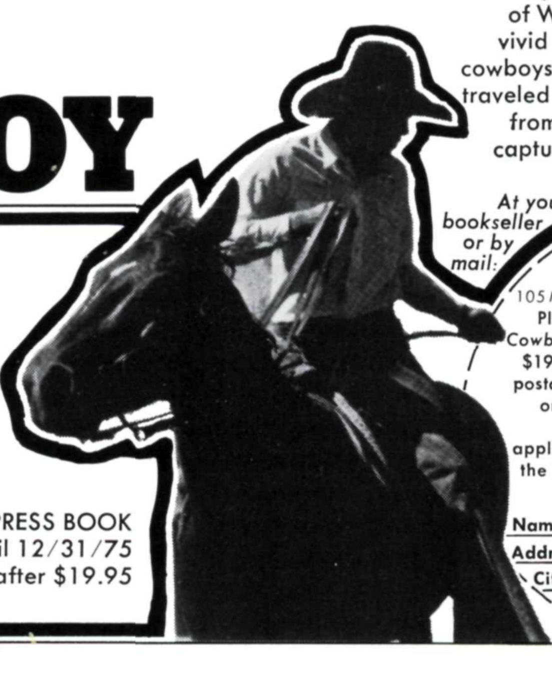

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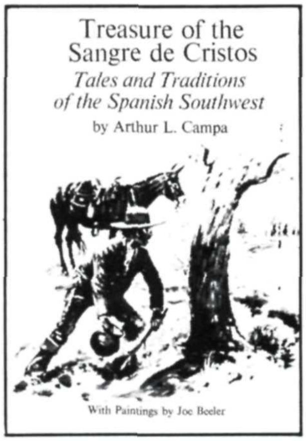

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To Utah with the Dragoons and Glimpses of Life in Arizona and California, 1858–1859, edited by Harold D. Langley *(University of Utah, Salt Lake City, 1974; 230 pp., preface, intro., illus., maps, biblio., index, $8.50).*

REVIEWED BY ROBERT M. UTLEY

HAROLD D. LANGLEY of the Smithsonian Institution discovered this unusually rich series of letters in the files of the *Philadelphia Bulletin.* All efforts to discover the identity of the author, who signed himself merely "Utah," proved unavailing, but he was clearly a keen observer, witty, well educated, intelligent, and remarkably articulate. The letters contain excellent portrayals of the life (hard) and character (low) of the enlisted men of the frontier army in the years before the Civil War. "Utah" marched with a recruit detachment to Albert Sidney Johnston's army in the Salt Lake Valley. Like most travelers, he climbed Chimney Rock and Independence Rock and noted the other landmarks along the Oregon Trail. He also penned sharp characterizations of military and Mormon notables and described the Saints in friendlier terms than most of his Gentile contemporaries. The Utah "war" had ended before "Utah" reached the scene, but from Camp Floyd he got a taste of Indian campaigning. He viewed the soldiers as little better than butchers, slaughtering unoffending Indians without cause. Wounded in an Indian fight, he was discharged and made his way to California and Arizona, where he wrote of prospecting for gold, hostilities with the Mojave Indians, and political affairs in California.

In all, there are twenty-five letters spanning a two-year period. They tell a fascinating story, full of factual detail and incisive observation that will probably make "Utah" a much-quoted source. Langley provides an introduction, complete and impeccably researched footnotes, and an essay showing how he tried to identify "Utah." The illustrations are rare and notable.

Robert M. Utley *is an assistant director of the National Park Service. His latest book is* Frontier Regulars: The United States Army and the Indian, 1866–91.

Gentilz: Artist of the Old Southwest by Dorothy Steinbomer Kendall with archival research by Carmen Perry, drawings and paintings by Theodore Gentilz *(University of Texas, Austin, 1974; 127 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $17.50).*

REVIEWED BY LEE FOSTER

LIKE SO MANY other talented adventurers from Europe in the 1840s and 1850s, Theodore Gentilz (1820–1906) came to the New World (specifically Texas) seeking a fortune.

Drought and locusts soon took some of the patina off the dream, but Gentilz adjusted to the reduced possibilities of life and proceeded, almost inadvertently, to create for posterity a greater legacy—his pictorial record of early Mexican-Texan life.

He had been recruited for the Texas venture in 1843 by a smooth French entrepreneur, Henri Castro, who projected a French colony in Texas, named Castroville after himself. Gentilz was then twenty-three years old, a middle-class Parisian trained in the French academic tradition. His skills as a painter, draftsman, and engineer were useful to Castro, who initially wanted some propaganda pictures of the region around Castroville.

This book gathers the Gentilz legacy of drawings and paintings in thirty color and thirty black-and-white plates, and illuminates them with contemporary notes by his close friend and fellow pioneer August Frétellière.

Gentilz's importance as a painter lies in his faithful rendering of the locale and in his passion for defining mundane life in Texas before the American period. His "Invitation to the Dance" and "Fandango" record admirably the celebrative side of the early Mexican-Texan milieu. His depiction of everyday life has great charm when he draws upon travels into Mexico for "Las Doce: Angelus." His pictorial descriptions of Texas missions and of historical events surrounding the Alamo increases our understanding of this colorful period in history.

Lee Foster *is a free-lance photographer and the author of a book on growing up in America,* Just Twenty-five Cents and Three Wheaties Box Tops.

Sharlot Hall on the Arizona Strip: A Diary of a Journey Through Northern Arizona in 1911 by Sharlot M. Hall, edited by C. Gregory Crampton *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1975; 97 pp., preface, intro., map, biblio., $7.50).*

REVIEWED BY MARY NELLE KAINER

THE POET IN SHARLOT HALL delightfully invades the pages of her historical prose. The reader's senses share those experiences of Sharlot and her guide during their seventy-five day trip through the rugged Arizona Strip—that sparsely-settled territory north of the Colorado River to the Utah border.

Hall's diary becomes the instrument through which the reader smells the pungent sage, tastes roasted bobcat, feels agates worn smooth by the shifting sea of desert sand, hears the lonesome howl of a lobo wolf, and sees the untamed land change colors and shapes at every turn.

Her trip had the normal discomforts of 1911. The wagon bumped along on rough trails which were sometimes barely existant, causing the author to walk much of the way in order to spare the horses her weight. Water was scarce at times, yet rains often hampered the trip by swelling rivers which had to be crossed and by spoiling campsites. Trail food was usually flavored with the ever-present grit.

While the geographical and historical information in this book stirs the imagination, it is the people of the Strip who capture the mind and give meaning to the diary. Sharlot took delight in hearing the stories and seeing the activities of those pioneers she met.

As evidenced by her empathy with sick and hungry Indians and her praise of Mormons who had largely settled the land, Sharlot knew that the future as well as the past of Arizona lay in its people as well as its landscape. She felt her job as territorial historian made it necessary not only to know all she could about Arizona, but to experience all she could. In the words of a popular current phrase, Sharlot Hall was one of those rare pioneer women who took the time to smell the roses along the way.

Mary Nelle Kainer *is an author, a former newspaper reporter, and a writing teacher.*

Water and the West: The Colorado River Compact and the Politics of Water in the American West by Norris Hundley, Jr. *(University of California, Berkeley, 1975; 395 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., index, $20.00).*

REVIEWED BY AGNES GROSSE

SPECIAL INTEREST has played such a role in American politics during past years that the West's growing water problem—which threatens to become of equal significance—has been largely overlooked until now.

In this illuminating study, Norris Hundley traces the history of the Colorado River basin from the founding of the Imperial Valley Crusade through the Hoover controversy of 1922 and the drafting of the Colorado compact treaty, up to the present day when the federal government is trying to take over state governments' authority. Whether federal control can bring about significant improvements seems doubtful. "Much more important than *who* is exercising the authority is the *way* in which it is exercised," notes the author.

The Colorado River compact is of great importance in our history, not only because it is a document that declares a group of states have apportioned the waters of a river for use by its residents, but also because it is the first time that more than two states have endeavored to draw up a treaty among themselves without federal guidance. Through it a precedent was set for productive discussions between both national and state interests, private and public interests, and even between countries (the U.S. and Mexico). Diplomacy was invoked, but as usual it was power that held sway, enabling Los Angeles to pressure for power rights at Boulder Canyon. Secretary of the Interior Albert Fall (1922) did not add credence to those interested in the Colorado River basin but rather distrust which was to prove his nemesis in the famed Teapot Dome scandal.

This book presents a fair appraisal of the gigantic battle currently raging, serving as a good reference work for both naturalists and ecologists.

Agnes Grosse *is a review columnist for several nationwide publications.*

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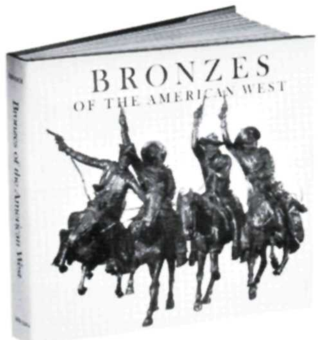

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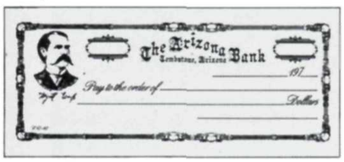

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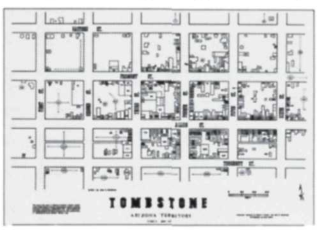

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Utopias on Puget Sound, 1885–1915 by Charles Pierce LeWarne *(University of Washington, Seattle, 1975; 325 pp., intro., illus., map, biblio., notes, $12.50).*

REVIEWED BY FREDERICK D. BUCHSTEIN

THE HALF-DOZEN groups of anarchists and socialists who founded colonies on Washington's Puget Sound around the turn of this century failed to find the better life they were seeking. They were also out of step with America's other rebels who had abandoned communitarianism because, they said, it was naive and impractical.

So writes Charles Pierce LeWarne, who has a doctorate in history from the University of Washington and teaches at the Edmonds School District in Washington. LeWarne is one of an increasing number of historians and sociologists studying America's communitarian tradition and apparently the first to survey Puget Sound's utopias.

Using colony newspapers and interviews with persons who lived in the communities, LeWarne tells the stories of these utopias. The colonists pioneered radical journalism in the Northwest and helped give Washington an atmosphere that was hospitable to radical views and activities.

LeWarne's analysis of Puget Sound's communitarian experiments is harsh but realistic. The colonies failed because most of their leaders were inept, oversold their panaceas, and failed to instill a strong commitment in the members.

The book's strong points include LeWarne's descriptions of Equality—the founding of which was the first step in a plan to socialize Washington and then America—and of Home's troubles with vigilantes. The book's shortcomings are that the author fails to place the utopias adequately in America's communitarian tradition and at times disrupts the story's flow with extraneous details.

Historians and buffs interested in Washington, Puget Sound, radicalism, or communitarianism will find LeWarne's book valuable and interesting. They will commend him for preserving the experiences of former colonists.

Frederick D. Buchstein, *author of articles on the news media and radicalism, is a reporter for the* Cleveland Press.

Early Arizona: Prehistory to Civil War by Jay J. Wagoner *(University of Arizona, Tucson, 1975; 547 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $14.95).*

REVIEWED BY ROBERT LENON

JAY J. WAGONER, author of *Arizona Territory, 1863–1912: A Political History,* has complemented his earlier work in outstanding fashion, filling the time gap in the history of the state from earliest times up to the Civil War.

The author sets forth in his Table of Contents exactly which points he proposes to cover and then proceeds to expound on each subject in a workmanlike manner and in considerable detail.

A work such as this is of necessity largely a compendium and in-gathering of facts garnered and recorded by many individuals over the years. Although it is not really possible to improve on facts, Mr. Wagoner has done a fine job of "putting it all together the way it was, back when," meanwhile improving markedly on the presentation and interpretation in a good many instances. The chapter covering the history of the numerous Spanish and Mexican land grants is outstanding. The enormous amount of research that has gone into this section will be greatly appreciated by all those who are interested in the intricacies of this long-neglected phase of the early history of Arizona. The form of the book is excellent; the typography and overall workmanship continue in the fine style of the University of Arizona Press; the photographs are well chosen and the maps well done.

Even so, the customary "resident" gremlins have made themselves known: the San Pedro River actually runs north (*up* the map), pages 274 and 284; not many of the border monuments of the Emory-Salazar survey (1855) survive, as most of the existing ones were set in 1892-93, page 297; there is no common California-Utah boundary, page 342.

This is a fine and useful book nevertheless, and one which well deserves a prominent place on the bookshelves of all who are interested Arizona.

Robert Lenon *is a mining engineer, surveyor, and coauthor of books on western mining.*

Badmen of the West by Robert Elman *(Ridge/Pound, New York, 1974; 256 pp., intro., illus., $14.95).*

REVIEWED BY KENT L. STECKMESSER

TEN YEARS AGO novelist Jack Schaefer published a nonfiction book, *Heroes Without Glory: Some Goodmen of the Old West,* in which he tried to debunk the "cult of the badman." The book received tepid reviews, and it appeared on the remainder shelves with breathtaking swiftness. It seems that people are more interested in badmen than goodmen, and the "cult" is as widespread as ever.

Robert Elman, an "experienced investigator" in western history, has tried to reach this audience with a big picture-book history. Physically this is an impressive volume with clear print, sharp photos, and wide margins (though some page numbers are missing). The illustrations, many of which are in color, include dime novel covers, Charles M. Russell paintings, and newspaper or magazine renditions of holdups and hangings. The accompanying narrative is not particularly inspired, but Elman has done his homework and there are few factual errors. He gives us conventional interpretations of all the noteworthy outlaws from the James Boys to the Wild Bunch. He does break new ground with a chapter on "America's First Badmen," which describes some of the lesser-known bandits of New England and the Ohio Valley. And it is no surprise today to find a chapter devoted to "The Badwomen." Here Elman goes beyond Belle Starr and lets us glimpse such intriguing personalities as Diamond Tooth Lil (of dubious occupation) and Jennie "Little Britches" Stevens, who got a good spanking from Bill Tilghman when he arrested her. Undoubtedly the best section in the book is that on Frank Canton and the Johnson County War.

Comparison shoppers may want to weigh this volume against Time-Life's *The Gunfighters,* which has many of the same photos, possesses a good bibliography, and retails for $9.95.

Kent L. Steckmesser *teaches history at California State University, Los Angeles, and is writing a book on outlaws.*

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Jenny Hopkinson

Fabulous Gold "And Where to Find It" by Wallace Brazzeal, Mark T. Ballstaedt, and others *(Publishers House, Salt Lake City, 1975; 192 pp., illus., maps, diag., notes, glossary, index, $6.95, paper).*
Gold! And Where They Found It: A Guide to Ghost Towns and Mining Camp Sites by Cy and Jeannie Martin *(Trans-Anglo Books, Corona del Mar, Calif., 1974; 160 pp., illus., glossary, biblio., $8.95).*

Armchair miners as well as those intent on striking it rich will find a bonanza of sorts in these books. *Fabulous Gold* is packed with information on the historic, mythic, and political significance of man's most precious metal, plus instructions on prospecting and mining techniques; *Gold! And Where They Found It* concentrates on the romance of the West's gold rush ghost towns.

Sheepherders: Men Alone by Michael Mathers *(Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1975; 118 pp., illus., $9.95).*

A perceptive and sometimes haunting collection of black-and-white photographs, this book shows the loneliness, drama, and hilarity in the lives of men who are alone on the range for six to nine months at a time, their only company sheep dogs and horses.

A Historical Atlas of Texas by William C. Pool with maps by Edward Triggs and Lance Wren *(Encino Press, Austin, 1975; 190 pp., intro., maps, biblio., text and map indexes, $15.00).*

Featuring outstanding two-color maps, this carefully researched atlas might serve as the ideal model for similar works on other states. Nearly one hundred plates—each accompanied by a detailed explanatory text—provide information on a broad range of topics including geographical and geological features, plant life, natural resources, Indian tribes, exploration, wars and military campaigns (including all operations of the Texas Navy), settlement, political boundaries, agriculture and livestock ranching, and transportation.

Fifty Great Western Illustrators: A Bibliographic Checklist by Jeff Dykes *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, 1975; 457 pp., illus., $35.00).*

Over six thousand entries locating published illustrations of leading western artists make this checklist—researched over a thirty-year period by the author—a valuable reference work for libraries and western art enthusiasts.

Sagebrush Country by Donald Dale Jackson and the editors of Time-Life Books *(Time-Life, New York, 1975; 184 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $8.95).*
The Badlands by Champ Clark and the editors of Time-Life Books *(Time-Life, New York, 1974; 184 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $8.95).*

Two more books in the "American Wilderness" series, these show vast and ostensibly barren areas of the United States in moments of beauty and vibrant liveliness.

The Pacific Shore: Meeting Place of Man and Nature by Dennis Brokaw and Wesley Marx *(E. P. Dutton, New York, 1974; 144 pp., illus., notes, index, $20.00).*

A large-format pictorial that casts a new look at this much-studied area where sea, land, man, and nature meet, this is a must for nature lovers who value superb photography and a readable text.

The Art and Adventure of Beekeeping by Ormond and Harry Aebi with illustrations by Eric Mathes *(Unity Press, Santa Cruz, Calif., 1975; 184 pp., illus., index, $9.95, cloth, $4.95, paper).*

Written by a father-and-son beekeeping team which holds the Guinness world record for honey production (404 lbs. from a single hive in one season!), this warm and lively account will provide a solid introduction to the craft for beginners and entertaining reading for the timid. Enchantingly illustrated with pen and ink drawings.

PORTRAIT FOR A WESTERN ALBUM

(Continued from page 19)

and wind up immersed in some handy frigid stream with Joab standing hip-deep in the water to bless them.

Joab traveled all over the Willamette Valley and as far south as the California border, preaching in any available place—school, courthouse, loft, barn, farmhouse, or outdoors under the trees. Once he even expounded in a saloon at the special invitation of the imbibers. They put him up in the fanciest hostelry in town, fed him grandly, stabled his horse in style, and gathered eagerly to hear the Harp of a Thousand Strings exhort the poor sinners to change their ways or be damned to hell.

He stayed wherever night overtook him, always unannounced and "charging it to the Lord." But at the same time he refused pay for his preaching, relying on his successful farm and stock ranch to take care of his family needs.

Each evening at home Joab's wife read the Bible to him by firelight while he listened intently. He could then repeat the section from memory. The couple had fourteen children, two of whom died young in Missouri. When asked as to the number of his offspring, he delighted in answering in singsong manner: "John, Elias, Peter, Silas, Esther, Daniel, Mary, Ann, Joab Jr., William, Abraham, and Barbara, and I don't know how many more!"

Uncle Joab's fame and popularity grew until he was holding weeks-long revival meetings and speaking to dense crowds. People came from miles around by horseback, or in farm wagons, hacks, or fancy carriages to camp and listen, with a break at noon for a meal spread out on rugs on the ground. The picnic always consisted of mountains of food; Joab consumed his share and more, especially if someone had thoughtfully brought a pot of boiled cabbage, his favorite. He claimed not to care much for sweets but was known to eat half a pie after the main meal.

Joab was always forthright in his views and statements. Once, in 1861, he was invited to give a patriotic address in Salem. He was left free to choose the subject, but no one expected him to speak on the fieriest issue of the day. At this time Marion and Linn counties were aflame with arguments over slavery and secession. Secret societies of the Knights of the Golden Circle had invaded the area, upholding slavery and asking separation from the Union. Some of Joab's own brothers had been slave owners. But Powell himself was dead set against slavery and separation. His speech on this day was a burning indictment of the practice, together with a word picture of the hopes of humanity hanging on preservation of the Union. During this speech, it is recorded, "his hearers were so carried away that women sobbed aloud and men were not ashamed to brush away the tears that coursed down their cheeks."

By 1856 Providence church had outgrown the dark little log structure and was replaced by a new building on the same spot. Joab continued to travel and establish mission churches throughout western Oregon. He converted three thousand during his twenty years in the state, quite a record in a country sparsely settled and with communities far apart.

When he was seventy years old, Joab still had strength to cross the Cascade Range to Prineville in eastern Oregon, to dedicate the first church in that area. But his health was declining from the rigorous life he had led. When his wife died in 1872, he failed noticeably and it is said that he never smiled again. He died eight months later on January 25, 1873, at the age of seventy-three. Both he and Ann were buried in the little cemetery behind Providence Church.

For many years after Joab's death, congregations, relatives, and friends gathered to hold picnics and reunions on the church grounds in his honor. A notable one occurred on June 28, 1925, when one thousand people from three states attended, and a granite monument was dedicated to Powell's memory. His church, rebuilt in 1892, still stands beautifully cared for atop its knoll among tall trees.

The fact that Rev. Joab Powell left no written material of any kind emphasizes the remarkable qualities of this frontier preacher who is still not forgotten. Though uncultivated in appearance and manner, Uncle Joab "sang a little song" which was heard in every cranny of Oregon, and the echo has lasted for more than a hundred years.

Catherine Williams *of Portland, Oregon, is a retired librarian and a free-lance writer specializing in Northwest history.*

SARAH WINNEMUCCA

(Continued from page 33)

ments. The Winnemuccas were in a somber mood during their journey home.

Sarah's dream that the Indians would find salvation by emulating whites was soon punctured further. A cavalry unit, summoned by whites to hunt down cattle thieves, came upon an Indian camp on a small lake and fired upon it indiscriminately, killing eighteen persons. It was, in fact, a fishing party, mostly elderly Paiutes, women, and children, and among the dead was Sarah's youngest brother. Not long afterwards, her Uncle John, who had cleared bottom land on the Truckee River, was killed by a white man who wanted his land.

Sarah was grieved, and she was shocked. To get away from white people, she left the settlement and went to live with the reservation Paiutes, whom Chief Winnemucca had left in the charge of Natchez. But a white agent, appointed by the Indian Bureau, was the real power there. Theoretically, tribal government was to be left intact, with the agent on hand to see to the Indians' well-being. But with the Indian Bureau two thousand miles away, the agent knew he had a free hand to exploit them. That he would do so was a foregone conclusion, for it was common knowledge that agencies were obtained through bribery.

Sarah was astonished to find "their" agent operating a humming, diversified business. He was selling reservation timber to a sawmill, had leased grazing rights to white cattlemen, and operated a retail store stocked with provisions the government had shipped for free distribution. He purchased the Paiutes' fish and game for a pittance and sold them to whites, holding his suppliers in thrall by keeping them in debt. Natchez, only hazily versed in Indian rights, was not certain where the agent had transgressed. Sarah was better informed, and she voiced loud complaint. When the agent ignored her, she threatened to report him, even though she didn't know to whom she could bring such grievances.

When the agent began selling gunpowder, which Indians were forbidden to use, Sarah predicted trouble. It wasn't long in coming. One day a Paiute wandered off the reservation with some gunpowder and was halted by soldiers who searched him and siezed the contraband. When the Indian resisted search, he was shot dead. Paiute anger exploded over what looked to them like a trap: A government man had sold gunpowder to an Indian; a government man had killed the Indian for possessing it.

Sarah and Natchez learned of a plot to kill the agent, and they knew that, much as they despised him, they would have to save his life. His death would spark war. Surreptitiously, they called on him and warned him. Then they rushed to halt the plotters at a ford, and made them listen to reason. But they had scarcely caught their breath when word came that two white men had been shot by brothers of the dead Paiute. This was just the opening some whites had been waiting for. An excited white delegation, including the Indian agent, rode upstate to Fort McDermitt to ask the military to ride down and trounce the Indians once and for all.

At Pyramid Lake, worried Sarah and Natchez could only await the outcome. As it happened, the fort commander had heard of their earnest mediations and decided to have a talk with them before making a decision. He sent one of his cavalrymen to summon them to the fort. Sarah dipped a stick in fish blood and scratched out a reply that they would come. She recalled their anxious ride across the barren plains: "We went like the wind, never stopping till we got there."

On that day, Sarah found her career. During her audience with the fort commander, not as an interpreter for her father, but as a Paiute leader in her own right, she discovered her own kind of fight. And she put Natchez quite in the shade, where he would remain. A trim, compact figure in a dark waistcoat and a long, flared skirt, her black hair sleek on her shoulders, she sat poised before her interrogator and her adversaries and gave an impassioned account of the trouble and the abuses which provoked it. And before she was through, she had turned the issue quite around—from a white grievance into an Indian grievance. The convinced commander promised to send provisions to the hungry Paiutes, and further to send troops to shield them from attack. Their conference was over, the commander invited Sarah and Natchez to spend the night at Fort McDermitt. Conscious of the hungry looks cast upon her by the fort's lonely soldiers, Sarah declined.

After the delivery of three wagon-loads of provisions to the Paiutes had quelled their fear of the military, Sarah and Natchez pressed further. They negotiated an agreement whereby the Paiutes might leave the reservation and their gouging agent to occupy a camp site adjoining Fort McDermitt. The fort which had been constructed to protect white settlers from the Indians now offered the Indians refuge from the whites.

Sarah's hopes soared again. Things were looking up for the Paiutes, who soon occupied neat rows of tents on the fringe of the military base. And such marvelous tents—canvas ones allotted by the commander. Daily at dawn, rations were distributed to each family head. Sarah assisted in the busy sunrise ritual; it was one of the duties of her first paid job, that of camp interpreter. She won the $65-a-month position on her merits, being conversant in five languages: English, Spanish, and three Indian dialects.

With the commander's approval, Sarah and Natchez made trips to contact scattered bands of Paiutes and invite them to the fort. Singing the praises of the canvas tents and the daily rations, they were eminently successful. Even Chief Winnemucca rode into camp with his retinue. The fort's Paiute population swelled to nine hundred. The army had decided that feeding the Indians would be less costly and troublesome than constantly dealing with Indian-white skirmishes. Occasional work assignments were handed out—cattle-herding and wood-cutting for the men, domestic tasks for the women. In addition to enjoying full stomachs, the Paiutes had the diversion of watching the activity of the fort.

LIFE PASSED SMOOTHLY, yet not entirely to the satisfaction of the chief. He disapproved of the way the soldiers flirted with young Paiute women. The chief was firmly set against interracial romance, but he was powerless to halt it, even in his own family. When they moved to the fort, Natchez asked the commander to order his soldiers not to talk to his sister. For her part, Sarah affected a cold, impersonal air to discourage familiarity. But soon she was forgetting to wear it. She found herself strongly attracted to the friendly young soldiers with their flashing smiles and their talk of places she had read about in school. For their part, they were fascinated with the comely, bilingual princess. She had her pick of the officers. After her duties she rode out with one, then another, across the plains or along the shady river bank.

During her second year at the fort, Sarah showed a marked preference in riding companions. She had fallen in love with Lt. Edward Bartlett, a handsome young cavalry officer from New York state. His gaiety and impulsive ways delighted her, and she probably was impressed by his claimed relationship to Gen. John Schofield, commander of the Division of the Pacific. The lieutenant was equally taken with Sarah. But to Sarah's family, she couldn't have made a worse choice. They well remembered Bartlett from a brief stint of duty at the reservation, where one night he got drunk and rode about shouting wildly and firing a pistol until forcibly subdued. Sarah remained deaf to her father's admonitions, and early in 1871 when Bartlett received a transfer to Salt Lake City she eloped with him. A new Nevada law which prohibited marriage between those of different race delayed their wedding until they reached Utah.

The couple had lived together only a few weeks when one day Natchez appeared unannounced at Sarah's door and told her their father had ordered her to come home. She went without protest; she had already found her husband out. After returning to Nevada she spoke bitterly to a newspaper reporter of the man she had decided to divorce: "He was nothing but a drunkard. He kept continually sending to me for money after my return home, and I supplied him as long as I could; but what makes me now so bitter against him is the fact that he finally sold all my jewelry. I never want to see him again."

But Sarah was never one to look backward. Having ventilated her resentment, she picked up the former threads of her life. Returning to the fort, she worked for a time as a hospital matron, but soon she was spending most of her time mediating in disputes between the soldiers and Paiutes. The sympathetic commander had been transferred, and he was replaced by a young officer who looked upon the Indian camp as a nuisance. When some angry Paiutes decided to return to Pyramid Lake, Sarah chose to accompany them. Not long after, the other Paiutes followed: the fort had cut off their rations.

Sarah saw now that the fort experience had only been a side trip that postponed real solution. Clearly, handouts were not to be relied on; moreover, they bred shiftlessness. She returned to her former conviction that the Indians would have to acquire the white habit of earning. And their best chance to earn, she thought, lay in farming. Of course, they would first have to learn how. Back at the fort she had once written a letter to the commissioner of Indian affairs in Washington asking the government to provide farming instruction for the Indians. Now she repeated the plea, further urging that the Paiutes be assigned individual farm plots.

Optimistically, she set out to enlist the help of the new agent, Mr. Bateman; she considered it promising that he was an ordained Baptist minister. The government, plagued with complaints of crooked Indian agents, was trying out a policy of putting churchmen in charge of the Indians. But "Brother" Bateman turned a deaf ear to Sarah's project. While he was anxious to teach the Bible to the Paiutes, he had no interest in teaching them to farm. Sarah discovered he had leased the reservation's bottom land to white farmers and had renewed the cattlemen's grazing leases. She lost her temper with him, and hastily departed for Virginia City to air complaints to the public and the press. Mr. Bateman retaliated by accusing Natchez of threatening him, and had him thrown into jail. With the aid of white friends, Sarah got Natchez released, and they returned to the reservation without any illusions about their protector.

Silll visualizing the reservation as an Eden of tilled fields, Sarah sought to persuade the Paiutes to attempt farming on their own. But they were scarcely more enthusiastic than their agent. They were full of excuses: they lacked tools; the agent might seize the crops for himself; they had heard of a tribe that had broken soil with sticks and planted expensive seed only to have a grasshopper scourage devour it.

Undaunted, Sarah persuaded Natchez to accompany her to San Francisco, where she wangled an appointment with the formidable General Schofield at the Presidio. To Sarah's plea that he help the Paiutes to begin farming, the general intoned that such matters were quite outside his jurisdiction. He suggested that they see their United States senator, John Percival Jones. They traveled to Gold Hill, Nevada, and succeeded in obtaining the politician's ear. Senator Jones, whose absorbing interest was national silver policy, listened courteously, expressed sympathy for the Paiutes, and with an air of largesse contributed $20 toward their relief.

All Sarah reaped from her efforts to introduce farming at Pyramid Lake was a harvest of slander. The Reverend Mr. Bateman, having cultivated press channels of his own, had it published that she was not only a troublemaker, but was an impostor, who falsely claimed to be a chief'sd aughter, when in fact she was a member of the lowly Digger tribe, and furthermore had had seven failed ventures into matrimony.

Sarah discovered the peril of crossing the establishment. Nearing thirty, she was weary. She was exasperated with selfish white society and exasperated with her own people who seemed resigned to giving up. At a loose end, she wandered north to visit her father, who was brooding at an Oregon hideaway. At this juncture, she might have chosen the most handsome of her father's braves and settled down to motherhood. But a job offer intervened. Sam Parish, the agent at Malheur Indian Reservation in Oregon, learned of her arrival and sent a courier to offer her a job as interpreter. For Sarah the job lacked appeal—the last thing she wanted was to be involved in another scheme of robbing Indians. But her father, impressed with the salary, urged her to accept and promised to accompany her to Malheur with his band.

To Sarah's surprise, Sam Parish turned out to be what had seemed a contradiction in terms: a good Indian agent. Not only did he give his charges the provisions the government sent, but he agreed to try out Sarah's plan of assigning farm plots. When the land had been parceled out, he undertook to teach the Indians to farm. To aid cultivation he hired the Paiutes at paid wages to build a dam, dig an irrigation ditch, and erect fences. Under Sarah's determined prodding, the Paiutes set about becoming farmers with some zeal. Meanwhile, the agent's wife, assisted by Sarah, opened a school for the children, which so excited the squaws that they sat outside the windows to listen and to join in the singing.

Trouble came with the replacement of Parish by another agent. The stated reason for the change was that the new agent was a practicing Christian, whereas Parish was not. The Indians' distress at losing their honest agent was matched by their alarm at the new appointee, Mr. Rhinehart, who as operator of a store at Canyon City had cheated them and illegally sold them whiskey.

Sarah was furious. She got off a spate of protesting letters to government officials. But there was no stopping the arrival of the dreaded Rhinehart, who swiftly made it clear the reservation belonged, not to Indians, but to the government, whose power he embodied. He also laid claim to the crops, permitting the farmers to keep only a portion. Under new policy the Indians would farm for him, their wages to be paid in government provisions. Rhinehart moved in a flock of his relatives who outfitted themselves from the government warehouse. Avid poker players all, they encouraged the Indians to gamble with them, and raked in all they owned.

Sarah and Rhinehart were soon at loggerheads. She determinedly sought his removal by reporting him to every official she knew. Rhinehart found out and treated her with contempt. One day as she delivered to him a vehement tribal complaint, Rhinehart shouted that if the Paiutes didn't like the way he ran things they could depart, and as for Sarah she could consider herself fired. Sarah stayed three weeks longer just to annoy him, after which she left to stay with a woman friend who lived across the Cascade Mountains.

THE PAIUTES' EXPOSURE to the "practicing Christian" led to the greatest disaster yet for the beleaguered tribe and the most dramatic experience of Sarah's life—involvement in the fierce Bannock War of 1878. With Sarah gone, the Paiutes and their bewildered chief fell in thrall to their medicine man, Oytes, who recklessly led them to a barren site down river. There, hungry and confused, they fell prey to rampaging Bannock Indians, who had embarked on a fierce last effort to rout the white usurpers. With the collusion of Oytes, the Bannocks seized the Paiutes' weapons and forced them to accompany them to their tribal stronghold.

Of these events Sarah knew nothing. While they were happening, she was driving a buckboard wagon across Idaho bound, she supposed, for Washington, D.C., to demand Rhinehart's dismissal. In her pocket was $29.25 that her tribe had collected to finance her journey, and jostling with her were three white passengers. One was a widower, who had promptly fallen for her and soon would propose. But Sarah's sole interest in the trio was the $50 taxi fare she would collect upon depositing them in Silver City, Idaho. This sum, together with the proceeds of the sale of her team and wagon, was counted on to buy her an eastbound ticket on the Union Pacific.

The Bannock War dawned for Sarah when, jolting behind her team, she was halted by United States troops who suspected she might be hauling ammunition. She indignantly resisted their search. But when she learned of the Bannocks' rampages and of their abduction of the Paiutes, she unhesitatingly sided with the whites. Sending her traveling companions on their way, she offered her services to the army.

Army scouts had reported the Bannocks to be massed in the Stein mountains, 223 miles away across precipitous terrain. Sarah's formidable assignment, just refused by two Paiute men as too dangerous, was to steal into the Bannock camp, locate the Paiutes, and persuade them to seize horses and escape with her to Fort Lyon. When Sarah expressed willingness to go alone, the two Paiute men were shamed into accompanying her. The reluctant pair and a letter identifying her to be an army messenger were her only protection, and though the latter, far from being an asset had it fallen into Bannock hands, would have meant certain death.

She accomplished her mission in two days. Riding nonstop but for cat naps with her saddle for a pillow and her horse tethered to her wrist, she stole unnoticed in paint and blanket into the camp of the hostiles. She succeeded in slipping the Paiutes out during the supper-time bustle, only to be overtaken midway by the enraged Bannocks, who had been ordered to return with the heads of Sarah and her father. Half of the Paiutes were forced to return, but Sarah and her father were among the several hundred exhahusted Paiutes who made it to Fort Lyon. Her daring feat put her into the ranks of American Indian heroines alongside Pocahontas and Sacajawea.

Later the exploit would bring her a $500 reward, but more immediately it gained her another derring-do assignment. The western field commander, Gen. O. O. Howard, much impressed with Sarah, chose her for his personal interpreter and guide during his campaign to vanquish the Bannocks. As angry as violated hornets after Sarah's raid, the Bannocks had resumed their forays. They led the army on a grueling six-week chase up rugged peaks, through plunging canyons, over hot alkaline desert.

Sarah, who knew the territory better than any soldier, galloped about carrying dispatches between army units. At night she read the Indian signal fires on distant mountains. After engagements she ministered to fallen Indians. But her greatest value was as a divining rod for Bannocks. Once the troops were in a panic because scouts reported the Bannocks massed on an adjacent cliff. The officers, focusing their field glasses, confirmed that it was so. Squinting into the distance, Sarah burst out laughing. She saw at once that the Bannocks, to gain time, had employed the Indian trick of arranging rocks to resemble men.

During the last big battle that so routed and scattered the Bannocks that they never rallied again, Sarah proved herself the bravest of the scouts. Showing no fear, she moved constantly about the front lines gathering information, once going forward enough to recognize the detestable Oytes. Her acts of conspicuous daring were much reported by newspaper correspondents who followed the conflict on horseback. Composing their reports in rear-echelon safety, the newsmen had to depend largely on rumor, which accounted for the false report, blazoned in newspaper headlines, that Sarah had been killed. When she miraculously materialized before her grieving family, such was her father's relief and pride in his war-heroine daughter that he conferred on her the title of chief, unprecedented for a woman.

For her bravery and for her staunch loyalty to the Americans, Sarah might reasonably have expected a largesse of gratitude and consideration. Instead, she was cruelly duped. It was none of General Howard's doing; indeed he strongly opposed the sequel to the Bannock War, but was overruled. Sarah was totally unwary when she was informed that the Indian Bureau had decided to relocate the Paiutes at Melheur Reservation. Would Sarah use her influence to get them to go willingly? Sarah protested that the Paiutes' latest tribulations had started with bad treatment at Malheur. There was a new policy at Malheur, she was told. Much would be done for the Paiutes there; they had nothing to fear.

After Sarah had analyzed her doubts and rejected them, she relayed the proposal to her people. Alarm swept the camp. Those Paiutes who had been trapped with the Bannocks were especially fearful of returning north. Sarah encouraged calm. She said the army had never lied to her, and it had promised her the Paiutes had nothing to fear. The proposal was debated vehemently. Those who favored it argued, "It's all right—Sarah approves." In the end the tribe split—half of them volunteered to go to Malheur, the rest fled to the fort to take their chances as fugitives.

Accompanying the northward trek, Sarah did not grow suspicious until the Paiutes were detained at Camp Harney. The delay puzzled Sarah, until she discovered with horror that the Paiutes were not being taken to Malheur but would be forcibly marched to the Yakima Reservation in the Washington Territory. That was the place Indian war prisoners were incarcerated. The Indian Bureau had knuckled under to the settlers, who wanted the Paiutes out of their way. The dread word Yakima spread pandemonium among the tribe. Some Paiutes, including women and children, made a wild dash for freedom, only to be dragged back by soldiers. Terrified, the Paiutes turned their wrath upon Sarah, accusing her of selling them out, even as she, anger boiling in her like lye, cursed the army for double-crossing her.

Sarah's strident protests caused not a ripple in the official plans. Her tribesmen now despised her, yet she chose to share their fate. The trek to Yakima was made in January across windswept mountains through deep snow. Scantily clad, many Paiutes died from exposure; small children froze to death; mothers died in childbirth. Hurried along, they were not even permitted to bury their dead. When they arrived at bleak Yakima, the bedraggled throng was herded into unheated sheds—"like so many horses or cattle," Sarah recorded bitterly.

Sarah did not go to the wilderness concentration camp to sit placidly in the snow. She quickly made herself a thorn in the side of the Indian agent, a falsely-pious man who bade his charges address him as Father Wilbur. Father Wilbur alternated a campaign for souls with schemes for squeezing profit even from destitute prisoners. So constant and furious were Sarah's demands for the Paiutes—for heat, for clothes, for food, for blankets—she regained the confidence of her tribesmen. She even raised their hopes again. A few months after arriving, she received her $500 reward for her raid on the Bannocks. She vowed to use it traveling to seek relief for the prisoners.

But before departing, Sarah found a way to advertise the Paiutes' plight right there at Yakima. Father Wilbur had devoted much planning to a revival to be preached by an eminent bishop and attended by important visitors from the East. That spring the Paiutes, through necessity, were going very nearly naked, and Father Wilbur took the precaution of asking them not to attend the revival. To Sarah this suggested possibilities. When the visitors arrived they found the tattered Paiutes camped before the agent's house, and daily Sarah marched her nude revue into the revival tent and seated them prominently. She departed Yakima feeling she was off to a good start.

General Howard may or may not have planted the idea of fighting her cause through public lectures. After leaving Yakima, Sarah went to confer with him at Fort Vancouver, and from there she went straight to San Francisco. Sarah was nothing if not versatile; she stepped before an audience and began speaking like a veteran of the lecture circuit. Declaiming dramatically on the duplicity of the Indian Bureau and the rascality of Indian agents, she became the sensation of San Francisco. Everybody had to hear the fascinating Princess Winnemucca of Bannock War fame. Those who heard her went away talking about the shameful treatment of the Paiutes. A physician wrote he found her "nearly beautiful" in her "short dress of black velvet ornamented with three gold bands." He described her as "speaking with zest, expressing herself perfectly in good English, able to translate quite naturally the most intimate feeling of her soul. . . . She did it with such passion and conviction, she had such pathetic emotions, that many people were moved to tears."

In Washington, D.C., the Indian Bureau was moved to something else. Reports of Sarah's bold indictments so alarmed officials they decided to appease her. A Bureau man presented himself after one of Sarah's lectures and invited her and her family to visit Washington, all expenses paid, to report on tribal conditions. Sarah accepted and took along her father, her brother Natchez, and her cousin Joe.

The delegation had scarcely reached Washington when Sarah smelled sham. The government guide assigned to them pointedly instructed them not to leave their hotel without him; they were to go only to places of his designation and speak only to persons of his selection. Sarah was forbidden to make speeches or to grant interviews. The omnipresent guide kept them at a running pace of sight-seeing from morning until night. Sarah said later they were forced to inspect everything in Washington but the old men's home—*there* she drew the line.

Controlled steam-letting was part of the scheme, however, and the Paiutes were paraded before several officials, including Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz. After extracting Sarah's promise not to make speeches in Washington, he surprised her by acceding to everything she asked for. He signed and presented to her an executive order that stated the Paiutes would be permitted to leave Yakima and that each adult male was to be allotted 160 acres of land. Verbally he promised to ship the tribe enough canvas to supply each family with a tent. Finally, the Winnemuccas were taken to the White House to meet President Rutherford B. Hayes. That event seems to have awed Sarah not at all. As she reported it, "We were shown all over the place before we saw him . . . at last he walked in and shook hands with us. Then he said, 'Did you get all you want for your people?' I said, 'Yes, sir, as far as I know.' 'That is well,' he said and went out again. That is all we saw of him. That was President Hayes." After that, the exhausted Winnemuccas returned west, the chief wearing the new suit the Indian Bureau had bought him, Sarah guarding with her life the signed executive order.

OF THEIR ACQUISITIONS the chief's was to prove the more useful. Sarah's surmise had been all too true. When, one by one, she sought to collect on the promises, she learned she had been served a Barmecide feast. The Paiutes who were still at liberty camped around the railroad station at Lovelock, Nevada, to await the shipment of tent canvas that never arrived. The promised land allotments were never made. Sarah rode on horseback all the way to Yakima with President Hayes' executive order, expecting to return triumphant with the freed Paiutes. But Father Wilbur devastated her by refusing to recognize the paper she carried. Since it had not been directed to him, he said, he could not honor it. Sarah now realized she had been duped. She lost her temper completely. When she told Father Wilbur her opinion of Christians, the quality of their acts and the value of their word, he threatened to put her in prison encased in irons. Prison doubtless would have been more endurable for Sarah than humiliation before her tribe, than the knowledge that she had been lulled with a piece of paper, the way some Indians were appeased with beads.

Sarah's life for the next two or three years is but scantily documented, for she scrupulously shunned white people. She was now convinced she hated and despised them. For a time she taught the children of the Sheepeater Indians, who camped on the fringe of Fort Vancouver. During this shadowy period of her life she reportedly married an Indian. No record exists of this marriage, however, nor did she mention it in her autobiography. But then she gave her two white husbands very minor billing, which was a correct assessment of their impact upon her life. Sarah was first and foremost a leader with a cause, only briefly and incidentally a wife. She bore no children, probably by choice; the Paiutes practiced a highly effective method of birth control, which they never divulged.

Sarah's attraction to white people was too strong to remain long suppressed. In time it was a romance with a white man that overcame her bitterness—overcame it enough for her to marry him. He was Lambert Hopkins, a good-looking, ineffectual civilian employee of the army, who was several years her junior. She met him while visiting her sister Elma, who had married a well-to-do Montana lumberman. Sarah and Lambert were married in Montana in the spring of 1882 and resided there until the following spring, when they traveled to Massachusetts.

Sarah had been invited to deliver a series of lectures there under the most impeccable auspices. Her sponsors were the high-minded and aristocratic Peabody sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, the latter the wife of the eminent educator Horace Mann. They had addressed themselves to "Indian problems," and having heard of Sarah's campaigns wished to be elucidated at the source. Presenting herself, Sarah impressed them at once as the genuine article, and they made haste to see that Boston—*their* Boston, that is, was exposed to her presence. Beacon Hill, no less than Nob Hill, was delighted to find an authentic Indian who was attractive, well-mannered, and in command of the English language.

An astute observer of human nature, Sarah did not attempt to emulate the Bostonians. She affected for her platform appearances what she divined they would expect of her. Her costume included a modest-length dress of buff-colored deerskin with beaded fringe and red leather leggings. A leather pouch hung suspended from her belt, and her black hair fell sleek and unadorned. Her gripping accounts of the Paiutes' misfortunes gave her audience ample scope for their practiced indignation. Word of the attraction spread quickly. Speaking invitations flowed in from other strongholds of altruism in New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. Sarah dashed about, while making Boston her headquarters for her latest project—the suggestion of Mrs. Mann—writing an autobiographical account of the Paiutes' troubles.

One highly interested observer of Sarah's eastern activities was the Indian Bureau. With her book in the works, the Bureau decided she had gone far enough. Another invitation to Washington would scarcely have beguiled her, so the Bureau rashly published in its journal, *Council Fire,* the charges that Rhinehart once had made in a desperate effort to counteract her indictments of him—the wild concoction that Sarah was a veteran of a Nevada bordello. Marked copies of that issue were mailed freely in the circles where Sarah was making her appeals.

It was a tactical error. Aristocratic Boston would not brook irresponsible slander upon one who had received its coveted accolade. The Bostonians flew to Sarah's defense. So did Sarah's admirers in the West. Three generals, several military officers, government officials, and a prominent judge were among those who sent letters refuting the foolish charges and vouching for Sarah's high character and patriotic contributions.

The smear boomeranged. It threw sympathy to Sarah, heightened demand for her lectures, and boosted sales of her book, *Life Among the Paiutes: Their Wrongs and Claims.* Moreover, it spurred Sarah's bold new plan to go over Indian Bureau heads and get Congress to legislate relief for the Paiutes. The Peabody sisters helped her compose and circulate a petition demanding that the Paiutes be settled on land of their own. A Massachusetts senator agreed to introduce the measure. In the spring of 1884, Sarah and a group of distinguished easterners appeared before a congressional committee and spoke for the bill. Later that year it passed Congress.

Sarah, accompanied by her boyish husband, returned to Nevada in the fall of 1884 a full-blown celebrity. With her father dead, she was indubitably the number one Paiute; and she was probably the best-known Indian in the country. Indian censure of Sarah had dissipated in pride for her dazzling achievements, and every Indian in Nevada wanted to greet their authoress. Sarah dashed from town to town receiving their homage and promising that their brothers at Yakima would soon be freed and all Paiutes given land. That she cut a swath rather like a present-day movie queen is suggested by this item in the *Reese River Reveille* for September 1884:

"During the recent visit of Princess Sarah Winnemucca to Carson City she was always followed about the streets by a squad of Washoe squaws who, however, kept at a respectful distance gazing at her with unmixed admiration. On the evening of her lecture a large number gathered about her hotel waiting to get a last lingering look at her. Just as the Princess emerged through the main entrance of the hotel, rigged out in good toggery, an exclamation of delight ran along the line of Washoe squaws; but the zenith of their pleasure was arrived at when the Princess spoke a few kind words to each. Their usually expressionless faces were lighted up with joy and no one not present at that street audience can form a real idea of the capacity of a Washoe squaw's mouth."

Considering the harshness of nineteenth-century Indian policy—iron repression that would culminate in the 1890 massacre at Wounded Knee—it is not surprising that even Sarah's congressional triumph was snatched away. She had believed Congress to be the nation's ultimate authority, but it failed her, too. Secretary Schurz, smarting under her indictments of his department, had the last say after all. He refused to implement the rebuking legislation, and a new Congress did not force the issue. Of course, as the cruelly disappointed Paiutes saw it, credulous Sarah had been duped again. And they scorned and hated her for it. The Yakima Paiutes now knew help would never come. Many of them risked their lives by escaping from Yakima. Some of them, at great odds, wound their way back to Pyramid Lake.

Deeply depressed and obsessed with failure, Sarah went with her husband to live with Natchez, near Lovelock. For a time she taught a few Indian pupils with financial aid from the Peabody sisters. But after a life of daring and action, drilling small children in the alphabet could not truly engage her. And she must have reflected bitterly upon how her own schooling had beguiled her into seeking the unattainable. Her husband, far from being a mainstay, was a burden. He idled away his days, spent her money, stole from Natchez, and in 1887 died of tuberculosis.

Having contracted tuberculosis from her husband, Sarah closed her school in 1889 and went to spend her last days with her sister in Montana. She was now chronically despondent. Her old spirit was visible only in the aggressiveness she devoted to the one pastime that could lift her sadness—stud poker. Raking in a pot, her eyes shone with the old fervor.

When Sarah Winnemucca died on October 17, 1891, probably aged forty-eight, her tribesmen measured her, as she had come to measure herself, by the sum of her failures. It remained for a later generation to recognize her magnificent efforts and to find inspiration in them. At a time when most Indian tribes have dispersed, her present-day descendants still occupy their high reservation around their vast sparkling lake. They are quite probably the most peacefully contentious Indians in the world. For decades they have battled in the courts and protested before government agencies to protect their rights and holdings. Most reservations have long since been lost by their tribes, but the Paiutes have actually augmented theirs. In the 1940s, they recovered 2,100 acres which white squatters had pinched off during the 1860s. Later they sued for and won an increased flow of water to raise the lake level, which had been lowered by a dam, then won a re-stocking of their lake with trout, which had disappeared when the lake dropped. Most recently, in 1973, they won a court order to increase the lake's inflow to replace water lost by evaporation. Filing lawsuits has become more of a Paiute tradition than weaving tule baskets.

Their victories have not brought the Paiutes the easy life. Raising cattle—their present occupation—on their grudging reserve presents a formidable challenge. But since the Paiutes during their age-old occupation of their high desert have never known nor expected easy living, they can rejoice in their twentieth-century recoup. And they know that wherever she is, their lively princess who bequeathed them their tradition of courage without bloodshed is rejoicing, too.

Elinor Richey *is a Berkeley, California, author whose writings most often focus on the past and its strands to the present. Her books include* The Ultimate Victorians, Remain to be Seen, *and the just-published* Eminent Women of the West, *from which the above article is adapted.*

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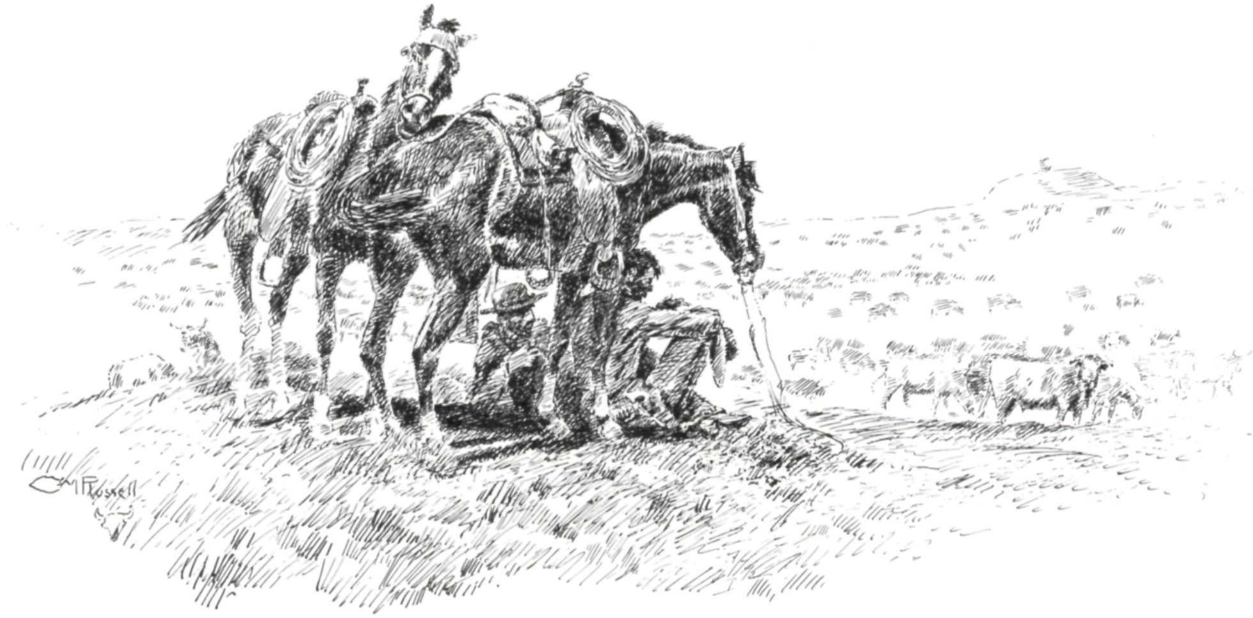

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