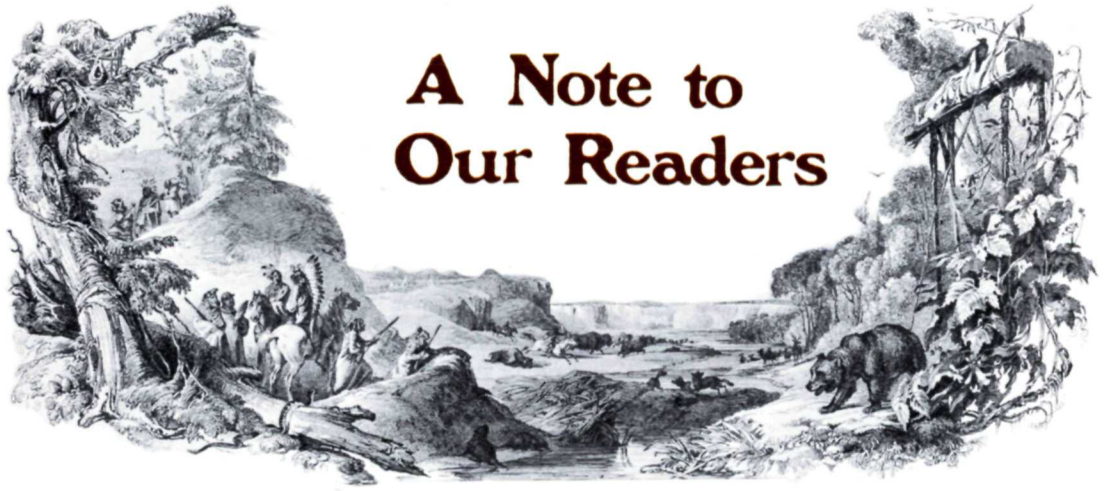
THE AMERICAN WEST

Cover: Despite his Southern breeding and German training, artist William R. Leigh discovered his true calling in painting the American West. In 1908, just two years after his first trip west, he painted the dramatic moonlight scene Warning Shadow *reproduced on our cover. Though a contemporary of western artists Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell, Leigh outlived both by many years, continuing to paint prolifically until the day of his death in 1955. An article on Leigh's life and art, accompanied by a selection from his work, begins on page 32.*

COVER PAINTING REPRODUCED COURTESY OF THE ROCKWELL-CORNING MUSEUM, CORNING, NEW YORK



A Note to Our Readers

With this issue, *The American West* embarks upon a new phase in its exploration of America's western heritage. In March, publication of the magazine came under the aegis of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, one of the nation's leading western museum complexes.

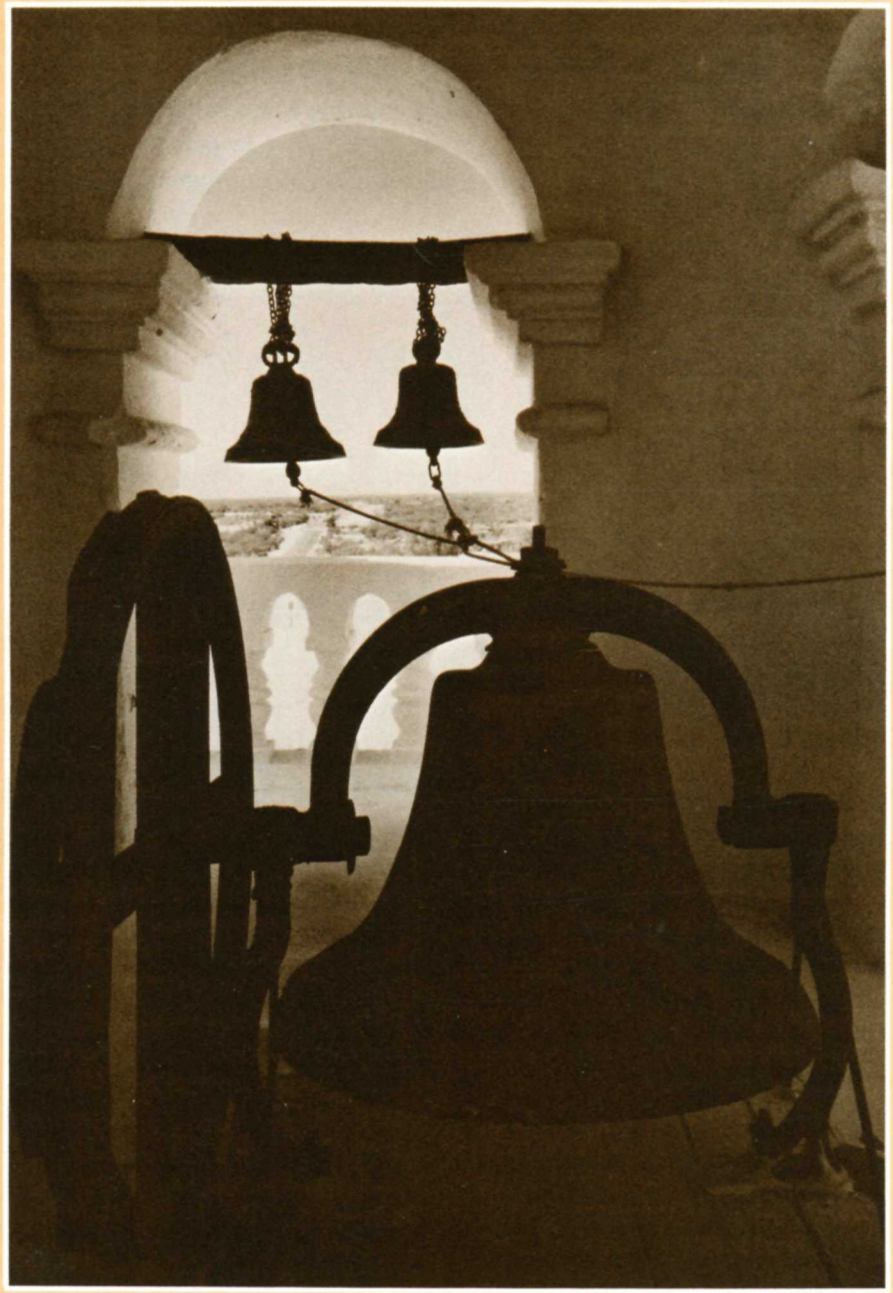
The goal of *The American West* remains exactly as before—to serve its readership as a lively and authoritative magazine of western history. In implementing this goal, however, *The American West* has been greatly strengthened through newly gained access to the historical resources, western collections, and staff expertise of the Buffalo Bill Center's four museums. These assets, together with the continued sponsorship and support of the prestigious Western History Association, give the magazine a foundation unmatched by any other publication in its field.

As it seeks to provide its readers with a clearer vision of the past, *The American West* looks toward a rich and rewarding future.

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, publisher of *The American West*, is a nonprofit educational institution dedicated to the preservation of the western heritage. Located in Cody, Wyoming, and dating from 1927, the center incorporates four major western museums in one complex: the Buffalo Bill Museum, the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, the Plains Indian Museum, and the Winchester Museum.

The Western History Association, sponsor of *The American West*, was established in 1962 "to promote the study of the American West in all its varied aspects." Membership in the association includes persons from all walks of life, encompassing both the professional historian and amateur. In addition to sponsoring *The American West*, the association publishes a scholarly journal, the *Western Historical Quarterly*, and hosts an annual conference on the history of the American West. Additional details regarding the association appear on page 64.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN P. SCHAEFER



"I FOUND THE NATIVES very approachable and friendly," wrote Jesuit priest Eusebio Francisco Kino in 1692 of his first visit to the Pima Indian settlement at San Xavier del Bac, near present-day Tucson. "Here I preached the word of God," he continued, "pointing out to them on my World Map the distant lands, rivers, and seas we missionaries traveled to bring them the holy faith."

It was only fitting that Kino use a map in his sermon to the Pimas, for he was also an explorer and cartographer, as David Lavender illustrates in his article on Kino in this issue. Kino began construction of a mission at Bac in 1700, and dreamed of making his headquarters there. But duties elsewhere thwarted his plans, and nearly a century passed before the present-day church was built. Today considered the finest example of mission architecture in the United States, it is a registered national landmark.

The photograph above of Bac's west tower bells is from a new publication on the mission, *Bac: Where the Waters Gather,* with text by Celestine Chinn and Kieran McCarty and photographs by John P. Schaefer, available from the University of Arizona's Center for Creative Photography in Tucson.

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Eusebio Francisco KINO

Missionary-Explorer of the Southwest

by David Lavender

FOR TWO DIFFICULT CENTURIES several hundred Catholic missionaries sought to aid Spanish New World expansionism by pushing doggedly north against privation and danger into what is now the southwestern fringe of the United States. This anonymous, largely unrequited army advanced in three unconnected salients. One leapfrogged up New Mexico's Rio Grande Valley as far as Santa Fe and Taos. Another crossed the lower part of the same river into east Texas. A third, moving much more deliberately than the others, pressed along the western flanks of Sonora's Sierra Madre Occidental into present-day Arizona.

In the vanguard of the Arizona thrust was a non-Spanish Jesuit named Eusebio Francisco Kino. His progress in miles was minimal when compared to the leap Franciscan missionaries had taken in 1598 when moving with colonizer Juan de Oñate out of Nueva Vizcaya (present Chihuahua) into northern New Mexico, and that others of the same order would take in 1769 when moving into California. Few of Kino's plans ever reached maturity. Yet his name, together with that of Junípero Serra of California, is the only one among hundreds of devoted Catholic proselytizers that the average citizen of today's Southwest is likely to recognize.

What qualities about the man have made him so memorable? Why, to cite a single instance, did the state of Arizona, a name he probably never heard, honor him as a leading citizen by placing his statue in the United States Capitol in Washington, D.C.?

Eusebio Francisco Kino: today no one really knows what he looked like. His years of intense physical activity on a spartan diet suggest that he was lean and wiry. His skeleton, exhumed in 1966 from its long-forgotten burial place in Magdalena, Sonora, indicates that though his bones would seem small today, they were of average size among his contemporaries. Earlier, photographs of twenty-one descendants of his family had persuaded a Tucson artist, Frances O'Brien, to paint him with wavy hair, a broad forehead, and high cheekbones sloping to a rather narrow chin. His mouth was wide and, one is inclined to think, he smiled readily. (Kino's statue in the Capitol was modeled after O'Brien's 1962 portrait.)

Although born in northern Italy, he was so thoroughly educated in nearby German universities—his favorite studies were mathematics, astronomy, and mapmaking—that he once remarked he hardly knew whether he was German or Italian. He was religious by nature, and on recovering from what had threatened to be a fatal illness, he showed his gratitude to the Lord by entering the Society of Jesus. As a Jesuit, he dreamed of being sent as a missionary and cartographer to China. Instead he was ordered to help a soldier named Atondo colonize Baja California. Characteristically, Kino threw himself into the work with almost frightening vigor, as though devotion could compensate for disappointment.

Curiously, Baja California was then considered to be the largest island in the world, even though the voyages of Francisco de Ulloa and Hernando de Alarcón nearly one hundred and fifty years before had revealed it to be a peninsula. Its dry, tumbled bleakness defies adequate description. Between 1683 and 1685, Atondo's colonists and the Jesuit missionaries who accompanied them tried desperately to put down roots at two sites. Both times they failed.

In a final search for a habitable location, a group of

This article has been adapted by the author from his forthcoming history of the Southwest, to be published by Harper & Row, New York.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES W. POLZER, SOUTHWESTERN MISSION RESEARCH CENTER, ARIZONA STATE MUSEUM, TUCSON

COURTESY OF FRANCES O'BRIEN

Preceding page: In addition to a statue of Eusebio Francisco Kino in the Capitol at Washington, D.C., two other monumental representations of him exist, both by Julian Martinez. One stands on the grounds of Arizona's state capitol in Phoenix, and the other, pictured here, is on display in Hermosillo, Sonora.

Left: No portrait of Kino drawn during his lifetime is known to exist. Frances O'Brien's 1962 painting at left was made after she studied photographs of four generations of the Kino family. When the missionary-explorer's remains were discovered in Mexico three years later, O'Brien's portrait was found to be remarkably accurate.

scouts, Kino among them, made an arduous crossing of the "island's" sawtoothed fin of mountains to the shores of the Pacific. One thing they noticed among the rocks at low tide were some fine, iridescent abalone shells—blue shells, Kino called them. For the rest of his life he remembered the gleaming objects. In time they would help change the maps of the hemisphere, but the kind of resources a colony needed did not exist there nor could supplies be obtained on dependable schedule from Mexico. The Baja California enterprise was abandoned.

Again Kino was bitterly disappointed. He had been excited by the prospects of opening a land hitherto unknown to Europeans, and he was dismayed by the thought of forsaking Indian converts who trusted him. Passionately he argued that although colonization might have to stop, the missionary effort should be continued. His answer was an order sending him north to the frontier in Sonora.

THE NEW ASSIGNMENT made him part of a pattern quite different from that which had brought about the settlement of New Mexico. In 1598, Juan de Oñate's colonists had traveled without significant pause seven hundred miles from Nueva Vizcaya to northern New Mexico. Since that time, only a few meager settlements, notably El Paso, had taken form along the way to alleviate the isolation. The Franciscan missionaries of New Mexico, moreover, had had no choice but to attach their churches as mere adjuncts to the long-established Pueblo Indian villages. Largely because of that, they had been unable during the course of an entire century to fulfill their role of turning the Indians into productive, tax-paying, Spanish-speaking citizens.

Development on the west side of the bristling peaks of the Sierra Madre Occidental had been much more orderly. There the Jesuits, to whom that area had been assigned, moved with careful deliberation. When establishing a mission, their first step was to find a suitable scattering of Indian huts near tilled fields. There the priest and his helpers built a humble station of wattles and clay. With such new foods as wheat and beef, with pageantry and music, and with offerings of a new kind of spiritual comfort, they pulled the Indians about them. Supported by Indian labor, they gradually transformed the original station into a handsome church glittering with candles, silver ornaments, and colorful statues. Mellifluous bells announced each day that here indeed was the architectural, religious, and social center of the area. Outsiders settled nearby and slowly a town took shape.

The success led to the mission's own demise. The priests turned their establishments over to the secular clergy, divided the mission's temporal properties among the local Indians, and moved upstream to the next *ranchería,* where they set about creating still more Christianized Spanish citizens.

There were rough spots, of course. Occasional revolts erupted; occasional missionaries suffered martyrdom. Secularization did not always occur as soon as parish priests, eager for offices, ranchers hungry for mission lands, and miners eager for Indian labor wished. Nevertheless, the tightly organized Jesuits, aided by the north-south thrust of the river valleys, were able to move the frontier ahead by more than five hundred miles during the course of the seventeenth century. Except near the northwestern coast, where the wild Seri Indians lived, they left behind a far more coherent pattern of settlement than prevailed on the eastern side of the mountains. But then, approximately where the present international boundary now lies, they ran into trouble.

In that area the ruggedness of the Sierra Madre gives way to a section of rolling, grassy hills pierced by only an occasional fanged peak. Those hills form a divide between the headwaters of the south-flowing Yaqui and Sonora rivers and the north-trending drainage system that leads to the upper Gila River in what is now southern Arizona. Today major highways and an east-west transcontinental railroad wind through the area without difficulty, and it is conceivable that, except for one thing, the Jesuits' own momentum might have kept them rolling on northeast to contact with the Rio Grande.

The deterrent was the implacable hostility of the Western Apache who inhabited the area. Even after the presidios of Janos and Fronteras had been established, 1691–92, eighty miles apart on either side of the Continental Divide, their function was not so much to open a way to the north as to keep marauders out of the south.

This same Indian blockade deflected Eusebio Francisco Kino northwest from the tributaries of the Yaqui into the edges of Pimería Alta, the homeland of the upper (northernmost) Pima Indians and their relatives, the Pápago and Sobaípuri. Off in the distance were Yuman tribes known only by rumor.

Roughly egg-shaped, its small end pointing westward, Pimería Alta reached from the headwaters of the Río de Sonora north to the Gila, and from the lower Colorado River and the Gulf of California east to Arizona's north-flowing San Pedro and the upper Sonora. The area, about fifty thousand square miles, approximated that of England's New York colony, and on Kino's arrival in 1687 was inhabited by an estimated thirty thousand naked, seminomadic, unconverted Indians. Surely this should have satisfied any missionary. It did not hold Kino for long, however, smarting as he was from the debacle in Baja California.

Again he assuaged disappointment by working as if obsessed. He began building his *cabecera,* his head station, high up on the San Miguel River, the principal western tributary of the Río de Sonora. He called it Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, Our Lady of Sorrows, or, more simply, Dolores. As soon as the Indians could carry on the work without his immediate supervision, he scouted the surrounding valleys for sites where he could locate *visitas,* churches that could be serviced as occasion demanded from Dolores. He was forty-two years old at the time.

To a German the climate was fiery. Frost came only between mid-December and early February, and then only when north winds blew. Snow was limited to rare, light scuffs that melted within minutes. Spring, by contrast, was dry, hot, and windy. Then, during the sultry afternoons of July, August, and September, the gasping land was bombarded by crashing thunderstorms and wild whirlwinds.

Strange crops materialized. One was toads. After rainstorms the creatures appeared in such numbers from the earth in which they had buried themselves the previous year that the settlers who followed close on the missionaries' heels thought they were spontaneously generated: semen deposited during previous seasons was activated by water on warm mud and, presto, toads emerged as fully formed as Minerva.

Gold, too, appeared almost as magically. Great pieces of hillside collapsed into the raging canyons, and the flakes of metal, washed free of their earthen bonds, were deposited in quiet eddies as the water subsided. Each year placer miners scoured the drying mud banks and gravel bars for treasure. Occasionally they found enough to start a small, short-lived stampede. At rarer intervals they also found veins of silver ore that dipped deep into the hillsides, but though each was greeted with jubilation, none proved as rich as the storied lodes of the central plateau.

Where the canyons widened into pockets, the soil was fertile. Here the missionaries sought to enlarge the agricultural resources and to improve the farming techniques already mastered by the Pima. They introduced wooden plows (iron was prohibitively expensive on the frontier) and that meant oxen had to be broken to the yoke.

Cattle, which multiplied rapidly, had to be rounded up and branded. Butchering took place in the fall. The meat was cut into strips and dried into a black jerky that throughout the remainder of the year could be chewed raw, roasted, boiled into stew, or used as stock for soup. Fat was saved for cooking. Tallow was turned into soap and candles. Hides were stitched into rough containers or cut into strips, softened with tallow, and braided into lariat ropes.

Horses, too, proliferated exuberantly, one stallion serving a *manada* of twenty-five mares or an equal number of female burros. Since the *manadas* often went wild, the horses were rounded up by being chased into broad-winged corral traps. There likely looking young animals were lassoed, hobbled, and eventually yoked to tame horses that dragged them to the mission or neighboring *hacienda* for breaking.

Converted Indians from established missions were imported to train Kino's neophytes and supervise their work. Kino in turn had to supervise the supervisors. Like all missionaries, he also had to say mass every day, teach ritual and hymn singing, catechize those seeking baptism, perform marriages and funerals, set up and then oversee a rudimentary governmental organization for the various Indian *rancherías* in his district, travel from one *visita* to another, arbitrate quarrels, energize the lazy, reprimand sinners, heal physical as well as spiritual hurts, make plans, prepare requisitions, keep accounts, and write endless reports.

His desk chores were often performed under adverse conditions. Until suitable mission compounds were erected,

the dirt and branch roofs of his shelter leaked mud during rains and always harbored hosts of spiders, mice, rats, and evil-smelling *cucarachas,* a kind of overgrown, winged cockroach. Bats abounded. Said Ignaz Pfefferkorn, who followed Kino into Pimería Alta by some years, "Hardly a night passed that I did not have to institute a chase before retiring . . . and in my church I sometimes killed two or three hundred with the help of some Indians. Without this unceasing warfare I could not have kept a single altar, image, or decoration clean and unviolated."

Folk remedies were available for almost every affliction of the human system. Properly selected roots, bark, and berries would cure constipation or diarrhea, settle the stomach, heal wounds, reduce swellings, check bleeding, and cool fevers. One unattractive antidote for the bite of rabid animals or venomous snakes was a compound known as monk's rhubarb—fresh human excrement dissolved in water. Generally the sufferer was so confused by his imminent peril that he gulped down the brew without question. Pfefferkorn claims to have used the remedy on at least twenty persons and its effectiveness "never disappointed me."

FOUR YEARS after Kino had begun his work at Dolores, up rode a superior, Father Juan María de Salvatierra and his retinue on a tour of inspection. While they were examining the fields and the unfinished church building, a group of Indians from the north approached them bearing rudely fashioned crosses and begging for a missionary. Possibly the timing of the visit was coincidental—and possibly not; Kino was a wily propagandist. Anyway, Salvatierra was impressed and suggested that they examine the village of Tumacácori, from which the suppliants hailed.

And so, in 1691, Eusebio Kino made his first visit to future Arizona. The *entrada* took the cavalcade across the grassy northern watershed into the valley of a stream eventually named Santa Cruz. (Kino called it Santa María.) A century and a half later a professional American sightseer named J. Ross Browne described the valley as "one of the richest and most beautiful grazing and agricultural regions I have ever seen. . . . We traveled league after league through waving fields of grass from two to four feet high." This remarkable oasis, marred here and there by malarial marshes that Browne overlooked, was dotted from south to north with *rancherías* bearing such Indian names as Guevavi, Tumacácori, Bac (which Kino later called San Xavier del Bac), and finally Tucson.

A promising field, surely—and yet all was paled by the excitement Kino felt when Salvatierra asked him, as they hunkered beside one of their campfires, what he thought about the possibility of another Jesuit attack on the vast island of California.

Kino's reply was a blazing endorsement. Recalling the supply problem that had plagued his own days in that barren area, he added that the missions of Pimería Alta would soon be producing surpluses of food that could be used to support the new effort.

But how could the provisions be transported across the treacherous strip of open sea to California?

Kino had an answer for that, too. Although he knew nothing of shipbuilding and had neither skilled carpenters, sailmakers, or foundrymen at any of his missions, he said that he and his Indians would build a schooner and then somehow move it across the burning desert to a suitable harbor.

A multitude of other duties delayed the start of the work until 1693. That year he took a scouting party west from Dolores to the Río Magdalena. This he followed to its junction with the Altar. About twenty miles below their confluence (the combined rivers were known as the Concepción) he came upon an Indian *ranchería* called Caborca, surrounded by irrigated fields and shaded by groves of tall cottonwoods. Here was the lumber he needed!

His excitement growing, he continued west into desolation. When it became evident that he could not push his weary animals farther, he halted at the base of a barren hill, climbed the sunburned rocks to its summit, and, squinting through the glare, saw a long, narrow gleam of water. The ocean! And off beyond the shimmer, indistinct in the haze, rose the mountains of California.

As soon as he could, Kino transferred workers from Dolores and its *visitas* to Caborca and set them to hewing out planks for a ship designed to be thirty-three feet long and twelve wide. His plan was to construct the vessel in four sections, transport them on pack mules across the sand dunes to the coast, and there assemble the craft. He did not make much progress, however. Discovering what he was up to, his shocked superiors ordered him to desist. The California expedition had not yet been authorized and, besides, his job was in Pimería.

Back to the arduous routines of proselytizing he went. To make sure he met his endless tasks in the proper spirit, he mortified his flesh continuously. He wore the coarsest of clothing, added evil-tasting herbs to his ill-cooked food, slept on a sheepskin or on sweaty saddle blankets, and sometimes rose in the middle of the night to flagellate himself with whips.

The years were lightened by the companionship of a man who came to be one of his firmest friends—Juan Mateo Manje, lieutenant and later captain of the newly founded presidio of Fronteras, who on frequent occasions protected Kino's explorations with a small escort of soldiers. Together they examined the San Pedro Valley, which parallels the Santa Cruz on the east, pushed west to the coast for a clearer glimpse of California, and advanced

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES W. POLZER, SOUTHWESTERN MISSION RESEARCH CENTER, ARIZONA STATE MUSEUM, TUCSON

Kino entered present-day Arizona in 1691 and found the country near Tucson a promising region for missions.

northward as far as the Gila.

These forays brought trouble as well as renown. Settlers feared that the new missions Kino planned to found would close lands they hoped to use for their own livestock. Slave hunters wanted to be free to capture Pima Indians for forced labor in the small mines that were taking form in the rough valleys opening out of the Sonora and Yaqui watersheds.

In pursuit of their ends they complained to Kino's superiors. Not enough Pimas, they said, lived north of the grassy divide to warrant the expense of missions. Those who did live in the area were allies of the Apache and, as enemies of Spain, should be put to work in the mines.

Surprisingly, priests jealous of Kino's rising reputation and angered by his sometimes imperious ways, joined the clamor. They accused him of spending too little time at his mission duties. They sneered that he baptized pliant Indians in wholesale lots without giving them adequate instructions. They said that he punished even children with excessive brutality, and clucked that in truth he was more concerned with his own fame than with the Indians.

Kino reacted vigorously. Manje and he made careful censuses of the *rancherías* they visited and thus proved that the Pimas were a numerous people. They urged the different bands, and especially the Sobaípuri of the San Pedro Valley, to carry war to the Apaches. And in 1695, Kino made a 2,500-mile round-trip horseback ride to Mexico City (where he talked again to Salvatierra about California) to present his case in person. He gained not only exoneration but also permission to advance his mission chain into the north.

In 1697, Salvatierra and a small band of Jesuits embarked for Loreto in Baja California. Kino ached to join them but was bound by his missions to Pimería Alta. Yet he did resume work on his boat at Caborca whenever opportunity allowed, and he searched, with Manje, for a harbor to which he could carry it when the time came.

In 1699, after combining his own surmises with information gleaned from the Indians, he decided on a major effort to blaze a trail westward to a great river he kept hearing about, the Colorado. In the procession were Manje and his soldiers, a sixty-year-old missionary named Adamo Gilg, and a large crew of roustabouts driving extra horses for riding and cattle for eating. It was too unwieldy a party for the route they followed, the notorious El Camino Diablo, The Devil's Highway, which for much of its distance almost coincides with today's international boundary. For more than a hundred miles the only water available was out of sight of the trail in rock *tinajas*—natural tanks carved into precipitous gullies by storm waters raging down the barren mountainsides. Although some of the tanks held as much as ten thousand gallons of water, Kino's livestock could utilize it only after workers had scrambled up the rock walls to bail the liquid from the upper bowls into those lower down.

Days of that kind of travel exhausted the wayfarers. Accordingly, on bumping up against the Copper Mountains, as the barrier is called today, they swung north to reach the Gila River at approximately today's Wellton, some two dozen miles short of the Colorado River. There they met a band of tall, friendly Yuma Indians. The males, stark naked, plastered their hair with clay on which they sprinkled lustrous sand, mica perhaps, and then slept sitting up in order not to disarray their coiffures. The women,

PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, 1721
MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION OF THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

As his 1701 map shows, Francisco Kino correctly believed that Baja California was not an island but a peninsula.

somewhat more modest in Spanish eyes, wore short aprons of vegetable fiber, one fore and another aft.

From these Indians the explorers learned that the delta of the Colorado was still many miles away. Short of time and discouraged by the condition of their horses, they decided to turn back along the easier, if longer route, up the Gila River to the Santa Cruz.

As they were leaving, an Indian presented them with a string of abalone shells like the ones Kino had seen off the western shore of California. He thought little about it at first, but as the hot, dusty miles fell behind, a flash of insight came to him. He had never noticed abalone shells along either side of the strip of water separating Baja California from the mainland. They came only from the far coast of the "island." Then how had the shells he had been given reached the Yumans? As far as he knew, Indians had no way of crossing considerable stretches of open ocean. Did this mean that the shells had been carried overland? If so, then the narrow arm of water between mainland and "island" came to an end somewhere near the delta of the Colorado River. The strip was a gulf, not a channel. California was a peninsula!

His first reaction was joy that Father Salvatierra's new mission at Loreto would not have to depend on supplies carried across the treacherous gulf by ship. Instead, Sonoran wheat and cattle could be taken overland around the head of the great inlet.

But first he must confirm his hypothesis.

An opportunity came, appropriately, during 1700, the first year of the new century when he was authorized to found a new mission at San Xavier del Bac in the Santa Cruz Valley. As an adjunct to the groundbreaking, he invited chiefs from scores of miles around to attend a huge conclave. His purpose was to tell the gathering about God —and to learn the source of the blue shells.

The talk confirmed his surmise. Abalone shells did not exist in the Gulf of California, a situation that still holds. The objects the Indians displayed came over ancient land routes from an expanse of undrinkable water far to the west —the Pacific, obviously.

Joyfully he wrote Salvatierra that it would be possible now for them to link their two enterprises for the greater effectiveness of both.

The prospect was so alluring that the authorities in Mexico City gave Salvatierra permission to travel north in 1701 and join Kino in an examination of the route. When their cavalcade left Dolores it was more like a triumphal procession than a working party.

The two priests and Manje rode at the head of a strong column of soldiers and vaqueros. They carried aloft a cross

and a picture, painted perhaps on cowhide as was common in those days, of Our Lady of Loreto. They chanted hymns in Latin, and because the season was March the land seemed to respond to their joy by breaking into "pleasantness and beauty of roses and flowers of different colors."

The optimism was premature. On encountering a broad waste of volcanic boulders and then sand dunes, they sought to save time by riding directly across the stretch rather than circling it. After fifteen dreadful days they reached the supposed gulf. A diligent search turned up no abalone. Still carrying the picture of Our Lady of Loreto, they climbed on foot to the summit of a small ridge and stared longingly across the water at the mountains of Baja California. Kino, squinting until his eyes watered, insisted that the two shorelines plainly met in the misty north, but he could not persuade the others to ride the long distance to make sure. Salvatierra was exhausted, and Manje feared they would find no water along the way. Back they went, and the worst was that not even as loyal a comrade as Manje was wholly convinced that Kino's theory was correct.

Obsessed by the need to *know,* Kino made another journey west in October by way of the Gila River. For the first time he reached the Colorado River, even at that season of the year a more majestic stream than any he had seen elsewhere in northern Mexico. With the aid of Indians he tried to build a raft capable of carrying his horse across. Adequate materials did not exist. So he put a big tightly woven brown-and-white Indian basket onto the flimsy craft he had built, sat in it, and was towed over by swimming Indians. He walked some distance toward the gulf, but this mode of locomotion did not suit him and he soon turned back.

The following spring, 1702, he succeeded in reaching the head of the gulf east of the river's outlet, but then had to retreat because of the illness—it proved to be fatal—of the priest who was traveling with him. In 1706, when he was sixty-one, he and some companions reached a peak on whose summit they spent the night so that they could use telescopes for studying the land during the crystal hours of early morning. They saw nothing that Kino's imagination had not already anticipated.

Much of his exploring during those final years was of necessity mental. His own expansionist drives had trapped him. The helpers who had been sent to take charge of the missions and *visitas* he had established in what is now Arizona had not been able, because of sickness and lack of wilderness fiber, to stay at their posts. Kino wanted to fill the gap by moving to San Xavier del Bac, but there was no one to take his place at Dolores. So there he remained, riding endlessly along familiar circuits and using such spare time and strength as he had to put the story of his discoveries on paper.

The maps he drew, which showed California as a peninsula and which aroused sharp speculation about the sources of the Colorado River, stirred more interest in European scientific circles than in New Spain, where traditional ways of thinking died hard. Even so, Kino was unable to budge the Spanish court, involved in yet another European war, to put his discoveries to practical use.

His broodings had carried him far beyond the simple concept of using land routes for supplying Baja California. (He was the first to use that term, applying it to the peninsula and then inventing Alta California as a designation for the coastal areas farther north.) Now he envisioned the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers as the heart of New Spain's northwestern frontier. He urged that a villa or city be founded there, the hub of trade routes leading to the still unoccupied ports of San Diego and Monterey, to Baja, and then by way of the Colorado River—obviously he had not yet grasped the reality of the Grand Canyon—to the country of the recalcitrant Hopi and, eventually, Santa Fe. For the first time the vast Mexican northwest would be unified. Rich in untapped natural resources and in human souls awaiting salvation, the area deserved a fitting name. He had one ready: the kingdom of Navarre.

In 1711 Kino died, and the idea of Navarre as a political entity died with him. But the essence of his dream persisted. During the succeeding decades men inspired by his boldness kept trying to push New Spain's frontiers ahead along the paths he had envisioned. Apache resistance and lack of support from Madrid kept direct links between Sonora and New Mexico from materializing, but when Russian activity in the North Pacific led Spain to take a new look at strategic Alta California, the advantage of developing his proposed land route to the coast became immediately apparent. Another famed Sonoran, Juan Bautista de Anza, scouted out the way in 1774, and in 1775–76 took colonists over it to strengthen Monterey and help sink down roots at San Francisco and San Jose.

Partly because of Kino's prophetic connection with so many American cities, he has had a good press from Anglo biographers, notably Herbert Eugene Bolton. But mostly he was the epitome of expansionism. He glowed with the kind of energy that later Americans could understand. Like them he was confident that although the land wherein he labored was inordinately harsh, it could be tamed and turned to fruitful uses. Moreover, he insisted, as few Anglos would have, that the taming could be accomplished without annihilating the Indians already there.

Statues, even some of those in the national Capitol, have been erected for lesser reasons. **AW**

David Lavender *is the author of many books on the West. His most recent are* David Lavender's Colorado, California: A Bicentennial History, *and* Winner Take All: The Trans-Canada Canoe Trail.

A man caught between two worlds

Diego Romero, the Plains Apaches, and the Inquisition

by John L. Kessell

This witness was watching the dance and saw that they were shaking Diego Romero. Tired after two or three hours, the witness left for the Spaniards' camp but Diego Romero stayed there all night with the Apaches. He does not know what happened that night.

From the deposition of Bartolomé Ledesma, summoned before Agent of the Inquisition Fray Alonso de Posada, Santa Fe, New Mexico, March 8, 1662

IN TIGHT-FITTING EMBROIDERED JACKET, dark green knee-length breeches with needlework design, and blue wool stockings, his rosary and a silver medal bearing the symbol of the Blessed Sacrament hung conspicuously around his neck, forty-year-old Diego Romero faced the Mexican Inquisition.

At first he put on a bold show. When the inquisitors admonished him to confess, which they did during three hearings on May 5, 7, and 11, 1663, Romero held that he did not know why he had been arrested in his native New Mexico and hauled fourteen hundred miles to Mexico City along with three other soldier-colonists, a former royal governor, and the governor's wife. No one, the inquisitors informed him ominously, was ever arrested by the Holy Office without cause.

Returned each day to the foul solitude of his cell in the *cárcelas secretas,* the Inquisition's private prison, he had plenty of time to think. And so, on four occasions that summer, the rustic New Mexican requested and was granted further hearings before the tribunal. Gradually Romero began to implicate himself, to admit grimly that he had not told the whole truth, to anticipate the charges against him. Then, on September 19, the prosecutor read the formal twenty-three-count indictment.

Diego Romero stood charged with scandalous utterance, with advocating sexual relations outside of marriage, with assent to false doctrine, with denying the spiritual relationship between baptizing priest and baptized child and its parents, with incest, and with passionately hating the colony's Franciscan missionaries. But the most serious charge, the one "that showed him plainly to be an apostate of the Catholic Religion or at the least vehemently suspect in the Faith," stemmed from a trading excursion he had led through the country of the Plains Apaches in the late summer of 1660.

Answering the allegations one by one, Romero pleaded with his inquisitors. If he had been guilty of any crime against the Church, it was out of ignorance not malice. Never had he meant to break the law of a Catholic Christian. The court offered him his choice of two defense attorneys, he chose, and the man was sworn in. Evidently on advice of counsel, and out of growing fear, Diego Romero threw his miserable self on the mercy of the inquisitors.

It was pitiful. He denounced everyone: the ex-governor, his fellow New Mexicans, and a number of Franciscans who he alleged were guilty of gross immorality. By his own words he made himself out a pathetic worm. He described his sexual perversions, both in thought and in deed. He contradicted himself. Some of the accusations, he admitted, were just. The devil had blinded him. Fervently he begged God's pardon and the Inquisition's.

COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

The seal of the Mexican Inquisition.

At hearing after hearing the frightened Romero returned to the matter of the Plains Apaches. His testimony and the depositions of twenty-seven witnesses for the prosecution —finally read to him without disclosing their names on November 9—afforded the court a graphic account of what allegedly had happened on the plains in 1660.

HEADED EASTWARD from Santa Fe, likely down the grassy valley of the Canadian River, carefree Capt. Diego Romero had ridden tall in the saddle. A big man, heavy-set, with curly black hair and beard, a good man in a fight but scarcely able to sign his name, Romero was on "official" business for Governor Bernardo López de Mendizábal. Behind him stretched a packtrain laden with trade knives and other merchandise on the governor's account. A motley dozen men, among them a "half-mestizo" blacksmith, a Mexican Indian, and a mulatto, kept the animals closed up. Romero had also brought along a delegation of Pueblo Indians from Pecos, long-time trade partners of the Plains Apaches.

The caravan's destination, a large Apache settlement or rendezvous known to the Spaniards as the *ranchería* of Don Pedro, lay, according to Romero's testimony, some two hundred leagues from New Mexico (over five hundred miles, an obvious exaggeration) on the Río Colorado (probably the Red River, the north or south fork of the Canadian, or the Cimarron—certainly not the present-day Colorado of Texas). Here the roving traders would exchange their governor's wares for as many prime buffalo hides and tanned skins as they could get. But that was not all.

Romero wanted something else—something he eventually confessed to the Inquisition—something more personal. Years before, these same Apaches had feted Don Gaspar Pérez, a blond armorer from Flanders, the father of Diego Romero. To cement trade relations with Pérez, serving in New Mexico from 1619 until his death in 1646, the Apaches had made him their honorary "captain." Now by right of inheritance Romero, who went by his Spanish mother's name, bid to have this title for himself.

Arriving at the Apache settlement, the New Mexicans pitched their tents about half a mile from the colorful stretch of tipis. Late one evening some thirty Apache warriors appeared at the traders' camp, summoned Romero, and formed a circle around him. They had come, said a witness, to make him "chief captain of the entire Apache nation." All had been arranged.

Four Apaches left the circle and on the ground in the center they spread out a new buffalo hide. Next they picked up Romero and laid him face down on the hide. Spreading out another hide, they repeated the ritual with El Carpintero ("The Carpenter"), leader of the Pecos Indians, who had accompanied Romero on the trading expedition. Then, hoisting the two prone figures shoulder high, they bore them in procession toward the *ranchería,* singing and playing reed whistles and flutes. The ceremonial had begun.

The ride lasted fifteen minutes, after which the Spaniard and the Pecos were set down on a pile of hides at the center of a circle of two or three hundred seated, chanting Apaches. Then Apaches appeared on each side of the two honored visitors, grasped their shoulders, and began swaying them. Another broke into what sounded like a eulogy, others joined in until there were five speaking. These five then brought in a scalp on a pole, which they stuck in the ground before Romero. They placed an ear of maize in front of it.

Suddenly forty or fifty warriors, armed with lances,

shields, and quivers of arrows slung across their backs, burst through the circle as if to kill Romero. Another Apache jumped up and with a stick struck at their shields to drive them away. Three times they attacked and three times the Indian beat them back. The circle, meanwhile, kept chanting.

About midnight two Apaches seized Romero and laid him flat, face up like a dead man. In his testimony, Romero did not say how long he lay there. Then the two stretched out his arms and raised him back up. A third Apache approached with a lighted pipe of tobacco on a long wooden stem. The Indian smoked it, lowered it and held it down "as if for the devil to smoke," then handed it to Romero, who did likewise three times. Slowly the pipe made its way around the circle.

Just what was happening to El Carpintero all this time the court record does not say. Romero testified that the Apaches painted or daubed the Pecos leader. At an earlier hearing he said that they had "feathered" some Indian during the dawn watch. Another feather, a very special white one, they reserved for the Spaniard.

They put it on his head with a leather band. Later he stuck it on his hat and wore it constantly, flaunting it. This feather, Romero confessed later, was his insignia as chief captain of the Apaches. To the Inquisition's prosecutor, it was a badge "that proved a covenant or union according to heathen rites. The defendant, possessed by greed, made himself the object of such sacrilegious and superstitious acts to gain better advantage in the trading."

Toward the end of his testimony about the Apache affair, Romero interpreted certain aspects of these pagan rites for the inquisitors. When the Apaches were swaying or shaking him, it meant he would go and come to trade as their captain. When an Indian carried Romero seated on his shoulders it signified that Romero would go and come on horseback. The five who delivered harangues were making an offering to the devil, of what Romero did not know.

The mock attacks and laying him out, he said, signified his death. Stretching his arms "was like giving strength to a dead body" and raising him up "like reviving it." Before

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NOS LOS INQVISIDORES APOSTOLICOS, CONTRA LA HERETICA pravedad, y Apoſtaſia, en eſta Ciudad, y Arçobiſpado de Mexico, Eſtados, y Provincias de la Nueva-Eſpaña, Guatemala, e Iſlas Filipinas, por authoridad Apoſtolica, &c.

Mandamiento con ſecreſto de bienes, fuera de eſta ciudad.

Mandamos à vos [illegible] que luego que eſte Mandamiento os fuere entregado vais à [illegible] y a otras qualeſquier partes, y lugares que fuere neceſſario, y prendais el cuerpo de [illegible] vezino de [illegible] donde quiera que lo hallaredes, aunque ſea en Igleſia, Monaſterio, o otro lugar ſagrado, fuerte, o, privilegiado: y aſsi preſo, y a buen recaudo lo traed a las carceles ſecretas deſte Santo Officio, y lo entregad al Alcayde dellas; al qual mandamos lo reciba de vos, por ante vno de los Secretarios del Secreto del, y lo tenga preſſo, y al dicho buen recaudo, y no lo de ſuelto, ni en fiado, ſin nueſtra licencia, y mandato, y le ſecreſtad todos ſus bienes, muebles, y raizes, donde quiera que los tuviere, y los hallaredes, con aſsiſtencia de la perſona, que tuviere poder del Receptor deſte dicho Santo Officio; y de no haverla, de la perſona que para ello nombrare [illegible] y aſsimeſmo con aſsiſtencia de la perſona, que ſeñalare el dicho [illegible] y por ante el Notario de eſte dicho Santo Officio, que huviere nombrado por Nos, y en falta de haverle, por ante Eſcrivano

Diego Romero

they had put the feather on his head they had stuck it into the ear of maize. They called the maize *choicest,* which meant in their language "chief captain."

By smoking the pipe, holding it low, and giving it to Romero, the Apaches were symbolizing peace between them and him and between him and the devil. But never, Romero added quickly, "did he expect anything from the devil or receive anything through a pact with him." Never did he put any stock in these heathen ceremonials. He had merely acquiesced in the rites, a terrible burden on his conscience.

The one thing he would not confess was marriage to an Apache woman. Sex but not marriage. Despite the stack of detailed testimony against him, Romero recognized, and his attorney must have reiterated, the seriousness of admitting this charge. Bigamy was bad enough between consenting Christians, but a second marriage in a savage pagan ceremony to an unbaptized Apache woman was, in the prosecutor's words, "a detestable and horrible crime to Catholics."

In fact, within days of Romero's return to New Mexico from the plains a letter from the local Franciscan agent of the Inquisition had been sent to the tribunal in Mexico City. Dated October 13, 1660, it contained the earliest mention of the alleged marriage. The agent had it from another Franciscan missionary who had it, he said, from Romero's men.

Romero had not merely acquiesced, his accusers asserted. Taking full advantage of the cordial welcome, he had reminded his Apache hosts that his father had left a son among them. He would do the same:

"The heathens, understanding this wish, came and according to their custom put up a new tipi. They fetched a bundle of tanned skins and buffalo hides and in the center of the tipi spread a new hide. They summoned said Diego Romero, seated him there, and began, so they say, their marriage dance. When the dance was done they brought to him a maiden. He accepted her and slept with her. In the morning the Apaches came and, seeing that he had known her carnally, they anointed his chest [others said his face and beard] with her blood, which is, they say, their way of marrying."

They made him a gift of the bed and the new tipi. No one said for the record whether or not Romero ever met his Apache half brother.

Over and over Romero denied that there had been a marriage ceremony. One night, he recalled, three Indian women had entered his tent and told him to light a candle so that he could choose the one he wanted to sleep with. He wanted none and sent them away.

Later at the *ranchería* of La Porciúncula, where he and his men had spent nine days, the Indians brought a woman to him on the fourth day. She had come to the *ranchería* to trade tanned skins. Romero gave in. He handed her a knife and a little maize flour, and she slept with him two nights. For a second knife he had sex with another woman, but only once. In neither case, he insisted, was there "any ceremony or indication of marriage whatever."

With that, Diego Romero rested his case.

THE HOLY OFFICE of the Inquisition sought to guard the values proper society held dear. Whether or not the presence of an agent of the tribunal in isolated seventeenth-century New Mexico made the colony a better place to live, it put a bludgeon in the hands of the Franciscans.

Ever since 1609, when New Mexico had been converted from a proprietary to a government-subsidized missionary colony, jealous friars and equally jealous governors had fought over Pueblo Indian commerce, labor, and loyalty. Had the Franciscan agent of the Inquisition not been forging a case against Governor López de Mendizábal—eventually the indictment ran to 257 articles, covering everything from obstruction of the missionary program to practice of Jewish customs and lack of respect for the Holy Office—and had Diego Romero not made such an arrogant display of his white feather, memory of the trading excursion of 1660 might have lived for a time in the glow of hearth and campfire and then, like the embers, have faded and gone out.

But because his enemies and frightened associates denounced Diego Romero to the Inquisition, the record survives. Today in the Inquisition section of Mexico's national archives, a teeming memory bank of social history, resides this unique portrait of Apaches at ease three generations before the Comanches drove them from the South Plains.

Here, too, is evidence that Spaniards from New Mexico had been engaging in trade and intimate diplomacy far out on the plains long before their European rivals emerged from the eastern woods. While Diego Romero took his pleasure in Apache rites, Englishmen out of Virginia's "Fall Line" forts had yet to scout beyond the Piedmont. French *voyageurs* Radisson and Groseilliers still slapped mosquitos on the south shore of Lake Superior.

ROMERO NEVER RETURNED to the plains. By throwing himself on the inquisitors' mercy, he got off with a relatively light sentence but not without a terrible scare. To squeeze from a defendant that last ounce of contrition, or a further confession, the Holy Office made it a practice

Opposite: The Inquisition's order for the arrest of Diego Romero was completed in Mexico City on August 29, 1661. The captain's name and other particulars were simply filled in on a standard printed form.

ARCHIVO GENERAL DE LA NACION (MEXICO CITY), SECCION DE INQUISICION

to pronounce an unreasonably heavy preliminary sentence, then on appeal to lighten it. Standing with head bowed before the inquisitors on October 31, 1664, Romero must have felt his blood run cold.

First, they stripped him of all his property, embargoed since the day of his arrest, retroactive to the date of his crimes. To reconcile him to the Church they ordered him to appear as an apostate heretic in an *auto de fe* (literally, "act of faith"), the public spectacle of Inquisition prisoners, without cape or outer garment, without belt or cap, wearing a tuniclike *sambenito* (from *saco bendito,* "blessed sack") of coarse yellow cloth emblazoned with two red Saint Andrew's crosses, one in front and one in back. He would carry a green wax candle. His sentence would be read to him, with full public disclosure of his crimes, and he would abjure his errors and be absolved. Afterwards in the hearing room of the Inquisition his penitential garb would be removed, and he would be severely reprimanded. But that was not the worst of it.

The Holy Office sentenced Diego Romero to four years' labor in exile aboard the royal Philippine galleys, with pay. While serving he must confess and receive Communion three times a year during Epiphany, Easter, and Pentecost. Finally the inquisitors imposed upon Romero the standard restrictions. He must not seek or hold any office, ecclesiastical or secular, public or honorary. He must not wear gold, silver, pearls, or other precious stones, silk, camlet, or fine fabric. He must not ride a horse. He must not bear arms.

Romero's attorney appealed. The defendant had confessed all. He had repented. His crimes were but the shriveled fruits of a rude and spiritually impoverished upbringing in frontier New Mexico. He deserved clemency.

Over the prosecutor's objections, the tribunal lightened its sentence. Romero breathed easier. He would appear in a *sambenito* with only half a Saint Andrew's cross, but he would abjure *de vehementi* by signing a strongly worded oath. He could keep his property, minus court costs and expenses for board and incidentals during imprisonment. Instead of laboring in the Philippine galleys, he would be banished for ten years from New Mexico to the mining district of Parral in Mexico.

On Sunday, December 7, 1664, at the principal Dominican church in Mexico City, a seemingly contrite Diego Romero went through his *auto de fe.* Ten days later—precisely two years, seven months, and fifteen days after his arrest in New Mexico—he walked out of the Inquisition jail, a free but tainted man.

Of the others, only ex-governor López de Mendizábal died in his cell. The inquisitors dropped the case against his widow. One of the colonists, who appeared in the same *auto de fe* as Romero, received a similar ten-year banishment from New Mexico. Another was allowed to go straight home but required to confess his errors publicly at mass on a feast day. The third, Romero's cousin, was acquitted on all counts.

IF ONLY Diego Romero had gone straight, he might have died in humble obscurity. But he did not. Twelve years after his release he was back in the same dungeon.

Early in 1665 he had petitioned the Holy Office for leave to enter New Mexico and collect his wife, relatives, and possessions. Since that was a hostile frontier, he begged that his weapons be returned to him. Evidently denied, he wrote to his wife asking that she settle their affairs and join him at Parral. She did not. She refused to leave her kin. Furthermore, he heard that she was trying to have their marriage annulled. Sorely depressed, Romero thought seriously of fleeing to the heathens "and living with them in their manner."

Instead, he ended up in the ore mills of Guanajuato, two hundred miles northwest of Mexico City. There, under the name Diego Pérez de Salazar (the Pérez his father's name) he wooed and in 1673—with less than two years of his ten-year banishment to go—he married María Rodríguez, a *mestiza.* He had sworn he was a widower. The couple had a son, Gaspar, who died when he was one year old. Romero's luck had not changed. His New Mexican wife was anything but dead.

This time the Inquisition treated Diego Romero as an incorrigible backslider. Despite his full confession and his plea for mercy, the sentence fell across him like the shadow of death. He was now fifty-four.

This time he would appear in a public *auto de fe* "with the insignia of a man twice married, a conical hat on his head, a rope around his neck, a wax candle in his hands, without cape or outer garment, without belt or cap." Another day, bare from the waist up but wearing his dunce hat and rope, he was to be paraded through the streets of Mexico City on a pack animal while a crier proclaimed his crimes and a hired tormentor laid two hundred lashes across his back.

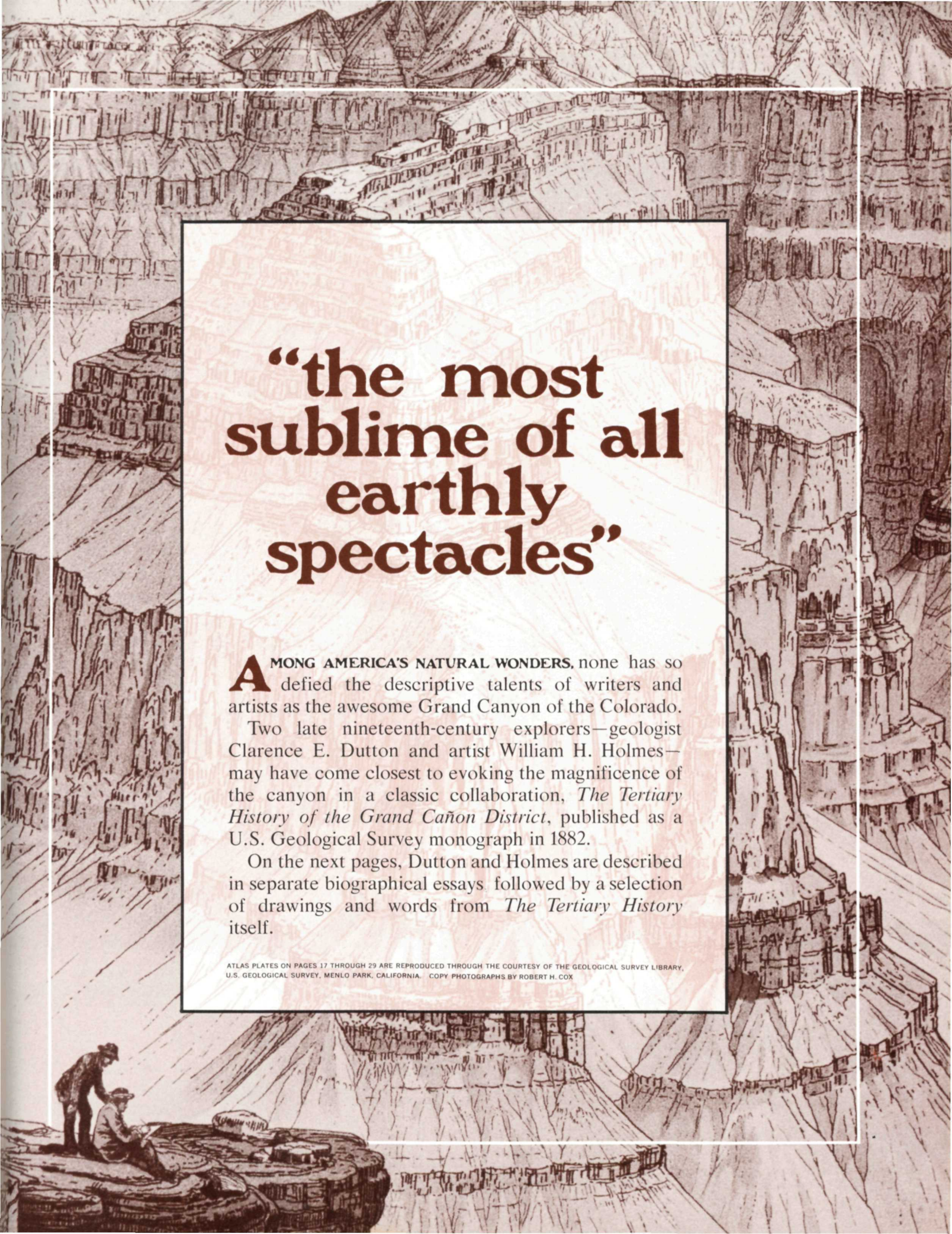
Finally the inquisitors imposed what they must have known was a slow death penalty: six years' service in the galleys plying between Veracruz and Spain, without pay.

But Diego Romero cheated them. On October 23, 1678, a Sunday, in the public jail of dank and tropical Veracruz, the luckless "chief captain of the entire Apache nation" died while waiting for his first galley. **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The court records of the Diego Romero trials are preserved in the Archivo General de la Nación (Mexico City), Sección de Inquisición, volúmenes 586 and 629. There are photoprints at the University of New Mexico (Albuquerque), Zimmerman Library, Special Collections. France V. Scholes's lively *Troublous Times in New Mexico, 1659–1670* (Albuquerque, 1942, and serially in the *New Mexico Historical Review* between 1937 and 1941) describes the Inquisition proceedings against Governor López de Mendizábal, Romero, and the others and sets them in proper historical perspective.

John L. Kessell, *an Albuquerque, New Mexico, historian, encountered Diego Romero while writing a history of the Pecos Indians for the National Park Service.*



"the most sublime of all earthly spectacles"

AMONG AMERICA'S NATURAL WONDERS, none has so defied the descriptive talents of writers and artists as the awesome Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Two late nineteenth-century explorers—geologist Clarence E. Dutton and artist William H. Holmes—may have come closest to evoking the magnificence of the canyon in a classic collaboration, *The Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District*, published as a U.S. Geological Survey monograph in 1882.

On the next pages, Dutton and Holmes are described in separate biographical essays followed by a selection of drawings and words from *The Tertiary History* itself.

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THE SCIENTIST AS ARTIST: CLARENCE E. DUTTON AND THE TERTIARY HISTORY OF THE GRAND CAÑON DISTRICT

CLARENCE EDWARD DUTTON, by profession a captain of ordnance in the U.S. Army, spent the field season of each year from 1875 to 1881 on detached duty as a geologist in the plateau region of Utah and Arizona, first with the Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region, J. W. Powell in Charge (the so-called Powell Survey), and later with the U.S. Geological Survey, which in 1879 consolidated the Powell, King, Hayden, and Wheeler surveys into a single bureau. The reports and monographs resulting from Dutton's studies, notably the *Report on the Geology of the High Plateaus of Utah* (1880), *The Physical Geology of the Grand Cañon District* (1882), *The Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District* (1882), and *Mount Taylor and the Zuñi Plateau* (1885), are basic documents for our understanding of the region and in the history of the developing science of physical geology. Likewise his hydrological studies, both the early ones made for the Powell Survey and the later ones undertaken when he was Powell's chief assistant in the Irrigation Surveys that ultimately led to the creation of the Bureau of Reclamation, have an abiding historical and scientific importance.

As science, these reports represent a collaboration. They incorporate many of the ideas of Dutton's friend and coworker Grove Karl Gilbert, and many more derived from their mutual friend and superior John Wesley Powell. They are, in fact, the logical completion of Powell's pioneering work on the Colorado River region, work which Powell had to delegate as he was deflected from geology toward ethnology and the administration of two government bureaus. Dutton himself admitted that he did not know where his own ideas began and those of his friends left off, and declared that if a full accounting were called for it would bring him to bankruptcy.

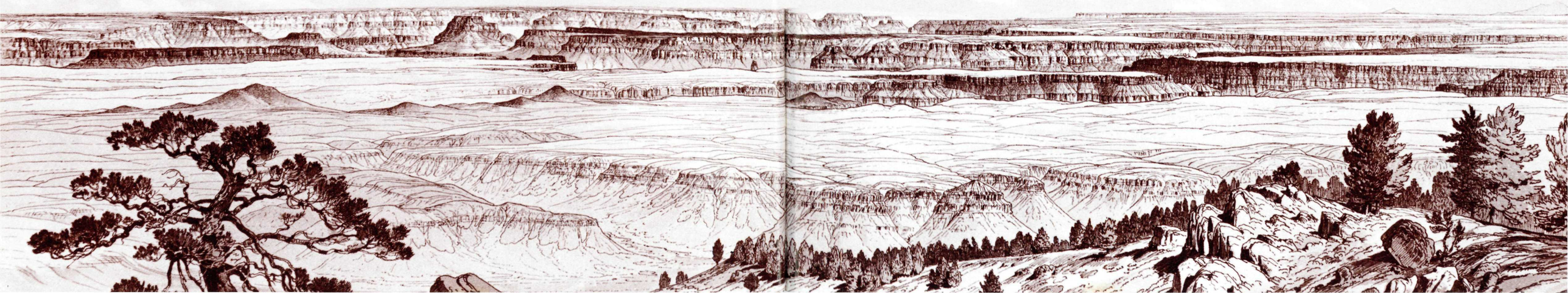
But if the science is collaborative, the packaging is distinctly Dutton's own. A man of many talents is at work in these reports and monographs. Trained for the ministry at Yale, diverted from his studies by the Civil War, diverted into science by the accidents of his postwar assignments, Dutton was the farthest thing from a narrow specialist. In all his work a habit of metaphor, a quality of imagination and enthusiasm, supplement the sobriety of scientific observation. Especially when he is dealing with spectacular country, as in the *High Plateaus* and *The Tertiary History,* his emphasis is aesthetic and appreciative almost as often as it is orogenic and expository. The prose is evocative and literary and belongs properly with that of Thoreau, Burroughs, Muir, and other "naturalists" of the time, rather than with works written in the specialized jargon of science.

Major Powell, a glittering public hero after his exploration of the canyons of the Green and Colorado in 1869, reached a large public with his adventure-story account of that expedition; but his strictly scientific reports, such as that on the Uinta Mountains, are as dry as his exploration narrative is dramatic. He did not carry his literary manner into his scientific work. As for Gilbert, probably the greatest geologist of these three early giants, he wrote for scientific men only, in the flat monotone of explicative geological prose, and he is read now chiefly by the experts and by curious historians of science or the West. But Dutton's works, and most of all *The Tertiary History,* are astonishingly fresh after nearly a hundred years, and still command a general audience. They have survived their specialty and their period, perhaps because art ages less swiftly than science, and an artist was at least as prominent in the writing of these monographs as the scientist who drew his pay from the surveys. *The Tertiary History* is a rare, sought-after, and cherished book, and has been from the time of its publication.

Continued on page 61

Clarence E. Dutton's classic 1882 work, The Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District, *has recently been republished in a facsimile edition, including folio-size color atlas, by Peregrine Smith, Inc., of Layton, Utah. The above article is excerpted with permission from Wallace Stegner's introduction to the new edition.*

by Wallace Stegner



BELOW: "VIEW LOOKING EAST FROM MT. TRUMBULL" BY WILLIAM H. HOLMES; SHEET IX FROM ATLAS ACCOMPANYING DUTTON'S "TERTIARY HISTORY OF THE GRAND CANON DISTRICT"

LIMNER OF GRANDEUR: WILLIAM H. HOLMES AND THE GRAND CANYON

by William H. Goetzmann

WHEN CAPTAIN CLARENCE DUTTON published his masterpiece, *The Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District,* in 1882, he brought to a climax the study of western geology. This work was the culmination of efforts that began when Major John Wesley Powell made his first daring voyage down the Colorado River and through the Grand Canyon in 1869. During his trip down the river, the major dramatically transformed his interests. No longer was he simply an adventurer exploring the last unknown river in the United States. As he plunged down the Colorado, past the Uintas and the canyons of Lodore, through the deep gloom of Glen and Marble canyons, and into the vast sunlit amphitheaters of the Grand Canyon, Powell fixed his interest on geology—the structural geology of what he called "the Plateau Province." This was the extensive region that constituted the western drainage of the Colorado River. It was high, exotic country, incredibly complex geologically and some of the most beautiful scenery in North America. It included what are now Zion and Bryce Canyon national parks, Capitol Reef National Monument, and the Grand Canyon itself. Though Powell's book, *Exploration of the Colorado River of the West and Its Tributaries* (1875) was widely read as an adventure story, it also contained the first examination of the great earth-shaping processes that had produced the region. By 1875, after a second canyon voyage and several years of study in the Plateau Province, the major felt certain he knew how the Grand Canyon had come about. Basically it was the result of a great crustal uplift—the Plateau Province—that caused the Colorado to cut ever deeper and more broadly into the earth. In a sense, the earth was forced upon the river like, as Powell put it, "a log to a saw." If Powell could prove this, especially on the immense scale represented by the Plateau Province and the Grand Canyon, then he would have produced a gigantic model, incorporating principles applicable anywhere on earth.

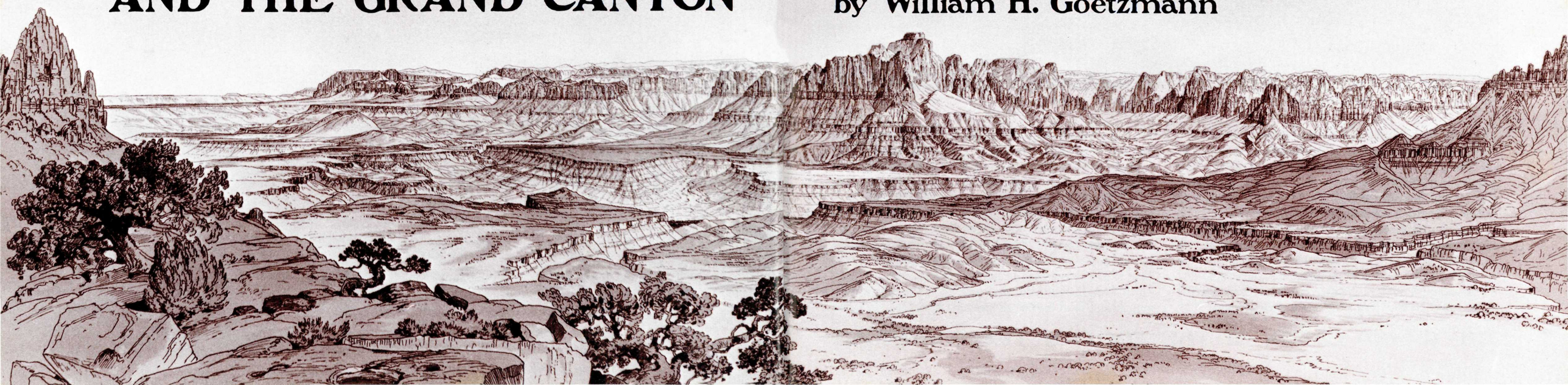
Energetic though he was, Powell realized that he could not accomplish his mighty purpose alone, so he turned to scientific teamwork. Between 1875 and 1882, Powell and his men produced three important monographs on the Plateau Province. Powell published *The Geology of the Eastern Portion of the Uinta Mountains* (1876) which, though it dealt with crustal displacement, degradation or large scale erosion, and sedimentation, was actually a portrait of the "log to the saw" principle since the Uintas stood directly across the path of the Colorado. Grove Karl Gilbert published *Report on the Geology of the Henry Mountains* (1880), demonstrating the principle of the laccolite or domed mountain—a possible cause of the great plateau uplift. And Captain Clarence Dutton published *Report on the Geology of the High Plateaus of Utah* (1880), which analyzed in brilliant fashion the plateau country north of Zion. It was really the first part of his study of the Grand Canyon region of which *The Tertiary History* forms the final or climactic part. Though these three works include some of the most exciting conceptual science done in America, they will forever be less well known than *The Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District,* which was brought to visual life by an extraordinary artist, William H. Holmes.

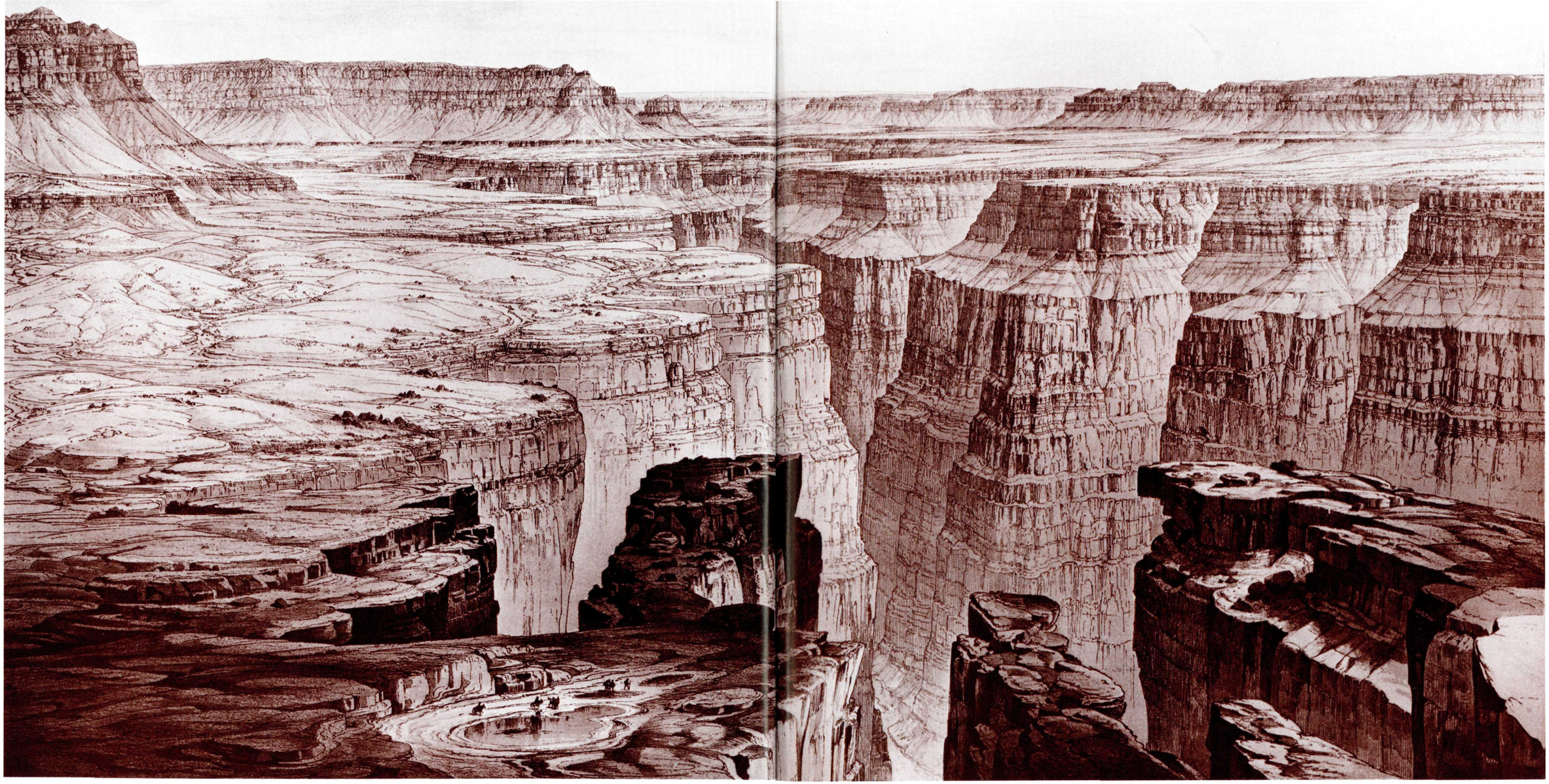
Holmes's artistic contribution was so powerful that Dutton himself drew upon it for his text, and readers of *The Tertiary History,* which included a sumptuous *Atlas* of maps and Holmes's startling panoramic drawings, carried away an impression of the Plateau Province that far transcended science. In the long run, it was Holmes's drawings even more than Dutton's lucid analysis that made *The Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District* a classic.

In a way this must have seemed vaguely unsatisfying to Holmes. He had served a long apprenticeship as a scientist and scientific illustrator. He did not see himself

Continued on page 61

BELOW: "THE TEMPLES AND TOWERS OF THE VIRGEN" BY WILLIAM H. HOLMES; SHEET IV FROM ATLAS ACCOMPANYING DUTTON'S "TERTIARY HISTORY OF THE GRAND CANON DISTRICT"





TEXT BY CLARENCE E. DUTTON, EXCERPTED FROM CHAPTER V ("THE TOROWEAP AND THE GRAND CAÑON") IN THE "TERTIARY HISTORY OF THE GRAND CAÑON DISTRICT"

THE ABOVE PLATE PRESENTS THE VIEW FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN PRESENT-DAY GRAND CANYON NATIONAL MONUMENT, APPROXIMATELY TWENTY MILES WEST OF GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

AT LENGTH we approach the lower end of the Toroweap. The scenery here becomes colossal. Its magnitude is by no means its most impressive feature, but precision of the forms. . . . It is hard to realize that this is the work of the blind forces of nature. We feel like mere insects crawling along the street of a city flanked with immense temples, or as Lemuel Gulliver might have felt in revisiting the capital of Brobdingnag, and finding it deserted. At the foot of the valley the western wall is nearly 1,500 feet high, the eastern about 2,000, and the interval separating them is about three miles. Suddenly they turn at right angles to right and left, and become the upper wall of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The Toroweap now opens into the main passageway of the great chasm. The view, however, is much obstructed. At the foot of the eastern gable is a medley of rocky ledges of red sandstone, while around the base of the western gable are large masses of basalt reaching more than half-way across the valley. In front rises a crater, which is about 600 feet high, seemingly a mere knoll in the midst of this colossal scenery. Beyond it, and five miles distant, rises the palisade which forms the southern upper wall of the chasm, stretching athwart the line of vision interminably in either direction. Its altitude is apparently the same as that of the palisade above us, and its profile is also identical. Climbing among the rocky ledges which lie at the base of the escarpment, we at length obtain a stand-point which enables us to gain a preliminary view of the mighty avenue. To the eastward it stretches in vanishing perspective forty miles or more. Between symmetric walls 2,000 feet high and five miles apart is a plain, which in comparison with its limiting cliffs might be regarded as smooth, but which in reality is diversified by rocky hummocks and basins, and hillocks where patches of soil give life to scattered cedars and piñons. . . . Moving outward onto this platform we find its surface to be mostly bare rock, with broad shallow basins etched in them, which hold water after the showers. There are thousands of these pools, and when the showers have passed they gleam and glitter in the sun like innumerable mirrors. . . . At a distance of about two miles from the base of the northern wall we come suddenly upon the inner chasm. We are not conscious of its proximity until we are within a few yards of it. In less than a minute after we have recognized the crest of the farther wall of this abyss we crane over its terrible brink and gaze upon the water of the river full 3,000 feet below.

THE GRAND CAÑON AT THE FOOT OF THE TOROWEAP

LOOKING EAST

TEXT ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES BY CLARENCE E. DUTTON, EXCERPTED FROM CHAPTER VIII ("THE PANORAMA FROM POINT SUBLIME") IN THE "TERTIARY HISTORY OF THE GRAND CAÑON DISTRICT"

PLATES ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PRESENT THE VIEW FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE COLORADO RIVER NEAR THE CENTER OF PRESENT-DAY GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

WHEREVER WE REACH the Grand Cañon in the Kaibab it bursts upon the vision in a moment. Seldom is any warning given that we are near the brink. . . . In the Kaibab the forest reaches to the sharp edge of the cliff and the pine trees shed their cones into the fathomless depths below. If the approach is made at random, with no idea of reaching any particular point by a known route, the probabilities are that it is first seen from the rim of one of the vast amphitheaters which set back from the main chasm far into the mass of the plateau. . . . The scenery of the amphitheaters far surpasses in grandeur and nobility anything else of the kind in any other region, but it is mere by-play in comparison with the panorama displayed in the heart of the cañon. The supreme views are to be obtained at the extremities of the long promontories, which jut out between these recesses far into the gulf. . . . The one we have chosen is on the whole the most commanding in the Kaibab front, though there are several others which might be regarded as very nearly equal to it, or as even more imposing in some respects. . . .

Reaching the extreme verge the packs are cast off, and sitting upon the edge we contemplate the most sublime and awe-inspiring spectacle in the world. . . . The space under immediate view from our standpoint, fifty miles long and ten to twelve wide, is thronged with a great multitude of objects so vast in size, so bold yet majestic in form, so infinite in their details, that as the truth gradually reveals itself to the perceptions it arouses the strongest emotions. Unquestionably the great, the overruling feature is the wall on the opposite side of the gulf. Can mortal fancy create a picture of a mural front a mile in height, seven to ten miles distant, and receding into space indefinitely in either direction? As the mind strives to realize its proportions its spirit is broken and its imagination completely crushed.

PANORAMA FROM POINT SUBLIME · LOOKING EAST

AS WE CONTEMPLATE these objects we find it quite impossible to realize their magnitude. Not only are we deceived, but we are conscious that we are deceived, and yet we cannot conquer the deception. We cannot long study our surroundings without becoming aware of an enormous disparity in the effects produced upon the senses by objects which are immediate and equivalent ones which are more remote. . . . Dimensions mean nothing to the senses, and all that we are conscious of in this respect is a troubled sense of immensity. . . .

In all the vast space beneath and around us there is very little upon which the mind can linger restfully. It is completely filled with objects of gigantic size and amazing form, and as the mind wanders over them it is hopelessly bewildered and lost. It is useless to select points of contemplation. The instant the attention lays hold of them it is drawn to something else, and if it seeks to recur to them it cannot find them. Everything is superlative, transcending the power of the intelligence to comprehend it. There is no central point or object around which the other elements are grouped and to which they are tributary. . . . Hundreds of mighty structures, miles in length, and thousands of feet in height, rear their majestic heads out of the abyss, displaying their richly-molded plinths and friezes, thrusting their gables, wing-walls, buttresses, and pilasters, and recessed with alcoves and panels. If any of these stupendous creations had been planted upon the plains of central Europe it would have influenced modern art as profoundly as Fusiyama [*sic*] has influenced the decorative art of Japan. Yet here they are all swallowed up in the confusion of multitude. It is not alone the magnitude of the individual objects that makes this spectacle so portentous, but it is still more the extravagant profusion with which they are arrayed along the whole visible extent of the broad chasm.

PANORAMA FROM POINT SUBLIME · LOOKING SOUTH

THROUGHOUT THE AFTERNOON the prospect has been gradually growing clearer. The haze has relaxed its steely glare and has changed to a veil of transparent blue. Slowly the myriads of details have come out and the walls are flecked with lines of minute tracery, forming a diaper of light and shade. Stronger and stronger becomes the relief of each projection. . . . The sinuous lines of stratification which once seemed meaningless, distorted, and even chaotic, now range themselves into a true perspective of graceful curves, threading the scallop edges of the strata. The colossal buttes expand in every dimension. Their long, narrow wings, which once were folded together and flattened against each other, open out, disclosing between them vast alcoves illumined with Rembrandt lights tinged with the pale refined blue of the ever-present haze. A thousand forms, hitherto unseen or obscure, start up within the abyss, and stand forth in strength and animation. All things seem to grow in beauty, power, and dimensions. What was grand before has become majestic, the majestic becomes sublime, and, ever expanding and developing, the sublime passes beyond the reach of our faculties and becomes transcendent. . . .

At length the sun sinks and the colors cease to burn. The abyss lapses back into repose. But its glory mounts upward and diffuses itself in the sky above. Long streamers of rosy light, rayed out from the west, cross the firmament and converge again in the east, ending in a pale rosy arch, which rises like a low aurora just above the eastern horizon. . . . Within the abyss the darkness gathers. Gradually the shades deepen and ascend, hiding the opposite wall and enveloping the great temples. For a few moments the summits of these majestic piles seem to float upon a sea of blackness, then vanish in the darkness, and, wrapped in the impenetrable mantle of the night, they await the glory of the coming dawn. *AW*

PANORAMA FROM POINT SUBLIME · LOOKING WEST

PORTRAIT FOR A WESTERN ALBUM

by Pamela Herr

THE SWARTHY MOUNTAIN MAN, resplendent in beaded buckskin, gestured grandly toward the sage green valley below. "There is California!" he told the excited child beside him. "There is your kingdom!"

From the first wagon train to cross the Sierra Nevada over his newly discovered route, the legendary frontiersman Jim Beckwourth had singled her out—a ten-year-old girl with intense grey eyes. Carrying her on his horse as he rode ahead of the caravan, he had given her an unexpected role in history: the first white child to enter California over Beckwourth Pass.

It was a moment that California poet Ina Coolbrith would remember all her life.

It was not her first brush with history, however. Born Josephine Donna Smith in Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1841, she was the niece of the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith. Ina, as her family called her, was scarcely five months old when her father, Mormon editor Don Carlos Smith, died of pneumonia, and just three when the prophet himself was murdered by an angry mob. In 1846, as the Mormons trekked west from Illinois toward refuge in Utah, Ina's mother remarried, and with her new husband, William Pickett, fled instead to Saint Louis. Heartsick over the violence and persecution she had seen, she warned her two daughters never to reveal their Mormon heritage.

By 1851, the Pickett family had succumbed to the lure of California gold. Once past the bright promise of Beckwourth Pass, they spent a fruitless period in the gold country before settling in the pueblo of Los Angeles. It was a small, dusty, almost treeless cow town, but Ina bloomed there nevertheless. Her first poems—fluent but conventional Victorian verse—were published in the local paper. By her seventeenth year, she was a recognized poet within her small circle—spirited, beautiful, and passionately in love.

Her brief marriage was a disaster. Court records of the divorce reveal that Ina's new husband, an iron works manufacturer and part-time minstrel show performer named Robert Carsley, tried to kill her in a jealous rage. Family rumor later suggested there had been a baby, who died within a year, but if so, Ina herself never spoke of it openly. After the divorce, the family moved to San Francisco. There Josephine Smith Carsley, shamed and deeply depressed, began to call herself Ina Coolbrith. Only twenty, she now had two secrets to hide, her Mormon background and her unsuccessful marriage.

Literary San Francisco was enchanted with the brilliant young poet with the haunting grey eyes. Her poems—lovely, often melancholy lyrics—were published in the leading journals of the city, while Ina herself came to know young writers like Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, and Mark Twain. Her small hillside home became a gathering place, a "poet's corner in a city which was far more poetical then than it is now," as Charles Stoddard later recalled. To the young writers and artists of the 1860s, Ina was "the pearl of all her tribe," "divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

In San Francisco, her "city of mists and of dreams," Ina herself became the stuff of legend. It was whispered that Harte, Twain, Miller, Stoddard—all the young writers were in love with her. But if any of it were true, Ina, reticent, mysterious, never told. Later she would see this time as her happiest; here she came closest to the kingdom Jim Beckwourth had promised her. But gradually, as the young San Francisco writers reached their thirties, there was a change. The women married; the men traveled. Ina, too, planned a trip east and to Europe, but in the early 1870s, her California kingdom entrapped her.

It began in 1872 when poet Joaquin Miller left his half-Indian daughter with Ina when he went abroad. Two years later her widowed sister Agnes died, leaving her two children in Ina's hands. By this time William Pickett had disappeared, and Ina's aging mother also required her care.

A regular income was now essential, and she accepted a full-time position as librarian in nearby Oakland. For the next eighteen years, she worked ten or eleven hours a day, six days a week. During those demanding years, Ina Coolbrith wrote little. She gave unstintingly to her work. One ten-year-old boy, an "eager, thirsty, hungry little kid," never forgot her encouragement when he selected a book on Pizarro in Peru. "You got the book and stamped it for me," Jack London wrote her years later, "and as you handed it to me you praised me for reading books of that nature. Proud! If you only knew how proud your words made me! . . . You were a goddess to me!"

In 1892, Ina left the Oakland library. The children were grown, and she found less demanding work that gave her time to write. It was too late. The ardor was gone, and the energy. She turned to a book on the literary history of San Francisco. But even that was doomed: the fire that swept the city after the great 1906 earthquake destroyed her manuscript and notes.

Ina Coolbrith lived twenty-two more years, honored by California as its poet laureate, aided financially by generous friends. Yet she was bitter. "I was placed in prison and fettered," she wrote two years before her death in 1928. Living so, "the bird forgets its notes and the wings their flight. . . . My whole life has been forced to be against its truer self."

Between the California kingdom she had glimpsed at Beckwourth Pass and the prison it had become, lay the quiet tragedy of Ina Coolbrith's life. **AW**

Further reading: *Ina Coolbrith: Librarian and Laureate of California* by Josephine Rhodehamel and Raymund Wood (Brigham Young, 1973) and *San Francisco's Literary Frontier* by Franklin Walker (Knopf, 1939).

Pamela Herr *is managing editor of* The American West.

CALIFORNIA ROOM, OAKLAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

W. R. LEIGH
PAINTER OF FRONTIERS

by June DuBois

DURING THE LIFETIME of William Robinson Leigh, art critics could not agree on an appropriate label for his style. One critic, out of bounden duty, called him a "Romantic Realist." Though the description falls short, there is a degree of truth in the critic's term, for Leigh's sensibility and Southern heritage scarcely permitted him to view the world other than romantically, however real the turmoil overwhelming the South at the time of his birth. He was born in 1866, a little more than eighteen months after the surrender at Appomattox, at Falling Waters, Berkeley County, West Virginia, too late to experience the full impact of that heartbreak. Though sympathies remained Confederate in Berkeley County and the tragedy of the war impoverished his own family, Leigh, an artist and a patriot first, never looked back.

SELF PORTRAIT; COURTESY OF THE TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION

Among his illustrious Virginia ancestors was the Indian princess, Pocahontas, while both sides of his family could claim descent from a long line of distinguished Americans, including members of Congress, the Supreme Court of Virginia, the clergy, and the faculty of the Virginia Military Institute.

Leigh was raised in his ancestral home, Maidstone, a Georgian structure of imported English brick located on his family's once-prosperous twelve-hundred acre farm. Leigh particularly enjoyed Maidstone's library, where his parents often gathered their large brood (Leigh was one of seven children) to read Shakespeare, the King James Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, as well as the African adventures of Stanley, Livingstone, and Sir Samuel Baker, and current periodicals.

Even before Leigh himself could read well, he was fascinated with drawing, reproducing with great care the animals and birds in the two-volume work *Cassell's Natural History*. He also created paper cuttings, one of which took first prize (a new dollar bill) at the Martinsburg County Fair when he was seven. Then, at age ten, he read of the Battle of Little Big Horn; from that moment, a longing to paint the American West began to grow in his heart.

A Spartan-like regimen dominated Leigh's childhood. As in all farm families of the time, the children participated in the ever-demanding work such a life required. Their father, William Leigh, expected only work and obedience from his children, never opinions and, least of all, levity. Yet young Willie found joy in the romantic beauty of the hills, woods, and streams of Berkeley County. He explored them all, recording each detail in his sketch book. The intimate knowledge and love of nature thus acquired were to remain with him all his life.

Mary Colston Leigh, Leigh's courageous and gentle mother and an artist herself, soon realized that her son must go to art school. Somehow she managed to scrape together the required money to send him, at age fourteen, to Baltimore, where he lived with her sister and brother-in-law while attending the Maryland Institute. There under the tutelage of the highly-regarded Hugh Newell, head of the institute, he learned the fundamentals of drawing. After three years, the boy exhibited so much promise that Newell recommended he be sent to Europe for further study.

This article is based on the author's research for her recent book, W. R. Leigh: The Definitive Biography, *published by the Lowell Press, Kansas City, Missouri. The Leigh paintings accompanying the article have been selected from the book.*

THE ROPER · 1914

COURTESY OF C. R. SMITH

ZUNI POTTERY MAKER · 1907

COURTESY OF THE ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

WITH THE FINANCIAL HELP of two uncles, Leigh embarked in his seventeenth summer for Germany, where he planned to study art at the Munich Academy. His teachers—who included Ludwig von Loefftz, Wilhelm von Lindenschmidt, and Nicholas Gysis—were celebrated for their progressive methods. They stressed brilliant, unctuous brushwork, in which colors flowed smoothly and gracefully into each other, and the rich, dark tones of a bituminous palette.

Immersed as he became in his art studies, Leigh still found time for other interests—gymnastics, swimming, ice skating, and especially, hiking-sketching trips in Bavaria and Austria. During the Easter break of his second year, he visited and fell in love with Venice. Other sketching trips included short sojourns at Lake Chiemsee and at the medieval walled city of Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber, both in Germany. During his vacations, he managed to throw off his seriousness, to laugh a great deal, and even to carouse occasionally. But of one particularly wild all-night party in Rothenburg Leigh wrote, "I concluded that this atmosphere was not constructive."

Basically a loner, he once commented, "I am not one of those happy mortals who can be fast friends with any fellow who comes along. I like them very well but to like them and to have them as associates are two different things."

Midway through his third year in Munich, Leigh's uncles stopped financing his studies, even though he had won bronze medals for excellence each year. Only through further sacrifices by his mother and some help from his oldest brother, was he able to complete a fourth year before abandoning his studies and returning to America.

Meanwhile, bankruptcy had forced the Leigh family to give up Maidstone and move to a smaller farm. The hardships young Leigh faced that winter in America (1887–88) were only a foretaste of those to come.

Home again in Berkeley County, he set to work almost immediately painting a portrait of his cousin, hoping others would request his services. The scheme brought a few clients, but payments were small. He moved then to Baltimore, where he fared little better. Eventually he was hired to teach "a class of fifteen young ladies in a boarding school, twice a week, at fifteen dollars a month." That employment, plus money from the sale of an occasional portrait, enabled him to buy a steamer ticket for Germany when spring came. But before he departed, his father died, and his mother invested what little assets remained from the sale of the farm in property in Martinsburg, where she established a boarding house.

Again in Munich, Leigh spent the winter in poverty, for he could find neither work nor a dealer for his paintings. Fortunately, he was able to borrow a little money, but only enough to keep alive.

After the most endless winter of his life, Leigh finally found employment as a muralist. At first the work was bewildering, but eventually Leigh became so skilled that it provided him with ample funds to complete his studies at the academy and to remain in Europe for the next eight years.

While in Europe, Leigh's thoughts often wandered back to the American frontier, and one day he began to sketch a composition that had long haunted him. While absorbed in the painting, his professor came into the studio. "Ah," said von Lindenschmidt. "Now the real Leigh is coming out. Drama! America!"

So began the creation of *The Gambler,* Leigh's first "western" painting. From that time until the artist left Munich for good, von Lindenschmidt encouraged him in his ambition to paint the West. At last, in 1896, at the age of thirty, Leigh returned to America, his preparation as an artist finally behind him.

EARLY THAT YEAR he moved to New York and rented a studio on Fourteenth Street. "Had I known as much as I know now," Leigh wrote many years later, "I would have gone immediately to our Southwest." But costs, above all, frightened him; he still found his poverty-stricken winter in Munich hard to forget. He reasoned that if he involved himself in the New York art world, he would find a backer for the western expeditions he hoped to make.

But Leigh was not prepared for American tastes in art. Paintings of the American West were not in favor with the establishment. The country admired French art above all, and even an American artist's painting of Hays, Kansas, had to resemble a French village near the forest of Fontainebleau if it was to be appreciated. This attitude infuriated Leigh, who realized that in a changing world, life in the Old West was fading fast, even in 1896. If artists didn't preserve that unique period on canvas, who would?

The public's disinterest in western art discouraged Leigh; worse, still, was his inability to find a backer. But he had to eat, so he took a job as an illustrator for *Scribner's,* working there for the better part of ten years. During the same time he also found employment free-lancing for other magazines and painting occasional portraits in New York and West Virginia.

This period was a turbulent time in Leigh's life. Not only did he find himself constantly embroiled in artistic controversies, but his marriage, in which he had fathered a son, failed after four years.

By 1906, Leigh had had enough of the New York scene. In desperation, he wrote to the Santa Fe Railroad's advertising department in Chicago, proposing that they provide him with passage west in exchange for a painting of the Grand Canyon, which he would execute at his earliest opportunity. To his surprise, his offer was accepted, though the advertising manager, W. H. Simpson, specified that the company would prefer that he paint the Pueblo country of New Mexico in the Laguna and Zuni areas.

By coincidence, Simpson's suggestion dovetailed with

GRAND CANYON · 1908

DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL
COURTESY OF THE ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

HOPI COURTSHIP · 1915

COURTESY OF THE HARRISON EITELJORG GALLERY OF WESTERN ART, INDIANAPOLIS MUSEUM OF ART

an invitation previously extended by Leigh's friend and fellow art student from Munich days, Albert Groll. Groll had offered to share his cabin on the Laguna River with him for a summer of sketching.

Leigh found the West even more thrilling than he had anticipated. He set to work immediately, drawing not only at the Laguna and Zuni pueblos, as requested, but also at Acoma and in the Navajo country. After rounding off his trip with a brief visit to the Grand Canyon, Leigh returned to his New York studio with a multitude of sketches and finished studies. He was exultant. "My entire horizon had now been revamped. I knew that my old, original conception was correct. My field was the frontier West. From now on I knew I must return as often to that field as possible."

Leigh repaid the Santa Fe Railroad with the painting *Zuni Pottery Maker* (reproduced on page 34) and also sent photographs of two studies he had painted on the south rim of the Grand Canyon.

In response, Simpson wrote Leigh, "Am anxious you should go to the Southwest again." In the summer of 1908, Leigh painted studies and finished at least one immense canvas of the Grand Canyon. Then, in 1909 he returned to the West for three weeks, camping in the Grand Canyon on Columbus Point, surrounded by pinnacled glory. There he produced more than one hundred studies and also kept a journal where he recorded the canyon's beauty in all its moods.

Between 1908 and 1913, Leigh sold the Santa Fe Railroad five paintings of the Grand Canyon; one of them, *Titan of Canyons,* appeared on the railroad's menu cover for years.

The year 1910 marked the beginning of Leigh's lifetime friendship with Will Richard, a taxidermist who had written to Albert Groll asking if Groll or anyone else would be interested in accompanying him as field artist on a summer hunting trip in Wyoming. Groll had passed the letter on to Leigh, who accepted with alacrity.

For three-and-a-half weeks, while Richard, Leigh, and another friend camped on the banks of trout streams in and near the Carter Mountains southwest of Cody, Wyoming, the artist

reveled in the unblemished woodlands, heights, and vistas. While there, he completed some thirty sketches of scenery and animals.

Once, as Leigh painted with intense concentration, he noticed Richard watching intently, as if bewitched by his every brushstroke. Soon Richard admitted that he didn't care to hunt on this trip; what he really wanted was to learn to paint. In response, Leigh handed him a palette and some brushes, saying, "Start."

Though his words were abrupt, Leigh's teaching method was serious. First, Richard was taught to draw exactly; next, how to execute a painting using Leigh's own method: "You start with a detailed charcoal drawing and then paint over that—the most distant things first. If there are no clouds, the sky may take no more than a day. The distant figures may be done in a week. It gets more difficult as you approach the foreground—a large canvas may take four or six months altogether—but the most economical way is to finish as you go."

As Richard learned to paint, he and Leigh became close friends. But painting remained an avocation, for Richard's artistic talent truly manifested itself in taxidermy. Leigh's success in drawing and painting animals with such accuracy can in some measure be attributed to his friendship with Richard. Often while working on a painting featuring animals, Leigh would mail photographs of it to Richard for his comments and corrections.

On subsequent trips west, Leigh almost always included Wyoming on his itinerary. One of his most exciting experiences there occurred in 1912, when he accompanied Richard's brother Fred and colleague Ned Frost on a bear-hunting expedition. Among other paintings, his huge *Grizzly at Bay* (reproduced on pages 42-43) dramatically depicts this adventure.

Later in the summer of 1910, Leigh journeyed to Arizona, carrying Groll's letter of introduction to Juan Lorenzo Hubbell, owner of Hubbell's Trading Post at Ganado, Arizona, in the heart of the Navajo nation. Since establishing the post in 1876, this ambassador of good-will had earned the affection and respect of both red men and white.

While staying at the modest Hubbell house, Leigh observed many aspects of Indian life. To his delight, Indians appeared almost daily, for like all good trading posts, Hubbell's had become the meeting place, local bank, and post office—the "downtown" of the reservation. Most importantly, the post provided the Indians with a center for displaying their crafts. Leigh, dazzled and fascinated, sketched and photographed jewelry, pottery, and rugs to use later in his paintings.

As Leigh became acquainted with the Indians of the region, he was also able to attend native ceremonies, watch craftspeople at work, herd goat and sheep with Navajo children, and share meals with Indian friends. These activities and more he recorded in his paintings over a period of nearly fifty years.

EVERY MOMENT of living and working in the West—magnificent and awe-inspiring and ever-exciting to Leigh—proved a delight. Each autumn when he first returned to New York, aglow with inspiration, his luggage brimming with studies, life would seem wonderful. But gradually, as the eastern winter bore down on him, so did the disturbing realization that the art world was moving away from the nineteenth-century realism he appreciated and toward the nonfigurative style of such initiators of modern art as Picasso, Braque, and Matisse. To Leigh, this new art was decadent, and his aversion to it probably reached a peak when he viewed the path-breaking 1913 Armory Show in New York, which contained such radical abstract works as Marcel Duchamp's famous *Nude Descending a Staircase*.

Nevertheless, the year 1913 also opened up the promise of a new world to Leigh, for during this year he met Ethel Traphagen, a young New York artist recognized for her talent in costume design. From the moment he first set eyes on her, Leigh used every possible means to persuade her to marry him.

Ethel Traphagen's admiration and devotion to Leigh also began with their first meeting. But at thirty-one, with a bright career ahead of her, marriage held little appeal, for she had no interest whatsoever in limiting herself to a housewife's role. Until Leigh fully understood this, she refused his repeated proposals. Finally, after eight years, she decided he did understand. On June 4, 1921 they were married.

Leigh's new wife adored him and helped him in every way, but she also remained Ethel Traphagen, devoted as well to her career as artist, designer, teacher, and director of a top school of fashion design.

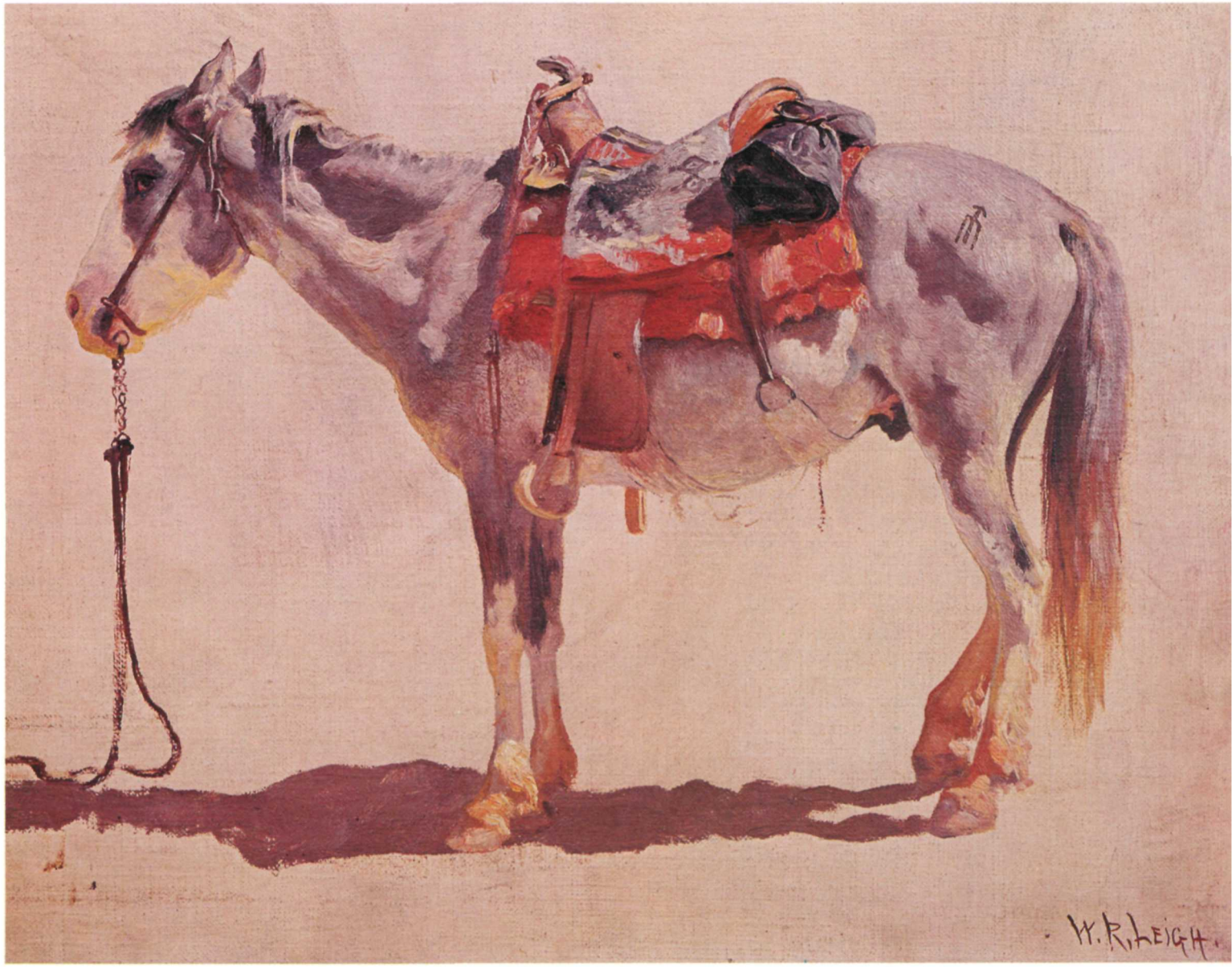
Leigh's niece, Marjorie Chapman Leigh, has commented on the ways Ethel Traphagen helped Leigh: "Uncle Willie was not a diplomatic man, not one noted for tact. Because of this trait, recognition was very slow in reaching him, in spite of his undoubted talents. In fact, I'm not at all sure he would ever have been acclaimed if he had not married Ethel.

"She devoted herself to furthering his position in the art world, and when they were in public she tried to be constantly at his side. . . . She hovered over him like a mother hen, keeping him from making pointed or prejudicial remarks. In her eye, he could do no wrong, but she was an intelligent and very charming and outgoing sort of woman, and she realized that other people did not always see him with as tender an eye as she did."

From 1913, when he met Ethel Traphagen, until the early 1930s, Leigh exhibited regularly with the Snedecor and Babcock Gallery, the Allied Artists of America, and at the Academy of Design. However, his most satisfactory relationship developed in the mid-twenties—an alliance with the Grand Central Galleries, directed by Erwin S. Barrie. Not until his association with Barrie did Leigh be-

HOPI TRANSPORTATION · 1933

COURTESY OF C. R. SMITH



GRIZZLY AT BAY · 1912

MR. AND MRS. NEDWARD FROST COLLECTION, WHITNEY GALLERY OF WESTERN ART, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

gin to know a degree of financial success.

Once Leigh began to exhibit his works regularly, he received excellent reviews. Between one hundred fifty and two hundred of his paintings received specific mention in New York journals from 1913 to 1926. In describing his works, critics used words and phrases such as "profound," "triumphant," "magnificent," "premier position among painters of the Wild West," "remarkable draughtsmanship and knowledge of country," and "uncanny ability to depict animals."

Leigh's studio gradually became almost a Southwest museum in miniature. Books pertaining to the Southwest as well as other subjects of interest to Leigh—art, music, astrology, history, travel, archaeology, anthropology, among others—lined the high walls. The studio, today located at the Gilcrease Institute in Tulsa, Oklahoma, has been described by Dean Krakel of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame: "The studio was one of the finest private museum-libraries I had ever seen, organized for each phase of the artist's work. Research files contained hundreds of photographs taken through the West and Southwest of a variety of subjects. There were grass samples, sagebrush and soils. . . . The Indian paraphernalia he had acquired was amazing. Three Navajo saddles were there along with silver inlay bridles and bits. There were velveteen blouses, skirts, and silver conch and turquoise-studded necklaces, all common in the artist's scenes. Pottery, baskets, rugs and blankets made up an important part of the studio. . . . The studio clearly showed how Leigh achieved anatomy in his work. There was a large number of plaster models, each showing physical makeup of both human and animal figures."

While Leigh evidently said little about his methods, others have described them. A student of Leigh's, Patrick Patterson, tells of encountering him outdoors "sketching a series of stepbuttes. He was dressed as if he were on safari in Africa, had a knapsack full of charcoal paper and sketch blocks and had made over a dozen sketches of these same little rocks. . . . This was a typical way of working for Leigh. His larger paintings were always done in his studio, but thumb-tacked around him were a multitude of sketches he had made in the field."

Dean Krakel elaborates: "Following the first

THE LEADER'S DOWNFALL · 1946

COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL COWBOY HALL OF FAME, OKLAHOMA CITY;
MR. AND MRS. LUTHER T. DULANEY COLLECTION

idea sketches came research, and then the drafting table. With meticulous care he penciled out each detail of a planned composition. For one painting I counted more than ten pages of pencil drawings on tissue paper. These were overlaid one on another until the composition took shape. Once this was done, a master drawing was made for transferal onto canvas."

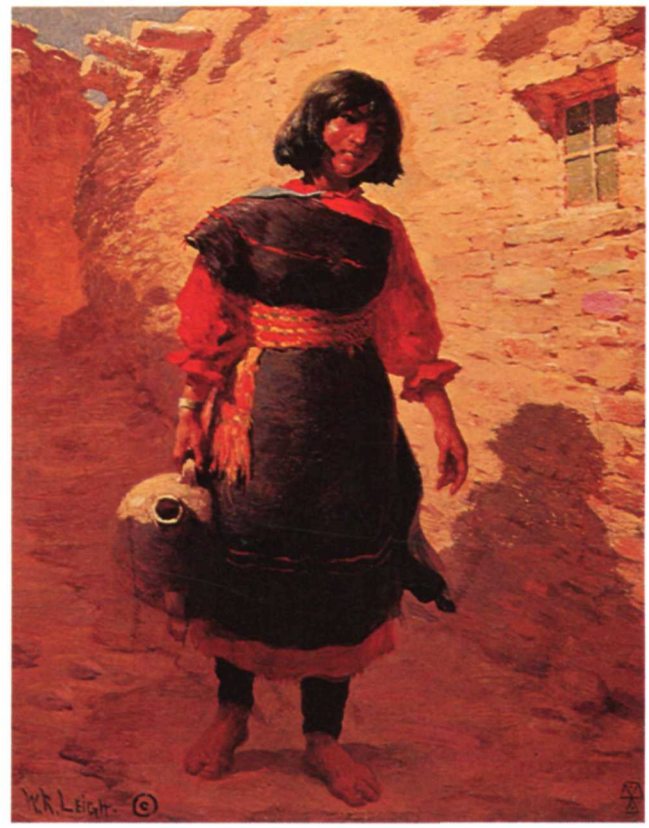
When he was satisfied with the preliminary work, Leigh was ready for the next stage. "He was a magnificent draughtsman," writes Frederic Whitaker, who visited Leigh's studio on several occasions. "He would work out and draw the entire composition in charcoal, and every figure in every detail would be drawn photographically, as one might say. Every one of his enormous canvases was exquisitely drawn in charcoal, not only in line, but also with realistic shading. Once satisfied with the drawing, in lights and darks, he would then fix the charcoal with an atomizer and then paint directly over the charcoal."

IN 1926, Leigh was offered the chance to use his meticulous painting technique on a new project: the creation of landscape settings for a hall of African animals being developed by sculptor/taxidermist Carl Ethan Akeley for the Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Leigh accompanied Akeley on what was to be a year-long expedition to Africa. "Ours was not the usual kind of big game hunt," Leigh explained in his 1938 best-selling memoir *Frontiers of Enchantment*. "Akeley was intent on securing material for groups of African animal life. With pen and brush I was to capture nature's setting for her wild creatures."

Tragically, however, the expedition ended suddenly when Akeley contracted pneumonia in the Congo and died there. But Leigh had scarcely returned to New York, unpacked his sketches, and begun work on one of the settings when he was asked to go on a second African expedition. In 1928, he set out again, and this time Ethel Traphagen accompanied him as far as Nairobi. Of this fruitful period in Africa, Leigh later wrote, "Watching these myriads of beautiful wild creatures, the cogitating mind instinctively asked, 'How long can this go on? When will encroaching civilization . . . sound the death knell of the most extraordinary reign of animal life this earth perhaps has ever seen?' "

Certainly the magnificent landscape settings Leigh produced for the African Hall have done much to preserve the likenesses of a fast-disap-



WATER GIRL · 1916

COURTESY OF MARJORIE CHAPMAN LEIGH

NAVAHO CHIEF · 1916

COURTESY OF EUGENE B. ADKINS

pearing phenomenon. Today, when 90 percent of the wild animals that once roamed East Africa have been destroyed, Leigh's work is all the more precious.

Their taste for travel whetted by their African experiences, Leigh and Traphagen indulged in a number of trips abroad during the years preceding World War II, including a four-month voyage around the world in 1936. During these journeys, Leigh spent little time sketching. Instead, he devoted his attentions to writing, since shipboard life offered a perfect opportunity for recording his thoughts and travel experiences.

During the thirties he wrote articles, plays, and short stories, some of which were published, and he was much in demand as a lecturer as well. In addition to *Frontiers of Enchantment,* two other full-length books were issued: a play titled *Clipt Wings* and the beautifully illustrated *Western Pony,* now a collector's item. But by the end of the decade, Leigh had begun to paint the American West with renewed vigor.

ACTION had always been one of Leigh's trademarks, but the dramatic action he portrayed in the forties and fifties burst forth with unbelievable force. Leigh's works during his last fifteen years are considered among his greatest; his paintings continued to grow not only in excellence but in quantity. Between 1935 and 1955, he exhibited over six hundred paintings in U.S. museums and galleries.

During the last few years of his life, Leigh's time was so filled with accepting honors and lecturing that his continued work at his easel is remarkable. In January 1955, a writer in *Art World* declared, "Youth is a variable thing. To see Mr. Leigh in action, one would think of a man more in his twenties than one who has reached the age of eighty-eight. He is clear-minded and still wooing a paint brush with the enthusiasm of a student. . . . In Mr. Leigh we find the fact that art is a lifetime of work. One never ceases to exist as long as [one has] the ability to do [the] job."

In his New York home, on March 11, 1955, Leigh, rather tired from a morning of painting a sunset scene of the Organ Mountains in New Mexico, lay down for a nap. He and his wife had camped at the foot of those mountains on their honeymoon and returned there whenever their travels took them to the Southwest. With the beautiful and memory-filled scene on his easel, he fell asleep, never to wake again on his beloved earth, of which only recently he had said: "The world is so wonderful, so marvelous. If people would only open their eyes to it. If only they would truly see the color and enchantment waiting to be discovered right before them." **AW**

June DuBois, *a free-lance writer, presently lives in Indianapolis, Indiana. She is interested in music as well as art history.*

WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

President Carter has approved a new **National Heritage Program** which would **consolidate historic and natural preservation in a single agency** within the Department of the Interior. The proposed agency, to be called the **Heritage Conservation and Recreation Service,** would combine the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, the programs of the Office of Archeology and Historic Preservation, and the National Natural Landmarks Program. (The latter two would be removed from the National Park Service, which would continue, however, to administer its 294 park areas.) One of the proposed agency's first tasks would be to conduct the first comprehensive inventory of national historic and natural resources.

Nearly a dozen major **television documentaries derived from American Indian history** are currently being planned by the three leading networks. NBC will film a three-hour version of *Ishi,* Theodora Kroeber's well-known biography of the last Native American to grow up in the wild. Also in the preproduction stage is a special based on Dee Brown's *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee.*

Last fall the new **Wichita Art Museum** opened its doors with a three-day celebration. Its permanent exhibit includes a collection of **Charles M. Russell paintings, drawings, and sculpture; works by Taos artists;** and **Albert Bierstadt's "Indian Village."** The museum is located at 619 Stackman Drive, Wichita, Kansas.

To assist individuals and private organizations who own historic properties, a **Historic House Association** has been formed with the cooperation of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, Washington, D.C. The new association will aid private owners in the following areas: relevant federal, state, and local legislation; administrative issues such as zoning and building codes; coordination and cooperation with federal, state, and local governing bodies; information exchange on technical, legal, and financial subjects; and visitor and public relations activities. The first annual meeting is scheduled for May in Asheville, North Carolina; more information is available from the Historic House Association, Box 5375, Asheville, North Carolina 28803.

NORTHERN NATURAL GAS COMPANY COLLECTION, JOSLYN ART MUSEUM

"ADDIH-HIDDISH" BY KARL BODMER; SEE NOTE BELOW

An exhibition of 100 watercolors and sketches by the Swiss artist **Karl Bodmer** (1809–1893), who traveled to the Upper Missouri region in the 1830s, will open at the **Kansas City (Missouri) Museum of History and Science** May 15 and continue through June 5. On loan from the Joslyn Museum in Omaha, the exhibit will be augmented with Plains Indian material from the Kansas City Museum's extensive collection.

Contemporary Native American painting, sculpture, and graphic arts will be displayed at the **33rd Annual American Indian Artists Exhibition** at **Philbrook Art Center** of **Tulsa, Oklahoma,** April 30–June 18.

After fifteen years of planning, the **Colorado Heritage Center,** the new home of the **Colorado Historical Society,** is a reality. Located in downtown **Denver,** the unusual wedge-shaped building has been called an iceberg because most of its 135,000 square feet are underground. Featured as an introduction to the center's permanent exhibition area is **"The Coloradans,"** an extensive display that includes records, photographs, and memorabilia of early settlers; an old-time Colorado photographic shop, print shop, and post office; and oral history listening booths focusing on the Native American experience. The new $5.5 million facility is expected to draw over 300,000 visitors this year.

Two of California's grand hotels, the **Mission Inn** in **Riverside** and the **Hotel del Coronado** in **Coronado,** near San Diego, were dedicated as national historic landmarks in separate October 30, 1977 ceremonies. The Riverside property, a 1902 Mission Revival structure, was in danger of demolition until rescued by the city and turned over to the Mission Inn Foundation for restoration. At the edge of the Pacific Ocean, the Hotel del Coronado opened in 1888 and is commercially operated to this day.

The **Oklahoma Historical Society** has developed a **History Research Learning Center** available to teachers, students, researchers, and history buffs. A production section displays books, movies, tapes, maps, paintings, and handcrafts with information on where they can be obtained. Another section provides demonstration facilities illustrating how to use primary source material in the newspaper files, research library, Indian archives, museum collection, and at historic sites.

"The Mountain Man," an exhibit at the **Buffalo Bill Historical Center** in **Cody, Wyoming,** uses art and artifacts to depict the life of trappers, traders, and explorers in the early 1800s. Opening May 1, the show continues through September.

On June 17, a **replica of the studio of western painter W. H. D. Koerner,** best known for his *Saturday Evening Post* illustrations, will be dedicated. Koerner's complete studio collection was donated to the Center by his heirs, Ruth Koerner Oliver and William H. D. Koerner. Speakers at a series of lectures accompanying the dedication will include James H. Duff, director of the Brandywine River Museum, and W. H. Hutchinson, author of a soon-to-be-published biography of the artist.

W. H. D. KOERNER IN HIS STUDIO; SEE NOTE ABOVE

The **Oklahoma Historical Society** is making plans to develop the **Honey Springs Civil War Battlefield,** located fourteen miles south of **Muskogee, Oklahoma.** The Honey Springs site originally served as a Creek Indian trading post; later, during the Civil War, a secret depot was established there by Confederate troops to equip an expedition to attack nearby Fort Gibson. The battle at Honey Springs, the largest fought in Indian Territory, represented the climax of Confederate resistance in the area and opened the way for federal control of the territory. Current plans for the battlefield include the restoration of historic buildings and the development of an interpretive program at the site.

The **"Martinez Tradition,"** an exhibit of pottery by Maria Martinez, her husband, sons, grandson, and other relatives can be seen through the summer at the **Heard Museum** in **Phoenix, Arizona.** Pottery by the family will also be on display at the **Renwick Gallery** of the **Smithsonian Institution** in **Washington, D.C.,** until August 13.

The **Sharlot Hall Historical Society** has plans for a new museum building in **Prescott, Arizona,** to house a history library and archives. An unusual feature is the solar heating system, which will use natural Arizona sunshine. The new structure will be part of the **Sharlot Hall Museum complex** which includes the Frémont House, where John C. Frémont lived as territorial governor; the original Prescott log-cabin capitol; and two Victorian houses.

A dramatic **life-size diorama of an 1860s Cheyenne campsite** on the banks of Sand Creek near Denver is now on view in the **Crane Hall of Historic Native Americans** at the **Denver Museum of Natural History.** Dominated by a full-size tipi, the diorama shows seven Indian mannequins engaged in daily activities. Other new Crane Hall exhibits include a display of **Plains Indian plant use** and another featuring **warrior and horse regalia.**

"Apache!" continues through September at the **San Diego Museum of Man.** Designed to dispel myths about this Southwestern Indian people, the ethnological exhibit of cultural artifacts includes photographs dating from 1850 to the present. Housed in an attractive limestone building in **Pioneer Park, Manhattan, Kansas,** the new **Riley County Historical Museum** features rotating exhibits. The park also includes the restored Goodnow House, formerly the home of Isaac Goodnow, father of the Kansas common school system.

MISSION DOOR CARVINGS BY PETER MANSBENDEL; SEE NOTE BELOW

Arranged by the **Institute of Texan Cultures,** a new exhibit of **woodcarvings** by the Swiss-born Texas artisan **Peter Mansbendel** (1883–1940) will be on view in Texas at the Hall of State, Dallas, May 5–June 12; the McAllen International Museum, McAllen, June 15–July 17; the Laguna Gloria Art Museum, Austin, July 20–September 4; the Wichita Falls Museum, September 8–October 16; the Cultural Activities Center, Temple, October 20–November 24; and the Beaumont Art Museum, November 28–December 29. An attractive exhibit catalogue is available prepaid for $8.95 (cloth) or $4.25 (paper) from the Institute, P.O. Box 1226, San Antonio, Texas 78294.

The **Buffalo Trails Museum** in **Epping, North Dakota,** recently acquired a fifty million-year-old petrified stump of dawn redwood which weighs almost eight tons. Seven and one-half feet high, it was recovered from Lake Sakakawea, where the lowered water level has exposed many objects, and moved to Epping by lake ferry and truck.

"Murals in the Round: Painted Tipis of the Kiowa and Kiowa-Apache Indians" has opened at the **Renwick Gallery** of the National Collection of Fine Arts, **Washington, D.C.,** and will continue through November 12, 1978. The exhibit consists of twenty-five decorated buckskin models of Oklahoma Kiowa tipis. The models were made by Indian artists from 1891 to 1904 at the request of Smithsonian ethnologist James Mooney, who wished to document the tribe's full-size tipis. Kiowa tipis generally stood eighteen feet high and were lived in all year round. Dr. John C. Ewers, senior ethnologist at the Smithsonian and organizer of the display, has prepared a book on the tipis which will be published as a complement to the exhibit.

"Prairie," an exhibit of thirty-three photographs by Colorado **photographer Robert Adams,** selected from a large number taken over a period of more than twelve years, will be on display at the **Denver Museum of Art,** June 10–July 23.

Two new exhibits are ready for circulation from the **Museum of New Mexico—"Sacred Paths: Aspects of the Native American and Hispanic Religious Experience in the Southwest"** and **"Turquoise and Tobacco: Native American and Hispanic Trade Patterns in the Southwest."** Produced with funds from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the exhibits are in both Spanish and English ("Sacred Paths" is also in Tewa and Navajo) and consist of artifacts, photographs, maps, and explanatory text focusing on the Spanish and Native American experience in the Southwest, particularly during the late Spanish Colonial period.

The **North Dakota Oral History Project** became history last June 30 when legislative funding terminated. During its three-year existence, the project collected 1,214 interviews with older North Dakotans and copied over fifteen thousand photographs for the state historical society's permanent collection. *AW*

Correction: Samuel Waugh's 1855 painting of Irish immigrants in New York, reproduced on pages 18–19 of the March/April issue, should have been credited to the Museum of the City of New York.

Cowboys, Outlaws, Soldiers & Women!

The "Wild West" brought to you by THE OLD ARMY PRESS & PRESIDIO PRESS

Don Rickey, of **Forty Miles a Day On Beans and Hay** fame, now turns his talents to the cowboy. Illustrated by Dale Crawford with over 100 line drawings, **$10 Horse, $40 Saddle** is the most fascinating Old West book to be published in years. From his underwear to his boots and Stetson, from his pocket knife to his Winchester—all the gear of the cowboy (and his horse!) is here. "The American West" magazine calls this book "definitive!"

10 x 7, line drawings, hard cover $10.95

The year was 1847, during the Mexican War, and President Polk had raised Stevenson's Regiment to wrest California from the Mexicans, then occupy this land for the United States. It is this dual mission—**Conquer and Colonize**—that author Donald C. Biggs chronicles. Set against a background of the "Wild West," the book is illustrated with sketches, woodcuts, and lithographs of the period.

6 x 9, hard cover $12.95

Here is the real stuff legends are made of—Billy the Kid, Belle Starr, Cole Younger – all of them covered in **Dust to Dust: The Obituaries of the Gunfighters.** Editor Jerry Gaddy has brought together contemporary newspaper accounts of the lives—and deaths—of the West's most famous badmen. Sam Bass, Bob Ford, Ben Thompson, the Daltons—read about them all in **Dust to Dust.** Illustrated with line drawings by Dale Crawford.

7 x 10, 500 autographed copy edition $11.95

In **Glittering Misery,** Patricia Stallard tells the story of the women and children who willingly accompanied the Western army beyond the bounds of civilization and endured a life best characterized by the title phrase. Their experiences coping with life on the frontier are detailed in words and more than 60 photographs. It is an important—and negelcted—part of the frontier experience.

6 x 9, 65 photos, hard cover. $10.95

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American Heritage History of the Indian Wars

REVIEWED BY JACK BURROWS

THE *American Heritage History of the Indian Wars* is a near epochal achievement in artistic and historical balance. Vivid paintings, sketches, and photographs, including a stark sequence by the incomparable Edward Curtis, offer incandescent visual accompaniment to the rich narrative, which transports us from the deep deciduous forests of the East to a runneled swale at Wounded Knee; from the twisted trunks and canescent leaves of Fallen Timbers to the slumping bluffs of the Little Bighorn.

The American Heritage History of the Indian Wars by Robert M. Utley and Wilcomb E. Washburn *(American Heritage Publishing Company, New York, 1977; 352 pp., illus., index, $34.95).*

The book is divided into two sections, the East and the West, authored respectively by Wilcomb Washburn and Robert Utley, both well-known authorities on Indian history and culture. The choice of authors is a happy one. For while Washburn and Utley are obviously sympathetic with the Indian, their narratives are free of the elegiac tone, the ideology and cant which were *de rigueur* in the writings of the 1960s and early '70s, guilty and uncertain reflections of a renascent Indian pride and anger. We observe the tragedy of Indian removal and the horrors of the Trail of Tears, but Washburn does not drag us along it, sorrowing and repentant. Utley approaches Wounded Knee with a sense of futility and inexorable tragedy, but without bearing a mind-numbing burden of guilt. We see Wounded Knee for what it really was: a ghastly and tragic error rather than a treacherously planned massacre.

There are no charges of a genocidal government policy, so common in writing today about the Indian, nor is the army depicted as the instrument of such a policy. What one perceives through these straightforward military accounts is a tragic culture clash—a numerically and technologically superior and organized

people of a common language in collision with a hunting-gathering-agricultural people who observed no common language or intertribal organization, and whose temperaments, occupations, religions, and cultures reflected the endless varieties and vagaries of the lands on which they lived.

Nothing in the westering white man's European past or American present prepared him for the breadth of human understanding and tolerance that accommodation would have demanded. Arrogantly convinced of his own superiority and the supreme divinity of his god, he trampled west, hacking trees, plowing the ground, killing the game. Soon he would sanctify his rapacity as Manifest Destiny.

Nor was the Indian prepared to receive him. Appalled, impoverished, and culturally shocked by the destruction and desecration of the land and its animals, he responded as centuries of culture had taught him to respond: he tried to stop the white man. Hundreds of skirmishes and battles were fought, and most of them are objectively and colorfully recorded here. Indian and white sank to a level of mutual barbarity. The slaughter of eight hundred whites during the Sioux uprising in Minnesota was balanced two years later by the unspeakable brutalities of Col. John Chivington's attack on a peaceful Cheyenne village at Sand Creek, Colorado.

In the end, though, it was not the army —a large "constabulary," really—that defeated the Indian: it was the oncoming pioneer, killing the game, spreading disease and a culturally debilitating Christianity. And the Indian described his own defeat, as Utley points out, by his failure to see "the white advance as truly apocalyptic until too late." Had intertribal coalitions been formed, Utley believes the tribesmen "might have impeded the process of conquest . . . retained more of their land . . . or obtained a reservation system that was less racially and culturally devastating." It seems doubly ironic that a form of pan-Indianism obtains today and that it seeks the return of tribal lands by use of the white man's remedies, the courts. Perhaps we are entering phase two of the Indian wars.

The Indian Wars is a masterwork of synthesis and clarity. Only when one contemplates three hundred years of Indian-white warfare can one appreciate the task of sorting out the significant events and the knowledge and discipline inherent in presenting them. The authors had to know what to write about, how to emphasize salient issues, and when to bring each narrative to a forceful conclusion, all the while maintaining a logical and clear transition not only from battle to battle but from one tribe and area to another.

All the great warriors are here, red and white, but the rich and objective quarrying of documents and records has produced no tutelary deities who might one day be immortalized on bumper stickers. Hyperbolic phrases of affection are carefully elided. The heroic and unheroic are kept in perspective against a transcendent and tragic struggle, the legacy of which has been irreparable psychic damage to the loser and a nagging burden of guilt to the winner. AW

Jack Burrows, *who grew up among Indians in California's Mother Lode, teaches American Indian history and culture at San Jose (California) City College.*

RECENT WESTERN BOOKS

The Horse Soldier, 1776–1943: The United States Cavalryman: His Uniforms, Arms, Accoutrements, and Equipments; Volume I, The Revolution, the War of 1812, the Early Frontier, 1776–1850 by Randy Steffen *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1977; 195 pp., illus., appen., index, $25.00).*

Historians, military specialists, and researchers will discover a wealth of information on the uniforms, insignia, and equipment of the U.S. cavalryman. The first of a four-volume set, this fact-filled text is supplemented with ninety-six meticulous black and white drawings and eleven finely detailed color plates.

Bernard Maybeck: Artisan, Architect, Artist by Kenneth H. Cardwell *(Peregrine Smith, Santa Barbara, California, 1977; 258 pp., illus., intro., biblio., index, $24.95).*

Author Cardwell has had the advantage of an eighteen-year-long personal relationship with the distinguished Northern California architect Bernard Maybeck, whose unique creations (including the Palace of Fine Arts) adorn the San Francisco Bay Area. The photographs and floor plans of Maybeck's late-nineteenth and twentieth-century buildings, both public and private, grace almost every page of this thorough study of his life and work.

Impressions of the Texas Panhandle by Michael Frary *(Texas A&M University, College Station, 1977; 112 pp., illus., map, intro., $24.50).*

Painter and University of Texas art professor Michael Frary conveys a vivid sense of Panhandle history and landscape in this attractive, full-color book of sixty-four watercolors, which also includes an essay on the Panhandle written by the artist.

Art Deco Los Angeles by Ave Pildas *(Harper & Row, New York, 1977; 64 pp., illus., $4.95 paper).*

In this stylish small book, the artist's camera lens focuses on the flamboyant art deco architecture of Los Angeles in the twenties and thirties. Ave Pildas wisely allows her crisp color photographs of fountains, gates, and sculpture to speak for themselves.

House of Three Turkeys: Anasazi Redoubt by Stephen Jett with photographs by Dave Bohn *(Capra Press, Santa Barbara, California, 1977; 63 pp., illus., biblio., $10.00 cloth, $3.95 paper).*

This slim book probes the mysterious seven-century abandonment of the most perfect small cliff dwelling in the Southwest. Careful photographs juxtaposed with quotations from western writers (e.g. Zane Grey and Mary Austin) capture the haunting uncertainty of the House of Three Turkeys's history.

Alpine Country of the West photographed by Don Lowe with text by David Sumner *(Charles H. Belding, Graphic Arts Center Publishing Company, Portland, 1977; 128 pp., illus., $25.00).*

This large-format volume celebrates the grandeur of the eight mountain states of the American West. Magnificent color photographs of snow-covered peaks, imposing glaciers, and vivid vegetation inspire wonder and awe at God's creation.

Dress Clothing of the Plains Indians by Ronald P. Koch *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1977; 219 pp., illus., map, appen., notes, biblio., index, $9.95).*

The author of this attractive book, who has been associated for many years with the Buffalo Indian Dancers of the Buffalo (New York) Museum of Science, became aware of the need for a basic guide to Plains Indian dress while creating costumes for Indian dance exhibitions. His book covers such topics as feathers, quillwork, trade beads, skins and shirts, and footwear, among others. The text is well-illustrated with India-ink drawings and photographs.

Tim McCoy Remembers the West: An Autobiography by Tim McCoy with Ronald McCoy *(Doubleday, Garden City, New York, 1977; 274 pp., illus., index, $8.95).*

This spirited autobiography of a rough-and-tumble Irish cowboy explores a long life of excitement in the West. Remembered best as a movie star in Hollywood Westerns, McCoy was also a rancher, Arapaho blood brother, U.S. Cavalry officer, army adjutant general in Wyoming, and the star of his own Wild West show. **AW**

EXPOSITION PRESS covers the range from the "MIGHTY MISS" to the FROZEN YUKON

NONFICTION

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FICTION

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Indians and Settlers in the Pacific Northwest

REVIEWED BY KEITH A. MURRAY

EACH OF THESE THREE BOOKS deals with some aspect of nineteenth-century Indian-settler relations in the Pacific Northwest, and each uses a case-study approach to the subject.

Myron Eells and the Puget Sound Indians by Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown *(Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, 1976; 127 pp., intro., illus., appen., $12.95).*

We Were Not Summer Soldiers: The Indian War Diary of Plympton J. Kelly, 1855–1856, edited by William N. Bischoff, S.J. *(Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma, 1976; 191 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., index, $8.75).*

Equality on the Oregon Frontier: Jason Lee and the Methodist Mission, 1834–43 by Robert J. Loewenberg *(University of Washington, Seattle, 1976; 287 pp., intro., biblio., index, $17.50).*

Robert Ruby and John Brown already have a number of excellent monographs on Pacific Northwest Indians to their credit. In their latest work, they record the observations of Indian agent Myron Eells (son of pioneer missionary Cushing Eells), who spent a number of years with the Indians of Puget Sound and the Olympic Peninsula. In this study of his own career, Eells wrote of the history, art, language, and culture of the coastal Indians he dealt with. He made few judgments, and the editors make minimal comments about what he did write.

For *We Were Not Summer Soldiers,* Father William Bischoff has found two original manuscripts in two libraries three thousand miles apart and reunited them as the forty-six page journal of Plympton J. Kelly, Company A, First Regiment of the Oregon Mounted Volunteers during the Indian War of 1855–56.

Since U.S. Army General John Wool wanted no volunteer troops during this war, the uninvited Oregon soldiers were a source of irritation to him. Governor I. I. Stevens of Washington Territory welcomed them, but Wool was alternately disgusted and enraged by the antics of these volunteers. And well he might have been. Kelly's journal shows that the Oregonians stole from hostile and friendly Indians alike; destroyed the property of settlers; murdered the Walla Walla leader Peu-peu-mox-mox, who came to their camp under a flag of truce; and made a general nuisance of themselves. They then marched blithely home, completely unconcerned over the hornet's nest they had stirred up. Father Bischoff's extensive notes and biographical sketches of the men involved make this book more valuable.

Loewenberg's *Equality on the Oregon Frontier* is a more ambitious work than either of the other two. He attempts to revise the judgments of earlier historians, notably Frances Fuller Victor, about events that led to the organization of a provisional government for Oregon in May 1843.

The author also tries to analyze the reasons for the failure of the Methodist mission under Jason Lee to make a single Indian convert during its nine years in Oregon. While the missionaries hoped to aid the Indians to adjust to the coming of the settlers, their students refused to learn farming. Jason Lee got no help from his mission board in the East and sharp criticism from his associates for his attempt to "civilize" the Indians (teach them farming) before he converted them to Christianity. His task was complicated by the opposition of the Oregon merchants and the Hudson's Bay Company, which also had different goals.

Loewenberg's style tends to be turgid, but his analysis of the conflicts between Lee's evangelistic fervor and the practical difficulties of teaching Indians to become civilized farmers while trying to convert them to Christianity is very good. Lee's difficulties with his own mission staff and with Dr. John McLoughlin of the Hudson's Bay Company made his position impossible. Both Lee and McLoughlin gave up, and both considered themselves failures.

These three works will help students of northwest history understand the almost impossible odds the whites, who lacked training and experience in dealing with people of another culture or nationality, faced in adjusting to mid-nineteenth-century conditions on the Oregon frontier. AW

Keith A. Murray *is a professor of history at Western Washington State College in Bellingham.*

W.R. LEIGH

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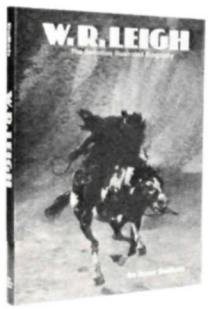

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Views of the Southwest

REVIEWED BY WALTER BRIGGS

LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL is a librarian, writer, teacher, bibliographer, book collector, and popular speaker on the American Southwest. He has written hundreds of essays, reviews, and forewords as well as over two-score books, the latest being *Arizona, A Bicentennial History* and *The Blue Train*, a first novel.

Voices From the Southwest: A Gathering in Honor of Lawrence Clark Powell by Donald C. Dickinson, W. David Laird, and Margaret F. Maxwell *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, 1976; 159 pp., illus., $12.50).*

From the Heartland: Profiles of People and Places of the Southwest and Beyond by Lawrence Clark Powell with illustrations by Bettina Steinke *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, 1976; 179 pp., illus., $9.50).*

Since retiring in 1971 as head librarian at UCLA, Powell has been a professor in residence at the University of Arizona in Tucson. In honor of his seventieth birthday, three librarian colleagues there have collected in *Voices From the Southwest* the art, poetry, and prose of some whose lives have been touched by Powell.

The book's illustrators are artist José Cisneros and photographer Ansel Adams, and its poetry is by William Everson. Among fourteen other contributors are historian Eleanor B. Adams, bookman Ward Ritchie, and Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer Paul Horgan.

Of varying excellence and wide range, the essays pose a perplexity of selection for mention in this short space. Especially intriguing is historian Marc Simmons's detective digging into what Hispanic pioneers brought along to read. Besides clerical volumes, he informs us, they packed Aristotle, Ovid, Caesar, and, of course, *Don Quixote*. Even slipped into one bag was a copy of *Orlando Furioso*, an Italian romance that became a cause célèbre when it was deemed racy by the Mexico City Inquisition in a trial.

In another essay, Frank Waters, calling upon his long intimacy with American Indian lore and collateral study of Asian cultures, writes that "we are already beginning to make our emergence to the new Sixth World of ancient mythology." The transition need not bring on worldwide catastrophe postulated in these Jungian legends, Waters feels, if we "rise from our present destructive level of egocentered consciousness to a level of global harmony with all other peoples [and] with our common maternal earth."

Powell's own essays, illustrated by Bettina Steinke, "bloom like the yucca in his winey thought," as poet Everson phrases it. Powell writes lovingly *From the Heartland* of its deserts, rivers, and mountains; of its sometime solitudes; of how the region—mainly Arizona and New Mexico—has influenced the likes of Henry Miller, Gertrude Stein, Godfrey Sykes, and in the nineteenth century, the young English writer-explorer George Augustus Frederick Ruxton.

Powell quotes a letter that painter Maynard Dixon wrote to Charles F. Lummis while Dixon was working as an illustrator in New York: "I am being paid to lie about the West. . . . I am going back home where I can do honest work."

One bond in particular ties together *Voices From the Southwest* and *From the Heartland*. This is Jake Zeitlin, the Los Angeles bookseller for whom Powell worked in his youth.

Back in the 1930s, Powell recalls, a girl clerk complained that an elderly customer was pinching her. Zeitlin hustled him out the door with a "No free feeling in here." Soon afterward a call came to deliver a $100 set of Dr. Johnson's *English Dictionary* to a departing ship. Zeitlin gathered it up along with a bagful of other early editions and hastened to the ship. Over drinks later with Powell the truth came out. The buyer—of all the books—turned out to be the fanny-pincher, a noted Scandinavian jurist.

For his part, Zeitlin tells in *Voices From the Southwest* of unearthing recently in his files a hilarious correspondence between Powell and a midwestern book collector. Typical of their respective salutations were "awful bum," "scurvy rogue," and "obstinate and incorrigible oaf," yet Powell managed to write the gentleman into buying expensive editions of Jeffers, Joyce, and Hemingway. Observes Zeitlin: "What a great bookseller—or possibly con artist—Lawrence Clark Powell would have made." AW

Walter Briggs, *for many years a* New York Herald Tribune *reporter in Asia, has also been the editor of* New Mexico *magazine.*

The American Farm: A Photographic History by Maisie and Richard Conrat *(California Historical Society, San Francisco, and Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1977; 256 pp., intro., illus., notes, $9.95 paper).*

Wheat Country by Grant Heilman with 124 photographs by the author *(Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, 1977; 110 pp., illus., $22.50).*

REVIEWED BY DAVID E. SCHOB

A PICTURE is worth a thousand words. The photographs in these two fine volumes reflect the "what," "how," and "why" of our rural heritage and current wealth.

The American Farm is a broad collection of historical photographs from the Civil War to the early 1970s. Approximately eighty photographers are represented in geographical and chronological groups. The New England area of the 1880s is lucidly depicted in the camera studies of Emma Coleman. Solomon Butcher's pictures portray the struggles of western prairie pioneers whose faces reflect both optimism and disappointment.

Labor as well as agricultural historians will be fascinated with the early-twentieth-century photos by Lewis Hine, who exposed the human exploitation of sharecroppers and the toil of migrant laborers. Human suffering is most vividly depicted in the classic photographs of the Dust Bowl taken by Dorothea Lange during the Great Depression.

Shorter in length but no less towering in its coverage of a particular aspect of farming is Grant Heilman's *Wheat Country*. One of the foremost agricultural photographers in modern America and the author of *Farm Town*, Heilman offers perceptive insight into present-day wheat farming with emphasis on agribusiness. His photographs of modern rural America are beautifully executed works of art. They trace each step of wheat cultivation from seeding to harvest in the wheat belt from Montana to Texas. Heilman concludes reluctantly that American wheat, of which 70 percent is exported abroad, must be used as a political bargaining tool in the future.

Readers will enjoy perusing these works many times and lingering over the rich harvest of photographs. The volumes should be in any library specializing in agriculture and the frontier. AW

David E. Schob *wrote* Hired Hands and Plowboys: Farm Labor in the Midwest.

Wind on the Buffalo Grass: The Indians' Own Account of the Battle at the Little Big Horn River, & the Death of their Life on the Plains collected & edited by Leslie Tillett *(Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1976; 174 pp., intro., illus., index, $35.00).*

REVIEWED BY DON RUSSELL

THE PRINCIPAL ASSET of this book is its excellent reproduction of a hundred paintings and drawings by fourteen Indian artists, about half in color. Most of them are by Amos Bad Heart Buffalo, previously published in France in 1938 and by the University of Nebraska Press in 1967. About half of the pictures relate to Little Big Horn. Quite as many more Indian depictions of the Custer fight are known; however this is the largest collection in any one book.

The text consists largely of fifteen Indian accounts of the fight, most of them from books by Joseph H. Dixon and David Humphreys Miller; and others with vague citations such as "Francis (Frances?) Holley, magazine writer, published 1890." Red Cloud could not have reported the one attributed to him. He was not there. There are more reliable versions of most of these stories, but it is useful to have these in print again.

The editor, an English-born textile designer who has written on needlework and the Aztecs, probably had no warning that he was invading controversial ground. Minimum research would have avoided such perversions as "The basic tactic was to attack the village . . . killing the women and children so that the warriors would have to fight"; "The army . . . saw to it that the Indian police killed him" [Sitting Bull]; and "By 1890 Washington was divided between advocates of outright genocide" and a [reservation] "policy of deliberate starvation." But he is fair enough to include a version of the killing of Crazy Horse that describes the bayoneting as accidental.

It is sad that so beautiful a book should be marred by textual irresponsibility. Even some of the captions are inadequate; while others are missing altogether, leaving the reader to guess that here are more by Amos Bad Heart Buffalo. The art is rarely evaluated, and there is little about the artists. Few productions have more deserved to be branded a coffee-table book. It is not for reading. AW

Don Russell *is the author of* Custer's Last *and* Custer's List, *both about Little Big Horn pictures.*

Exodusters: Black Migration to Kansas after Reconstruction by Nell Irvin Painter *(Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1977; 288 pp., illus., biblio., index, $12.95).*

REVIEWED BY THEODORE KORNWEIBEL, JR.

THE "REDEMPTION" of the South from Reconstruction rule, completed by 1876, brought an intensification of hardships to southern Blacks. Civil rights were quickly eroded; public education was sharply curtailed; and the opportunity to save money and purchase land was denied to all but a fortunate few.

Consequently, Blacks from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi began to migrate to Kansas in the second half of the 1870s in search of the opportunities, particularly land, unavailable at home. In 1879 migration took on a millenarian character as several thousands from Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas became "Exodusters," seized with "Kansas Fever."

Approximately 20,000 Blacks entered Kansas between 1875 and 1880, some settling in Topeka and Kansas City but the majority going to scattered rural counties. The most famous and long-standing colony was Nicodemus in Graham County on the northwestern plains. Aid for the often impoverished Exodusters came primarily from the Colored Relief Board established by Black citizens of Saint Louis, the port where most of the migrants arrived via Mississippi River steamboat.

This is the first book to have been written on this important movement, but it will be a disappointment to the western history reader. Painter makes clear that this was a folk migration, not primarily stimulated by Benjamin "Pap" Singleton or Henry Adams, the two Black figures most commonly associated with it. Nonetheless, more than half the volume is devoted to these men as well as to a detailed examination of white atrocities which laid the groundwork for Black flight.

Students of the West will want to know more of the Black Kansans, what pioneering offered them, how well they took advantage of homestead policy, and the flavor of daily life in their new environment. What is now needed is a social history of these immigrants from the 1870s up into the present century. AW

Theodore Kornweibel, Jr., *is associate professor of Afro-American studies at San Diego State University and the author of* No Crystal Stair: Black Life and the Messenger, 1917–1928.

The Pioneer Years, 1895–1914: Memories of Settlers Who Opened the West by Barry Broadfoot *(Doubleday Canada Ltd., Toronto, 1976; 403 pp., illus., $12.50).*

REVIEWED BY LEWIS G. THOMAS

USING the interviewing techniques he employed in two earlier books, *Ten Lost Years* and *Six War Years*, Barry Broadfoot has put together a succession of lively reports on life in the three Canadian prairie provinces, reports elicited from contemporary survivors from the period of the Canadian West's most rapid development. The reports vary from a few lines to several pages but are grouped into nineteen sections of approximately the same length that bear titles like "Blizzards and Bulldog Flies," "Wives, Widows, and Whores," "Law, Order and Some Chicanery," and "Those Were the Days." Each section is preceded by a brief introduction, and the text is supplemented by groups of photographs, well-selected but reproduced in dimensions that scarcely do them justice.

The author's declared intention is to instruct his readers in "what our history books do not tell us about the pioneers and about a vital period in our nation's history." He establishes himself as a persuasive and sympathetic interviewer, and there is no reason to doubt his expressed intention to allow the reports to speak for themselves. This is presumably one of the reasons why he gives no details of their individual provenance; and the effect, though unquestionably moving, is much that of an anonymous but extended ramble through an old people's home. The internal evidence indeed suggests that the editor has, probably quite unconsciously, forced the interviews into his own stereotypes of the people and the period. This detracts from the success of another of his declared intentions, to show that "the settlement of the Canadian West was unlike that of the American West."

It would be ungenerous to suggest that this homogenization of intrinsically fascinating material does more than dilute its impact on the reader. Broadfoot's affection for the region his subjects talk about shines through as brightly as the pleasure they must have found in talking to him. AW

Lewis G. Thomas *was a professor of history at the University of Alberta from 1938 until his retirement in 1974. His major field of interest is the history of the Canadian prairie west.*

Life in Custer's Cavalry: Diaries and Letters of Albert and Jennie Barnitz, 1867–1868 edited by Robert M. Utley *(Yale University, New Haven, 1977; 316 pp., illus., biblio., appen., index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM GARDNER BELL

HISTORY is surprisingly open-ended. No matter how much historical attention is focused upon a given individual or event, new materials often surface to modify existing understandings. This book is an interesting case in point.

Although Captain Albert Barnitz was a troop commander in the Seventh Cavalry during the Indian Wars, he has remained almost unknown because he didn't make it to the Little Bighorn. After distinguished Civil War service, Barnitz received a regular army commission and married Jennie Platt. The couple entrained on their nuptial day for the Kansas frontier and Albert's assignment to George Armstrong Custer's Seventh Cavalry at Fort Riley.

As Indian troubles intensified, Jennie was forced to leave. Out of this painful separation came the communications that form the substance of this book. It's an absorbing account, by two perceptive individuals, of life in garrison and field.

Personalities abound, and the regimental commander is a forbidding presence throughout, even during his year's abscence under disciplinary sentence. Through direct personal contact, Barnitz came to dislike Custer, and his uninhibited private remarks crackle with censure: Custer is variously "obstreperous" and "injudicious," then "generally obnoxious" and a "petty tyrant," and finally "unworthy of the respect of all right-minded men."

Barnitz provides a first-rate account of a company action at Fort Wallace, and his firsthand descriptions of the Hancock and Sully expeditions and the Washita campaign add dimension to those operations.

During the attack on Black Kettle's village on the Washita, Barnitz took a bullet in the body from a rifle supplied to his warrior opponent by the civil authorities. Although he survived, the wound ended his military service.

A perceptive officer and his lady, a cognitive descendant, an alert professor, a tenacious curator, a shrewd publisher, and, above all, an able editor, share the credit for this useful historical work. AW

William Gardner Bell, *a U.S. Army historian, was trained in horse cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas, in 1941.*

Big Thicket Legacy compiled and edited by Campbell and Lynn Loughmiller *(University of Texas, Austin, 1977; 252 pp., illus., map, $12.95).*

REVIEWED BY G. L. SELIGMANN, JR.

TO FOLKLORISTS, students of Texas history, and the reading public this volume will be an interesting bit of fluff. It consists of a series of twenty-two reminiscences, accounts, or conversations with long-time residents of the Big Thicket, a densely forested area between the Sabine and Trinity rivers in east Texas. Settled during the early nineteenth century mainly by pioneers who came from the southern Appalachians, the area has remained isolated from much of modern life though it is only fifty miles from metropolitan Houston.

Naturalists Campbell and Lynn Loughmiller, who tape-recorded the recollections of its people over a nine-year period, provide introductory remarks which serve both to identify the residents and to attempt to bring them to life. In many cases, these introductions are more interesting than the accounts.

Some of the accounts, however, are simply magnificent. Lance Rosier's story of Little Richard, the crow who thought he was a dog, is great. I did not read an account that I did not enjoy to some degree, but like every work of this nature the chapters are uneven. The photographs are excellent and well-integrated. It is a handsome book.

However, a legitimate question can be raised as to whether this is the sort of book that a university press should publish. What we need on the Big Thicket is a volume integrating its ecological uniqueness with its history and the effects of these factors on its peoples, its present, and its future. Such a volume should also dig deeply into the economy of the Thicket and its effect on the movement to make it a national park. Such a manuscript may not exist, but if it does the University of Texas Press would be its logical outlet.

For the time being, however, I shall grieve, old fuddy that I am, that the book being reviewed was not published by one of the private regional presses in Texas, of which there are several. This would leave the university press to its role as publisher of more esoteric though not necessarily more valuable volumes. AW

G. L. Seligmann, Jr., *is a member of the Department of History at North Texas State University in Denton.*

Comics of the American West by Maurice Horn *(Winchester Press, New York, 1977; 224 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY STEPHEN MIKESELL

THIS PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED history of the western comic is great fun to read, handsome to look at, and probably a good investment for the collector of books of western art. There are literally hundreds of pages of black-and-white reproductions of the classic and not-so-classic comic strips as well as eight pages in color. The graphics are uniformly excellent as is the general layout, a tribute to the publisher, Winchester Press.

On a par with the comics is the commentary by Maurice Horn, an expert on this critically neglected art form and a man who obviously enjoys his work. He divides the book into five chapters. The first is a general history of the western comic "strip" so popular in the newspapers of the thirties and fifties; the best of these, in Horn's opinion, was "Red Ryder." The second chapter, on the comic "book," is less interesting, perhaps because comic books are pitched at a lower age group. A third chapter deals with the West as a setting for nonwestern comic heroes, and a fourth with Westerns in other lands, especially Europe, which today produces far more and far better western comics than does the United States. The final chapter is a perceptive analysis of the "themes" that run through these comics, themes that help to explain the success of the genre and indirectly to explain what the American West means to the people of this nation and the world.

Horn is always quick to venture an opinion—Westerns have largely disappeared from the newspapers because of the "artistic senility of syndicate cartoonists, an aging and enfeebled breed"; Europeans continue to relish the Western because they "see in the lone cowboy the rightful heir of the wandering knight of medieval epics." His opinions sometimes suffer from too little knowledge of western history. But the comics are a special form of history—what we *want* to believe—and they have influenced our historical thinking more than any of us would care to admit. Horn drives that point home in one of the most enjoyable and visually attractive books that has come my way in years. AW

Stephen Mikesell *is a doctoral candidate in history at the University of California at Davis.*

DUTTON

(Continued from page 19)

Scarcity has had something to do with that. There is a rule of thumb in the rare book trade that says, roughly, "The more, the fewer." Print something in an edition as large as that of a Sears, Roebuck catalogue, and people do not value it; they wrap eggs in its pages, start fires with it, hang it in the backhouse. But print an edition of fifty numbered copies, and a hundred years later forty-eight of them will survive, where of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue there remains only one torn example. *The Tertiary History* had the advantage of relative rareness from the beginning. Unlike the Annual Reports, which were meant for free distribution under Congressional frank, the Monographs of the U.S. Geological Survey were meant for the use of the Survey alone. *The Tertiary History's* first and only edition numbered three thousand copies; it has always been a rare book item. When I was a penniless graduate student during the Depression, and needed a working copy of *The Tertiary History* that I could annotate and mark up, I could not come even close to affording what a copy would have cost me. I was reduced to typing the entire book, just to have one to work on. But as soon as I could afford it, I paid the price, because it was a book I wanted to own.

It is the peculiar charm of *The Tertiary History* that, while explaining with great lucidity the geological history of the Grand Canyon, the uplifts and subsidences, the stratigraphy, the unconformities, the plural erosion cycles, the recession of cliffs and the denudation of whole vast tablelands back from the canyon's rims to the overlooking cliff-lines of the high plateaus, Dutton never forgets that what he is describing is sublime. Enthusiasm is as much a part of his approach as scientific observation.

A born speculator and hypothesizer, he is as interested in why this "great innovation in natural scenery" so appeals to the senses as he is in how it was created. He refuses to apologize for departing from the "severe ascetic style" of science, because "the stimulants which are demoralizing elsewhere are necessary here to exalt the mind sufficiently to comprehend the sublimity of the subjects." A scientist with sensibility, a tourist with an insatiable scientific curiosity, Dutton consistently exalts his reader's mind. His scientific explanations arise out of brilliant descriptions, and the descriptions themselves are often set within a narrative frame so that the reader "discovers," as it were, and having discovered, contemplates, and having contemplated, all but devises for himself the meanings of the geological book opened before him.

As if supernumeraries of a survey party, we ride from the outer terraces of the plateaus and across the platform of the Kanab Desert. We visit the Uinkaret and the Toroweap, we dawdle through the Kaibab delighting ourselves with the open glades and noble, spaced trees of that climax forest, we approach closer to our goal without paying too much attention to where we are going, until "the earth suddenly sinks at our feet to illimitable depths: In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, the awful scene is before us."

The approach is as salutary as it is unique. Intellectual curiosity does not exclude, but derives from and feeds on, aesthetic sensibility. If scenery is geology, geology never gets over being scenery. In his descriptions of the terraces, the cliff lines, the platforms, the repetitive stratification and persistent profiles, the marvelous form and coloring and ornamentation of the buttes and canyon walls, Dutton not only taught geologists how to explain the chasm, but taught all sorts of visitors how to see it.

As he says, "The lover of nature, whose perceptions had been trained in the Alps, in Italy, Germany, or New England, in the Appalachians or Cordilleras, in Scotland, or Colorado, would enter this strange region with a shock, and dwell there for a time with a sense of oppression, and perhaps with horror. Whatsoever things he had learned to regard as beautiful and noble he would seldom or never see, and whatsoever he might see would appear to him as anything but beautiful and noble. Whatsoever might be bold and striking would at first seem only grotesque. The colors would be the very ones he had learned to shun as tawdry and bizarre. The tones and shades, modest and tender, subdued yet rich, in which his fancy had always taken special delight, would be the ones which are conspicuously absent. But time would bring a gradual change. Some day he would suddenly become conscious that outlines which at first seemed harsh and trivial have grace and meaning; that forms which seemed grotesque are full of dignity; that magnitudes which had added enormity to coarseness have become replete with strength and even majesty; that colors which had been esteemed unrefined, immodest, and glaring, are as expressive, tender, changeful, and capacious of effects as any others. Great innovations, whether in art or literature, in science or in nature, seldom take the world by storm. They must be understood before they can be estimated, and must be cultivated before they can be understood." **AW**

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HOLMES

(Continued from page 21)

as a romantic artist-virtuoso like his friend Thomas Moran, whose work is also represented in *The Tertiary History*. Rather, as Holmes well knew, the real value of his work lay in the fact that it perfectly illustrated Dutton's scientific analysis—better than anyone else, including cartographers and photographers, could do. His was a supremely functional and utilitarian art that revealed, in an analytical way,

NATIONAL COLLECTION OF FINE ARTS, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Holmes sketches the western landscape while his mule looks on in this circa-1870s photograph by William H. Jackson.

a sublimely picturesque country. Holmes limned out with incredible precision hundreds of miles of mesas and canyons and the twisted course of the Colorado as it wound with amazing grandeur through a labyrinth of brilliantly colored canyons. His subject was sublime. But in his drawings, Holmes, though he more than matched this sublimity, also illustrated the scientific meaning behind the grand scenery.

WHO WAS WILLIAM H. HOLMES? Though he is listed in various biographical memoirs as an anthropologist, archaeologist, geologist, explorer, museum curator, ethnologist, and government bureaucrat, Holmes considered himself primarily an artist. At the end of his life, his proudest achievement was the establishment of the National Collection of Fine Arts, which now forms a major part of the Smithsonian Institution. Nonetheless, during his eighty-seven-year life, Holmes pursued a remarkable career that included all of the above occupations. It was his knowledge and skill in both science and art that informed his illustrations and brought them to a high and subtle art in *The Tertiary History*.

Born near Cadiz, Ohio, on December 1, 1846, Holmes started out to be a painter. In 1871 he went to Washington to study art under Theodore Kauffmann, and while sketching specimens in the Smithsonian he was "discovered" by Mary Henry, daughter of the Smithsonian's secretary, Joseph Henry. Soon Holmes had a steady job doing scientific illustrations of cretaceous fossils for Fielding Bradford Meek, who had explored the Bad Lands of the Dakotas in the years before the Civil War.

In 1872, Holmes began his career in the West. He accompanied Ferdinand V. Hayden on a reconnaissance of the Yellowstone area as expedition topographer. For the next six years, Holmes worked with Hayden's United States Geological Survey of the Territories. During this time he markedly developed his many skills. On the Yellowstone expedition he drew the first of his many panoramas of western scenery, sketching out hundreds of miles of that exotic country of fire holes, geysers, and mountains with remarkable accuracy and detachment. His drawings, used to illustrate Hayden's Annual Reports, were a perfect complement to the work of romantic painter Thomas Moran and photographer William H. Jackson.

The following year Holmes was in Colorado, where again his panoramic drawings provided an accurate picture of the beautiful interior parks and lofty mountain ranges of the region. In 1873 he also worked as a geologist and formulated the concept of the laccolite or domed mountain soon articulated in classic fashion by his friend and coworker Grove Karl Gilbert. Eighteen seventy-five found him exploring the San Juan River country of southern Colorado with William H. Jackson. There the two men happened upon the Anasazi ruins of Mancos Canyon close by Mesa Verde. They explored and sketched and photographed Mancos Canyon and its picturesque cliff dwellings, and Holmes even drew a masterful panorama of Mesa Verde.

His experiences in southern Colorado inspired Holmes with a lifelong interest in anthropology, and by 1890 he had become the nation's leading practitioner in that field, succeeding Powell as director of the Bureau of American Ethnology in 1902.

AS EARLY as 1879, Holmes had explored the high plateaus of Utah with Clarence Dutton and assisted the captain in preparing his report on that subject. By this time, along with Powell, Dutton, and Gilbert, he had developed an enthusiasm for solving the riddle of the Plateau Province, and his work in science intertwined with theirs

so that the efforts of each were indistinguishable. In art Holmes stood alone, however. But his art was derived from his science. And, in Dutton, Holmes had a scientific collaborator with an excellent knowledge of world art and architecture. Everywhere in *The Tertiary History,* Dutton's prose complements Holmes's artistic renditions. Dutton, an extremely cultured man, was sensitive to the light and color of the plateau country and the metaphors he used in describing landforms were invariably drawn from painting and architecture. Moreover he correctly identified the problem of depicting the Grand Canyon and the Plateau Province. During the long summer when the sun is high, he wrote, "The effects of foreshortening are excessive, almost beyond belief, and produce the strangest deceptions. Masses which are widely separated seem superimposed or continuous. Lines and surfaces, which extend towards us at an acute angle . . . are warped around until they seem to cross it at a right angle. Grand fronts, which ought to show depth and varying distance, become flat and are troubled with false perspective." And for the photographer, as Dutton pointed out, the precisely accurate representation that the canyon formations deserved was impossible because of the continual haze. These problems Holmes solved. His panoramic drawings portray giant step mesas, intricately carved canyons, and distant mountain ranges with the perfect precision, appropriate depth, and accurate perspective no photographer or mere painter could have achieved.

Landforms on the grand scale were Holmes's subject, and he captured them in his drawings with the tremendous accuracy required of a scientific report. Unlike the painterly renditions of Moran, Holmes's drawings are distinctly hard-edge versions of a topography made precise by conditions of extreme aridity. His is an art not of deception but of information. But at the same time, in keeping with the aesthetic spirit of Dutton's prose, Holmes gave a special quality to his drawings, capturing the sublime, endless immensity of the canyon and plateau country. He did this by emphasizing the incredible horizontality of the landscape, whether looking north toward the evenly laid Vermilion Cliffs or south into the Grand Canyon itself, with its jagged verticality and its dizzying heights somehow counterbalanced by the horizontal bands of strata everywhere visible on the canyon walls. This horizontality evokes a sense of timelessness and causes a slow, halting progression of the eye from foreground to background in the picture that is aesthetically as well as scientifically appropriate. After all, the "Great Denudation" or grand erosion of the Triassic, Jurassic, and Permian strata atop the plateau—12,000 feet of it over hundreds of square miles—had taken eons, as did the Colorado River in carving the great canyons into the Carboniferous tableland. Holmes demanded that his viewers appreciate the immense amount of time it took to shape the plateaus and canyons. Thus, more than being merely picturesque, his drawings evoke the infinitude of time itself.

The drawings also portray the chief "moments" in the formation of the canyon country. His rendition of *The Temples and Towers of the Virgen* shows the Parunuweap and Makuntuweap rivers coming together as they cut deep into Utah's high, uplifted plateau near the entrance to Zion, thus illustrating the "log and saw" process. Other drawings depict the great Hurricane and Toroweap faults where the Shivwits and Uinkaret plateaus fall away from or rise above the surrounding tablelands. Holmes shows the massive uplift of the plateaus one above the other from the Shivwits eastward to the lofty tree-covered Kaibab that rises up green above the desert country. Faulting and disjuncture are further illustrated in his views up and down the great Toroweap Valley, climaxed by a dizzying look into the Grand Canyon near Vulcan's Throne.

Each of Holmes's drawings thus captures some phenomenon that relates to the shaping of the country. At the same time they are dramatic because Holmes had an instinctive eye for the vantage point that was both scientifically revealing and suggestive of the sublime. Day after day he worked out in the sun, sketching in incredible detail—detail perhaps best illustrated in his three-panel portrait of the Grand Canyon from Point Sublime (pages 24–29). To this triptych, one of the most dramatic scenes in the folio, Holmes supplied a key in the text volume which precisely identifies each of the strata and the key landforms. Nothing like it had ever been done in North American art before. It stood in sharp contrast to the picturesque impressionism that dominated Thomas Moran's view of the Transept near Bright Angel Point also included in the folio.

In analyzing the North Rim plateau, Dutton had been primarily concerned with showing how each of its four parts, the Shivwits, the Uinkaret, the Kanab, and the Kaibab plateaus had been uplifted, separated by massive faults like the Toroweap, and continuously crosscut by the Colorado River down through time. Holmes caught all of this perfectly, even to the eastern termination of the plateau country, the great East Kaibab Monocline which arches for miles across the Marble Canyon Platform and disappears into the Colorado.

Essentially what Dutton and Holmes had to tell was a story—the story of the creation, in the immense western wilderness, of one of nature's grandest phenomena. Their story forms a geologic paradigm that is tremendous in scale, in visual drama, and completeness. *The Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon District* has a magisterial comprehensiveness, revealing the whole canyon and plateau province in such a way as to provide an elegant solution to the problem put by Powell on his adventuresome canyon voyage back in 1869. Dutton's prose and geologic analysis as well as his appreciation of the pictorial in his subtle "tours" to strategic points on the North Rim, along with Holmes's stunning panoramas, make the conclusion to Powell's monumental question just as exciting as its inception. *The Tertiary History,* in portraying the dynamics of western geology in a climactic way, represents a new sensibility for the new late-nineteenth century age of energy. It is the perfect marriage of science and art. **AW**

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Membership in the Western History Association is open to anyone interested in the history and culture of the American West. Inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557. Membership is on a calendar-year basis and includes THE AMERICAN WEST and WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY. Annual dues are: Regular Member $16.00; Sustaining Member $30.00; Student Member & Emeritus Member $10.00 (includes only the WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY and Annual Conference material); Sponsoring Member $100.00 (Institution); Life Member $300.00, paid in a twelve-month period. Individuals or institutions not wishing to become members may subscribe directly to either THE AMERICAN WEST or the WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY at regular subscription rates.

1978 Western History Association Conference

FOLLOWING in the steps of Spanish explorer Hernando de Soto, the Western History Association will hold its Eighteenth Annual Conference on the History of the American West, October 11-14 at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Nestled in the foothills of the Ouachita Mountains fifty-three miles from Little Rock, the small resort city contains a densely wooded 4,500-acre national park with thermal springs visited by de Soto in 1541. Headquarters for the conference will be the Arlington Hotel; its theme, the old southwestern frontier. For additional information write William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557.