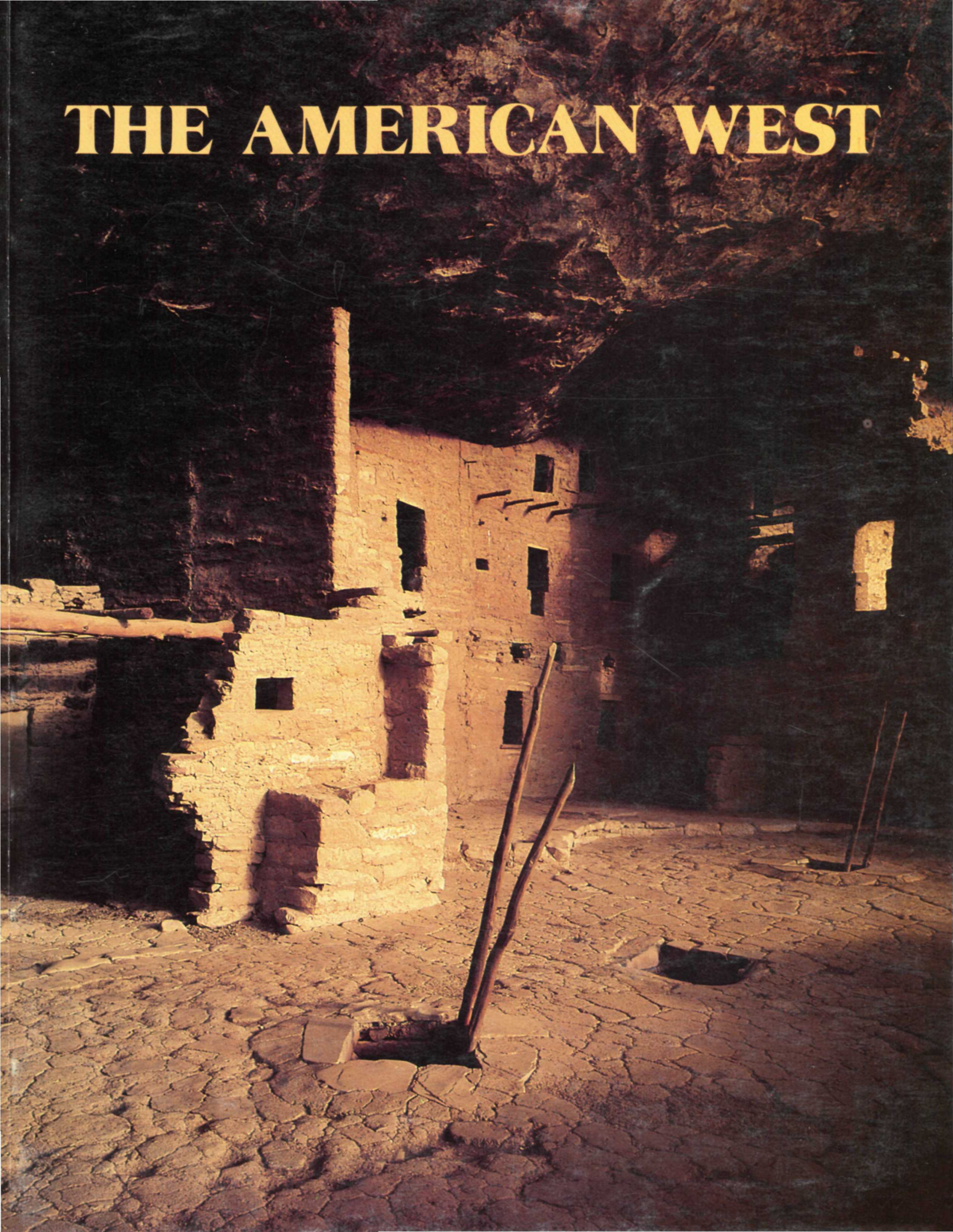
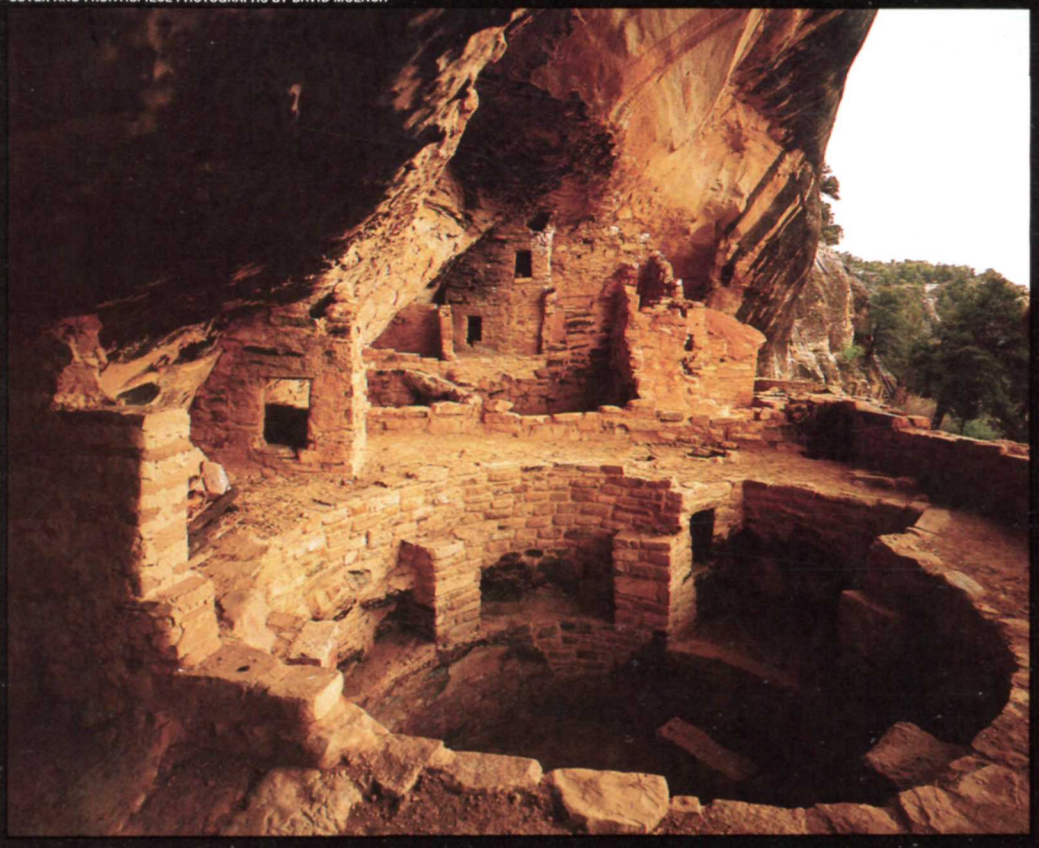
THE AMERICAN WEST

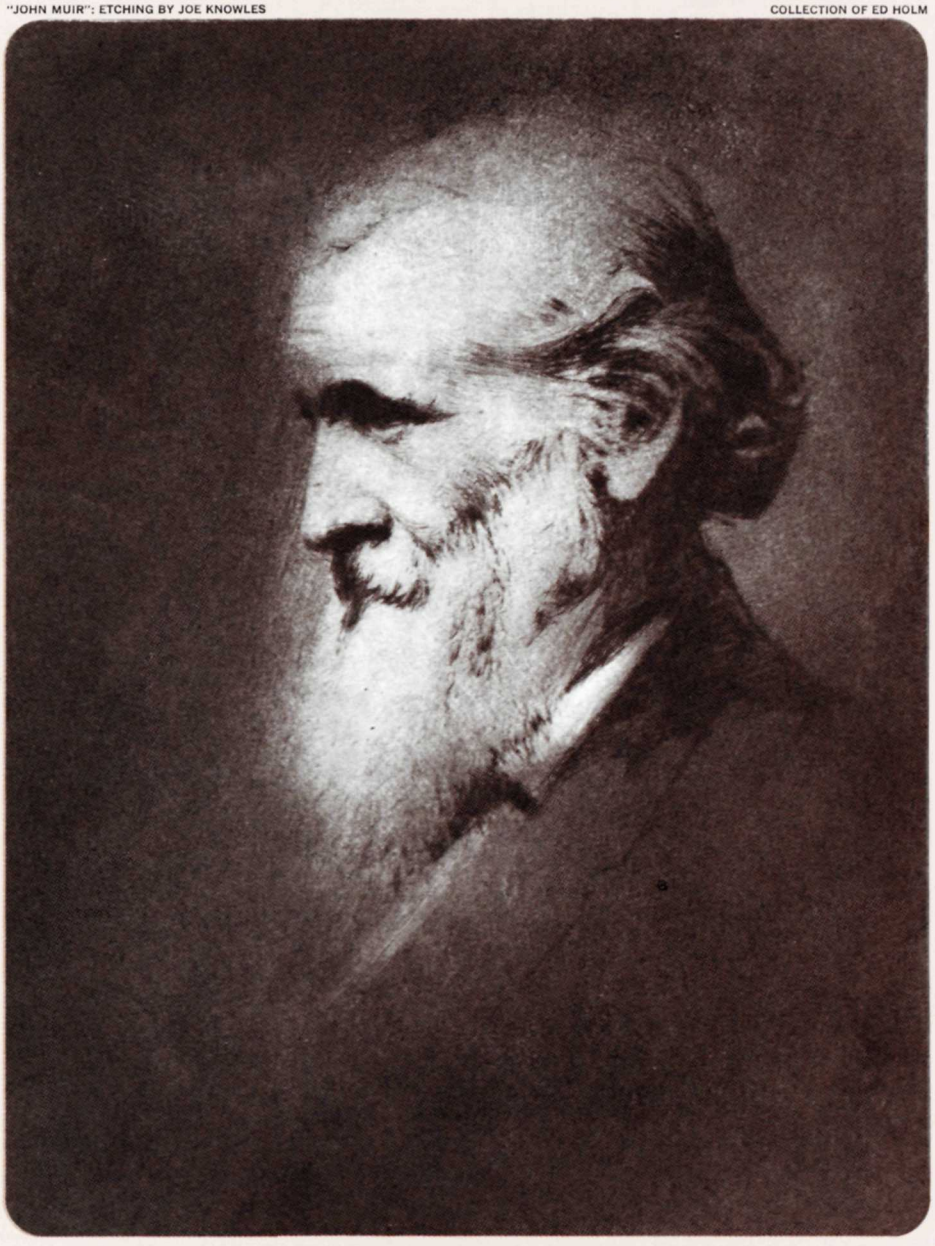


COVER AND FRONTISPIECE PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID MUENCH



The ancient rock and earth walls of Spruce Tree House, shown on the cover of this issue, stand today as an enduring monument to Anasazi people who flourished and then mysteriously disappeared from the Mesa Verde region of southwestern Colorado in the late thirteenth century. Rising several stories high, Spruce Tree's rooms extend deep under the overhanging cliffs of the mesa, while ladders in the foreground mark entrances to subterranean ceremonial chambers called kivas. The extent of Mesa Verde's magnificent remains was not known until the late nineteenth century, when two cowboy-ranchers discovered the major cliff dwellings. In 1893 they were joined by a young Swedish scientist named Gustaf Nordenskiold, who spent the summer exploring and collecting artifacts from the complex. Spruce Tree House was one of the structures investigated by Nordenskiold; another was Mug House (above), where the deep, circular remains of an Anasazi kiva are still visible today. After his sojourn among the ruins, Nordenskiold returned to Sweden to write *The Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde*, a classic archeological study of an ancient Indian culture. An account of the young Swede's Mesa Verde adventure begins on page 34.

"JOHN MUIR": ETCHING BY JOE KNOWLES COLLECTION OF ED HOLM



A PRESERVATIONIST of the human body and spirit as well as of the wilderness, naturalist John Muir was keenly aware of the healing balm provided by nature. "Thousands of tired, nerve-shaken, over-civilized people are beginning to find out that going to the mountains is going home: that wildness is a necessity," he observed. "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energies, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves." In the spirit of John Muir, this summer issue offers the reader escape from gas lines into the curative atmosphere of nature. We present a wildflower bouquet of articles on the outdoor West; a story about Muir himself begins on page 4.

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TURNING POINT

In 1871, the year Thomas Hill painted Great Canyon of the Sierra—Yosemite *(below), a young adventurer named John Muir was exploring the same region. Reading from "the great open book" of its geologic past, he developed a controversial theory of the valley's glacial origins.*

COLLECTION OF THE E. B. CROCKER ART GALLERY, SACRAMENTO

JOHN MUIR IN THE SIERRA, 1871

by J. I. Merritt

JOHN MUIR was a thirty-three-year-old sawmill operator in Yosemite Valley in 1871—a year that would be crucial to his development both as a naturalist and conservationist. It was during that year that Muir met Ralph Waldo Emerson, saw his first piece of writing published, and in the shadow of a mountain peak discovered a remnant glacier that would help prove his controversial theory that ice had shaped Yosemite and its sister valleys of the Sierra Nevada.

The young Muir made a striking impression on anyone who met him. He was a sinewy figure of medium height, and with his long auburn locks, beard, piercing blue eyes, and tattered clothes he reminded many of a biblical prophet. The awesome backdrop of Yosemite, with its cleaved granite cliffs and spectacular falls—a place out of time—must have reinforced the image of a Jeremiah in his mountain retreat. Muir was not unconscious of this perception and occasionally thought of himself in similar terms. "Heaven knows," he wrote years later, "that John Baptist was not more eager to get all his fellow sinners into Jordan than I to baptize all of mine in the beauty of God's mountains."

His first view of Yosemite had come three years earlier, when the wanderlust that affected Muir all his adult life—his "good demon," a friend called it—brought him to the Sierra Nevada following a five-month, thousand-mile peregrination through the American South. In the Florida Keys he had nearly died of malaria but recovered sufficiently to travel to Cuba, a way station on his long-planned journey to South America. Steeped in the writings of the explorer-naturalist Alexander von Humboldt, Muir cherished a romantic dream of penetrating to the headwaters of the Amazon and floating the length of the river. Unable to find transportation, however, and reluctantly aware of the dangers of such a venture, he settled instead on California as an alternate destination—a fortunate decision for the future of conservation, as Muir was still weak from his bout with malaria and might well have perished in attempting

"The Spirit has again led me into the wilderness . . . and I am once more in the glory of Yosemite."

John Muir first saw Yosemite in 1868. By the time this portrait was taken three years later, he had centered his life around the great Sierra region. As a naturalist he had found convincing proof of Yosemite's glacial origins and as a conservationist he had begun his ardent advocacy of its preservation.

to carry out his quixotic scheme.

He arrived by ship at San Francisco in March 1868 and immediately set out on foot for Yosemite Valley, 150 miles to the east. The peripatetic naturalist was unprepared for the splendor of a California spring. Gazing across the San Joaquin Valley, he saw it as "a vast level flower garden, smooth and yellow like a lake of gold," while the distant, snow-covered Sierra appeared "so gloriously colored and so radiant, it seemed not clothed with light, but wholly composed of it, like the wall of some celestial city." This description is vintage Muir, even to the inclusion of his favorite and admittedly overused word, *glorious*. He was curiously silent, however, regarding his first glimpse of the Yosemite several days later—perhaps, as his biographer Linnie Marsh Wolfe has suggested, because for once in his life the normally loquacious Muir was struck dumb by what he saw.

Returning to the lowlands, Muir found work at the ranch of an Irishman named Pat Delaney, who sent him with a herd of sheep into the high country the following summer. Delaney was sympathetic to his herdsman's passion for natural history and packed along an assistant shepherd who could free Muir for occasional botanical and geological excursions. In 1870, Muir hired on as a sawyer at one of the three tourist houses in Yosemite. He would remain for the next four years in this wilderness cathedral, exploring his "Range of Light" and developing the glacial theories that—by pitting him against the redoubtable Josiah Dwight Whitney, one of the most eminent geologists of his day—would first bring him to the attention of the outside world.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY was a golden era for natural science generally and geology in particular. The renowned Swiss naturalist Louis Agassiz had worked out the dynamics of alpine glaciers and showed conclusively that a great sheet of ice had once covered much of the northern hemisphere. As a student at the University of Wisconsin, Muir had read Agassiz and studied under one of his former pupils, Dr. Ezra S. Carr, and after leaving college he had spent three years exploring the glacial-gouged landscape north of the Great Lakes. Now during his summer of shepherding in the Sierra Nevada, Muir noticed almost immediately that the rocks were marked with ice striations. After further investigation he concluded that in the remote past a massive tongue of ice nearly a mile thick had advanced through Yosemite Valley, shearing its granite walls and truncating the rounded summits of Half Dome and El Capitan.

Muir's deductions ran contrary to the prevailing notion advanced by Whitney, who proved a formidable opponent indeed. An 1839 graduate of Yale, he had participated in many of the pioneering state surveys of the pre-Civil War era and was a seasoned geologist by the time of his appointment as California state geologist in 1860. Over the next eight years he directed a team of brilliant young assistants in mapping much of the Sierra Nevada, all the while guarding the scientific integrity of his survey from the venalities of a legislature chiefly interested in learning where gold might be found. Whitney's view of the Sierra Nevada was starkly at odds with Muir's. To Whitney, the landscape was not so much awe-inspiring as depressing. "The heights are bewildering," he wrote, "the distances overpowering, the stillness oppressive, and the utter barrenness and desolation indescribable." Yet like Muir he would one day champion a Yosemite national park.

Whitney, who in 1865 had accepted a professorship at Harvard while continuing as director of the California Survey, brought his considerable intellect to bear on the origin of Yosemite. The valley's creation lay in a catastrophic collapse of the earth's surface, "in the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds" as he described it in his definitive *Yosemite Guide-Book* of 1869. While ice once covered much of the Sierra, Whitney wrote, its erosive effects had been minimal, and it had never entered Yosemite.

Mountain man Joseph Reddeford Walker or one of his scouts had probably glimpsed Yosemite in 1833, although eighteen years would pass before any white man actually

"You are yourself a Sequoia. Stop and get acquainted with your big brethren."

When the great Ralph Waldo Emerson visited Yosemite in 1871, Muir invited him to spend a night camping under the giant Sequoias. But the aging New England philosopher's doting entourage vetoed the suggestion. As the group returned to the comforts of a hotel, Muir felt lonely, "so sure had I been that Emerson of all men would be the quickest to see the mountains and sing them." But a ramble in the woods soon lifted his spirits: "The trees had not gone to Boston, nor the birds."

entered the valley. By Muir's day it was regarded as one of the natural wonders of the world. Tourists hearty enough for the three-day trip via rail, stage, and horse from San Francisco usually arrived clutching Whitney's guide book. As often as not, however, they left persuaded that glaciation, not cataclysm, had given the valley its characteristic steepness, for pressed into service as a guide by hotel owner and Yosemite pioneer James M. Hutchings, Muir lost no opportunity to explain his glacial theory to the thousand or more tourists who by 1870 were pouring each year into the valley. Some of these were people of influence, friends of Muir's old teacher at Wisconsin, Dr. Carr, who had lately moved to Oakland to join the faculty of the University of California. Ezra Carr and his wife, Jeanne,* were great admirers of Muir (even while somewhat bemused by his solitary ways), and they urged their prominent friends to visit the valley and meet this brilliant if eccentric young man. News of Muir and his theory began to appear in the newspapers, and eventually word drifted back to Whitney at Harvard about this upstart amateur and his heretical ideas. Never a man to suffer fools gladly, the renowned geologist dismissed this interloper as "a mere sheepherder" and "ignoramus" whose "wild and absurd ideas" could never stand up to scientific scrutiny. But Muir was not about to let the matter rest.

A SHEEPHERDER John Muir may have been—but only briefly, for in his summer of tending flock in the Sierra he came to loathe his "hoofed locusts" for the devastation they wreaked on the fragile alpine meadows. An ignoramus he surely was not; far from it. The most casual survey of his life prior to the Yosemite years reveals a man of extraordinary intelligence and personality, an authentic American genius who kept his perspective and sense of humor while overcoming conditions of appalling hardship.

The eldest boy, the third of seven children, Muir was born in 1838 in Dunbar, on the North Sea Coast of Scotland, where he lived for eleven years before emigrating with his family to Wisconsin. His father, Daniel Muir, was a religious fanatic and former soldier who imposed on his family a regimen that included morning and evening devotionals and frequent whippings for the most minor infractions. Pictures, regarded as graven images, were banned from the walls, and the Muir family ate their meals in absolute silence out of respect for the Provider. On their Wisconsin farm Daniel Muir worked his children so hard that he actually endangered their lives. During one harvest young John was so sick with mumps that he staggered "and sometimes fell headlong into the sheaves" yet his father refused to let him leave the field, and believing that "God and hard work were by far the best doctors," refused to call a physician for his ailing son. John Muir would later blame the poor health of his elder sisters and his own relatively short stature—he was five-foot-ten in a family of six-plus-footers—on the backbreaking toil and niggardly rations provided by their tight-fisted father.

The cheerful humor of Muir's mother offered an antidote to his father's severity. Apparently the rest of the family inherited something of her irrepressible spirit, for they all conspired to have fun under the tyrant's nose. They made faces at the silent dinner table, danced jigs in the father's absence and—once the elder Muir left the household for good, as he did eventually to minister to the needy in Hamilton, Canada—covered the walls with pictures and embroidery.

Nature and literature also provided escape from the drudgery of farm work. John Muir reveled in the wilderness surrounding his Wisconsin homestead; he read Shakespeare, Milton, and (unbeknownst to his father) lighter authors like Burns and Scott. Not unlike Lincoln thirty years earlier, he went to extraordinary lengths to acquire an education. From his arrival in America until his matriculation at the University of Wisconsin at age twenty-two, he had only two months of formal schooling. Yet incredibly, using borrowed texts and employing the few hours between chores, he taught himself algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and shorthand.

See "Jeanne Carr: One Woman and Sunshine" in the July/August 1978 issue of The American West.

DAVID MUENCH

"As long as I live, I'll hear waterfalls and birds and winds sing . . . and get as near the heart of the world as I can."

In 1871, Muir built a small addition to the solitary sawmill where he worked. Perched above the murmuring Merced River, Muir's "hang-nest" afforded a sweeping view down the magnificent Yosemite Valley. "Into this one mountain mansion Nature had gathered her choicest treasures," he later marveled in describing the valley. An 1872 photograph by Eadweard Muybridge (opposite) portrays a visitor of Muir's day contemplating the splendors of Yosemite Falls from atop Glacier Rock.

Young Muir also manifested his intelligence in other ways. He had a photographic memory and could cite verbatim long passages, including much of the New Testament. And during adolescence he began to exhibit a knack for invention that would make him a regional legend. He built an ingenious iron thermometer, a self-setting saw, and a series of clocks that excited the wonder of his neighbors. Muir had a fixation on clocks and would carve them, gears and all, out of wood in the middle of the night—the only time available for such pursuits. He invented an "early rising machine," a kind of alarm clock, which at the designated time would tilt his bed and pitch him on the floor. A hickory clock, shaped like a scythe and indicating the day of the week and the date as well as the time, won him particular admiration. But his most ambitious project—a gigantic, four-faced Big Ben—was never completed because his father put a stop to its construction on the grounds that it would draw too much attention to the farm. Daniel Muir seems also to have worried about the attention it might bring his son, whom he feared might be dallying with the sin of Pride.

Muir eventually escaped his grueling life on the farm when he exhibited his inventions at the state fair in Madison, and once there, stayed on to attend the university. He blossomed in his new environment, and a classmate remembered him as "the most cheerful, happy-hearted man I ever knew." He was a top student and considered going on to medical school, but he ultimately left the university before completing his degree. Muir cited financial problems for dropping out, although the real reason was simply restlessness. College courses in botany and geology had awakened his incipient interest in natural history. While still a student he had made a lengthy field trip down the Wisconsin River into Iowa, writing adventure poetry along the way. Now more distant horizons—Canada, the deep South, and finally the Sierra Nevada—beckoned. "I was only leaving one University for another," he would later write, "the Wisconsin University for the University of the Wilderness."

The five-year hiatus between Muir's departure from Madison and his arrival at Yosemite included a crucial incident that shaped his future as much as any single event. Going first to Canada for three years, he worked as a mill hand and at other odd jobs, botanizing on the side and wrestling all the while with a basic conflict: whether to profit by his genius for invention or pursue his deeper interest in natural science. His quandary remained unresolved when in 1866 he settled in Indianapolis (in part for the splendor of its surrounding forests) and went to work in a carriage-parts factory. There, to his employer's delight, he began to invent new machines and procedures to increase production. But while on the job one day the following spring, he accidentally punctured his eye with a file. The mishap left him temporarily blinded, and during that time of darkness he resolved to bid "adieu to all my mechanical inventions" and devote himself to the wilderness.

The accident proved a blessing in another way, for while recuperating he chanced on an illustrated folder promoting the grandeur of a California valley called Yosemite. Until then his exclusive dream had been to see the Amazon. "How intensely I desire to be a Humboldt," he wrote to Jeanne Carr. Now the Amazon would compete in his imagination with another, equally alluring part of the world.

JANUARY of 1871 found Muir snug for the winter in his "hang-nest," the small, boxlike appendage he had built onto Hutchings's sawmill. He could have lived in the nearby hotel but preferred the mill for its solitude, its "fresh piney smell," and the murmur of the Merced River running immediately beneath his quarters. Muir had designed his nest with a sense of mountain aesthetics firmly in mind: twin skylights framed Sentinel Dome on one side and Yosemite Falls on the other, while the single window commanded a sweeping view down the valley.

Not even the harshness of a Sierra winter could deter him from his forays into the high country. He made a week-long trek to the rim of Hetch Hetchy Valley, twelve miles north of Yosemite across the Tuolumne Divide, wad-

"Pale, subdued light pulsed and shimmered with indescribable loveliness."

Exploring the higher regions of the Sierra in 1871, Muir made a significant discovery—a "snow bank" that he immediately recognized as a small glacier, a remnant of the ice sheets that had once carved and shaped the granite walls of Yosemite and surrounding areas. Driven by curiosity, Muir descended into one of the glacier's crevasses, where he was enchanted by the "delicious music of the water and the lovely light." Luminosity transforms a similar ice cave, opposite, in Palisade Glacier in present-day John Muir Wilderness.

ing through snow five-feet deep. As was his custom winter or summer, Muir lived on bread and tea or coffee and carried only a blanket. "I have been nearly blind since I crossed the snow," he wrote to Jeanne Carr on his return, more as a matter of fact than as a complaint. The professor's wife was still trying to lure him back to civilization, but he obliquely declined her invitation to come live with her and Dr. Carr in Oakland. " 'The Spirit' has again led me into the wilderness, in opposition to all counter attractions, and I am once more in the glory of Yosemite."

Jeanne Carr was Muir's closest friend and confidante. She evidenced a strong maternal feeling toward her young mountaineer, who enjoyed playing to her concerns in descriptions of his untethered life and the risks it occasionally entailed. In early April, several months after his wintry adventure on the Tuolumne Divide, he wrote her a midnight letter by campfire while perched on a ledge high above the valley floor. Shivering in wet clothes, Muir told how he had climbed to his aerie earlier in the day, intent on spending a mystical night in communion with the moonspangled falls, and had nearly been swept off the cliff after inching his way along a narrow shelf *behind* the falls. "I suppose I was in a trance, but I can positively say that I was in the body, for it is sorely battered and wetted. . . . How little do we know of ourselves," he added, "of our profoundest attractions and repulsions, of our spiritual affinities!"

With the arrival of spring, Muir exchanged his philosophical persona for a scientific one. It was time once more to pursue his glacial studies in the field. In two years of clambering about the landscape he had deciphered bits and pieces of the message left by the great ice sheets on the rocks; now he hoped to put them all together in a coherent theory.

With spring, too, came the usual influx of tourists, including one of the most distinguished visitors to lay foot in Yosemite to that time.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's sojourn in Yosemite culminated a transcontinental trip that had taken him to the Far West for the first time in his life. He was sixty-eight years old and at the height of his fame as America's preeminent man of letters. As the father of transcendentalism, Emerson basked in the light of his international reputation, but his intellectual powers had already begun to fade. To Muir he would seem but the ghost of a great man, while the entourage of Boston literati who accompanied the aging philosopher worried over him like nursemaids.

The Emerson party had come out from San Francisco, arriving at Yosemite on May 5. Clearly impressed by his surroundings, Emerson allowed that "this valley is the only place that comes up to the brag about it, and exceeds it." Word quickly spread of the famous guest at Leidig's Hotel, and none of the valley residents was more eager to make his acquaintance than the sawmill operator at Hutchings's. "I was excited as I had never been excited before," Muir recalled years later. It was not until near the end of Emerson's stay, however, that Muir, "overcome by awe and reverence," screwed up his courage and wrote a note "telling him that El Capitan and Tissiack [Half Dome] demanded him to stay longer."

Emerson had heard of Muir from Dr. Carr and the next morning rode over to the sawmill on a pied mustang. The Brahmin and the mill hand hit it off at once. Muir invited Emerson and a companion, James B. Thayer, up the narrow ladder to the sanctuary of his hang-nest and once inside launched into a paean to his beloved high country—laying out his dried plants and pencil sketches and talking ardently of the grandeur of the Sierra. While neither Muir nor Thayer, who functioned as Emerson's Boswell on his western trip, records whether they spoke about glaciers, given Muir's obsession with the subject it surely came up during this or subsequent conversations.

Obviously taken by this living ideal of the transcendental (who perhaps reminded him of his late friend Thoreau), Emerson spent much of the next few days in the company of the young naturalist and on the morning of the eleventh rode out of the valley with him toward the Mariposa Grove of giant sequoias.

Invited to join the party, Muir had accepted on condition that Emerson promise to camp overnight under the

DAVID MUENCH

"Thousands of tired, nerve-shaken, over-civilized people are beginning to find out that going to the mountains is going home: that wildness is a necessity."

During his early exploration of Yosemite's mountain grandeur in the 1870s, Muir found his life purpose. For the next forty-odd years, his was the preeminent voice calling for the preservation of such wilderness regions, which from the first he perceived as a precious spiritual as well as natural resource.

canopy of big trees. "I'll build a glorious camp-fire," Muir exalted, "and the great brown boles of the giant Sequoias will be most impressively lighted up, and the night will be glorious." At this, Muir recalled, Emerson "became enthusiastic like a boy, his sweet perennial smile became still deeper and sweeter, and he said, 'Yes, yes, we will camp out, camp out.' " But Emerson's doting lieutenants, ever protective of their venerable charge, would have other ideas.

The group set out toward the grove—twelve in all, including several ladies—riding single file through the forest, listening to Muir's running commentary on the trees while Emerson gazed in wonder at the magnificent sugar pine and incense cedar and Douglas fir.

At lunch the conversation, as it always did sooner or later in Emerson's company, reverted to literature. To Muir it must have seemed that this was all he and his colleagues really knew, for every fresh experience evoked some poem or passage from Scott, Wordsworth, or Coleridge. (Earlier, standing before the majesty of Vernal Fall, one of Emerson's minions had quoted Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus" while the old sage nodded approvingly.) Muir, whom Thayer condescendingly noted was "not strong" on his literary points, bristled at their inability to appreciate the wilderness on its own terms.

Late in the day they arrived at Wawona and to Muir's everlasting disappointment decided to spend the night at the local hostel rather than push on to the Mariposa Grove. "It would never do to lie out in the night air," they said. "Mr. Emerson might take cold; and you know, Mr. Muir, that would be a dreadful thing." Muir protested—only "in homes and hotels" were colds caught, and in all the Sierra they would fail to find "a single cough or sneeze." But "the strange dread of pure night air could not be overcome. . . . Sad commentary on culture and the glorious transcendentalism."

The next day the group proceeded to the grove, and once again Muir tried to pursuade Emerson to sleep in the bower of giants. "You are yourself a Sequoia," he told the elderly philosopher. "Stop to get acquainted with your big brethren." But Emerson was "past his prime, and was now a child in the hands of his affectionate but sadly civilized friends. . . . It was the afternoon of the day and the afternoon of his life, and his course was now westward down all the mountains into the sunset."

Muir elected to stay behind in the sun-streaked temple of the ancient trees. He watched as the party rode back toward civilization. "Emerson lingered in the rear of the train," Muir wrote afterwards, "and when he reached the top of the ridge, after all the rest of the party were over and out of sight, he turned his horse, took off his hat and waved me a last goodbye. I felt lonely, so sure had I been that Emerson of all men would be the quickest to see the mountains and sing them. Gazing awhile on the spot where he vanished, I sauntered back into the heart of the grove, made a bed of sequoia plumes and ferns by the side of the stream, gathered a store of firewood, and then walked about until sundown. The birds, robins, thrushes, warblers, etc., that had kept out of sight, came about me, now that all was quiet, and made cheer. After sundown I built a great fire, and as usual had it all to myself. And though lonesome for the first time in these forests, I quickly took heart again—the trees had not gone to Boston, nor the birds; and as I sat by the fire, Emerson was still with me in spirit, though I never again saw him in the flesh."

After Emerson's death eleven years later, the naturalist John Burroughs was going through his papers when he came upon a list with the words "My Men" across the top. Emerson had compiled it over the years; the last name, added in old age, was Muir's.

FOLLOWING HIS INTERLUDE with Emerson, Muir returned to his work at the sawmill. When he could find a free moment, he continued to guide visitors sent to him by the Carrs. Among these was Harry Edwards of San Francisco, a professional actor and amateur entomologist whose collections of butterflies and beetles were among the best in the world. Muir volunteered to collect for him and

Continued on page 62

COURTESY OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK COMPANY

OLD FAITHFUL INN

by Richard A. Bartlett

WHEN VISITORS arrive at Yellowstone's Upper Geyser Basin they gaze at two wonders with almost equal awe. One is Old Faithful Geyser, a natural phenomenon; the other is Old Faithful Inn, perhaps the biggest log cabin in the world. Answers can be readily obtained to questions about the geyser, but few people can provide satisfactory responses to queries about the inn. Yet it is as much a human symbol of Yellowstone as the geyser is a natural one, and its story should be known. It begins more than three-quarters of a century ago.

It was in 1903 that Harry Child, the principal Yellowstone concessionaire, hired a self-educated architect, Robert C. Reamer, to design and supervise construction of a new inn to be built on the north side of the Upper Geyser Basin overlooking Old Faithful and other "spouters." Though Reamer was just thirty years old, Child gave him a free hand to spend the $200,000 allotted for construction. "They say," wrote Charles Francis Adams, who was a guest at Old Faithful Inn shortly after it was built, "the architect forgot to shave, forgot to undress at night, or breakfast in the morning, he was so engrossed in his work." An old timer recalled that workmen compared Reamer with Charlie Russell, the great cowboy artist, who knew in his mind exactly what he wanted in each painting down to the most minute detail.

Under Reamer's devoted supervision, the magnificent log hotel took shape. Rising high for its width to fit the mountainous landscape, Old Faithful Inn was topped with an observation platform thirteen feet wide and seventy-two feet long. From it rose six flagpoles, each capped with a large copper ball.

The architect planned Old Faithful to be rustic throughout. From the stately porte cochere and the massive log exterior walls, through the two-inch-thick slab lobby doors, and upwards to the observation platform, logs and rough-cut lumber met the eye. The rustic theme carried even to the clerk's counter, a massive piece of oak that rested on natural volcanic rock quarried some five miles away. The main stairway had steps seven and a half feet wide; each step was one-half of an adzed, foot-thick log, while hardware holding it was of rustic wrought iron. The ceiling was of natural-finished, six-inch slabs nailed to the rafters.

The huge lobby was eighty-five feet high with balconies surrounding it at each floor. The focal point of the lobby was a fourteen-foot-square fireplace. It had four large hearths, one on each side, and a smaller hearth in each corner—totaling eight fireplaces in one. The volcanic stone for the installation weighed over five hundred tons. On the side most exposed to public view was a twenty-foot-long

COLLECTION OF STEVE TARBET

Above: Wranglers and mounts await arriving tourists just outside Old Faithful Inn, circa 1925.
Opposite: Two venerable Yellowstone institutions—Old Faithful Geyser and its namesake inn—annually attract thousands to the Upper Geyser Basin.

wrought-iron clock. Strategically located were a log-cabin mail box, a rustic pine shoeshine stand, and even a "bubbler"—a drinking fountain formed of volcanic stone.

Old Faithful Inn was completed in time for the 1904 season, and it was an immediate success. There are many of the usual "oooh" and "ahhh" descriptions of that remarkable building, but Charles Francis Adams, who could turn a neat phrase even though he was the businessman of that generation of the famous family, expressed a guest's feelings best of all: "There is one man-made structure in the Park that looks as though it grew there, and the fact is, every timber and twig in it did, and that is 'Old Faithful Inn,'" he wrote. "Try to imagine an immense structure . . . with wings and nooks, and a broad veranda giving nice, quiet little secluded spots—a young fellow's delight, an old fellow's (with sheep's eyes) joy—to come unexpectedly upon the young women with their pretty faces and attractive outing costumes . . . the big double doors with hand made, wrought iron knocker, hinges and bolts, leading into an inside court, covered only by the roof . . . the stairway leading by turns up to the top, and promenades on the different floors looking down into the court all made from logs, many twisted into appropriate and fantastic shapes for the particular spot by their natural growth from the knotted forest in the Park. . . . All I can say is that the greatest travelers in the world say, 'There is nothing in the world like it or to compare with Old Faithful Inn.'"

While the building impressed Adams, he was utterly bored by the "beautiful people" who lounged on the veranda. From the nearby tent camp that lodged the lower-middle-class tourists came sounds of singing and laughter, and the fragrance of popcorn popped over a campfire. Why, Adams protested, should *they* have all the fun? Why should *he* be denied it? And so, he claimed (for really, now, would an Adams from Quincy have done this?) he climbed the stairs to Old Faithful's observation platform, struck up an acquaintance with the man in charge of the big navy searchlight that cast a powerful beam on Old Faithful Geyser every evening, and persuaded him to aim it into the nearby woods. There they found two "rotten loggers" and held the light on them until they fled! ("Rotten

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"AS KIND AND GENEROUS A HOST AS EVER LIVED."

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

HOWARD EATON AND THE BIRTH OF WESTERN DUDE RANCHING

by Lee Silliman

THE LONG CARAVAN snaked upward along one of Glacier National Park's rocky trails. The guests clung tightly to their steeds, for though their mounts were surefooted and gentle, the trail was carved into a steep slope. At the top of the pass, the lead rider stopped and turned his horse aside so that he could survey his patrons as they filed past. In an environment so alien from their normal world, the guests had perfect confidence that this man was prepared for all contingencies. Strong, capable, and congenial, he had the rare ability not only to organize and lead groups through rugged wilderness but also to bring strangers together in friendship and give each a renewal of mind and spirit. His name was Howard Eaton, and his successful guest ranch and pack trips established the western dude-ranch business.

Howard Eaton had come from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to the Bad Lands of Dakota Territory in 1879, not long after most Sioux, Crow, and Blackfoot groups had been banished to reservations. The extermination of the American bison was almost complete, and thousands of Texas Longhorn cattle were being herded north to capitalize on the free grass and open range, while the Northern Pacific Railroad would soon complete its expansion across the high plains of the Dakotas and Montana. The quick, substantial profits obtainable in this undeveloped frontier region attracted countless energetic young men, including Howard Eaton. He found that the apparent desolation of the Bad Lands was mitigated by hardy, nutritive grasses ideal for summer grazing and bottomland cottonwood groves well suited for wintering.

Eaton, soon joined by his brothers Alden and Willis, settled in the fertile alluvial bottom of the Little Missouri River five miles south of the fledgling town of Medora. The site chosen was an old stage station on what had been the first mail route between Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory, and Fort Keogh, Montana Territory. General George Armstrong Custer and his ill-fated regiment had camped nearby en route to their last fight in 1876, and thus the Eatons christened their new home the Custer Trail Ranch. The brothers constructed a two-story log house and commenced cattle operations on a limited scale. One account suggests that the Eatons had suffered financial reversals in Pittsburgh and were seeking to recoup their losses in the cattle business. If so, their first opportunity to get back on their feet arose from the visit of an eastern friend, A. C. Huidekoper, who came with three companions to the Custer Trail Ranch in 1881 for a buffalo hunt. Eaton knew that bands of the northern buffalo herd still existed on the headwaters of the Cannonball, Cedar, and Grand rivers.

Eaton's verve was quite in evidence on this hunting expedition. One morning they saw a Black Hills stagecoach in the distance transporting soldiers. Eaton quickly had the party drape red Indian blankets about their bodies and fire their rifles in order to give the soldiers something to write home about. To the merriment of Eaton's guests, the stage driver played his whip and the soldiers shouldered their guns as the coach careened out of sight. The action that most impressed his guest, however, occurred the day they finally approached a herd of a thousand buffalo. Eaton generously loaned his favorite pony, "Lady," to Huidekoper in order that he might take the lead in the chase. This advantage permitted Huidekoper to shoot the biggest buffalo—and to form the opinion that Howard Eaton was "as kind and generous a host as ever lived." Huidekoper was only the first of countless guests to appreciate Howard Eaton's hospitality: "We were a merry, happy crowd, and I shall never forget it."

Indeed, Huidekoper did not forget Howard Eaton. At the end of the hunt the wealthy guest made a business proposition. Huidekoper would purchase a cattle herd and all the necessary supplies, the Eaton brothers would provide the labor and management necessary to run the stock on the open range, and the profits would be divided equally. A verbal agreement consummated the deal. Immediately the Eaton brothers began construction of sheds and stables, while Howard went to Minnesota to direct the overland drive of one thousand cattle to the site of the newly created Custer Trail Cattle Company. Two years later, in 1883, Huidekoper himself moved to the Little Missouri to share in the adventure of cattle ranching. The Eatons were now operating on a sound financial basis.

When writer George Shields made his first hunting trip to the West in 1880, he met Howard Eaton at a railroad construction camp on the Little Missouri River. The previous day a detachment of soldiers had gone hunting and returned with four geese. Sensing an opportunity to play a practical joke on the soldiers, a neighboring rancher solemnly demanded reparations for the death of his "pet" geese. When a guilt-ridden lieutenant actually paid damages, the event was celebrated the next evening at the railroaders' mess "in an extemporaneous song by Mr. Howard Eaton of Pennsylvania, which brought down the house, and some more cigars." Howard Eaton and his talents were well received in the Little Missouri country!

On another hunting trip Shields was delighted to find Howard Eaton boarding the same train, and in a *Harper's Weekly* article he described Eaton's attire: "He was dressed in the regulation costume of the craft—canvas trousers and jacket, leather *chaparajoes*, blue flannel shirt, and a broad-brimmed white felt hat. His loins were girt about with a well-filled cartridge belt from which hung his six-shooters —a weapon that may almost be termed a badge or order. Large Mexican spurs rattled at his heels as he walked." Realizing that the other passengers were alarmed at the presence of a "terrible" cowboy, Shields introduced Eaton to some of the travelers and "they were agreeably surprised at his polished manners, his fluent and well-chosen language, his handsome though sun-browned face, and his kind, genial nature." The gentlemanly cowboy from Pitts-

WESTERN HISTORY RESEARCH CENTER, UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

The West's first dude ranch was Howard Eaton's Custer Trail Ranch on the Little Missouri River, Dakota Territory.

burgh was hardly your average cowhand. In fact, Howard Eaton was probably a good representative of the refined Easterner-turned-rancher who dressed and worked as hard as his less-polished cowhands.

As word of Eaton's hospitality and adventuresome life drifted east, friends and acquaintances began stopping by for visits. Perhaps Eaton's most famous guest was a New York state legislator whose attention had been turned to Dakota by a Howard Eaton letter to a New York City newspaper extolling the potential of the Bad Lands. In the fall of 1883 Theodore Roosevelt visited Medora with the immediate intention of hunting buffalo and the ultimate intention of establishing a cattle ranch. Roosevelt's decision on the latter was tragically strengthened by the death of both his wife and his mother within a two-day period in February 1884. That spring he moved to Dakota Territory to establish the Maltese Cross Ranch only five miles upstream from Eaton. From that time on Howard Eaton and Theodore Roosevelt were fast friends.

AS THE CATTLE INDUSTRY FLOURISHED on the high plains in the 1880s, so did the nefarious activities of cattle rustlers. The lack of effective law enforcement and the difficulty of gathering solid evidence against men who operated like ghosts in the labyrinth of the Little Missouri Bad Lands, finally drove the ranchers to organize for self-protection. The first meeting was held in the fall of 1884 at Howard Eaton's Custer Trail Ranch. In attendance were Theodore Roosevelt, the Marquis de Mores, the Eaton brothers, A. C. Huidekoper, and other area ranchers. No decisive action was taken, but another meeting was held in Medora the following June. A shroud of mystery surrounds what happened next. Certain "undesirables" were found hanging from cottonwood trees, and as the word spread a number of ranchers with small operations but noticeably large profits began moving to healthier climates. There is no reliable account of who did what to whom, for there was a tacit understanding that the less said the better in this necessary but disagreeable business. Though some have suggested that the large stockgrowers used the situation to drive out some small but honest operators, the lack of evidence and the integrity of the men who formed the stockgrowers association argues against such a charge.

As the Eaton brothers' cattle operations prospered and their reputation for western hospitality spread, countless eastern friends came to the Custer Trail Ranch for the good hunting and relaxed atmosphere; even strangers were warmly welcomed. But in the winter of 1886–87 came the most devastating weather ever to visit the high plains. Hundreds of thousands of cattle perished, and the Eatons, like so many others, were almost ruined financially. When their friends from the East arrived the next summer, the brothers told their guests they were entirely welcome but they would have to pay for their keep. The guests were anxious to help, and the "dude ranch" concept was born.

In the East the thrill, though not the monotony, of cowboy and ranch life was glamorized by publications of the 1880s and 1890s. Beginning with "Ranch Life in the Far West" in *Century* magazine in 1888, Eaton's neighbor Theodore Roosevelt wrote a series of articles and books lauding ranching and hunting in the high plains states. "Life on a cattle-ranch, on the great plains or among the foot-hills of the high mountains, has a peculiar attraction for those hardy, adventurous spirits who take most kindly to a vigorous out-of-door existence," wrote Roosevelt in his *Wilderness Hunter*. Frederic Remington's popular illustrations and paintings gave graphic representation to the notion that western frontier life was the ultimate in rugged individualism. Wrote Eaton's friend George

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Howard Eaton—"the most interesting raconteur of them all"—entertains trail ride guests around the evening log fire.

Shields, "I contend that a year spent on the hurricane deck of a cow pony is one of the most useful and valuable pieces of experience a young man can possibly have in fitting himself for business of almost any kind." After the ruinous winter of 1886–87, Eaton began to accommodate those who wished to have a "western experience" at a time when the true wildness of the frontier was rapidly disappearing.

To the delight of the Eatons, the guest-ranch business soon became a profitable enterprise. With convenient access via the Northern Pacific Railroad only five miles away at Medora, Easterners could avail themselves of a wide variety of activities at the Custer Trail Ranch. The guests could watch the breaking and training of horses as well as the roping and branding of cattle by "real cowboys," and each visitor was furnished with a saddle horse for daily rides. For the more adventuresome, camping expeditions were offered to the Standing Rock Indian Reservation on the Missouri River and to the Custer Battlefield on the Crow Indian Reservation, "where full opportunity is had to see the Indians as they are today." The Eatons also offered an annual trek through Yellowstone National Park. These trips were made on horseback from the nearest railroad stop, with food and other accouterments transported in authentic roundup wagons. When not on excursions, the ranch visitors could read books from the 1,500-volume ranch library, play billiards, browse through the Indian relic collection, or practice trapshooting. Not surprisingly, Howard Eaton's ranch developed a favorable reputation among the nation's well-to-do.

According to a biographer of Theodore Roosevelt, Howard Eaton's ranch for a time served another novel function. Certain wealthy and distraught eastern parents sent their offspring with drinking problems to the Custer Trail Ranch in hopes of curing their thirst. The Eatons cooperated and withdrew alcoholic beverages, but the saloon operators of Medora had no such scruples. Many a dude would return from town dead drunk. The local cowboys solemnly swore that the crotch of every tree within a hundred yards of the Eaton ranch house concealed a bootleg bottle belonging to a "cured" dude. As the biographer put it, "Why any parent should send a son to the Bad Lands with the idea of putting him out of reach of temptation is beyond comprehension." Such Eaton guests could always raise a laugh in the Medora saloons "when nothing else could wake a smile."

In addition to catering to the summer dude, Eaton also developed an autumn hunting clientele. Though the buffalo and grizzly bear had been exterminated from the Bad Lands, the Little Missouri region still teemed with game birds, white-tailed deer, and antelope. For bear, elk, mountain goat, and sheep, Eaton would take his guests on extended trips to Jackson Hole and the Bighorn Mountains of Wyoming.

The Eatons' guest-ranch business continued to prosper until economic and social change swept over the northern plains. While the Northern Pacific Railroad had transformed the buffalo range into cattle country in the early 1880s, the newly constructed Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad converted the cattle range into farmland in the early 1900s. Urged on by the railroad's not too carefully conceived promotions promising an agrarian paradise, thousands of farmers flooded the northern plains to stake homesteads. Because the homesteaders could establish legal title to the public domain rangeland the stockgrowers had been using freely for two decades, their influx could not be forestalled. "So swift was this conversion that operating stockmen were unable to market their grass-fattening cattle as finished beef and had to dispose of their herds at feeder prices," lamented Wallis Huidekoper. The day of the open cattle range was over.

REALIZING that a dude ranch in the midst of farming country would be an anomaly, the Eatons began thinking about moving, and in April 1904 they purchased the 6,000-acre Duval ranch on Wolf Creek at the foot of the Bighorn Mountains twenty miles west of Sheridan, Wyoming. Close to the magnificent Bighorns and yet readily accessible to the rest of the nation via the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, the Eatons had made a good selection.

Mrs. Alden Eaton, Howard Eaton's sister-in-law, recalled the first day at their new ranch. "It was a beautiful, sunny Sunday, the mountains gorgeous, road dry, grass green, some trees budding. The Duvals had a warm welcome and a delicious dinner for us; we fell in love with the place that for 39 years has been home to us." Though the Eatons decided not to take any dudes the first year in order to build more accommodations and otherwise prepare their operations, seventy guests arrived anyway. These undaunted visitors slept in tents or on the ground, helped with beds and dishes, cleaned the new cabins after the builders finished—and paid for the privilege!

The new ranch at Wolf, Wyoming, was an even greater success than the Custer Trail Ranch. Adjacent to more than one million acres of national forest in the Bighorn Mountains, guests could opt for horseback riding in the foothills on "gentle steeds," trout fishing in rushing mountain streams, camping trips into glacial cirques, and mountain hunting trips. As their reputation and volume increased, the Eatons offered extended pack trips to Jackson Hole, Glacier National Park, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and the Indian villages of New Mexico, in addition to the long-established annual pack trip through Yellowstone National Park. As many as one hundred fifty patrons would visit the ranch or participate in pack trips each season.

Eventually the Eatons could count among their guests such national personalities as Will Rogers, Buffalo Bill Cody, western artist Charlie Russell, stage star Martha Hedman, and the popular novelist, Mary Roberts Rinehart. "We have had guests from every walk of life. . . . We find most of them jealous for 'our' ranch and glad to make newcomers know and like it," remembered Mrs. Alden Eaton. Mary Roberts Rinehart was a particularly avid supporter of the Eatons. "Mary Rinehart has spent many, many hours entertaining old and new-comers on the lawn, and would be first in line to greet a new arrival and make him welcome." She helped spread the word with her small book, *Through Glacier Park, Seeing America First with Howard Eaton.*

Eaton's friendship with artist Charlie Russell seems to have been particularly rewarding. Both men had come to the West before the closing of the frontier era and thus cherished memories of their experiences as cowboys on the open range. Both men wished to give their fellow Americans an understanding of the western heritage—Charlie Russell through his nostalgic art and Howard Eaton through his pack trips and guest ranch. Charlie Russell went on at least three Eaton pack trips and visited with the Eaton parties in Glacier if he happened to be at his lodge on nearby Lake McDonald. He also sent Eaton a number of illustrated letters. Howard Eaton reciprocated by purchasing at least three Russell paintings.

Credit for the immense success of the Eaton enterprises can fairly be given to Howard Eaton, though, of course, his brothers were an important part of the operations. Howard Eaton's energetic leadership, his organizational skills, and his preeminent conviviality impressed all who knew him. The litany of praise was very well summarized by Warren L. Hanna: "Howard Eaton always accompanied the party and personally took charge of its activities. He was more capable and energetic than any of his assistants, and his personality seemed to radiate through the entire caravan. With the pitching of camp, he became the life of the party, witty and refreshing; and with the coming of darkness and the gathering around the campfire, Howard always proved to be the most interesting raconteur of them all." The Eaton brochure did not exaggerate when it claimed that his horseback trips were unique expressions of a vivid personality.

It was thus with great sadness that his multitude of friends learned of his death on April 5, 1922, following a brief illness. Howard Hays, general manager of the Yellowstone Park Camps Company, offered this eulogy: "Howard Eaton was one of the most widely and best known men in the western United States. I knew him over a period of 17 years and I always found him the same—friendly, fearless and energetic. . . . In spite of his skill as a hunter, explorer, rancher and guide, Howard Eaton will be best remembered for his qualities of heart and soul. I have never met his superior for manliness and true worth. Peace to his spirit." AW

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Since no biography of Howard Eaton exists, his life must be pieced together from the writings of those who knew him. For a glimpse of Howard Eaton and ranch life on the Dakota frontier during the late 1800s, the reader is referred to *My Experiences and Investment in the Bad Lands of Dakota* by A. C. Huidekoper (1947), *The Land of the Dakotas* by Wallis Huidekoper (no date), and *Roosevelt in the Badlands* by Herman Hagedorn (1921). Eaton's most avid promoter was novelist Mary Roberts Rinehart. In *Through Glacier Park, Seeing America First with Howard Eaton* (1916), she enthusiastically describes a Howard Eaton pack trip. An excellent source for understanding the evolution of Glacier National Park and Eaton's timely use of it is *Glacier National Park, Historic Resource Study* by James W. Sheire.

The author wishes to express his appreciation to Gene M. Gressley, director of the Western History Research Center, Laramie, Wyoming, for his assistance in combing the Howard Eaton Collection. Perhaps this article will stimulate further research on the history of dude ranching in the American West.

Lee Silliman, *a physics teacher living in Deer Lodge, Montana, has published an anthology of Blackfoot tales,* Why Gone Those Times.

THROUGH GLACIER NATIONAL PARK WITH HOWARD EATON

In May 1910, the same month and year that Glacier National Park was established, noted naturalist William T. Hornaday wrote an essay about the park for Recreation *magazine. He called attention to the park's great potential: "magnificent snow-capped mountains, a bewildering array of glaciers, lakes and streams, grand forests, great wealth in wild life, and accessibility that is almost beyond belief." He urged nerve-racked Americans to visit such wilderness regions to renew their spirits, so that they could return to their desks "wholly made over and as good as new." To facilitate such experiences, the Great Northern Railway built a half-dozen hotels within the park, which were connected to the backcountry with a network of first-class trails. Into this setting stepped dude-rancher Howard Eaton, who offered his patrons invigorating pack trips from hotel to Glacier's magnificent interior.*

The following photo essay depicts a Howard Eaton trip through Glacier National Park in 1917. The excellent photographs are the work of Almeron J. Baker, an assistant to noted Kalispell, Montana, photographer T. J. Hileman. Little else is known about Baker save that he also held a number of odd jobs in Kalispell: chauffeur, power company clerk, and painter. The text accompanying Baker's pictures includes comments by two Eaton admirers, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Gordon Mettler. Rinehart was a popular American novelist and playwright during the early twentieth century, whose works include the mystery stories The Circular Staircase *(1908) and* The Man in Lower Ten *(1909). Fifteen-year-old Gordon Mettler was hired on for the pack trip as a handyman and woodcutter. His comments are derived from an English-class theme paper he prepared in 1919.*

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING SIX PAGES ARE REPRODUCED FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, HELENA

GUIDES, WRANGLERS, AND HELPERS

"When travelers assemble at Glacier Park Station . . . it will be to find every arrangement made for the proper accommodation of the Eaton parties even if at the height of the tourist season: rooms engaged, saddle horses secured, canvas at hand, commissary supplies carefully provided, competent help enlisted, baggage arrangements perfected; and before the responsibilities of individual travel are forgotten, he will be riding carefree, toward the first camp."

FROM THE 1918 EATON BROCHURE

ON THE TRAIL

"Did you ever ford a mountain stream on horseback? Do it. Ride out of the hot sun into a brawling valley. Watch your horse as he feels his way across, the stream eddying about his legs. Give him his head and let him drink lightly, skimming the very surface of the water with his delicate nostrils. Lean down and fill your own cup! Uncontaminated it flows down from the snow-covered mountains overhead. It is living."

"THROUGH GLACIER PARK" BY MARY RINEHART

MOUNTAIN VISTAS

"We at last reached the lofty summit and looked in awe at the panorama. Before us and to either side were giant snowcapped peaks that glistened in the noonday sun. Stretching far ahead of us were valleys and canyons whose sides and bottoms were clothed in evergreens of the most brilliant color. There arose soon a strong mountain wind which added to the wildness of the place. . . . The creator of all this gigantic sculpturing had a good audience in our party, for every one was more than thrilled and enthralled with this view."

"THROUGH GLACIER NATIONAL PARK WITH HOWARD EATON" BY GORDON METTLER

HEARTY APPETITES

"Having risen at five, by eleven o'clock thoughts of luncheon were always obtrusive. People began stealthily to consult watches and look ahead for a shady place to stop. By half-past eleven we were generally dismounted in some grove and the pack-train was coming up with its clattering pans, its coffee-pot, its cold boiled ham. . . . Hot coffee, marmalade, bread and butter, cheese, sardines, and the best ham in the world—that was luncheon. Often there was a waterfall near, where for the mere holding out of a cup there was ice water to drink."

"THROUGH GLACIER PARK" BY MARY RINEHART

MAIDENS' ROW

"The camp equipment is of the very best, and its choice in respect to details is the result of long experience. The location and erection of the camps is one of the features which cannot fail to arouse admiration. Each evening the party comes in from the trail to find camp already prepared, rope corrals are built, the smell of welcome preparations issues from the kitchen tent, and the sleeping quarters are ready for occupation. . . . The tents of the ladies and the gentlemen are carefully segregated for mutual comfort, usually at opposite sides of the camp, and a special row of tepees is arranged for married couples."

1918 EATON BROCHURE

TRAIL'S END

"On the last night an informal program was given by members of the party who had some fitting poem or reading to give. Before the great fire every member of the party sat, listening with intense interest to the mirthful and dramatic readings. . . . Here in Nature's theater and Nature's stage setting, the party had a heart touching farewell. In the morning we would break up, possibly never to meet thus again. Finally the readings were exhausted, the fire burned low, and the party broke up gradually, to journey away to slumber land . . . and as the embers became dull red and finally extinct, the mournful cry of a mountain lion and weird bark of a wolf were heard from a far off ridge."

"THROUGH GLACIER NATIONAL PARK WITH HOWARD EATON" BY GORDON METTLER

VISITORS OUT OF SEASON

by Jan Boissevain

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE SHENON

LATE IN SEPTEMBER the season's first snowstorm had me rounding up my range stock at the Double Arrow Ranch near Seeley Lake in the Montana Rockies. I was breeding horses for the U.S. Remount Service and running a dude ranch during the summer months. Sometimes when the weather permitted, I would guide big-game hunting parties into the wilderness area we called the South Fork of the Flathead River, which today is known as the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area. The Flathead Range with its eight-thousand-foot passes separated our valley from the South Fork. At that time, in the 1930s, the primeval forest still stretched north as far as we could see up the valley and the enfolding mountain slopes. In the fall the tamaracks would turn yellow before shedding their needles, lighting up the deep green pine and fir forests like thousands of candles, especially when the sun would flame them to gold.

It was gathering dusk when I stabled Don, my saddle horse, curried his wet winter coat, and fed him a rack of fragrant meadow hay and a quart of oats. I was pleased that I had found all the strays and coaxed them inside the ranch fence. If the snow persisted, riding would soon become cumbersome. But often Indian summer brought clement weather till after Christmas.

Walking across the horse pasture, I noticed a bright fire shining through the French doors of our log house, high on its hill, like a beacon across a snowy sea. Must be company, I thought. Mounting the broad steps up the steep slope two at a time, I quickly rounded the dining-room wing to enter through the kitchen when I was surprised by a brand-new maroon Cadillac coupe parked at the back door. Almost mechanically, I scribbled the Washington license plate number in my notebook: 572–023, as required by innkeepers' law.

Who was calling so late in the season? And in this miserable weather? I stamped the snow off my boots, entered the house, and went into the living room.

My wife, Edith, was entertaining a young couple at tea. She introduced them as Mr. and Mrs. English, who would like to spend a few days at the ranch and maybe stay through elk-hunting season, two weeks hence.

I shook hands with the tall slender young man, sizing him up frankly as people in the ranch country are wont to do, especially when the visitor is an unannounced stranger. Frank English spoke with a strong Oklahoma accent, had a friendly smile, and appeared to be in his early twenties. His reddish blond hair was neatly parted, but his clothes did not quite match his ponderous automobile. His black shoes were thin-soled, his black trousers farmerish; he wore a cheap, horizontally striped sweater over a white dress shirt and dark tie. The impression I got was of immaturity. For a moment I wondered what these people were doing way off the beaten track in such miserable weather. But it was only a passing thought.

His pretty wife, Mary English, wore expensive clothes. Her mink coat was draped over the back of the sofa, where she sat curled up near the blazing fire in an attractive wool dress and fashionable shoes. She acknowledged my greeting with a weak smile but without saying a word. She appeared to be preoccupied or worried about something. Later developments would suggest that she was scared stiff.

I said, more to my wife than to the company, "We are closed for the winter. The bathrooms in the cabins have been drained." Turning to the young couple, I added with a smile, "But it's too late in the day to turn you out." I asked my wife, "Do you think we could put them up in my room?" She agreed that this would be the hospitable thing to do.

Frank glanced at his wife and said, pulling a wad of bills as big as a man's fist out of his pants pocket, "Could we stay for a week if I pay you a hundred dollars in advance?" He peeled off the long green and handed it to me. I could hardly conceal my surprised delight. The Depression seldom brought large bills

and certainly not to the remote Rocky Mountain valley of the Double Arrow ranch. I readily agreed and started toward the office to make out a receipt. Frank interrupted my departure.

"Can we shoot here somewhere? I have a couple of guns in the car and would like to try them out."

"It's getting pretty dark," I said. "Hadn't we better wait till morning?"

"It won't take long," said Frank. "You can shoot one of mine."

We went out the back door. The glistening snow in the yard prolonged the vanishing daylight. It was slushy underfoot. I worried about Frank's thin shoes and the penetrating snow water, which could not seep through my own heavy rubber packs. I said as much, but he was impatient to try his guns. He unlocked the car door, reached onto the front seat, and brought out two brand-new .45s. He handed me the nickel-plated one and took the blued one himself, saying, "The clip is loaded and it's on safe. You're probably familiar with it."

I took the gun without comment and proceeded to the office to get a three-by-five card to use as a target. As I moved past the young man to the target tree some thirty feet away, I couldn't help but feel a little uneasy. He was so eager. I impaled the card on a broken twig about five feet above the ground and walked back to where Frank was slipping a cartridge into the barrel.

"I'll shoot first," he said, "and then you shoot. We'll take turns."

With that he quickly took aim and pulled the trigger. The loud report was muffled by the snow on the pines. The paper glared defiant against the tree trunk. It was a miss.

Now it was my turn. I took careful aim, then squeezed the trigger. I knew my own guns, a .39 service revolver and a .25 Colt automatic, but this gun was strange to me, and I did not know exactly when the hammer would release. The .45 had a violent recoil and kicked my shooting hand up in the air, but to my surprise a black hole showed on the margin of the paper target. Frank shot again, too quickly, and missed. I got another margin hit. It was getting dark; I could hardly see the bead at the end of the barrel. I missed the next shot and suggested we stop and get warm inside. But Frank wanted to empty his gun and did so in rapid fire at the target, which remained untouched.

WHEN WE ENTERED THE HOUSE to get washed up for dinner, Frank carried both guns to his bedroom, which in the meantime, had been prepared. I offered to help carry their bags into the house.

Frank unlocked the car trunk. Its light illuminated an array of new luggage, including a huge hooded golf bag. He grabbed a big two-suiter, and pointed at a smaller case. "That's my wife's. And I want the golf bag, too."

I hefted the two pieces and was surprised by the weight of the golf bag. Its hood was locked by a small padlock. It must be these new clubs, I thought. In my golfing days we used fewer clubs.

Frank's wife was in the bedroom, sitting at the dressing table in front of the mirror doing her hair. She was silent, glancing at me with a somber expression that I could not understand.

Dinner was served in the big, warm kitchen. Oscar, the Swedish cook, had produced one of his best meals—steak, potatoes, and canned peas. A tossed salad had been prepared by my wife. Dessert was apple pie with whipped cream. Frank was curious about the ranch operation and asked a number of questions.

"How long do you keep your cabins open?"

"Our dudes come mostly from the East, June 15 is the earliest for most. Some stay till Labor Day and others only spend a couple of weeks. We like people to make reservations in advance, so we know who is coming out. How did you find us?"

"I saw the Double Arrow Ranch marked on the Shell roadmap," Frank said. "I like to shoot and thought we could hunt deer and elk. You are quite a ways from the highway."

"Elk season opens October 15," I said. "Deer season opens a few days sooner. We have mostly mule deer here. The bucks are almost as big as elk. What game do you have where you come from?"

"My home is in Oklahoma," Frank replied. "When our ma and pa were killed in an auto accident, my sister and I inherited the ranch—160 acres. It was leased to an oil company, which struck oil shortly after. I sold my share right away for $100,000 cash and a royalty on the production. My sister waited a little longer and got twice as much. But I'm happy. I got married, and we've been on our honeymoon for several weeks now, all over the United States. My wife is from Florida, where I went to marry her."

So that's it, I thought. They're oil-rich farm kids! Aloud I said, "You have a Washington license. Did you buy the car new?"

"We wrecked our LaSalle, just outside of Spokane in the Palouse country," Frank said. "I bought this new Caddy in Spokane right off the showroom floor. Cash on the barrelhead," he added proudly.

His wife looked more worried now, almost ready to cry.

Edith passed the steak platter to Frank after Oscar had added some meat fresh off the huge griddle on the big wood range. Frank smiled and with a gallant bow of the head said, "Thank you, madam, that sure is good steak. Must be from your own stock."

"Yes," she answered, "we raise our own beef. This time of the year we age it right on the kitchen porch." Turning to Mary English, she asked, "Would you like another helping? Here is a tender piece." She lifted a succulent tenderloin morsel off the platter and plopped it onto Mary's plate. Mary smiled gratefully but said nothing. Both guests appeared to have good appetites, and each had two helpings of Oscar's apple pie with whipped cream.

My wife served coffee in front of the living-room fire. Mary remained uncommunicative, while Frank talked about Oklahoma farm life and the oil strike that made him rich.

Finally, he said, "I'm tired. We better turn in. Come along," he added to Mary, "you need your beauty sleep," and they were off to bed. Edith followed them to see that everything was in order in their room.

When she returned to the living room, I asked, "What do you think?"

"They're farm kids," she said, "not much education. But he's a nice boy."

I went outside to bank up the big wood-burning furnace in the basement, which had an outside stairway. The Cadillac was there, and I smelled raw gasoline. Alerted, I quickly circled the car sniffing the air, then knelt down near the left door and pointed my flashlight at the mud-spattered undercarriage. A slow drip of gas was leaking out of a crushed part of the gas line. I was surprised that a quality car would have the line exposed

Continued on page 60

PORTRAIT FOR A WESTERN ALBUM

by Diane Davis

WHEELS JOLTED and creaked and toppled into the dust. Boards gave way to constant jostling and the torments of the elements. Wagons and tools were discarded as westering caravans made their arduous way toward the California gold fields.

These discouraging reminders of haste and makeshift work made a lasting impression on a young man of nineteen, also traveling toward the "promised land." John Mohler Studebaker was to spend five years in the Mother Lode, keeping the wheels rolling. He built wheelbarrows and repaired carriages with a skill that would one day send his name and product nationwide.

Despite his years in the gold country, "Wheelbarrow John" remained as conservative and upright as his Pennsylvania Dutch background. He was born in 1833 near the fields of Gettysburg, to parents espousing Dunkard teachings. His father, John Studebaker, Sr., supported a family of five sons and eight daughters by building covered wagons. An honest, hard-working man, his shop was graced with a shingle that read, Owe No Man Anything But to Love One Another.

The family was established in South Bend, Indiana, by the time John was in his teens. There he worked for his brothers, Clem and Henry, building Conestoga wagons for westward-bound pioneers. As the pace of the gold rush quickened, the parade of wagons coming to the shop for repairs and supplies never stopped.

Watching the California-bound wagons pull out, John's wanderlust at last became too much for his eighteen-year-old imagination and drive. Going west would be an opportunity to seek prosperity, independence, excitement. Soon he had made an arrangement with a passing party—he would build them a new wagon if they would take him along.

August 31, 1853, saw the weary party arrive in Old Dry Diggins (soon to be renamed Hangtown and, ultimately, Placerville). Report had it that this was a true frontier town—the only building boasting a coat of paint was the Empire Saloon.

When Studebaker stepped down into the curious crowd of townspeople that greeted the wagon train, he intended to set out for the gold fields at once. But a man called out to the newly arrived group, "Is there a wagonmaker in your party?" Someone pointed to Studebaker, and the questioner, Joe Hinds, offered him employment on the spot.

The youth was put to work at once on an order of twenty-five wheelbarrows, for which he would be paid ten dollars each. Working with poor tools and pitch pine, Studebaker turned out his first wheelbarrow at the end of the second day and presented it to his employer.

"What do you call that?"

"I call it a wheelbarrow."

"A hell of a wheelbarrow!"

Studebaker had to admit that its wheel was a little crooked and it had other minor faults, but he was a wagonmaker and this new skill would take time to perfect. He soon got better tools and was turning out a wheelbarrow a day. He manufactured a good product, and sales were brisk.

A wheelbarrow was essential for a miner, who needed to move his tools and bedroll at a moment's notice to a new site. A basic necessity in any year, the wheelbarrow was in great demand in the dry years of 1854 and 1855. Depleted streams could not provide water for sluicing and hydraulic mining, so gravel and ore had to be hauled from the mining sites by hand.

John's life and background, conservative and religious, were a vivid contrast to the town in which he lived, but he enjoyed the activity and extracted the best from its offerings. He served Hangtown as a member of the fire department, witnessing the town's near-destruction in the fire of 1856.

He had been building his wheelbarrows for five years when he received word from his brothers in Indiana that their carriage company was in a slump. Without capital they couldn't turn out more than twelve wagons a year. John saw a future in his brothers' work, and far more than they, also envisioned the future of transportation in an expanding country. He had learned from experience of the demand for high-quality wagons, and he realized that the activity in California was only part of the increasing pace of the nation.

Studebaker had eight thousand dollars by this time, enough to give a big boost to H&C Studebaker. It seemed a good time to return to Indiana, a real center of transportation. California was literally the end of the line, while the Midwest was a starting point for unlimited destinations.

John headed home in 1858. When he returned to Placerville fifty-four years later, he drove in aboard an automobile that proudly displayed the Studebaker name.

He attributed his success to the lessons he had learned in the gold fields. His high standards and old-fashioned virtue had stood him in good stead. He claimed that his two rules had never failed him: work hard and never buy anything you can't afford.

By 1900 the Studebaker Company had become the largest vehicle manufacturer in the United States. And John Mohler Studebaker was its president. Wheelbarrow Johnny had found his gold. **AW**

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NORTHERN INDIANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SOUTH BEND

GUSTAF NORDENSKIOLD AND THE

by Patricia Condon Johnston

IT WAS LATE on the evening of July 2, 1891, when Gustaf Nordenskiold, the slight, scholarly son of a noted Swedish scientist and explorer, arrived in his rented buggy and pair at the Mancos Valley ranch of the Benjamin Wetherill family in southwestern Colorado. He was greeted with the warmest of welcomes (and to the Wetherills, his unheralded coming always remained a memorable event). Not yet twenty-three years old, Nordenskiold had traveled halfway round the world to see for himself the ancient Indian cliff dwellings discovered by the Wetherills at Mesa Verde.

In the preceding three years, Richard Wetherill, the oldest of Benjamin's five sons, with the sometime help of his brothers and a brother-in-law, Charlie Mason, had located and examined all the major Mesa Verde cliff dwellings—by his own count, 182. He had named most of them: the largest and most exquisite was called Cliff Palace; Spruce Tree House was named for a giant tree growing up through an outer retaining wall; and there was such as Square Tower House, Mug House, and Sandal House. Moreover, he had made creditable maps of the areas he had explored, covering some two hundred fifty miles of the mesa's steep cliffs.

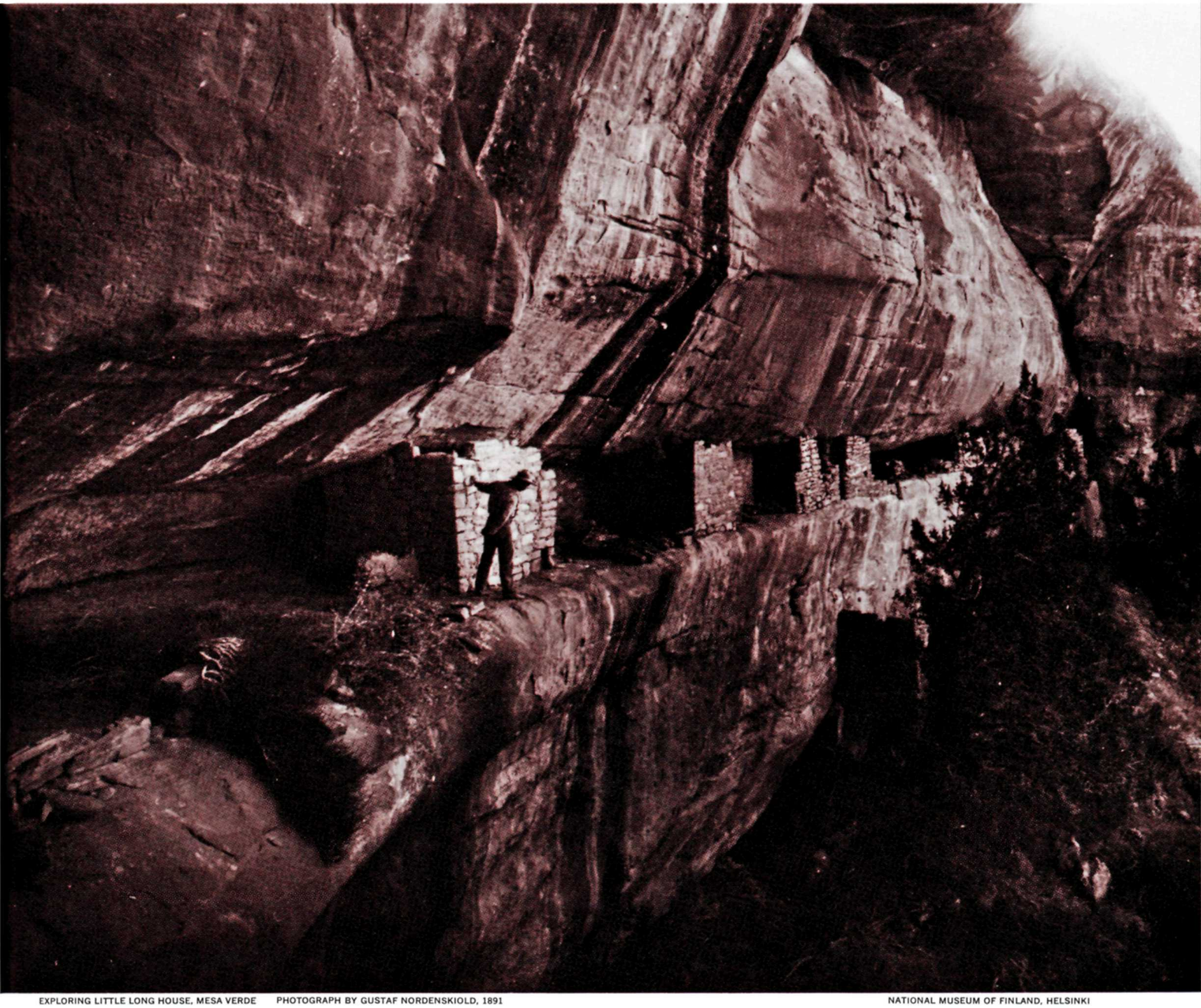
The brothers had already taken two significant collections of Indian artifacts out of the ruins. The first—which went almost totally unnoticed until the mummy of a child was added to the assemblage of centuries-old pottery, clothing, tools, and weapons—had been purchased by the newly established Denver Historical Society, probably to keep it from being removed from the state. The second was still in storage in a small barn-cum-museum at the ranch. In the main their efforts had met with public apathy, and the importance of their find was largely ignored, especially in those quarters where they had hoped to gain support. Richard Wetherill had written the directors of both the Smithsonian Institution and Harvard's Peabody Museum requesting that they sponsor him and his brothers, or send their own teams to work with them in the ruins. The ranch was heavily mortgaged, and the brothers could ill afford time spent away from it without some compensation. But neither museum offered assistance, the Smithsonian replying that while they could do nothing themselves at that time, if the Wetherills cared to put together a collection, they would be glad to accept it as a contribution.

The arrival of Nordenskiold suggested at least token recognition of the project by the scientific community. The Wetherills were delighted to have this enthusiastic and obviously knowledgeable young foreigner seek them out—never imagining the brouhaha his activities in the area would create.

Born in Stockholm on July 29, 1868, Gustaf was the son of Adolf Erik Nordenskiold, who in 1878–79 became the first man to sail the long-searched-for northwest passage from Europe to the Orient. Brought up in the atmosphere of the Royal Academy of Sciences where his father served as chief of the Institute of Mineralogy (the family flat was, in fact, in the Royal Academy building), young Gustaf was thoroughly schooled in the natural sciences. As a boy he had a passion for butterflies; he collected and hatched pupae and had a fairly comprehensive library in the field. During his secondary years, he spent his summers eagerly traveling great distances on foot, his knapsack on his back, collecting plants and butterflies in the mountains of Harjedalen and Jämtland in Halsingland, and on the island of Gotland. In 1889, he graduated with high honors from the University of Uppsala, where he had been intensely interested in chemistry and mineralogy. There was every hope that he would follow his father as a distinguished scholar and scientist.

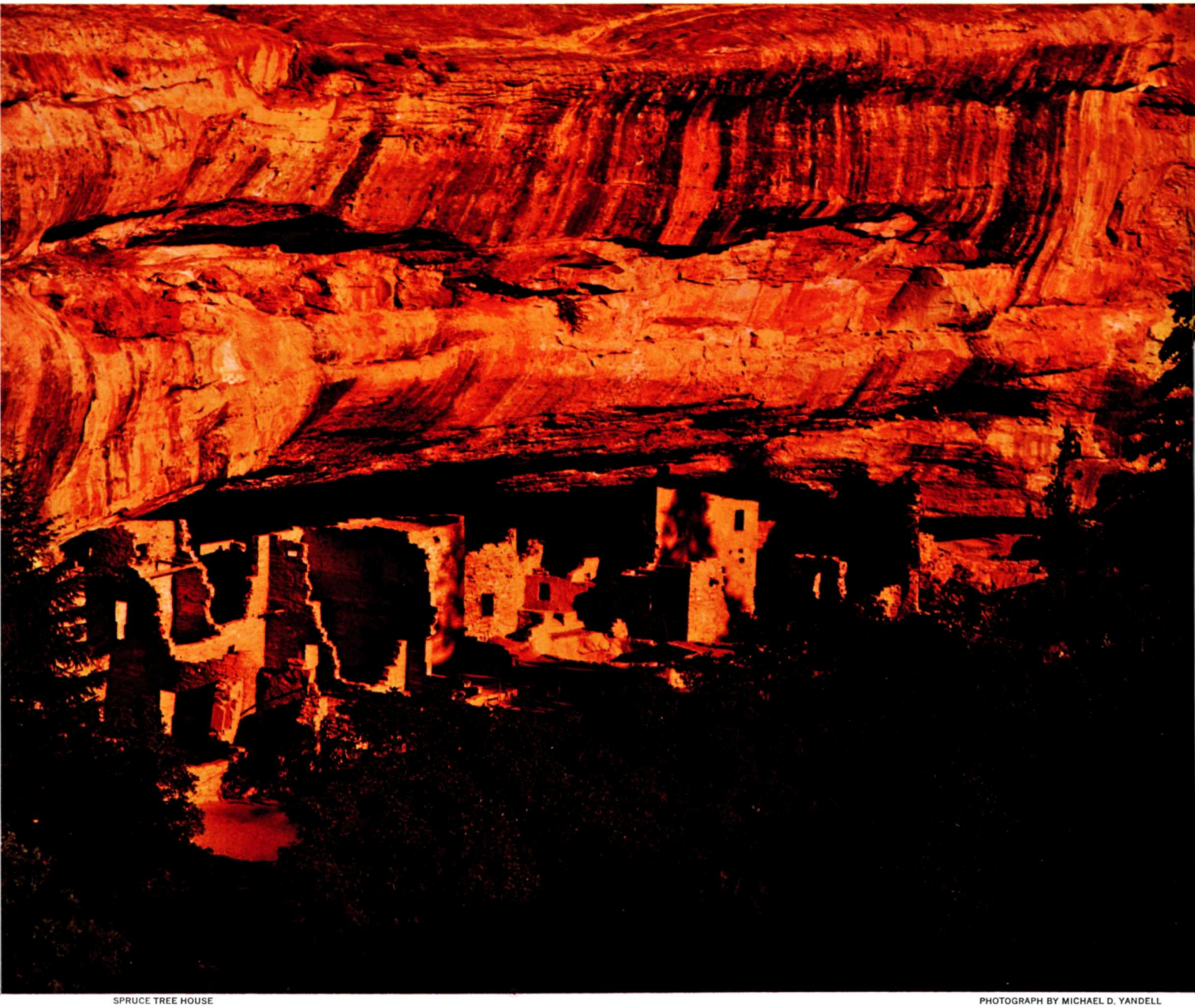
Little more than a year later, that dream seemed shattered. A post-graduation expedition to Spitsbergen, an Arctic island group, proved too rigorous for Gustaf's frail body, and he developed tuberculosis, a disease that had claimed the life of his older sister just a few years earlier. His father made immediate arrangements for Gustaf to go to Berlin to be treated by the world's leading authority on tuberculosis, the German physician and bacteriologist

TREASURE OF THE MESA VERDE



EXPLORING LITTLE LONG HOUSE, MESA VERDE PHOTOGRAPH BY GUSTAF NORDENSKIOLD, 1891 NATIONAL MUSEUM OF FINLAND, HELSINKI

Abandoned for half a millennium, spectacular cliff dwellings in southwestern Colorado's Mesa Verde region were discovered in 1888 by cowboys Richard Wetherill and Charlie Mason. The ranchers had little initial success in developing interest in their find among the American scientific community, and it was a Swedish visitor—Gustaf Nordenskiold—who in 1891 conducted the first scientific excavations among the ruins.



SPRUCE TREE HOUSE

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL D. YANDELL

Robert Koch. Gustaf remained in a Berlin clinic through the winter months of 1890–91 and then in the early spring, his health much improved by Dr. Koch's serum treatments, set out on an ambitious tour of warmer regions. He went first to Munich, then to Florence, Rome, and Naples, visiting so many museums that he "felt dizzy." He spent nearly all of April on the isle of Capri, and then visited friends in Paris before sailing in May aboard the S.S. *Waesland* for the United States.

There were many letters home. "New York is an extremely noisy and dirty town, rather better some distance from the center," he wrote, but Washington was more to his liking: "It is one of the most beautifully planned towns in the world. The Americans are not a little proud of it." He spent a few days in Charleston inquiring into the area's phosphate production, and he took the regular guided tour through Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where he was so fascinated by the yawning caverns that he stayed another two days, hiring guides to take him on special explorations. Then Chicago. Then Denver. And, at last, Mesa Verde.

THE YOUNG SWEDE spent his first week in the region camping out in the company of Richard and Al Wetherill, to whom he had been referred by botanist Alice Eastwood in Denver. They explored the magnificent ruins and then excavated one relatively inaccessible and therefore untouched cliff house that contained nine rooms and two small kivas (circular ceremonial chambers) and yielded a number of good artifacts.

Back at the ranch, an exhilarated Nordenskiold wrote a lengthy letter home in which he described his discoveries and also indicated much about his future plans. "My intention was to stay about a week at Mancos Canyon," he wrote. "Now the week has gone, and I have made up my mind to stay for one or two months. . . . I mentioned in my first letter that the only scientific expedition that has studied the dwellings was that of Holmes and Jackson in 1874. [William Henry Jackson, one of the best known of the pioneer western photographers and W. H. Holmes, a geologist and anthropologist who later became chief of the Smithsonian's Bureau of American Ethnology, surveyed the areas in the 1870s but actually found only several lesser cliff dwellings and never saw the wonders of such as Cliff House.] They determined the situation of several ruins, that was practically all. A stone axe, a few earthenware pots, grains of maize were all they found. They noted specially the absence of human beings and animals. One reason they did not dig more thoroughly was probably that the Indians were then hostile, now they are quite harmless. A few years ago Wetherill's sons (cowboys, but with a surprising degree of education) started digging in the ruins. On the first visit a considerable collection of practically all kinds of household implements, several skulls, a couple of mummies, i.e., dried human bodies, etc., were found, almost exclusively in 'Cliff Palace.' The collection was sold to a museum in Denver for $3,000.00.

"Some time later they excavated in several cliff dwellings a still larger and more complete collection which they are now offering for sale for $8,000.00. It consists of about 5,000 items. A kind of catalogue is enclosed. [Gustaf suggested that the collection be purchased by Swedish interests, but his father replied that no funds were presently available.] As I said, all this has been done by cowboys, to a large extent as speculation. I am sure that in a month or two I can make a fine collection, which should be extremely valuable. It will cost me about $400.00, a sum which will be recovered several times over. . . . It would be a good idea to send your reply by cable, yes or no, whether I should stay here any longer. I am too far away to correspond by letter before I do anything. If you consider the matter very important please send my Camera. . . . There is no series of photographs in existence of these remarkable ruins."

It is clear that Nordenskiold intended to make up a collection from the ruins to take back to Sweden, probably to offer for sale there. Both he and the Wetherills have been criticized for being mercenary, but it should be mentioned that such activities were not inconsistent with accepted practices of the day; nineteenth-century scientists frequently sold artifacts to finance the costs of their explorations. The editor of the American journal, *The Archeologist*, wrote in February 1894: "The sale of a whole collection, or part of it, so long as complete finds are not split is always proper. Single specimens, bought of dealers, may be sold with a free conscience, also complete finds. What is really wrong is the destruction of scientific testimony."

Nordenskiold's camera equipment eventually arrived safely, but before that, work had resumed in earnest in the steep-walled canyons of the Mesa Verde. Richard and Al Wetherill had helped Nordenskiold with the excavation of the first small cliff dwelling, but because it was early July, a time when they were badly needed at the ranch, Nordenskiold hired their younger brother, John, to serve as his foreman for the remainder of the summer. In addition he hired first two, then three, then four laborers to help with the digging.

HE WAS READY to tackle something more ambitious now, and he chose Long House. But in spite of its size and the fact that the crew spent a month in the digging, this dwelling proved something of a disappointment. It was more dilapidated than most of the others, and Nordenskiold surmised that it may have been sacked by an enemy since numerous human bones were found strewn among the ruins. "Long labour was necessary," he wrote, "to reach the floors, where we might expect to find the most numerous objects," and the project was finally abandoned "with-

Encamped amidst the rubble of Spruce Tree House, Al Wetherill (left) salts a hot meal while his brother Richard fiddles with a stuck wine-bottle cork. A shank of beef hangs from a convenient roof beam on the wall beyond. Although Nordenskiold and the Wetherills remained at this ruin for only a few days, they unearthed several fine Anasazi baskets and examples of pottery.

out any particularly good results."

The crew then turned their attentions more profitably to Kodak House, which Nordenskiold noted was named for "the well-known instantaneous camera 'Kodak,' as we kept one of these apparatuses hidden for some time in one of the rooms." Mug House, Spruce Tree House, and in particular, Step House also yielded a large quantity of pottery and a number of burials.

At Spruce Tree House, Nordenskiold had the namesake giant tree cut down "in order to ascertain its age [and thus, the probable age of the ruin through which it was growing]. We counted the rings, which were very distinct, twice over, the results being respectively 167 and 169. I had supposed from the thickness of the tree that the number of the rings was much greater." While conservationists today would take a dim view of removing such a landmark, Nordenskiold was anticipating by nearly forty years the tree-ring method of dating archaeological sites, "officially" formulated in the late 1920s.

Midway through his summer's work, there was another letter home, describing the daily routine of camp life: "Just now our camp is at Navajo Canyon, about forty-five miles from Mancos, the outpost of civilization. Imagine a wood of low pines and a kind of tall juniper called cedars, but by no means of the same type as the so-called cedars of Lebanon. Our cedars are not much taller than a twenty or thirty years old spruce or pine at home in Sweden. The soil is sandy and half bare. A large piece of sailcloth stretched between two trees is our bedroom, i.e. mine and my foreman's. Ten paces from there is a dirtier piece of sailcloth; two Mexicans sleep under that. . . . Two paces outside my room is a table, a real table, somewhat a la Robinson Crusoe, but nevertheless a table. A cloth—a piece of sailcloth, dirty and blotched—is spread over it. . . . A little way from the table is the kitchen, still more unpretentious than the dining room. It consists most often of half-burned bits of wood, when it is not cooking time, for then there is a cheerfully blazing fire. Below the kitchen, about twenty or thirty paces away, is our spring, which explains why we camped there, a mile and a half from the place where we are working. Springs are rare in these tracts. Ours has the advantage over some others that it does not contain a kind of bitter water which, when consumed in tea, coffee, porridge and so on, has an effect far greater than that of castor oil. . . .

"Our day begins at about six o'clock in the morning. I have the privilege of lying a little longer while Bill fetches the horses, and John Wetherill, the foreman (who has three dollars a day, almost as much as a professor in the Old World), makes breakfast. This usually consists of bread, baked at the camp in the frying pan, fried bacon, porridge, coffee, tomatoes, sometimes rice and boiled apples. We cannot have fresh meat, for it keeps only two or three days in the heat. At the signal, 'Breakfast ready!' we gather round the dirty table, which is cleared of everything edible in an incredibly short time. Then we wash up, whereupon we saddle our horses, the water bottles are filled, and we set off along the narrow path to a place on the mesa above the ruin where we are working. We unsaddle our horses and tie their forelegs together. Then we climb a long, roundabout way down to the ruin. There we dig, sketch, photograph, label finds and so on till the sun is high in the sky. Then we have dinner, a tin of corned beef and a loaf of bread is all we get, for we cannot have much with us; then we resume work again until the sun begins to sink in the west and the shadows on the side of the canyon grow long. Then up in the saddle again and back to camp. Soon the campfire blazes up, the tea can is put on the flames, and supper, with about the same menu as breakfast, is eaten rather faster if possible. . . . Then to bed, I in my sleeping bag (I have introduced this incomparable article into these regions)."

On September 5 the digging was called to a halt because, as Al Wetherill put it, "by then, we were just duplicating so much of what we already had that we thought it time to call it a day." Nordenskiold packed up nine boxes of "relics"—a sizable and representative collection of prehistoric Mesa Verde remains and artifacts numbering more than seven hundred individual items, including a mummy dressed in moccasins and a skull cap. Loading them onto

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUSTAF NORDENSKIOLD, 1891
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF FINLAND, HELSINKI

Gustaf Nordenskiold explored Spring House (left) but did little excavating there. Modern archaeologists have left the ruin undisturbed, also, as a legacy to future scientists whose excavating and dating methods may be improved over those employed today. All of the ruins visited by Nordenskiold probably presented much this same appearance to the Swedish visitor.

a wagon, he drove to Durango with the intention of shipping his cargo to the Swedish consul in New York.

SUDDENLY THE PRESS—seemingly recognizing the significance of the Colorado treasure—began a vigorous and noisy campaign, heard even in Sweden, to impound the collection, claiming that a foreigner had illegally excavated artifacts and was trying to spirit them out of the country. The railway refused shipment, and Nordenskiold was arrested by a U.S. marshal. Bail was set and posted at $1,000, and a trial date was scheduled for October.

There are no notes in Nordenskiold's diary at this time, an unusual absence; the newspapers continued to vilify him, but a hastily obtained lawyer was able to tell him that there was no law that applied to his case.

And when he appeared in district court on the date appointed, it was found—to the surprise of many local residents—that there was indeed no law prohibiting the removal of ancient relics, by anyone, from either the state of Colorado or the territory of the United States. The complaint was dismissed, and the shipment was stamped for export.

(The first U.S. law to deal with antiquities was the 1906 Act for the Preservation of American Antiquities. But neither this nor any subsequent law prohibits artifacts from being taken out of the country, the only restrictions being that artifacts recovered from the public domain be deposited in a public institution and that a report of the results of the excavations be made to the government. Current law does prohibit digging without a permit, however, and permits are issued only to reputable institutions and not to individuals.)

Nordenskiold returned to Sweden and immediately began incorporating his voluminous notes into the monumental report which would become *The Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde*. Then in 1892 he accompanied an impressive part of the Mesa Verde collection to Spain, where it was exhibited during the celebration of the Columbus Jubilee—the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America. Nordenskiold continued to correspond with the Wetherills, writing to Richard after the Spanish exhibition: "I got a gold medal for the collection and the photos [the Spanish Order of Isabella Católica]."

The Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde, illustrated by a superb portfolio of Nordenskiold's photographs, was published in Stockholm and Chicago in 1893. It was—and remains—a classic. The book demonstrates that Gustaf Nordenskiold was no ordinary digger. His genius throughout is unmistakable, and all the more remarkable in light of the fact that he had had no training in archaeology. He saw with a sharp eye and interpreted his observations with shrewd insight that was often many years ahead of his time. He noted evidences of prehistoric agriculture that have eluded many other archaeologists; he correctly interpreted the function of kiva ventilators (although later students persisted in the mistaken notion that these narrow shafts were actually real or symbolic kiva entrances); and he analyzed pottery not only by form and design, the accepted procedure for the time, but also by chemical and microscopic analysis. Moreover, it is evident that his methods of excavating, field recording (each artifact was meticulously cataloged by location and association with other artifacts), and mapping, while less precise than would be acceptable today, were nonetheless highly efficient. The immensity and completeness of his report indicates clearly that he was not driven merely by a wish to recover specimens but by an intense desire to discover something of the life and times of the ancient people who inhabited the region. Most importantly, *The Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde* set a standard for investigation and documentation that has had a significant influence on American archaeology. It still stands as the best scientific account of excavations in a Mesa Verde cliff dwelling.

Interestingly enough, at the same time that he was working on the Mesa Verde book, Nordenskiold began editing

**Nordenskiold's* The Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde *(Chicago, 1893) has just been reprinted by the Rio Grande Press. See "Western Books in Brief" on page 49 of this issue.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MUENCH

and translating Jules Verne's stories into Swedish. One of Nordenskiold's translations was published in 1892, seven more tales followed in 1893, and others including *The Mysterious Island*, and *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea*, in 1894. In a brief unpublished biography of Nordenskiold by Olaf Arrhenius, who married Nordenskiold's only daughter, the author remarks that "Nordenskiold could take time for this work because, apart from the money he could earn, he was spiritually allied to Jules Verne. He had the gift of making stones speak and water sing." During this period Nordenskiold also produced an impressive study of snow crystals, illustrated by a stunning series of his micro-photographs, which was published in the transactions of the Academy of Science for 1893.

IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES for Gustaf Nordenskiold. The publication of his book on Mesa Verde had earned him the esteem and respect of his fellow scientists. He was feeling well. And in 1893, after a whirlwind courtship, he had married Anna Rudolfina Smitt, the daughter of one of Sweden's most prominent businessmen. The next year their daughter, Anna Eva Amalia, was born.

But there were indications that his health was deteriorating. An undated letter from late May or early June 1894, dictated to his wife (it is in her handwriting) and addressed to Richard Wetherill, begins, "My health has not been good this last month. I have not been out of my bed since May 5th except the last days." Then in the fall of that year, following a prolonged balloon flight during which he caught cold, he suffered a severe relapse of tuberculosis. He grew worse during the winter, and near the end his doctors prescribed an extended stay at a sanatorium north of Stockholm. Accompanied by his wife and parents, he set out by train for the sanatorium. But he never reached his destination. Gustaf Nordenskiold succumbed during the train ride, June 5, 1895, at Morsil Station; he was not yet twenty-seven years old.

FOLLOWING THE COLUMBUS JUBILEE exhibition in Spain, most of Nordenskiold's Mesa Verde collection was acquired (probably purchased) by a wealthy physician, Dr. Herman Fritiof Antell of Helsinki, who later willed it to the people of Finland. Today it is housed in Finland's National Museum. (Nordenskiold himself had strong ties with Finland; although Swedish, his ancestors had lived in Finland for several generations until his father was exiled from the Russian-dominated land in 1857 for political reasons.)

The catalog of the collection lists some 613 items ranging from three mummies to tools, ceramics, and remnants of clothing and food. There are also some highly unusual items for a collection of this era, which point once again to Nordenskiold's bent for picking up every possible scrap of evidence, even if its meaning could not immediately be deciphered. He saved, for instance, a specimen of desiccated human excrement (an excavator today would have it analyzed for content as an indication of diet), a small quantity of wood ash from a firepit, some dust and small trash from a room floor, and numerous specimens of unworked twigs and bark.

Mesa Verde is now a national park. In 1958 the National Park Service, assisted by the National Geographic Society, began an intensive excavation project to help unravel the many mysteries of prehistoric life in the Colorado cliff dwellings. And two years later, Charlie Steen, then regional archaeologist for the Park Service, went to Finland to evaluate the Nordenskiold collection and discuss its possible return. "At first," Steen says, "it was thought there was a chance to have the collection returned. The Finnish consul for the Southwestern United States thought it would be a good idea." But the consul was unaware of the importance placed on the artifacts by officials of the National Museum. There, Steen says, "they are quite proud of the Mesa Verde collection, and there was vigorous head shaking as soon as the suggestion [to return it] was made." Subsequently, based on Steen's appraisal of the material, the Park Service decided that while the collection was a good one, it contained nothing that was not represented or duplicated in the Park Service's own collection (currently a staggering 43,000 artifacts, most of them unearthed at Mesa Verde during the cooperative Park Service–National Geographic effort), and no further action has been taken to acquire it. And Steen adds, "I did not make an issue of returning the material to the country because I have long felt that as long as we have Greek and Egyptian artifacts, the Europeans certainly should have some of ours." **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

This article is based principally on Gustav Nordenskiold's letters and diary, which were translated into English and incorporated into a short unpublished biography by his son-in-law, Dr. Olaf Arrhenius. Following a visit to Mesa Verde in 1960, Arrhenius and his wife, Nordenskiold's only child, donated this biographical material to the park, and it is used through the courtesy of the National Park Service. The author is especially grateful to Charlie Steen, who generously loaned his personal file of research material, including his evaluation of the Mesa Verde collection in Finland. He answered many technical questions, and his help was invaluable in the preparation of this manuscript.

Also useful were Frank McNitt's *Richard Wetherill: Anasazi* (1957), Al Wetherill's posthumously published antobiography, *The Wetherills of the Mesa Verde*, edited by Maurine S. Fletcher (1977), and, of course, Gustaf Nordenskiold's own *Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde* (1893).

Patricia Condon Johnston *is a free-lance writer living in Afton, Minnesota. Much of her writing reflects her special interest in the history of the American West.*

One of Nordenskiold's rancher hosts (probably Richard Wetherill) lends scale to a view of Balcony House, which the scientist considered to be the best preserved of all ruins at Mesa Verde. Nordenskiold entered this dwelling only after "a break-neck climb"; today visitors at Mesa Verde National Park must mount a thirty-foot ladder to reach it.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUSTAF NORDENSKIOLD, FROM "THE CLIFF DWELLERS OF THE MESA VERDE," 1893

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WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park, which commemorates the 1897 Alaska gold rush, has begun the stabilization and restoration of fifteen historic structures at **Skagway, Alaska,** including the White Pass and Yukon Railroad Depot, the Mascot Saloon, and the Martin Itjen House. Restoration efforts have been hampered, however, by a lack of period photographs, and park officials are appealing to the public for help. Individuals with photographs or information, as well as inquiries about the park itself, are asked to write the Superintendent, Klondike Gold Rush NHP, Box 517, Skagway, Alaska 99840.

The Western History Association's Nineteenth Annual Conference will be held October 17–20 in **San Diego,** with conference headquarters at the Holiday Inn at the Embarcadero. For conference information write William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557.

The third annual **Railroader's Folk Festival,** a one-day celebration of old railroad lore and skills, will be held on August 11 at **Golden Spike National Historic Site, Promontory, Utah.** Featured among dozens of attractions will be operating replicas of the Jupiter and 119, the locomotives that stood pilot to pilot when the transcontinental rails were united on May 10, 1869.

The renowned Mastai collection of **historic American flags** will be an added attraction at the **Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming,** this summer. This rare display is being brought to Cody through the sponsorship of the American Historic and Cultural Society, which held its board meeting and launched its 1979 Honor America program at the Historical Center on Flag Day, June 14, the same day the Center dedicated its new $3.75 million Plains Indian Museum. The flag exhibition, entitled "The Starry Flower of Liberty," represents over thirty years of collecting by Boleslaw and Marie-Louise d'Orange Mastai of New York.

The San Diego Historical Society has become the new guardian of the 140,000-negative **collection of San Diego photographs** amassed by the Title Insurance and Trust Company. The collection, the largest of its kind in the United States, includes photographs dating from 1878 to the present, as well as family albums, historical objects, and memorabilia.

Under sponsorship of the Cherokee National Historical Society, the eleventh annual **"Trail of Tears" Pageant** will be held at the Tsa-La-Gi Theater near **Tahlequah, Oklahoma,** through August 18.

The **Amon Carter Museum** in Fort Worth will feature an exhibit of 300 photographs of **American courthouses** from August 2 through September 2.

In the early years of this century, **radium manufacturing companies** flourished in western cities like **Denver, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.** One San Francisco firm made crocks containing radium, which were sold for their supposed curative powers. Buyers were instructed to store water in the crocks overnight, then drink six or eight glasses the next day. At the time radium was believed to cure anything from hemorrhoids to cancer, but today it is known that radium is the most long-lasting natural radioactive element on earth and can cause leukemia or bone cancer. Using old city directories to locate the now-defunct businesses, the Environmental Protection Agency is investigating the potential health hazard of the old sites, twenty-seven of which have been found in Denver alone.

The **Choctaw Nation** has received a federal grant to restore the **old Wheelock School** near Millerton in McCurtain County, Oklahoma. Once used to teach Indian children, the school will become a multipurpose training center operated by the Choctaw Nation.

Photographs of Alaskan Eskimos taken by **Edward S. Curtis** can be seen at the **Anchorage Historical Museum** in Alaska through September 2.

The Oakland Museum is participating in the restoration and redevelopment of Oakland's historic eighteen-block **Victorian Row,** built in the 1880s and once the commercial center of the California city. Aided by a $10,000 National Endowment for the Arts "Livable Cities" grant, the museum will establish a "storefront museum" where visitors can learn about Oakland's past, view exhibits relating to historic preservation, and begin walking tours of the Victorian Row area.

"Indian Images '79," the **Denver Museum of Natural History's second annual Native American craft show,** will be held August 2 through 6. Activities will include craft demonstrations, dancing, marionette shows, cooking sessions, and an exhibit of southwest Indian arts and crafts.

Dorsey Mansion State Monument, a nineteenth-century Victorian estate in **Colfax County, New Mexico,** will be open to the public on a regular basis for the first time this summer. Built between 1878 and 1886 by cattle baron and Arkansas senator Stephen W. Dorsey, the thirty-six room mansion was once renowned for its lavish splendor. Located on a dirt road twelve miles north of U.S. 56 and twenty-five miles east of Springer, the house is being restored by the Museum of New Mexico.

An exhibit of **southwest Indian weaving** will be on display through 1979 at the **Newark Museum** in Newark, New Jersey.

"Masterworks of Pueblo Pottery" commemorates the **Heard Museum**'s fiftieth year with a summer exhibition of choice pieces from the Phoenix museum's collection.

The **Western Heritage Museum in Omaha** will feature "Workers and Allies: Female Participation in the American Trade Union Movement" through September 6. Based on new research, the exhibit of photographs, drawings, and news stories focuses on **women in the labor movement** from 1824 to the present. **AW**

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

HANTA YO: AN AMERICAN SAGA

Reviewed by Jack Burrows

Hanta Yo: An American Saga *by Ruth Beebe Hill (Doubleday, New York, 1979; 834 pp., glossary, $14.95).*

RARELY does a new book appear with such an intimidating blitz of enthusiastic publicity as Ruth Hill's *Hanta Yo* ("Clear the Way"), an "epic novel of the Sioux" that Hill chooses to term "documented fiction." It has been called the Indian answer to *Roots;* it will be made into a TV mini-series featuring Marlon Brando; it is expected by Hill and her editor, Lisa Drew, to become a classic; and *Smithsonian* magazine has called it a "blockbuster novel."

It is always difficult to separate the author from a highly acclaimed book. In Hill's case, it is impossible. An angular, aggressively confident, and tough-talking woman of sixty-five, Hill is a staunch conservative, an uncompromising individualist, and a disciple of Ayn Rand (she believes she was Dominique of *The Fountainhead*). Thirty years of immurement among books, documents, records, and on Indian reservations (she interviewed a thousand Indians) before producing *Hanta Yo* was not a humbling experience for Hill. "Nobody else," she declares, "ever told the story from the inside, using the ancient Sioux language to develop the Indians' . . . view." It is a story she believes to be "free of white prejudice and perspective."

The photographs of Hill that have appeared consciously or subconsciously portray her in the foreground, while her Sioux collaborator of the last fourteen years, Chunksa Yuha, lurks deferentially behind, usually in feathered regalia, a kind of academic Tonto as visual affirmation of Hill's Lone Rangering in Sioux country. But Chunksa Yuha is a bilingual, college-educated Indian with whose assistance Hill translated her manuscript into archaic Dakota, then back into the English of Webster's 1806 dictionary. This, says Hill, is a reflection of what she calls the "Indian altitude of mind," though what "altitude" means here is not precisely clear. But Hill has learned the Sioux dialect and acquired such awesome knowledge of Sioux culture that she demands one's guilty respect. We are exhorted to enter the Indian world of her creation "uncritically, without vanity," and to view it from the inside.

The story is of a small band of Teton Sioux who shifted and hunted seasonally between the Missouri River and the Black Hills from 1769 to 1834, all the while remaining aloof and pristine against the encroachments of white Americans. What emerges, however, and contrary to Hill's promise of an Indian world "free of white perspective," is a band of Noble Savages who are manipulated to reflect Hill's own belief in unfettered individualism, rather than a real people who actually observed a complex, integrated, and communal way of life. In effect, modern America's failure to accept Hill/Rand's own brand of individualism has been remedied by gratuitously imposing it on this tiny group of Sioux, whom Hill claimed as "mine" when she discovered them in her research, and whom she proclaims to be "the spiritual source not only of the American Indian but of America itself." And when the rape–seduction of the girl–child Hinziwin, by Olepi, the Mahto band leader, takes place in a cave, it is Rourke raping Dominique in *The Fountainhead*. Both women resist; both look forward to it happening.

There is little danger that the reader will identify with such one-dimensional characters, each of whom, contrary to Sioux ethnography, pursues his own individual and mystical quest. There is no Kunta Kinte here for whom we cower against the ax and lash. With the exception, perhaps, of Napewáste, wife of Olepi, and Ahbleza, who reminds one of an uncontaminated Chingachgook, the Mahto band is an unlovable lot. The personal ambitions, selfishness, murderousness, and lust that characterize them as they follow Hill's rather than tribal inclinations, do not evoke our sympathy, especially when offered up in a convoluted prose style that drains one of all emotion. The use of etymological interpretations of Lakota terms for flora and fauna, and especially for animals—"traveling dog" (coyote), "tall ears" (rabbit)—sends one thumbing between the long glossary and the 812-page text, only to forget the translation from the former and to lose one's place in the latter.

Hill is certain of a reckoning with ethnohistorians, who will question, for example, the obligatory performance of an act of oral copulation on the *wapiya* ("sacred man") by the aspirant to the *winkte* ceremony for "man who wants to be woman"; the assumption that the Dakota moved suddenly westward from the Mississippi Valley in 1750; the assertion that no comparable concepts exist in the Dakota language for such words as *assume, forgive, believe,* and *because.*

Hill's thesis is not so much the passing of the Indian world as it is what she perceives to be the passing of their individualism and perhaps, allegorically, our own. No matter. For her, the Indian disappeared in 1835. She has no use for the activist Native Americans and strongly opposes today's Indian movements led by "Indians with makeup from the Avon lady," as she puts it. "Do I feel guilty about the land?" she asks. "Hell, no, I do not." AW

Jack Burrows teaches Indian history and culture at San Jose Community College.

"Harry caught me and that hammer-headed horse of mine just right."

JOHN WAYNE, *THE MARSHAL*

In 1969, *Time* magazine commissioned Harry Jackson, the Master artist of The American West, to do a cover portrait of John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn in *True Grit*.

The resulting bronze sculpture, titled *The Marshal*, was acquired by John Wayne. Since then he has added six other Harry Jackson bronzes to his collection, joining a growing list of well-known Jackson collectors*.

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Nolan Saltzman

12¼" long, 11⅛" high, 4¾" wide, on a base designed by Harry Jackson (not shown).

*Harry Jackson's art has been collected by such names as Richard K. Mellon, H. Roland Harriman, Jacques Lipchitz, and the Queen of England.

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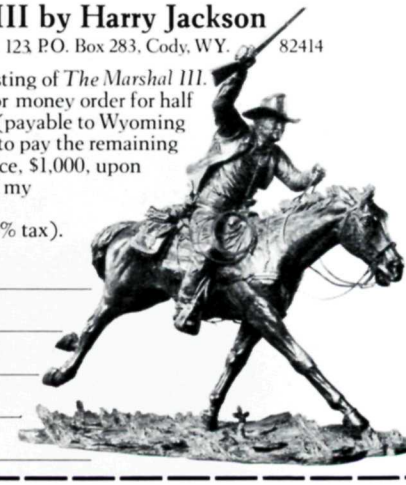

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WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde *by Gustaf Nordenskiold (Rio Grande Press, Glorieta, New Mexico 87535, 1979; 382 pp., illus., maps, appen., index, $25.00 hardcover, $15.00 paper).*

Gustaf Nordenskiold's excavations at Mesa Verde in 1891 (described on pages 34–43 of this issue) were significant as the first scientific investigations of these ancient Colorado ruins; his resulting 1893 report is a classic of scholarly research. This reprint of the now-rare volume has been supplemented with a foreword by Mesa Verde Park superintendent Ron Switzer and introductions by archaeologist Charlie Steen and anthropologist Robert H. Lister. The book's numerous illustrations are also enhanced by the addition of sixty-four color photographs from National Park Service files and two new maps.

Lincoln and the Indians: Civil War Policy and Politics by David A. Nichols *(University of Missouri, Columbia, 1978; 223 pp., illus., biblio., index, $16.00).*

Focusing on Lincoln and his Washington subordinates, this scholarly study stresses that Indian affairs were complexly linked with Civil War issues.

Of Wolves and Men *by Barry Holstun Lopez (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1978; 309 pp., illus., biblio., index, $14.95).*

A study of the wolf both as an animal and as the product of human imaginings, this fine book should interest all concerned with western wildlife.

A Companion to California *by James D. Hart (Oxford University Press, New York, 1978; 504 pp., maps, chronological index, $22.50).*

An extraordinarily wide-ranging and useful reference book, this encyclopedia of California history, culture, and the contemporary scene was compiled by the director of the University of California's Bancroft Library.

The Emigrant's Guide to the Gold Mines *by Henry I. Simpson with a prologue and epilogue by Franz R. Dykstra (Headframe Publishing Co., Haverford, Pennsylvania, 1978; 81 pp., illus., map, limited edition, $100.00).*

This beautifully produced volume reprints an enthusiastic but erroneous guide to the California gold fields, which was first published in 1848 as an aid to gold-seekers. The guide is described in the prologue by Franz R. Dykstra as a "classic exercise in imaginative misinformation."

The Village Indians of the Upper Missouri: The Mandans, Hidatsas, and Arikaras *by Roy W. Meyer (University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1977; 354 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $14.95).*

This first comprehensive study of the Three Affiliated Tribes from prehistoric times to the present emphasizes their interaction with whites and the cultural changes that resulted.

Rendezvous *by Rick Steber, Don Gray, and Jerry Gildemeister (Bear Wallow Publishing, Union, Oregon, 1978; unpaged, illus., notes, $27.50).*

In this imaginative large-format book, northeast Oregon's past is evoked through fine artwork, photographs, and stories of the Indians, trappers, gold seekers, and settlers who once lived there.

Objects of Bright Pride: Northwest Coast Indian Art from the American Museum of Natural History *by Allen Wardwell (Center for Inter-American Relations and the American Federation of the Arts, New York, distributed by the University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1979; 128 pp., illus., map, biblio., appen., $17.95 paper).*

This exceptionally beautiful exhibition catalogue depicts and describes objects from the American Museum of Natural History's magnificent collection, many of which have never before been seen by the public or even photographed.

Grand and Ancient Forest: The Story of Andrew P. Hill and Big Basin Redwoods State Park *by Carolyn de Vries (Valley Publishers, Fresno, 1978; 100 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $3.95 paper).*

In 1900 a San Jose artist/photographer began a campaign to save the giant redwoods of the Big Basin region in California's Santa Cruz Mountains; this well-researched and interesting book tells his story.

A Guide to Historic Places in Los Angeles County, *prepared under the auspices of the History Team of the Los Angeles American Revolution Bicentennial Committee, Judson A. Grenier, chief editor (Kendall/Hunt Publishing, Dubuque, Iowa, 1978; 324 pp., illus., maps, index, $4.95).*

Much more than an ordinary guidebook, this well-planned and comprehensive manual recounts the history of the region and describes 450 points of historic interest. All royalties from this bargain-priced volume go for historic preservation.

Half Moon Bay Memories: The Coastside's Colorful Past *by June Morrall (Moonbeam Press, P.O. Box 802, El Granada, California 94018, 1978; 176 pp., illus., $11.95).*

This attractive book, well-laced with period photographs, recounts the history of Northern California's San Mateo coast.

Exploring Washington Archaeology *by Ruth Kirk with Richard D. Daugherty (University of Washington, Seattle, 1978; 112 pp., illus., maps, index, $12.95 cloth, $5.95 paper).*

A survey of archaeological findings in Washington State, this well-illustrated book includes an account of the discovery of a mastodon on the Olympic Peninsula, with a bone spear in its rib proving that early people lived in the region some 12,000 years ago.

Continued on page 58

WESTERN BOOK REVIEWS

The Outlaw Trail: A Journey Through Time *by Robert Redford, photographs by Jonathan Blair (Grossett & Dunlap, New York, 1978; 223 pp., illus., index, $25.00).*

Reviewed by Stephen Mikesell

THE LARGE READING PUBLIC for illustrated books on western history and landscape will welcome this fine work by Robert Redford and Jonathan Blair. Redford's prose is straightforward but filled with the delightfully unexpected; Blair's photography is lavish and romantic. Together they compose an exceptionally attractive book.

The Outlaw Trail connected a series of hideouts along a spine of plain and plateau in Montana and Wyoming, and through South Pass and the canyonland of Utah and Arizona. It is recalled chiefly for its association with the Wild Bunch and Hole-in-the-Wall Gang, turn of the century syndicates popularized in Hollywood films, most successfully in Redford's own *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.

Redford's treatment of this trail is at once a history and a historical travelogue, or "journey through time." Redford recounts the most interesting events occurring along the trail, his narrative illustrated by a fine collection of historical photographs. The bulk of the book's prose and photography, however, documents a trip taken by Redford and others, on horseback and in the chill of late autumn, down the greater part of the Outlaw Trail.

The region with which Redford and Blair are concerned has, to a remarkable degree, preserved important remnants of the Old West, physical as well as spiritual, geographical as well as human. These Old West values, however, are in Redford's view jeopardized, not only by vandals who deface old outlaw cabins and corrals, but by the government and electric utilities whose dams and power plants deface the pristine and fragile ecosystems of the region. The loss of historical artifacts, our physical links with the past, and their natural setting will, in Redford's view, separate Americans from an important part of their heritage. A Wyoming old-timer, lamenting that the Hole-in-the-Wall country might be flooded, leads Redford to write: "He sounded sad and bitter. I thought there is something unhappy here, something unsettling like a great spirit being broken."

This articulate and attractive book pleads the case of a region *in toto*—its history, landscape, and people—arguing for its protection from "our need to expand and grow at any cost." AW

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

Water Trails West *by the Western Writers of America, edited and with an introduction by Donald Dukes (Doubleday, New York, 1978; 285 pp., illus., index, $12.95).*

Reviewed by Merrill J. Mattes

WATER TRAILS WEST is identified as "a group project, each chapter painstakingly researched, written and contributed by a member of Western Writers of America, a non-profit organization whose purpose is to encourage high-quality achievement in the various fields of western writing." It is an informal but highly literate and accurate overview of the role of water transportation in America's westward expansion.

The "West" interpreted here begins pretty far back East, with two canals, the Erie, and the Chesapeake and Ohio, as well as the Ohio River, the Great Lakes, and the "Great Canoe Trail" of the Canadians. Even so, twelve of the eighteen chapters relate to the trans-Mississippi frontier scene, ranging from the Arkansas, the Missouri, and the Red River of the North to the Horn, the Isthmus, Puget Sound, and the Yukon. Wherever anything, from pirogues to sailing vessels, could be propelled, it's covered. About the only major western river omitted is the Platte, where (except for an abortive navigational effort by fur

traders) travel was strictly along its banks.

The best thing about this book is its admirable collection of illustrations, consisting of about one hundred contemporary sketches and some two hundred photographs. These are all well captioned, and the archival sources fully credited. Equally impressive is the well-designed cover and colorful jacket, portraying the immortal paddle-wheel steamboat, the *Robert E. Lee.*

With this acknowledgment of the book's virtues, it may seem churlish to mention two trivial "boners." The modern view of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, page 57, should read "two centuries," not "two decades," after George Washington's dream. The illustration of Ware's *Emigrant Guide* opposite page 175 is ill-chosen, for it relates solely to the central overland or dry-land route. But since these are the only nits I could find to pick, despite diligent search, I remain firm in my general conclusion that this is high-quality popular history. Furthermore, in an age of escalating costs of everything, especially books, the price tag of this handsome volume seems quite modest. **AW**

Merrill J. Mattes, formerly chief of historic preservation for the National Park Service and now a historical consultant, is the author of Great Platte River Road *and many other books and articles on the frontier West.*

Along the Ramparts of the Tetons: The Saga of Jackson Hole, Wyoming *by Robert B. Betts (Colorado Associated University Press, Boulder, 1978; 249 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $15.00 cloth, $6.95 paper).*

The Grand Tetons: The Story of the Men Who Tamed the Western Wilderness *by Margaret Sanborn (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1978; 320 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $10.95).*

Reviewed by Ferol Egan

ANY ATTEMPT to capture the wild beauty of the Grand Tetons and Jackson Hole is doomed by the country itself. Yet Betts has come as close as any writer to date.

Along the Ramparts of the Tetons avoids the obvious pitfalls of geology and paleontology, and directs its focus upon the people who have come and gone.

The past of the fur trade when Bridger, the Sublettes, Meek, and other mountain men met here in passing—for this was not rendezvous country—forms a major part of this narrative history. So, too, does the relationship between the mountain men and the Indians, for they met to trade, to love, and to raise plain hell until that foolish battle of Pierre's Hole on the western side of the Tetons.

But after the beaver hat went out of style, the Tetons and Jackson Hole remained quiet and almost untouched. Then just prior to the Civil War, Jim Bridger guided army explorers in search of the headwaters of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. But Bridger and Captain Raynolds didn't get along, and the expedition never reached its goal. Instead, the group dropped into Jackson Hole by way of Union Pass. Here, they lost one man in crossing the Snake River, then drifted out of the valley by way of Teton Pass, with mutual disgust between Bridger and Raynolds.

Still, the country of constant beauty remained almost untouched. Nick Wilson, who had once lived with the Shoshonis, came over Teton Pass and eventually established the present village of Wilson. "Beaver Dick" Leigh and his wife, Jenny, were settled in the valley when the Hayden Survey came through in 1872. Four years later, Leigh endured a terrible ordeal that saw his beautiful Jenny—for whom the lake is named—and their children die of smallpox. In his rough English, he kept a journal of that sad time, and it is a frontier classic.

For mountain climbers there is a good account of the early attempts to scale the Grand Teton. For those intrigued with incredible foolishness, there is the story of Lieutenant Doane's futile attempt to explore the already explored Snake River by boat in mid-winter. For presidential buffs, there is a chapter devoted to the 1883 summer vacation of President Chester A. Arthur, who left a trail of empty bottles. For those interested in the valley's settlement, there are chapters about early pioneers, rustlers, the elk refuge, and the battle to include more than the Tetons in what became the Grand Teton National Park. For conservationists, there is a perceptive glimpse of the ecological problems facing today's residents and tourists.

As an added bonus, Betts has included a fine gallery of historical pictures and present-day shots of this incredible land. One could wish for a better map, but that is a slight flaw—almost like a necessary flaw to avoid perfection.

In contrast, Margaret Sanborn's *The Grand Tetons* stands as a more traditional but well-researched history. She has done a thorough job of tracking down the bits and pieces of a wild land. And her book serves as a good companion to the more colorful work of Robert Betts.

Continued on page 52

The major flaw in Sanborn's history is the total lack of a map, and the publisher is to be faulted for this.

Together, *Along the Ramparts of the Tetons* and *The Grand Tetons* give a fine narrative picture of a magnificent land of daily contrasts. AW

Ferol Egan's latest books are Frémont: Explorer for a Restless Nation *and* The Taste of Time, *a novel of the West. His recently completed novel of the Mother Lode,* The Jimtown Boys, *will be published in 1980.*

Herbert Eugene Bolton: The Historian and the Man, 1870–1953 *by John Francis Bannon (University of Arizona, Tucson, 1978; 315 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, index, $8.95 paper, $15.00 cloth.)*

Reviewed by Harlan Hague

IN HIS FOREWORD, Lawrence Kinnaird calls Herbert Eugene Bolton "the most innovative historian of America." Following the example of Frederick Jackson Turner, his mentor, Bolton pioneered a new field focusing on the role of Spain in American history. He set himself the task of doing for Spain what Parkman had done for France. No one is better suited to tell Bolton's story than John Francis Bannon, today's leading interpreter of the American Southwest and himself one of Bolton's "boys."

In spite of a staggering workload at University of California in administration, teaching and directing the Bancroft Library, Bolton's research and publication were enormous. Infected with that malady of the ambitious great, overextension, he engaged in monumental struggles with publishers. The volumes that appeared regularly verified that delays were due to his meticulous attention to accuracy, never to neglect.

Bolton was the first to reveal the treasure of materials on United States history in the archives of Mexico and Spain, adopting a pattern of publishing source documents and monographs side by side. He considered fieldwork essential to his writing and was never happier than when he was "on the ground" and "trailing."

Bolton's perpetual evangelism had a mixed reception. His "Greater America" concept, which viewed the history of the western hemisphere as a unity, was not widely adopted. Bannon demonstrates that Bolton in fact did not consider the concept a thesis, as critics have suggested, but simply a device to show students and colleagues "wider horizons of American history."

The idea behind Bolton's work on Spanish expansion northward from Mexico, on the other hand, has thrived as the Spanish Borderlands. Bannon convincingly establishes Bolton's influence in adding this new dimension to the early history of the United States, his contribution extending to geography, cartography, and ethnology as well.

Bolton's story is inspiring and Father Bannon's writing is superb. The near-legendary Bolton is once again a man, albeit an extraordinary one. This is a balanced, scholarly, and highly readable biography. Detailing the unfolding drama of Spain in America and the making of one of the most influential American historians, it is also an important contribution to historiography. The book includes a useful chronology of Bolton's life, and listings of his publications and academic progeny. If this is not the last word on Bolton, someone has an exceedingly difficult task ahead. AW

Harlan Hague teaches western and environmental history at San Joaquin Delta College in California. He is the author of Road to California: The Search for a Southern Overland Route, 1540–1848.

Grand Canyon: An Anthology *compiled by Bruce Babbitt, foreword by Robert C. Euler (Northland Press, Flagstaff, 1978; 258 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $14.95).*

Reviewed by Richard G. Lillard

AS A SCHOLAR, Bruce Babbitt is clearly a master of the scientific, historical, and literary works about the Grand Canyon. As a compiler he has chosen twenty writers and organized his selections as best he could under loose topics that inevitably overlap.

These are "Discovery and Exploration," basic accounts by men like J. C. Ives and John Wesley Powell; "The Visual Image," set-piece descriptions by Clarence Dutton, John Charles Van Dyke, and Mary Austin; "Through Tourist Eyes," with notable passages from J. B. Priestley, Wallace Stegner, and others; "The Scientists," including E. D. McKee and Robert C. Euler; and the catchall "A Sense of Personal Adventure," which has proper room for Theodore Roosevelt, Zane Grey, Edward Abbey, and Colin Fletcher, the man who made "the first non-stop hike" along the length of the twisting canyon.

Despite the anthology's unity of subject, it of necessity lacks consistency in style and point-of-view. For instance, Edwin Corle is coy and breezy about miners, guides, and tourists. Dutton, who preferred "chasm" to "canyon," writes carefully and extensively about the problem of describing scenery. Priestley writes with thoughtful eloquence of his trip down to the canyon bottom at Phantom Ranch. Abbey is brisk, impudent, and vivid about a river trip.

Some writers extol and praise all they see. Others, notably Stegner on the ruined paradise of the Havasupais and William J. Breed on changes brought about by Americans, especially the builders of Glen Canyon Dam, raise sad questions concerning the present and the future.

The bibliography is aimed at lay readers. The illustrations, a unifying feature, are all from the collection, now historical, of photographs taken by the Kolb brothers during the early decades of the present century. The one thing seriously missing in this attractive volume is a map, or maps, to help a reader follow the writers' routes on canyon slopes or river waters.

Babbitt, a third-generation Arizonan and at present governor of the state, has competently presented the gorge that he sums up as "two thousand square miles of chromatic rock wilderness, sealed off from mechanical vehicles by a thousand miles of vertical limestone cliffs." AW

Richard G. Lillard is coauthor, with Elna Bakker, of The Great Southwest *and author of* Desert Challenge: An Interpretation of Nevada *and* Eden in Jeopardy, *about environmental changes in Southern California.*

Growing Up with California: A History of California's Children *by John E. Baur (Will Kramer Publisher, 3111 Kelton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90034; 444 pp., intro., notes, index, $22.50 paper).*

Reviewed by Robert W. Blew

PROFESSOR BAUR'S BOOK covers far more than his title suggests. Not only does he present a history of childhood in California and of attitudes toward children from the Indian era to the 1890s, but he also investigates many of the social problems of each period.

The volume follows a chronological pattern, beginning with a look at the very permissive Indian childhood. Following this are chapters on the rancho period, overland travel, life in the mines, growing up in California's earliest cities, and farm life. Each chapter includes a study of one of the major problems of the period, depicting what happened to the Indians

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To Help Preserve American Indian Heritage

Ceremonial chants echo through narrow canyons... Brightly-dyed porcupine quills dangle from deerskin robes... Dark-eyed hunters scan the sun-baked plains... Smoke from tipis rides the wind, while buffalo raise their shaggy heads to sniff the breeze...

This is part of the story of the Plains Indians. The story of a young America, when strong, rhythmically-named tribes—the Sioux, Shoshoni, Cheyenne—roamed the open prairie.

The great tribes no longer wander in search of buffalo, but much of their lore—and their magic—remain. To help preserve their history, The Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, has opened a new Plains Indian Wing. Here you'll find the costumes, tribal medicines, weapons, ceremonial items—the artifacts and history of these native Americans.

Take a walk through the new West and step, for awhile, into the Old West. Visit the new Plains Indian Museum, Cody, Wyoming.

Husky

under the missions, the problems of inadequate medical care, the extreme materialism and corruption of morals during the excesses of the mining period, and a study of Indian slavery and of the destruction of the Indian in the state.

In addition to viewing attitudes toward young people, Baur also investigates their education. Although there is a chapter on early schools that stresses the formal education available, each section explores less formal learning. Baur illustrates how the young Indian and Hispanic learned by imitating their elders, how street urchins were "apprenticed" by older ragamuffins, and how young country lads learned by actual experience.

The research is obvious, but it never clouds the flow of the narrative. The notes indicate the multitude of sources upon which the author drew. This extensive documentation prevents factual errors; the few that do exist are more the result of careless editing.

Unfortunately, the format of the book counters its excellence; its appearance is unappealing. The typescript appearance with irregular right-hand margins and mimeographed look makes one hesitate to purchase or read it. It is hoped, however, that many readers will ignore the visual impact of the work and avail themselves of this well-documented and well-written study of California society. AW

Robert W. Blew teaches history in the Los Angeles City School District.

1906 SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE (SEE "CALIFORNIA QUAKE" BELOW)

California Quake *by Larry L. Meyer (Sherbourne Press, Nashville, 1977; 182 pp., illus., index, $8.95).*

Reviewed by Nicholas Rosa

FOR SEVERAL DECADES one did not discuss earthquakes in California. It might be polite to allude to the San Francisco Fire of 1906, but the term *earthquake* had the status of a scatalogical word. This etiquette eroded through the Santa Barbara incident of 1925, the Long Beach unpleasantness of 1933, and other noteworthy events. Nowadays, of course, Californians are almost as liberated about earthquakes as they are about sex. Even so, as Larry L. Meyer says, they are divided between "confirmed optimists who try to prepare for the worst and the featherless ostriches who'd rather stick their heads into the adobe of the Promised Land."

Either way, Californians seem fatalistic about earthquakes. They stay, even in houses that straddle the San Andreas Fault. They stay, knowing that The Scientists—the seismologists who cluster so thickly in the Golden State—never question whether California will writhe through another Big One. They only worry about exactly where and when. They expect it in the geological *now:* our lifetime, our children's lifetimes.

Meyer's coverage of the prospect is superb: calm, judicious, witty, and admirably comprehensive in its brevity. He begins with an excellent history of California shakeups from the arrival of the Spaniards down past that 1971 day of falling freeway overpasses and crumbling hospitals in the San Fernando Valley. He then offers a history of seismology and an exploration of causes and effects. His writing on these topics is among the clearest and most accurate expositions ever in print, as is his discussion of progress toward scientific earthquake prediction. He concludes with a practical chapter on "getting ready for the big one," though he must be aware that most Californians won't bother. As he observes, California contains so many people of Northern European backgrounds who just know that all that sunshine and fun have to be paid for somehow. Not to mention all that sinful wine. AW

Nicholas Rosa is a science writer who lives in Los Gatos, California, a few miles east of the San Andreas Fault.

America's Sunset Coast *by Merrill Windsor, photographed by James A. Sugar (National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C., 1978; 211 pp., illus., index, biblio., $5.75).*

Reviewed by Harry Hoogesteger

A VAST rolling expanse of sea, six thousand miles of blue green Pacific water, crashes every day against the west coast of America from Southern California to Vancouver Island. A new National Geographic Society publication, *America's Sunset Coast* by Merrill Windsor, takes us down to that bountiful shore to discover its hidden mysteries and delights.

Starting in sunny San Diego, never venturing more than a few miles from the ocean, Windsor winds his way north, exploring the beaches, cities, and forests along that slender ribbon of surf, sand, and rock all the way to Cape Flattery at the northern tip of Washington.

Bustling, year-round playground cities in Southern California gradually give way to peaceful Monterey and spectacular Point Lobos, called by one observer "the grandest meeting of land and water in the world." Northern California seems calmer, less frenetic, with cooling North Pacific currents bringing more rainfall to kaleidoscopic San Francisco and the majestic redwoods.

In Oregon, timber, sand dunes, and pastures dominate the rugged shoreline. In Washington, long miles of beaches remain completely wild, untouched by man; the largest city on this coast has fifteen hundred people.

Along the way, Windsor encounters a diverse group of people; many wresting a living from the coast's raw elements, some simply lured by the tangy exhilaration of salt air, all unshakably aware of the awesome sea at their shoulder. We meet a lighthouse keeper in northern California, a dairy farmer in Oregon, a solitary biologist pursuing cancer research on the shore of the Evergreen State—all sharing a common bond. "They are conscious of the ocean," Windsor writes. "I have known people who live in the woods yet never focus on a tree trunk or leaf; people who live in the desert yet never try to understand it. . . . But the people I met who live beside the sea are

aware of it, appreciate it, study it, love it, and fear it."

The photographs of the Sunset Coast by James A. Sugar are lavish, opulent. The book brings us down to the beaches to pause, admire, reflect. In its pages, we dangle our toes in the ocean, hear raucous gulls wheeling overhead, breathe the moist, clean ocean air. One coastal resident summed up the attraction rather well: "Just being by an ocean is comforting."

Harry Hoogesteger is a free-lance writer who lives on the Sunset Coast in Gold Beach, Oregon.

The Bonanza Kings: The Social Origins and Business Behavior of Western Mining Entrepreneurs, 1870–1900 *by Richard H. Peterson (University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1977; 207 pp., charts, biblio., appen., notes, index, $9.95).*

Reviewed by Thomas F. Andrews

THE POPULAR VIEW that the real heroes of the western mining frontier were the individual prospectors, the "jackass miners" with pick and pan, has long obscured the more enduring and creative contributions of the industrial mining entrepreneurs, the bonanza kings, who had more in common with the eastern industrial elites than with the romanticized, red-flanneled "sourdoughs." Mining during the last three decades of the nineteenth century was big business, and its success often depended upon the manner in which property, labor, capital, and technology could be acquired and effectively coordinated. This is the subject of Richard Peterson's study, the first comprehensive investigation of the social and business characteristics of fifty successful western "owners of mines, mills and/or smelters in the precious and related nonprecious metals mining industry." His research is extensive; his findings convincing.

The fifty western mining leaders surveyed include such names as Bowers, Daly, Clark, Fair, Flood, Hammond, Tabor, Hill, Walsh, Heinze, and Hearst. Typically, the self-made bonanza king of the Gilded Age was native-born of British stock, raised in a lower- or middle-class small-business or family-farm environment, and received only a limited education. In contrast, his eastern industrial counterpart was born into an upper- or middle-class family and received a college education. This difference, Peterson suggests, vindicates Turner's assertion that the West provided greater opportu-

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nity for vertical social mobility.

Social origins aside, the business practices of the bonanza kings had much in common with those of their eastern counterparts: resolving legal disputes by compromise, preventing strikes by making concessions, and stressing long-term developments over speculative shortcuts. Here Peterson is at his best, and his conclusions must be considered by any serious student of the American West. AW

Thomas F. Andrews is a historian whose articles on overland migrations, the gold rush, and nineteenth-century California personalities have appeared in western journals.

Wind in the Rock *by Ann Zwinger (Harper & Row, New York, 1978; 270 pp., intro., illus., notes, index, $15.00).*

Reviewed by Gary Paul Nabhan

WIND IN THE ROCK penetrates beneath the surface beauty of Utah's canyon country. Ann Zwinger guides us among the shaping forces of this beauty: climate, geology, history, and the capabilities of the human senses. Bizarre rock formations and thorny plants are not stage props as much as they are the drama itself—the earth speaking through geological and biological evolution.

Zwinger's fourth book concentrates on five side canyons of the San Juan River in the Four Corners area. The book is filled with scientific facts about canyon natural history, yet you hardly notice that you're being educated. The commentary, like Zwinger's hiking, proceeds largely at a leisurely pace. If a pool of water, a rock painting or a birdsong attract attention, you stop and savor the moment. The aches and ecstasies of backpacking come across as powerfully as the flashfloods, scree slopes and tortuous sun.

Archaeology is emphasized more in this book than any of Zwinger's previous works. The history of exploration in this region, the piecing together of cultural sequences, and the cliff dwellings themselves are all highlighted. In one episode, the author becomes an Anasazi woman making corrugated pottery. After enough time in canyon country, you either begin to feel you are being constantly watched by cliff dwellers, or you become one.

Rather than ignoring the ranching and mining eras as many naturalists do, Zwinger has sensitively covered their contributions to canyonlands history. We hear of a hard winter when stranded cowboys found enough corn in Anasazi granaries to keep their horses alive. We learn of the travels of mineral explorers in a country "measurably valueless, excepting nomadic purposes, hunting grounds for Indians, and to hold the world together." Zwinger maintains that this rock-dominated country holds the human spirit together too, allowing it to be shaped by wind, water and sun the way it has been for thousands of years. AW

Gary Paul Nabhan is an ethnobotanist and desert rat currently working among the Papago Indians on the Arizona-Sonora border.

The World, the Work, and the West of W.H.D. Koerner *by W. H. Hutchinson (University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1979; 243 pp., illus., biblio., appen., index, $35.00).*

Reviewed by William Gardner Bell

WESTERN ART'S high degree of visual, intellectual, emotional, and historical appeal has recently inspired the production of a number of major biographies of eminently worthy delineators of the genre. The decade of the seventies has brought us feature pictorial volumes on the life and work of N. C. Wyeth, Harold Von Schmidt, Frank Tenney Johnson, Maynard Dixon, Frank Schoonover, Ed Borein, Henry Farny, and William R. Leigh. During the same period there have been important books on other artists, prominent and obscure, living and dead, but the named group comprise a special class. Each participated in some way in a cultural era whose segments have been variously identified as the Golden Age of American Illustration, the Golden Age of Western Illustrating, and the Golden Age of American Popular Fiction. W. H. Hutchinson now brings W. H. D. Koerner into the fold.

William Henry David Koerner was born in Germany in 1878, raised on the west bank of the Mississippi River at Clinton, Iowa, studied at John Stich's Art School there, then pursued his formal training at Chicago's Art Institute, New York's Art Students League, and Howard Pyle's select school in Wilmington, Delaware. He worked while he studied, moving from the Chicago *Tribune's* art department into the lucrative Eastern magazine and book illustration field. He produced more than 2,400 items in his career, over half of them for the *Saturday Evening Post*, working in "the outdoor-action school" and "most of all its western genre" at a time when "who did the illustrations for popular fiction was almost as important as who wrote it."

"MADONNA OF THE PRAIRIE" BY W.H.D. KOERNER

And yet, despite the fact that Koerner was a friend and associate of such well-known artists as N. C. Wyeth, Frank Schoonover, Harvey Dunn, Gutzon Borglum, and Anton Otto Fischer, and illustrated such notable authors as Emerson Hough, Zane Grey, Stewart Edward White, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, and Oliver La Farge, he nevertheless slipped from view and has been little recognized, probably because the bulk of his work was isolated in family hands. One might hazard a guess that his painting, *The Madonna of the Prairie*, which graced the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post* of April 1, 1922 to launch the serialization of Emerson Hough's "The Covered Wagon," was better known than its artist creator. Several modern exhibits of his work, the reconstruction of his studio as a permanent part of the Whitney Gallery of Western Art at Cody, Wyoming, and most of all this book, will now right the balance.

Hutchinson was led to Koerner through his work as biographer and bibliographer of Eugene Manlove Rhodes. Koerner could not have wished for a more felicitous chronicler than the professor of history at California State University (Chico), who is the author of a dozen books and innumerable articles and reviews on Western subjects. In *W.H.D. Koerner* Hutchinson deals not only with the man and his works but with the cultural patterns that touched the artist in his times up to his death in 1938. Research, scope, sensitivity, and style are the book's hallmarks, and the seventy-odd black-and-white and thirty-four color illustrations reveal why Koerner is eligible to move comfortably from the field of illustration to the realm of fine art. AW

William Gardner Bell, author of the recently-published John Gregory Bourke: A Soldier-Scientist on the Frontier, *is an army historian and collector of western art.*

Fusang: The Chinese Who Built America
by Stan Steiner (Harper & Row, New York, 1979; 291 pp., biblio., index, $11.95).

Reviewed by Nono Minor

WAS AMERICA DISCOVERED by the Chinese long before the Vikings or Columbus? In his new book, "*Fusang: The Chinese Who Built America*," Stan Steiner examines this startling premise. From legends of ancient China through Spanish journals of the Conquistadores to the recorded history of our American West, this history book, which reads like exciting fiction, spans a time period from the fifth century to the present.

Steiner paints vivid word pictures, organizing a vast amount of material into three logical parts.

Part One tells of the Chinese discovery of Fusang (their name for the land later called America), describing their capacity as traders, colonists, and pioneers, and their superb seamanship. Part Two starts with accounts of the Chinese who sailed aboard Spanish galleons from Manila in the sixteenth century. Many took Spanish names, settling in Mexico City, Acapulco, Mazatlan, and California, bringing with them the skills and heritage of an ancient and advanced civilization. In 1788, Chinese helped the English build a fort on the Northwest Pacific coast and settled one of the first villages on Vancouver Island. Following the discovery of gold in California and later the building of the railroads, other Chinese came as laborers, escaping the poverty and famine that plagued China after the Opium Wars. Steiner documents the discrimination and abuse the Chinese endured in spite of the great contributions they had made to this country's development.

In the third section, Steiner contrasts the reality of the Chinatown ghettos with the illusion of the tourist's view and of the effect of urban change on the Chinese. He discusses the progress made by young Chinese-Americans, and their impressions after visiting the land of their ancestors.

Western history buffs will find this book full of information usually neglected. And it is a book all Chinese-Americans should read for the ancestral perspective it gives of a proud heritage. With bibliography and index, this book, like Mr. Steiner's "The New Indian," is one to learn from and to enjoy. **AW**

Nono Minor is a lecturer on American Indians and on the Chinese in the West, co-editor of a regional newsletter for the National Organization of Chinese-Americans in Washington, D.C.

WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 49)

Colorado Mining: A Photographic History *by Duane A. Smith (University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1977; 176 pp., illus., biblio., index, $13.50).*

In this interesting large-format book, historian Duane Smith combines an ample text with a fine group of historic photographs to describe Colorado mining from its 1850s beginning to the present.

The United States Marshals of New Mexico and Arizona Territories, 1846–1912 *by Larry D. Ball (University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1978; 315 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $12.50).*

In this thorough study, historian Larry D. Ball describes the sometimes exciting, sometimes mundane duties of the U.S. marshal and tells of the men who filled the post in the late-nineteenth century.

The American Walk Book: An Illustrated Guide to the Country's Major Historic and Natural Walking Trails from New England to the Pacific Coast *by Jean Craighead George (Dutton, New York, 1979; 301 pp., illus., maps, index, $13.95).*

A detailed introduction to walking in America, this guide, by a fine children's book author, includes the Santa Fe Trail, the Lewis and Clark Trail, the Oregon Trail, and many others.

Texas Annexation and the Mexican War: A Political Study of the Old Northwest *by Norman E. Tutorow (Chadwick House, Palo Alto, California, 1978; 320 pp., maps, notes, appen., biblio., index, $12.95).*

Focusing on Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan—the Old Northwest—as a microcosm of the nation, historian Tutorow examines causes and reactions to the Mexican War and the annexation of Texas.

A Guide to Architecture in Los Angeles and Southern California *by David Gebhard and Robert Winter (Peregrine Smith, Santa Barbara and Salt Lake City, 1977; 728 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $11.95 paper).*

Written with wit and deep affection, this comprehensive guide by two architectural historians covers the outstanding buildings, gardens, and parks of Southern California.

American Cities Chronology Series *edited by Howard B. Furer (Oceana Publications, Dobbs Ferry, New York, 1978; approx. 150 pp., biblio., index, $7.50 each).*

This just completed series covers twenty-one major American cities including Houston, San Francisco, Phoenix, and Los Angeles. Designed as a research tool for students and others, each volume contains a detailed chronology, a group of primary documents relating to the city's history, and an annotated bibliography.

Indian Kitsch *with photographs by Fritz Scholder (Northland Press, Flagstaff, in cooperation with the Heard Museum, Phoenix, 1979; 60 pp., illus., $8.50 paper).*

In this fascinating small book, Indian artist Fritz Scholder presents a series of photographs illustrating the "cultural pollution" of the Indian by commercialism and the mass media. Included are such images as Indian kewpie dolls made in Japan.

The Many Mizners: California Clan Extraordinary *edited by J. Camille Showalter (Oakland Museum, Oakland, 1978; 68 pp., illus., biblio., $8.50 paper).*

Published in conjunction with an Oakland Museum exhibit, this fascinating small book includes a dramatic 1853 Mizner letter about a shipwreck as well as four contemporary essays on this lively and unorthodox family.

Men of the Saddle: Working Cowboys of North America by Ted Grant and Andy Russell *(Van Nostrand Reinhold, Toronto, 1978; 192 pp., illus., $19.95).*

In this attractive book, the lifelike color and crisp black-and-white photographs of Ted Grant combine with the equally vivid words of Andy Russell to provide a lasting picture of a dying breed: the North American cowboy.

Coffee, Martinis, and San Francisco *by Ruth Bransten McDougall (Presidio Press, San Rafael, California, 1978; 199 pp., illus., $7.95 paper).*

Beginning with the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, a San Francisco woman describes, in vivid style, more than a half century of living in her beloved city. AW

OLD FAITHFUL INN

(Continued from page 17)

loggers" was the name used by Yellowstone's college-age employees for spooners, neckers, or, in today's terminology, those "making out.")

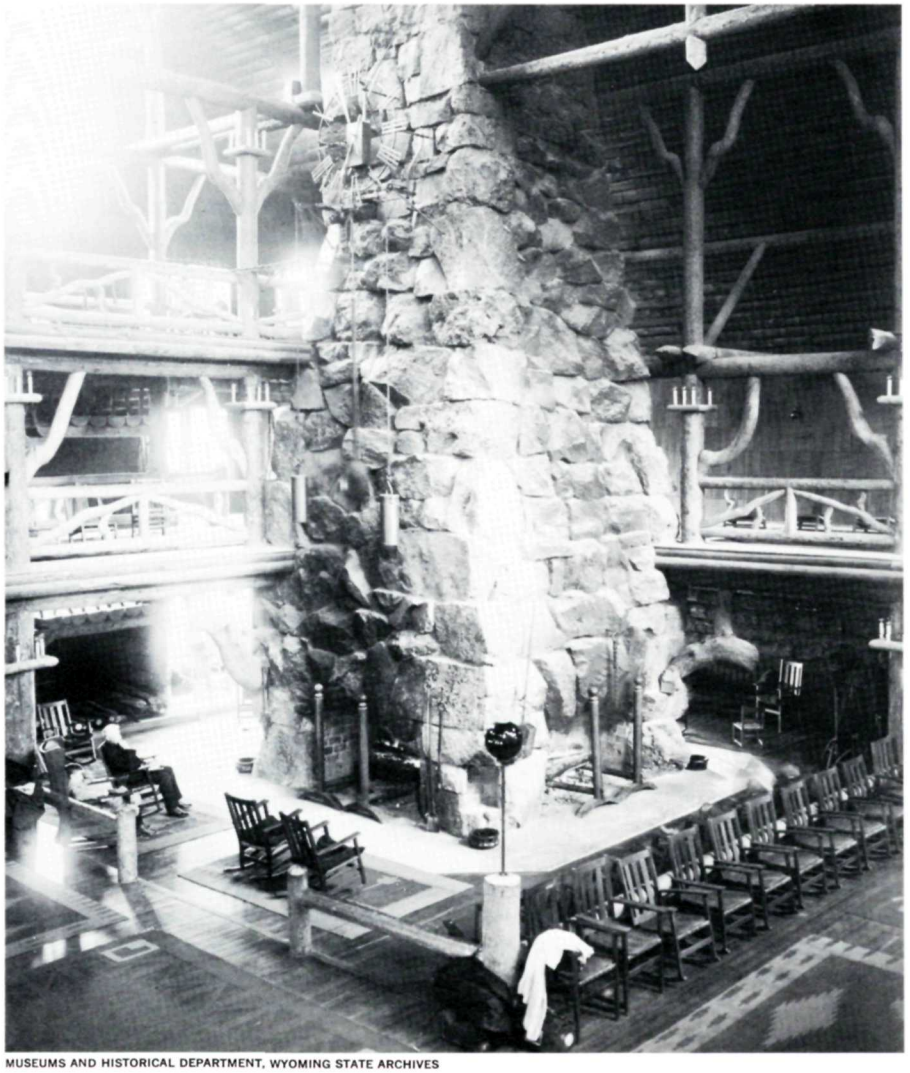
In 1913 and again in 1928 wings were added to the original building, but neither of these carried out the original motif beyond the rustic trim. In addition, men's and women's dormitories, a power house and a laundry, an engineer's cottage, a fire pump house, two bunkhouses, a tailor shop, a carpenter shop, a plumbing shop, a greenhouse, a chicken house, a hose house, five utility tunnels, several bridges, fences, walks, a wood lot, a stable, a water system, and a sewage system also were included from time to time in any inventory of Old Faithful Inn. Such a listing helps explain the heavy overhead involved in maintaining and operating it.

Fortunately, in spite of its inefficiency, Old Faithful Inn has remained standing and operational. No longer do horses clip-clop into the porte cochere and halt while excited tourists spill forth from the coaches. Now automobiles bring the great mass of Americans to see Old Faithful Geyser, and some to stay the night at the inn before traveling on.

But when today's visitors enter the lobby, something mysterious happens. Voices grow quieter. Body movements become more relaxed and smiles more genuine. Peacefulness and contentment envelop the guests. It is 1904 again. The wooden walls, the wrought-iron hardware, the rustic stairs, the high ceiling, and the massive fireplace bespeak of an earlier, more leisurely time. Something enters the subconscious, saying, "Calm down. Stay awhile. Old Faithful Inn welcomes you to tranquility." AW

Richard A. Bartlett, *professor of history at Florida State University, will spend the next academic year in Washington, D.C., completing an interpretive study of Yellowstone.*

Illustration below: Old Faithful Inn visitors of a half-century ago relax by one of the hotel's most imposing attractions —four enormous fireplaces topped by a five-hundred-ton volcanic rock chimney.



MUSEUMS AND HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT, WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES

VISITORS OUT OF SEASON

(Continued from page 31)

instead of protected inside the chassis from rocks thrown up by the tires.

I placed a dishpan under the leak and went into the house to ask Frank where the gas line could be turned off.

When I knocked on his bedroom door, there was no answer at first, but I could hear someone moving inside the room. I knocked again and said in a subdued tone of voice, "Frank, there is a gas leak under your car. Do you know where to shut it off?"

"I don't want to bother with it now," Frank said, sounding strained. "Let it go till morning."

THE FOLLOWING DAY after breakfast, Frank and I went out in the station wagon to look at the ponds in the hay meadow, where a flock of ducks usually rested after feeding on the barley stubble at dawn. Frank had loaned me his nickel-plated .45 again and was carrying the blued duplicate in his belt. We left the car on the county road and crawled through the fence to approach the sunken pond, which was ringed by bare willows. We could see the ducks on the water when we got within fifty feet of the pond's edge, but even though we crouched lower, the ducks took off, then circled overhead. Although I had warned Frank that duck season would not open for several days yet, the temptation was too much for his trigger-happy fingers, and he shot at the ducks as they swung over us. To my surprise, one duck dropped at the first shot.

So that's the kind of shooting you're good at, I thought to myself. You can't hit the side of a barn at target practice, but at snap-shooting you're dead-eye-dick. Aloud, I said, "Where did you learn to shoot? That's pretty good, getting that duck on the wing."

"In Oklahoma," Frank said, "we shoot a lot. Ever hear of Pretty Boy Floyd? He was raised near where I come from. We practiced together. I think he's the greatest."

I was amazed to hear it. "That's interesting," I said. "We think here he's just a bandit, a criminal who should be behind bars."

Frank did not take offense, but he defended his friend. "Floyd may hold up banks, but he pays the mortgage of widows being foreclosed out of their ranches by the bankers. He was a friend of mine. We were raised as neighbors and did a lot of shooting together."

"It's nice to hear something good about a man like that."

We drove on to Perro's ranch on the north shore of Seeley Lake to ask Lester Perro to look at the leak in the Cadillac and see if he could repair the gas line. Frank was quite pleased with his dead duck, but I covered it with a canvas in the back of the station wagon to hide it from Lester, who would frown on shooting out of season, or any shooting for that matter. Lester was the ranch foreman in the summer season and could fix almost anything, besides being a good horseman, packer, cattleman, carpenter, blacksmith, machinist, and logger. You name it, he was on top of the job, but he hated hunting.

Lester and his father had begun baching many years ago, when his father had become a woman-hater after divorcing Lester's mother. They lived in a two-story, square-hewn log house, built like an Indian fort. The ground floor was one large high-ceilinged room with windows in all four walls, always warm in winter and cool during the few hot months.

Lester came outside when the station wagon pulled up to his door. "Lester, this is Frank English, who drove in last night. He has a busted gas line under his car. Could you come and take a look at it?" I asked.

Frank shook hands with Lester. "Nice place you have here," he said. "I sure like the view of the lake."

"The view's all right," Lester replied. "We hardly notice it anymore. I still have to do some chores. It'll be after lunch *before I get to your ranch*."

"Nice fellow, that Lester," Frank said as we drove off. "I know his type—a real mechanic."

"Yes," I said, "he's much in demand—especially in the summer when the lake crowd is here. He puts up the ice for most of the cabins and pastures some of their horses. He helps to put up the ranch hay as foreman and guides pack trips when I'm too busy. He's a real friend."

"This sure's a nice neighborhood," said Frank. "I sure like it."

It was lunchtime when we returned to the ranchhouse. Mary was not interested in lunch and stayed in her room. When I was alone with Edith, I asked, "What's the matter with her?"

"I don't know. She's been crying in her room most of the morning. She's unhappy about something; she seems to be scared, but I can't talk to her."

Lester came after lunch and fitted a

piece of flexible tubing into the cracked gas line. Frank gave him a ten-dollar bill and asked him if that would pay for his trouble. Lester, who seldom changed expression, smiled and thanked him. Our maid had pressed a dress for Mary and received a five-dollar bill. These young people were scattering money like it was going out of style. And this was the Depression, when a complete veal-steak dinner could be had for a quarter in some bars.

After lunch Frank wanted to go out shooting again and look at the lake property and other corners of the ranch where the road was not too soft for the station wagon.

On the way back, he suddenly asked, "Would you take $50,000 for a half interest in your ranch?"

I was stuffy and said, "Frank, partnership is almost like marriage. We would want to know each other a lot better, don't you think?"

"I like this place," he said. "I'd like to live here."

"Do you think your wife would be happy here?" I ventured.

"I'm going to take her to Spokane for a shopping trip," he said. "That will make her happy. We'll leave tomorrow morning. I'll be back in a few days, and we can go elk hunting when the season starts."

THE FOLLOWING MORNING the two departed in their shiny car. Several days went by and finally a whole week with no word from them. I decided to put in a call to Guy Toombs, manager of the Davenport Hotel in Spokane and a good friend of mine. I imagined the young couple might stay at the plush old hostelry while Mary did her shopping. But when I asked if a Frank and Mary English were staying there, Guy said no. He promised to check around, however, and see if he could locate them.

"They're quite young," I told him, "and driving a new Cadillac with a Washington license, number 572-023. He said he had just bought it at the Cadillac agency in Spokane."

In less than half an hour, Guy was back on the line. He sounded agitated.

"The FBI is looking for those people! They say the man is Public Enemy Number One. His real name is Red Rowan, and he escaped from the Texas Penitentiary last August. A series of bank robberies from Texas to Florida are attributed to him. It seems he picked up his moll in Florida, where she was working as a telephone girl."

"I can't believe it," I said. "They seemed like such nice young people. How did you find all this out?"

"The LaSalle they were driving wasn't fast enough. He bought a Cadillac off the showroom floor and drove it to the Culmstock Arms where they had leased an apartment, furnished and pretty fancy—paid two months in advance. When the car agency called that they needed the keys for the LaSalle, Rowan told them to send a man over to pick them up. But when the agency man arrived, they had left with all their baggage, without a forwarding address. Although they had paid in full for the car, the agency called the FBI to find out what was going on. The FBI brought some mug shots and Rowan was recognized. I sure hope they haven't embarrassed you and Edith. If they come back, you had better be careful. The FBI says they are heavily armed and dangerous."

I thought about the locked golf bag—probably machine guns and carbines, not golf clubs. And the little woman crying and silent all the time she was at the ranch. Probably scared stiff that Rowan would commit a crime, kill somebody, or be arrested. I remembered Pretty Boy Floyd's bloody end and thought about the $50,000 partnership offer. If I had been tempted to accept, I might now have $50,000 but also a demanding partner who would stop at nothing to get his own way; probably a flock of Oklahoma bandits would be the summer dudes from then on! And what about the night I stood outside their bedroom and innocently asked him what to do about the gas leak? Frank probably had quickly gotten in position with his guns and stood there ready to blast an arresting party to kingdom come. And he seemed like such a nice boy!

As I didn't relish publicity of this kind, I never reported their visit to the FBI or the sheriff. But Guy sent us a news clipping from the *Spokane Daily Chronicle* several weeks later:

(Spokane, Washington, Daily Chronicle, October 27, 1934):

Notorious Bandit Buys Car in City

Spokane business men brushed shoulders with Frank (Red) Rowan*, one of the nation's most notorious racketeers and bandits, and came out ahead.

Facts about the brief visit here of the "big shot" thug, credited with participation in some of the biggest bank robberies ever pulled, were uncovered today by the Chronicle.

On September 22 Rowan drove his 13-day-old LaSalle car to the Eldridge Motors company showroom here and expressed interest in trading it for a new Cadillac coupe. Otto Muller, salesman, Henry Veale, former sales-manager, and E. S. Eldridge, manager, all contacted Rowan.

He took a new Cadillac from the floor, had all necessary title papers, made out in the name of Franklin S. English of Oklahoma City. He paid $850 in $50 and $100 bills.

With his "moll," Rowan drove around the city a short time and then went to the Culmstock Arms, where they rented an apartment.

Veale and Muller left them there and one of them went to the state liquor store for some champagne which Rowan had requested.

At the apartment the subject of hunting came up. When the trade at the showroom was completed, Eldridge employees had noticed that Rowan had dragged a heavy golf bag out of the LaSalle and put it in the new car.

Suggestion was made that Rowan would need a gun. He pulled a zipper tab on the golf bag and revealed a shotgun.

"But that's a sawed-off shotgun," he was told and informed it was not suitable for birds.

"That's what I use," he laconically replied.

When the zipper was pulled, Veale noticed a "tommy gun," a compact type of machine gun, inside, a companion to the shotgun.

About the time hunting was being discussed, it was discovered at the Eldridge headquarters that the LaSalle had been left locked. They called Culmstock Arms, asking Rowan to come back in and unlock the doors. He said he would be down soon.

No one saw Rowan or his "moll" afterward. Apparently fearing the LaSalle had been recognized, he evidently left town at once.

**Editor's Note: The name provided here is not the real name of the individual described in the newspaper article. "Frank Rowan" was apprehended in South Carolina a few weeks after the Spokane episode and remained in prison until February 1952 under sentence for a murder conviction.* AW

Jan Boissevain, *now retired, remains active as a freelance writer and riding instructor. His varied experiences have included service in the Dutch cavalry, ownership of a 5,000-acre Montana ranch, and operation of a ranch brokerage firm.*

TURNING POINT

(Continued from page 14)

later that summer sent Edwards a box of butterflies, including two that were new to science.

But chasing butterflies amid the rocks and silver firs of the Sierra plateau was a mere diversion from the dominant task now at hand—a systematic exploration of every canyon and peak in the upper Merced watershed in a final assault at decoding what Muir called "the great open book" of Yosemite geology. The story of the valley's origin was written in the striations and moraines of ancient glaciers. He would read the rocks and weave their stories together into a coherent theory that in its mass of detail would refute Whitney once and for all. Muir figured the job would take him several years. In early July, having saved enough money to live on for a while, he quit his increasingly irksome job at the sawmill and set out with his duffle of bread and tea for six weeks' exploration in the high country. He returned in August only long enough to reprovision before taking off again.

He had his work cut out for him. In Yosemite Valley particularly, much of the direct evidence for glaciation had been eroded away by rain and frost. But he reasoned that the record would be fresher at the higher elevations, where the glaciers would have lingered longer. To Jeanne Carr he wrote that Yosemite Valley was "the *end* of a grand chapter" whose beginnings would be found in the upper reaches of its tributary streams.

Muir fixed his attention first on the basins of Yosemite, Ribbon and Cascade creeks, north of the valley. These basins, he was certain, had once spilled over the lip of Yosemite's walls to merge with the main glacier. Much of the evidence for these smaller ice sheets had weathered away, but Muir became adept at finding striated rock in the protective shadows of glacial boulders. The grooves in these rocks told him precisely in what direction a glacier had flowed. Lateral moraines, eroded but still discernible to his practiced eye, indicated a glacier's width and depth. He compared canyon with canyon, "with all their varieties of rock structure and cleavage, and the comparative size and slope of the glaciers and waters they contained," as he noted in a letter to Jeanne Carr. "Waking and sleeping I have no rest. In dreams I read blurred sheets of glacial writing."

Although he had yet to publish a word on his glacial studies, Muir by now was becoming well known in geological circles. Two of the more august members of the scientific fraternity paid him a visit during that summer of 1871, Dr. Clinton L. Merriam of the Smithsonian Institution and John Daniel Runkle, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Merriam and Runkle came away convinced of the correctness of Muir's theories, and more importantly they influenced him to commit them to paper. Others, including Emerson, had urged Muir to write, although he had always dismissed the idea—perhaps out of fear of rejection. But it was apparent now that the scientific establishment was taking him seriously. After hiking for five days with Muir and seeing the evidence firsthand, Runkle told him he ought to write a book on his glacial theory and even invited him to Cambridge to teach. Muir demurred on going east but promised him a manuscript in due course. Runkle for his part lent further encouragement by agreeing to send him scientific instruments to aid in his field work.

Muir eventually decided that his understanding of Sierra glaciation was far enough advanced to venture a short article on the subject, and sometime in early October he penned a piece and sent it off to the New York *Herald Tribune*. To his surprise the editors accepted it, and on December 5 the story appeared near the back of the paper along with dispatches from Italy, Austria, and the Bahamas. It was titled simply "Yosemite Glaciers" and its unnamed author identified only as "an occasional correspondent of the Tribune." Muir's first published writing began with an elegant conceit: "Two years ago, when picking flowers in the mountains back of Yosemite Valley, I found a book. It was blotted and storm-beaten; all of its outer pages were mealy and crumbly, the paper seeming to dissolve like the snow beneath which it had been buried; but many of the inner pages were well preserved, and though all were more or less stained and torn, whole chapters were easily readable. In just this condition is the great open book of Yosemite glaciers to-day."

In his closing section Muir described the "death" of the Yosemite Creek glacier and the pristine lake its cirque had left in the shadow of Mount Hoffman. Muir assumed that all of the Sierra glaciers had long since passed into oblivion, but the mountains were about to prove him wrong.

AFTER MAILING HIS ARTICLE to the *Herald Tribune*, Muir set off for another exploratory jaunt, this time to the headwaters of Illilouette Creek to the east of Yosemite. With winter approaching it would be his last opportunity of the season for observation. "It was one of the golden days of the Sierra Indian summer, when the rich sunshine glorifies every landscape however rocky and cold, and suggests anything rather than glaciers," he would recall later. Methodically he explored each of the river's tributary basins, examining their moraines and other glacial evidence while working his way up through a succession of vegetational zones. The tall silver fir and pines grew dwarfed as he ascended, finally giving way to alpine bryanthus and cassiope and arctic willows hugging the contours of leeward slopes. Climbing to the headwaters of Ottoway Creek, he camped for the night in a grove of mountain hemlock beside an alpine lake. The ring of mountains formed a natural amphitheater crowned with the "crumbling spurs and battlements" of Red Peak to the north, a jagged ridge to the east, and Black Mountain to the south. On a bed of branches Muir slept the "clear, deathlike sleep of the tired mountaineer" and awoke the next morning ready for another day's exploring.

With sun streaming over the mountains, Muir followed the course of a creek linking a string of diminutive lakes like a pearl necklace. The last of these "lakelets" was little more than a widening of the creek, and on its bottom he

noticed a covering of gray mud—"entirely mineral in composition, and fine as flour, like the mud of a fine-grit grindstone. Before I had time to reason, I said, 'Glacial mud—mountain meal!'"

Muir glanced ahead to the place where the creek trickled from the base of a sloping, sixty-foot-high embankment of dirt and stone whose "raw, unsettled, plantless, new-born appearance" immediately suggested a glacial moraine of recent origin. He scurried to the top, stones cascading down behind him, and stood on the threshold of the greatest discovery of his life.

What at first glance appeared to be a huge snowbank sprawled before him, a half-mile wide, "swooping down from the gloomy precipices of Black Mountain." Muir described the scene later in the first of a series of articles on Sierra glaciation he would write for the *Overland Monthly:* "Imbedded in its stained and furrowed surface were stones and dirt like that of which the moraine was built. Dirt-stained lines curved across the snow-bank from side to side, and when I observed that these curved lines coincided with the curved moraine and that the stones and dirt were most abundant near the bottom, I shouted, '*A living glacier!*'

"These bent dirt-lines show that the ice is following its different parts with unequal velocity, and these imbedded stones are journeying down, to be built into the moraine, and they gradually become more abundant as they approach the moraine, because their motion is slower."

Creeping along the edge of the glacier, Muir found crevasses whose luminous recesses revealed the laminated structure of the ice. Peering into one, he noticed how the snow grew more crystalline at greater depths until compressed into a kind of porous ice; finally, twenty or thirty feet down, it hardened into blue ice. Muir couldn't resist observing the marvelous structure close up. Carefully he made his way down between the glacier and the rocks "into the weird underworld of the crevasse. Its chambered hollows were hung with a multitude of clustered icicles, amid which pale, subdued light pulsed and shimmered with indescribable loveliness. Water dripped and tinkled overhead, and from far below came strange, solemn murmerings from currents that were feeling their way through veins and fissures in the dark. The chambers of a glacier are perfectly enchanting, notwithstanding one feels out of place in their frosty beauty. I was soon cold in my shirt-sleeves, and the leaning wall threatened to engulf me; yet it was hard to leave the delicious music of the water and the lovely light."

Muir, of course, was not the first to come upon these "snow banks" in the shadows of the higher Sierra peaks. Whitney's survey teams had duly noted them during their work the previous decade. One of Whitney's surveyors was Clarence King, the pioneering Sierra mountaineer who later became the first director of the U.S. Geological Survey. King proved to be the most vociferous critic of Muir's glacial theory and remained unconvinced that the "snow banks" were anything but that, despite irrefutable evidence to the contrary.

Pressing eastward after his initial discovery, Muir climbed to the summits of Mounts Lyell and McClure, whose vast snowfield was also revealed as a vestigial glacier. The following summer he would hammer a line of stakes across the McClure glacier and return in the fall to find the line had changed to a parabola, with the greatest movement near the center—proof, if more were needed, that these "snow fields" conformed to Agassiz's laws of glacial dynamics.

Muir continued his studies afield for the next two years, eventually discovering sixty-five living glaciers. By 1874, having gathered enough data to write definitively on Sierra glaciation, he at last heeded Jeanne Carr's advice and came down from the mountains. Working at the Carrs' house in Oakland, he produced for the *Overland Monthly* the series of articles that secured his reputation among the earth scientists of his day, the jibes of Whitney and his followers notwithstanding.

His glacial investigations did not end with his explorations of the Sierra Nevada. In 1879 he made the first of four voyages to Alaska to probe the awesome, ice-carved fjords of the Alexander Archipelago, where today a major glacier bears his name. (Muir's wanderlust also took him in later years to the South Pacific, Asia, Africa, and—in old age—to the Amazon he had longed to see since his youth. Although he settled down in his fashion to marry, raise a family, and manage a successful orchard business, his "good demon" never deserted him.)

The importance of Muir's glacial work to the rest of his career cannot be emphasized enough. It was on this foundation that he built his reputation in related fields as naturalist and conservationist, while his success in writing about glaciers gave him confidence to turn his pen to other tasks. He became a father of the national park system and founder of the Sierra Club—and as a writer and propagandist, an uncompromising voice in the movement to preserve our land and wildlife. **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

A primary source of information on Muir is *The Life and Letters of John Muir* by William F. Badè (2 volumes, 1923), which contains a wealth of Muir's letters to family and friends. Linnie Marsh Wolfe's biography *Son of the Wilderness* (1945), offers a sensitive and sympathetic account of the great conservationist. Two interesting anthologies of Muir's nature writing are *The Wilderness World of John Muir*, edited by Edwin Way Teale (1954), and *Gentle Wilderness*, edited by David Brower (1967). The Teale book includes one of Muir's accounts, from *The Mountains of California*, of the discovery of the first of his remnant Sierra glaciers.

Readers seeking information on the history and lore of Yosemite can find it in *One Hundred Years in Yosemite* by Carl P. Russell (1947) and *History of the Sierra Nevada* by Francis P. Farquhar (1965). For an explanation of the geological evolution of Yosemite see *The High Sierra* by Ezra Bowen (1972). Ralph Waldo Emerson's 1871 trip across the continent is detailed in *A Western Journey with Mr. Emerson* by James B. Thayer (1884), which includes a vintage description of Mormon life in Salt Lake City as well as an account of Emerson's encounter with Brigham Young.

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