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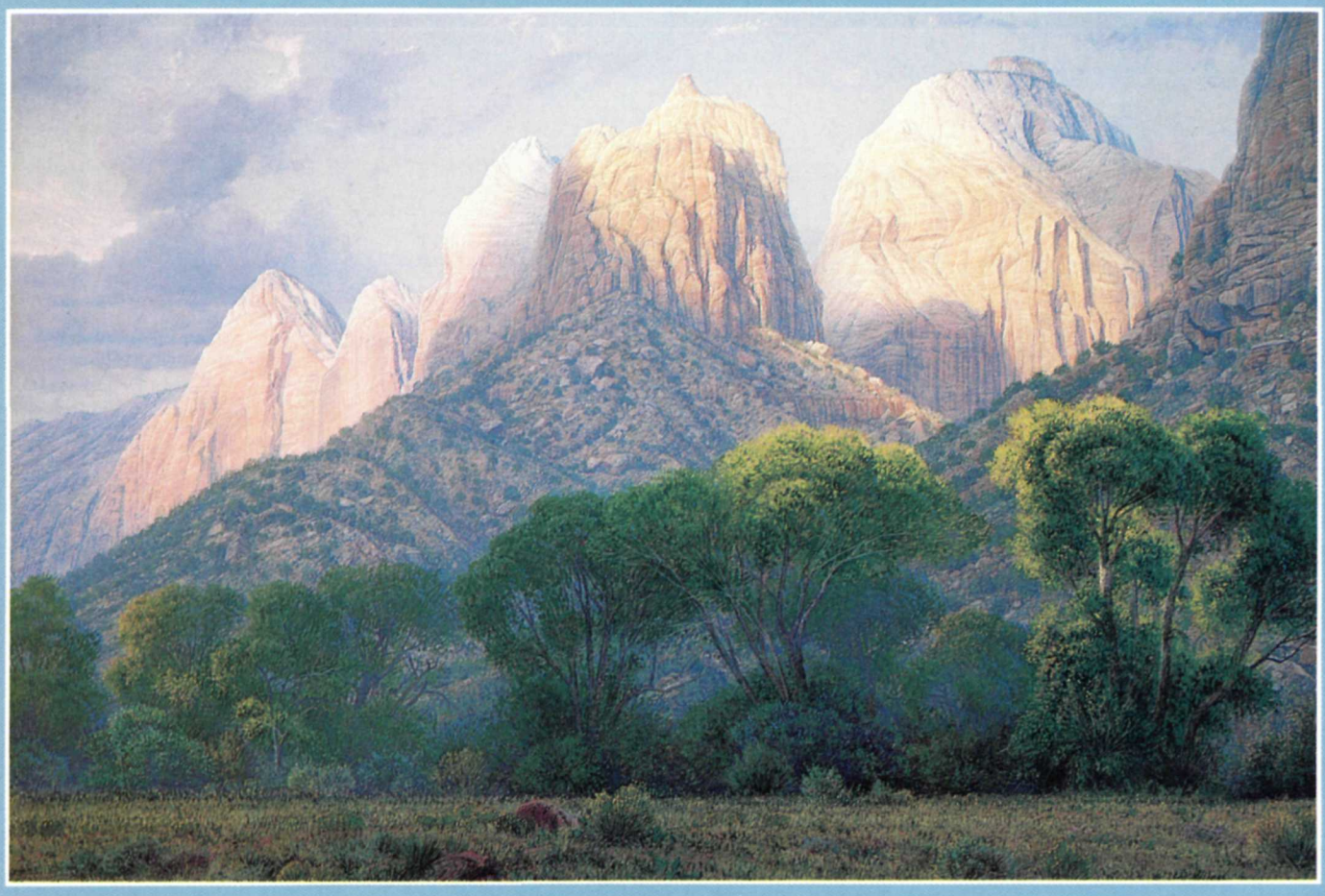

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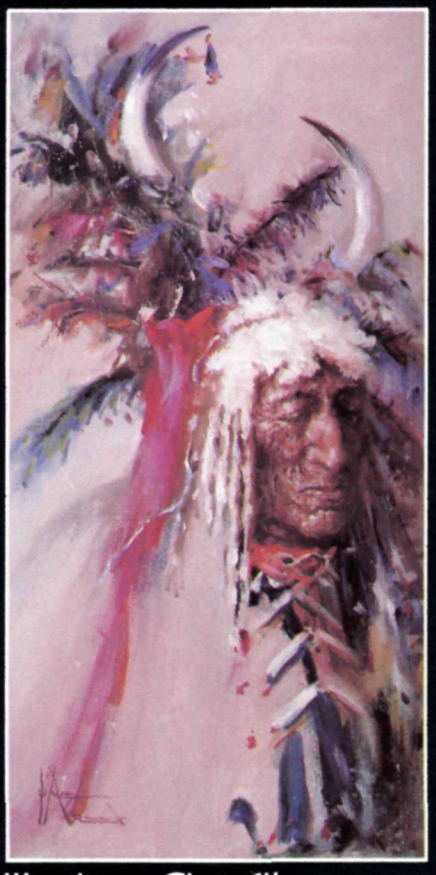

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AMERICAN WEST

September/October 1981 Vol. XVIII, No. 5

COURTESY, ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

Cover
Mud Head, Blackfeet
Mixed media, n.d., 30″ x 22″
by Winold Reiss

One of the dreams of Winold Reiss (1888 or 1886–1953) was to paint the American Indian. During his youth in Germany, the artist became fascinated with the Red Man as portrayed in romantic tales by James Fenimore Cooper and by Karl May. When Reiss did come to America, he found Glacier National Park in Montana the ideal place to recruit subjects for his brush. Reiss painted Plains Indians as individuals, as real people. His portraits describe subjects who often traveled long distances for the pleasure of sitting for him; they became his friends, and we know their names. On our cover is Reiss's striking depiction of Mud Head, a revered elder and member of the Skunks, a warrior clan. We invite you to enjoy the series of vibrant, colorful Reiss portraits offered in this issue, as well as an intriguing account of Reiss's painting expeditions to Montana, written by the artist's son Tjark.

AMERICAN WEST (ISSN 0003-1534) is published in January, March, May, July, September, and November by the American West Publishing Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, a nonprofit educational organization, Mrs. Henry H. R. Coe, chairman. Editorial, circulation and advertising offices are reached at Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717. Newsstand price: $3.00. Back issues: $5.00. Subscriptions: one year $15.00; two years $25.00; three years $35.00 (outside U.S. and Canada $3.00 per year extra). Manuscripts should be sent to the above address. Subscription correspondence and orders should be sent to Box 1960, Marion, Ohio 43305. However, members of the Western History Association should address communications regarding subscriptions to William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557.

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Editor's Notes

We can admit it now. There was just a trace of Western bravado in our words when we wrote our first editor's note in this space exactly a year ago. On that occasion we talked about how we'd packed our manuscripts and pictures and moved AMERICAN WEST to new territory.

"The new territory" we wrote of had a lot more to do with editorial changes in the magazine than it did with Tucson, Arizona, and our territorial-style adobe building.

And even though our bravado was based on high hopes, good ideas, and big plans for AMERICAN WEST, we really couldn't have foreknowledge of how you'd respond.

We know now.

The September/October issue you have at hand today is also in the hands of over 75,000 fellow aficionados of the West. (The same issue of a year ago had fewer than 25,000 subscribers.) Furthermore, those of you holding this issue—and this includes the magazine's loyal readers of the past sixteen years as well as our new readers—are signing up for more years of AMERICAN WEST in greater numbers than ever before.

A year ago we thought we knew some fine subjects and skillful writers and artists who would bring the magazine new perspectives on the West. We indulged in a little bragging about our high plans and wishes. You've converted that bravado into a going periodical of the West.

We're proud.

We're grateful.

We thank you: our contributors, our readers, and our advertisers.

But we aren't stopping here. The year ahead promises more fine issues and more innovation as well as a better job of what we've done so far.

We're noting the beginning of our second year in Tucson with a subtitle under our name: AMERICAN WEST, the land and its people. This addition to our name is based on a piece of advice offered us by the late Ray A. Billington, founding president of the Western History Association and an early and unwavering supporter of the AMERICAN WEST magazine.

Shortly before our move to Tucson, Billington wrote the magazine that he "hoped that men and women suitable for biographical treatment could be found in the group that really built the West—the farmers and ranch owners and traders, etc."

In the years ahead we plan to get so close to the explorers, pioneers, ranchers, farmers, and prospectors that our readers will be able to hear them breathe. We'll augment this kind of live coverage of the old West with new areas of interest that include geology, paleontology, and archeology. For instance, how many people in the West have an idea as to why the Cascade Range is heating up again, and do they know that there are parts of Arizona and Wyoming that could become volcanically active again within our lifetime?

We're going to dig for dinosaur bones and take some archeological trips to seek the first men in the West. We're going to take a ride with the cowboys of Hawaii and visit an island that has a ranching heritage as traditional as the ranching history of Texas.

On these subjects as well as scores of others we'll hear from Louis L'Amour, Stan Steiner, Peter Matthiessen, Gary Snyder, Stewart Udall, Ron McCoy, and dozens of other writers of and from the West.

More bravado?

With your continuing support, we don't think so.

Thomas W. Pew, Jr.
Editor and Publisher

Shown smaller than actual size. Overall height: 7 inches.

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For the first time in its history, the National Wildlife Federation has commissioned the creation of a collection of original sculptures portraying North America's great wildlife.

Inaugurating this historic collection will be a superb sculpture of the American buffalo, entitled *Thunder on the Plains.* Finely detailed, crafted in cold-cast bronze and meticulously hand-finished, it is a brilliant study of the bison and an impressive work of art.

This new and original work has been created for the National Wildlife Federation by one of America's most gifted wildlife sculptors — Chapel. It portrays the bison in full charge — wheeling in mid-stride past a clump of prairie sage. The ominous crescent horns, the flaring nostrils, the surprising agility of its powerful body — all are captured with an artistry that is completely true to nature. A quality valued throughout the long tradition of bronze animal sculpture.

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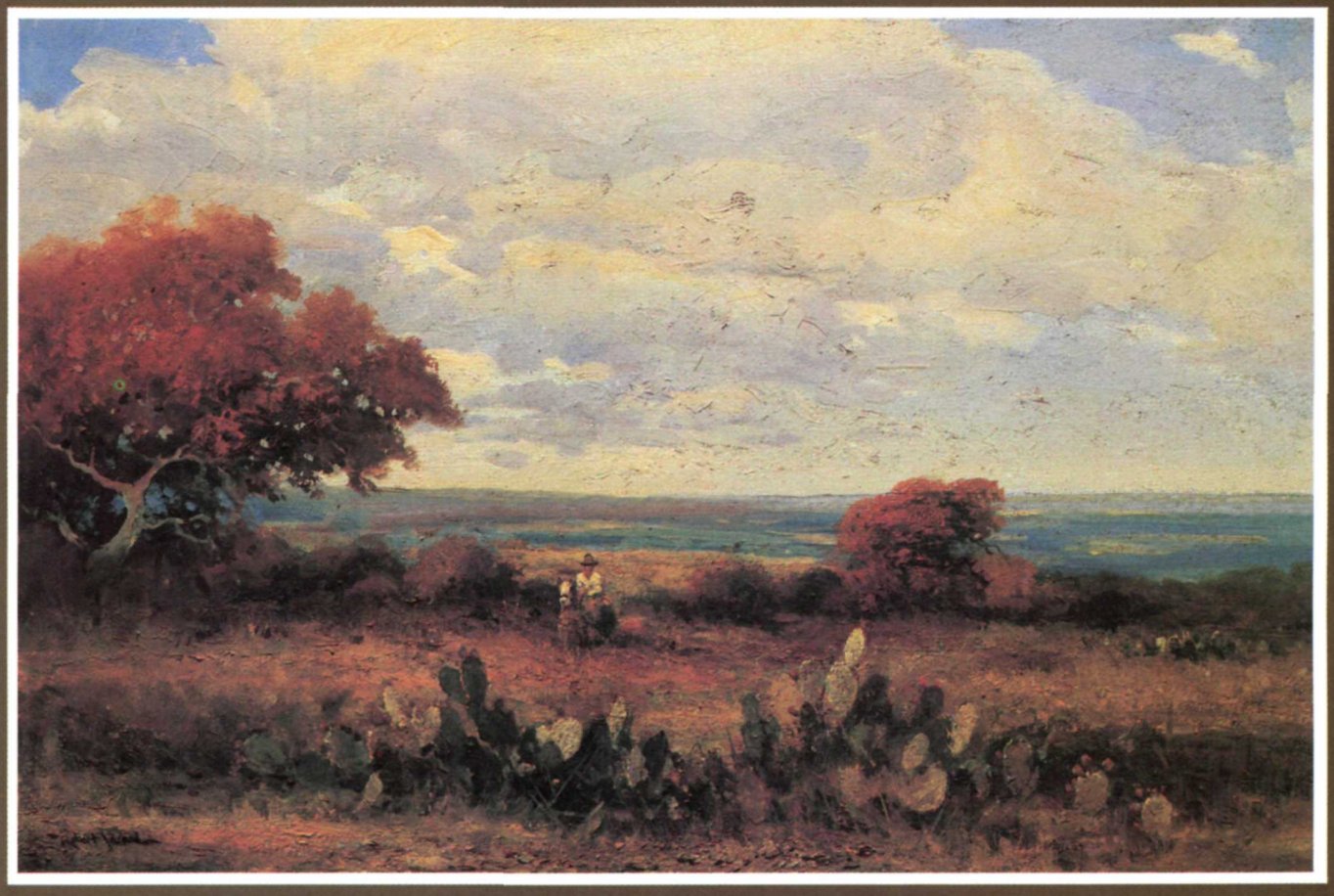

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Letters

Pictures that lie

Dear Editor:

I was absolutely fascinated by the article which debunked some photographs (July/August 1981), written by Joseph W. Snell. This may very well be one of the best articles AMERICAN WEST will publish.

I am a fervent "history debunker." The last few years of prejudiced "history rewriting" by persons with axes to grind have caused some previously respected professors of history to rewrite history. I no longer trust any "history," whether written or pictorial.

I don't even trust Snell himself! If you think that I am going to accept Snell's statement that Abraham Lincoln never had his photograph taken with his wife, you are wrong. How does Snell know it didn't happen?

Love your magazine.

Archie Edward Hinson
El Cajon, Calif.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Dear Editor:

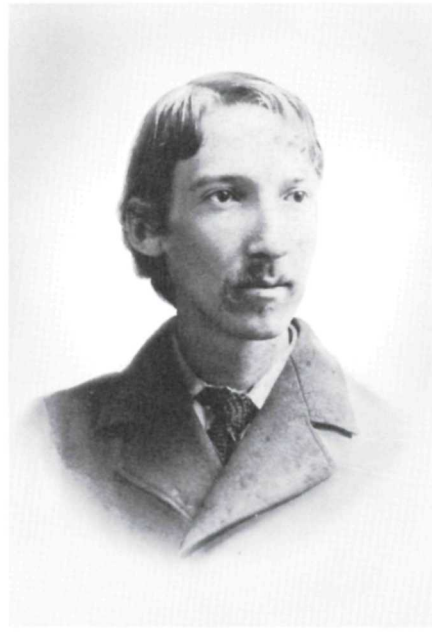
I believe that editors, too, like recognition of work well done, and I thought your July/August issue an occasion for it, as well as an excuse for passing along an incident of my *San Francisco Chronicle* days revived by your article on Robert Louis Stevenson.

This was back in The Roaring Twenties when San Francisco had five major dailies, Oakland one, plus a Hearst attempt to horn in, and some lively minor dailies. Pursuit of stories was accordingly hot.

So one day we got a tip that Robert Louis had once lived in a house in East Oakland, and I was assigned to check on it and went to the address. The occupants knew nothing about it, or, incidentally, who this Stevenson was. "A famous author? Never heard of him. Maybe the old couple across the street might know."

They did indeed. "That silly, young foreigner. So, he wrote books that were printed?" No, they'd never heard of

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



COURTESY, SILVERADO MUSEUM, SAINT HELENA, CALIFORNIA

Treasure Island. What they did know was he'd "followed" Fanny Osbourne who'd met him in Europe, and he took her away from their neighbor "young Osbourne," who was an Oakland court reporter who turned over his money to her foolishness. She was one of those silly women who paint flowers on fire shovels and umbrella stands and call themselves artists. They took Osbourne's boy away from him, too.

"Stevenson became a great author? Never heard of him that way." So far as they were concerned he was the no-good victim of a no-good woman, and her poor honest husband had to suffer for it. Yes, Osbourne lived in Oakland for several years afterward while they went gallivanting places taking his son Lloyd. . . .

Charles Miles
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Mr. Reid's article "Silverado Honeymoon" (July/August 1981) is written with verve and sparkle. Since the Silverado Museum, which is devoted to the life and works of Robert Louis Stevenson, supplied the illustrations for this article (and they were reproduced beautifully), I should like to supply a few comments as well.

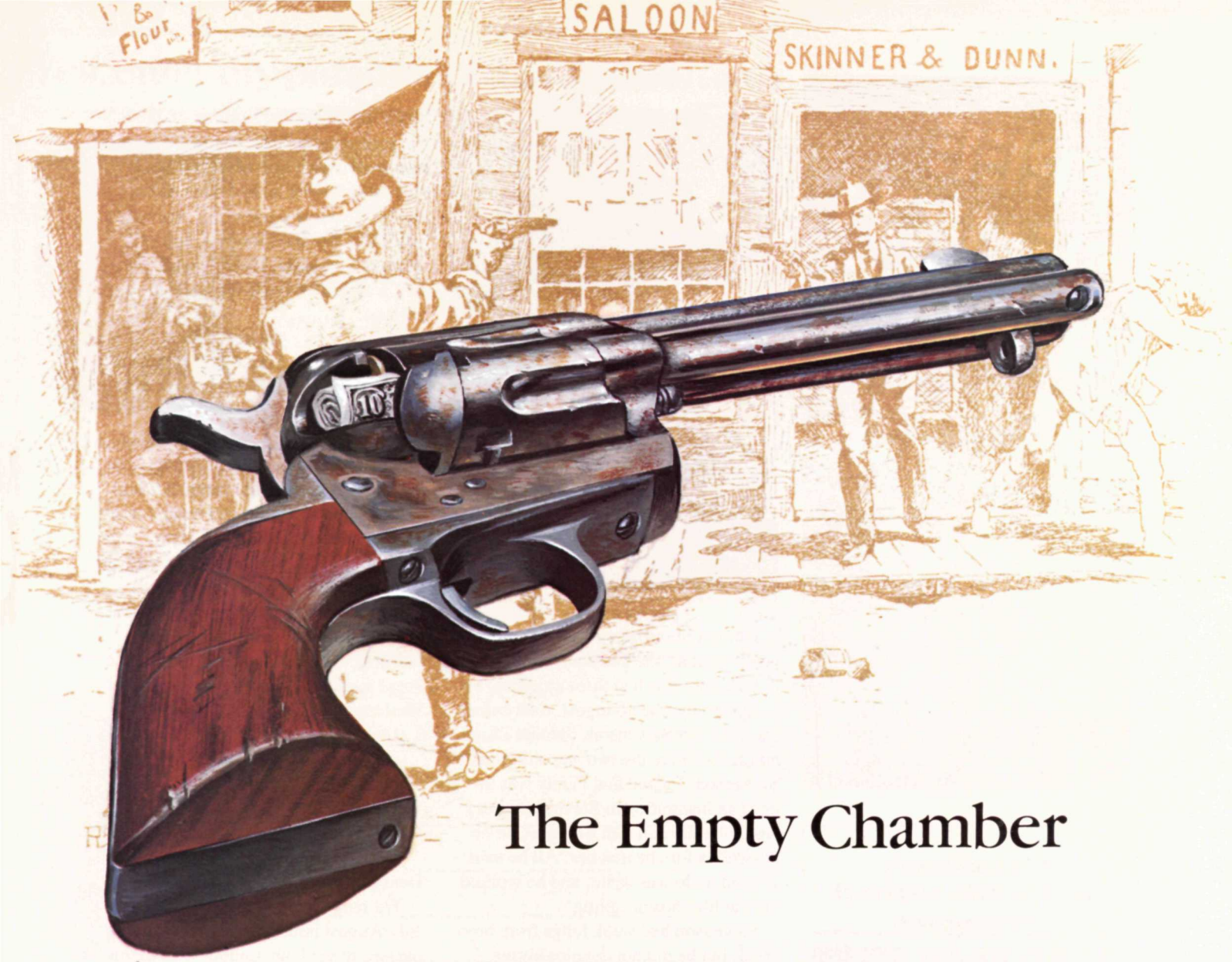
(Continued on page 12)

AMERICAN WEST
is published by the
BUFFALO BILL
HISTORICAL CENTER
Cody, Wyoming

THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER is a nonprofit institution dedicated to preserving and exhibiting the heritage of the American West. It is also home of four major museums whose exhibits of art, ethnographic materials, and historic artifacts reflect more than one hundred years of America's colorful past. Together the museums at the Center offer an extensive view of frontier life.

The Buffalo Bill Museum, dedicated in 1927, holds the largest collection of Buffalo Bill material in the world. The Whitney Gallery of Western Art, begun in 1959, features masterworks of American painting and sculpture. The Plains Indian Museum, opened in 1969, brings to life the rich traditions of Native Americans in the West. And the Winchester Museum, whose permanent exhibit hall was completed in 1980, records the history of American firearms through the magnificent gun collection Oliver Winchester began in 1860.

Membership in the Center's Patrons' Association is open to anyone interested in America's western heritage. Annual membership includes subscriptions to AMERICAN WEST published six times a year and a quarterly newsletter, free museum admission, and discounts on museum publications. Categories are: Individual—$25, Family—$50, Sponsor—$100, Sustaining—$500, and Benefactor—$1,000. Donations are tax deductible and should be sent to Box 1020, Cody, Wyoming 82414.



The Empty Chamber

From the earliest frontier days of the old west, the mechanical characteristics and limitations of the single-action revolver have been well understood, as the writings of the day amply demonstrate. The safety precaution of loading the "six-shooter" with only five cartridges and resting the hammer on the empty chamber was universally practiced. According to folklore, some cowboys habitually carried "burying money" or their last bank note rolled up in the empty chamber. These old-timers understood that the notches in the hammer provided only limited protection, and that an accidental discharge could result if a fully loaded revolver were to be dropped, or if the hammer were to receive a sharp blow.

Despite the lessons of history, there are still people who get themselves in trouble by ignoring the following common sense rules of gun handling:

1. The shooter should thoroughly understand the mechanical characteristics and rules for handling the particular type of firearm he is using.

2. The safest way to carry any old style* single-action revolver is with five chambers loaded and the hammer resting on the empty chamber.

**The Ruger "New Model" single-action revolvers are not subject to this limitation and can be carried safely with all six chambers loaded. Some other manufacturers have added various manual safety devices to old style single-action revolvers, but no manual safety can ensure against accidents if the shooter fails to use it properly. Remember: There is no such thing as a foolproof gun!*

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Letters *(Continued from page 10)*

FANNY STEVENSON

COURTESY, SILVERADO MUSEUM, SAINT HELENA, CALIFORNIA

Fanny Osbourne was not a San Francisco woman; she and her husband lived in Oakland. She had three children, but little Hervey, the youngest, died before she ever met Stevenson. Samuel Lloyd and Isobel were the two stepchildren of Stevenson. I agree that Fanny was indeed an inspiration to Stevenson, but I would hardly call him a chronic ne'er-do-well before he met her. All he ever wanted to do was write, and he worked hard at his chosen calling.

Stevenson had weak lungs from boyhood, but he did not develop active tuberculosis until his stay in San Francisco. There was a wait of three and one-half months—not nine—until the divorce, which was granted December 15, 1879. (The Silverado Museum has a certified copy of the decree.) Fanny and Louis (he was always known as "Louis" to distinguish him from his cousin Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson) delayed the wedding to please his parents, and they were married six months later.

Much has been made of Stevenson's poverty, which we now know was self-imposed. He had funds available, and towards the end of his stay drew the equivalent of $2,000, a goodly sum in 1880. He, however, had a quixotic determination to show he could make it on his own.

Except for keeping his journal, Stevenson did practically no literary work the spring and summer of 1880. He read proof on *The Amateur Emigrant* and went over it and a few poems, but this was all work he had done previously. He wrote a friend that the easiest work was still hard for him, and he relaxed at Silverado. *The Silverado Squatters* was written two years later in Switzerland. . . .

Ellen Shaffer, Curator
The Silverado Museum
Saint Helena, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Stevenson's honeymoon brought me back to that hot hillside cabin (rotting) that I visited as a child when our parents took us up to the summit of Mount Saint Helena. Was I ten or twelve? I could not then imagine anyone living there on a honeymoon, nor can I now. Minute, elemental—less than rustic. I am a fourth-generation Napa Valleyan and a Posse member of Huntington Corral of Westerners.

Barbara R. Warner
San Juan Capistrano, Calif.

Photography

Dear Editor:

We read with great interest your July/August issue. My staff and I were pleased to see it abounding with photographs taken during the growth of the West, right through to contemporary photography. Truly great editorial coverage! One might say this is where photo-journalism had its beginning and is the basic foundation, lending credence to "Photography," the art movement of the 80s.

Edward Weston
Northridge, Calif.

Bronzed Bandit

Dear Editor:

Regarding your "Pancho Villa: Bronzed Bandit" in the July/August issue: Historians and descendants of Villa's rapine know, even if muddle-headed officials don't, that Villa was hardly the hero worthy of a monument on American soil.

Perhaps Governor Bruce Babbitt

(Continued on page 69)

Make it an old-fashioned Western Christmas

This photograph by Charles J. Belden of a hard winter at his Pitchfork Ranch in the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming is featured on the card sent to announce each AMERICAN WEST holiday gift subscription. The Pitchfork was operated by Belden and Eugene Phelps in the early half of this century. (Photo courtesy Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, Cody, Wyoming.)

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PHOTO BY MARK NOHL

Cyclists tour the Enchanted Circle

Red River, Eagle Nest, Bobcat Pass, Angel Fire. Colorful and dramatic natural wonders mark New Mexico's Enchanted Circle, a 100-mile ring around snow-crowned Wheeler Peak, the highest point in the state. For the past three years the beauty of this landscape has inspired cyclists of all ages gathering in the resort town of Red River for the Enchanted Circle-Wheeler Peak Century Ride. Early in the morning on September 13, more than 300 cyclists will peddle off on this year's journey which offers the sweet smell of juniper and quick glimpses of elk as a reward for aching muscles and a sore back.

"This is the granddaddy of century rides—one of the most difficult of them all," claims veteran biker John Miller, the mayor of Red River. "Cyclists must climb over 3,000 feet from the low point on the course at Arroyo Hondo to the high point at Bobcat Pass, elevation 9,820 feet." Hundreds of foothills fingering out from the Sangre de Cristo range call upon the riders' reserves of stamina and skill. "Catching a tailwind on an upgrade can make all the difference," one participant explains.

But cyclists of the Enchanted Circle aren't racing. "This is a tour, not a competition," Mayor Miller says. "We hope everyone can cross the finish at their own pace." After all, who could be blamed for stopping at the crest of magnificent Bobcat Pass and taking a long, loving look?

Money for Meteorites. Five years ago the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago began a program of meteorite recovery, promising a $100 reward to anyone sending in a previously unreported meteorite. Although thousands of specimens were received, none proved genuine until recently when Walter Hollingsworth submitted a three-pound, weathered object found in a cotton stripper near Rock Creek, Texas. His find won him a $100 check and the distinction of contributing to the museum's meteorite collection, begun in 1893 and now ranked as one of the four greatest in the world. This search for meteorites, which are believed to be the oldest material in our solar system, is still going on. Those who think they have found one of these ancient rocks should write to Dr. Paul Sipiera, c/o Geology Department, Field Museum of Natural History, Roosevelt Road at Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

WHA Conference. "Is There a West?" will be the general theme of the Western History Association's Twenty-first Annual Conference, October 14 through 17 at the Saint Anthony Hotel in San Antonio, Texas. Outings to historical sites in the city are planned in addition to academic programs. The Friday evening banquet address, "What I Did for the Love of Editing," will be given by Donald Dean Jackson, former editor of the University of Illinois Press.

Buffalo Roundup. "Dry, eroding prairie with stubble where there had once been grass." This describes the ill effects of too many buffalo on too little land, according to naturalist Karen Schultz at Custer State Park in Hermosa, South Dakota. "The buffalo in the Park must share the land with elk, deer, and antelope. Having more than about 1,000 buffalo upsets a delicate balance," Schultz says. And so the Park holds a roundup. October 5, 6, and 7 about 1,400 buffalo will be pulled from the herd with the help of trucks, horses, and helicopters. An auction three weeks later is expected to sell about 500 animals to ranchers starting their own herds and to concessionaires for butchering. However, some buffalo on the 73,000-acre Park are purposely left alone. Says Schultz, "There are bulls so old and so big, they can bust through a fence without even thinking about it."

The West of Wieghorst. A major exhibit of the works of Western artist Olaf Wieghorst will open October 9 at the Tucson Museum of Art in Tucson, Arizona. During his youth, the eighty-two-year-old artist rode with the U.S. Cavalry in the Southwest, an experience which inspired him to paint "the romance of the West." The exhibit will include many of his best-known depictions of the American cowboy.

Hot Cattle. Thieves don't stop at city limits; they're loose on the range, rustling millions of dollars worth of cattle with the help of giant, high-speed trailers. So reports the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association, which has hired more than 100 full-time detectives to stop the rustlers in their tracks. This job is harder than ever before. "Used to be you could follow [hoof] prints and camp along the trail till you caught up with 'em," says cowboy-turned-detective, R. A. "Slim" Hulen. "Now, they can cover so much country in so little time." Trailers enable professional rustlers to steal as many as twenty cows in a single load—about an $8,000 heist.

To recover the stolen cattle, detectives are needed with an intimate knowledge of ranchers and their herds. Don King, general manager of the Association and a former investigator, claims, "You can give me the best homicide detective in Dallas or Fort Worth. If that guy wasn't ranch-raised, you could send him out to the most cut-and-dried cow theft and he couldn't tell beans from okra what he was looking at."

COURTESY, EAST TEXAS YAMBOREE

Yams and Fiddles. Yamboree. "You won't find that word in the dictionary. It's a Gilmerism," says Richard Harrison, organizer of the Forty-fourth Annual Yamboree Fiddler's Contest October 24 in Gilmer, Texas. Since the Depression, this small, east Texas town has celebrated the area's sweet potato harvest with parades, yam cooking contests, and lots of fiddling, Texas style. "We place the emphasis on the fiddle rather than the banjo in our brand of bluegrass," explains Harrison, a fiddler who makes his living teaching English in Gilmer. More than thirty fiddlers from a four-state area will play outside the courthouse for the championship prize: $125 and a crate of yams.

Wind Farm Funds. A $200,000 grant from Montana's alternative renewable energy program recently brightened the prospects for a wind farm in Livingston. The harvest reaped from such a farm? One-hundred-kilowatt power generated by windmills to help offset electricity used by a local sewage treatment plant. Believed to be the ancient invention of the Persians around 200 B.C., the windmill is attracting fresh attention as a means of harnessing one resource that is clean, inexhaustible, and free.

Tortoises on the Range. A legal debate is going on as to whether 22,000 acres in the southwestern corner of Utah should be cattle or tortoise territory. Claiming that desert tortoises require protection under the Endangered Species Act, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has proposed a tortoise preserve on Beaver Dam slope near Saint George. Grazing livestock in the area should be discontinued, the Service says. Ranchers disagree, pointing to Bureau of Land Management statistics which refute the need for a tortoise preserve. Let cattle and tortoises live side by side, some people say; the animals eat different kinds of vegetation, and hibernating tortoises hardly pose a threat to grazing cattle.

COURTESY, LUMMI INDIAN BUSINESS COUNCIL

Harvest of the Northwest: Indian-style Salmon

by JoAnn Roe

In the mid-1850s the Nooksack River of northwest Washington was so thick with migrating salmon that a homesteader could ford the river on their backs—or so the story goes. Like the proverbial manna, salmon coursed the waters of Puget Sound, swimming up the Northwest's rivers each fall to spawn in shallow streams and then to die. Lummi Indians, living on the coast where the Nooksack empties into the Sound, celebrated this bounty of salmon in every aspect of their culture. Today their traditions continue, inspiring respect for this ancient harvest from the sea.

Leaving their communal dwellings called longhouses, Lummi men would canoe from the mainland to the shallows on the western side of Lummi Island, the center of their fishing grounds. Although they sometimes fished with hooks or gill nets, the Lummis preferred a technique of reef netting particularly suited to the area. By tying bundles of grass to a rope ramp, the Indian fishermen created an artificial sea bed along a salmon "highway." This harmless-appearing seagrass ramp led fish gently upward to a point between two manned and anchored canoes. There a net sagged sharply downward, trapping the unwary salmon. The Lummis would complete the catch by dropping the outermost anchors of the two canoes and swinging them together to close the net. The fishermen then spilled the catch into their sturdy, thirty-foot canoes. In this way salmon were caught almost all year round—big king salmon in spring, the much-favored sockeyes of summer, oily humpbacks and "dog salmon" (good for drying) in the fall, and the smaller, white-fleshed silvers in winter.

Whereas fishing was men's work, Lummi women cleaned and cooked the catches. There was always enough food for everyone. The bountiful Northwest yielded a gourmet banquet, supplementing salmon with clams, venison, berries, wild fruits, and camas bulbs. Visitors to the Lummis found generous hospitality. Homesteader Robert Emmett Hawley described a communal dinner in 1872 which featured salmon stew cooked over an open fire:

"Lockanim was very friendly and treated our canoe crew to a big dinner.... When served, they [the Indians] sat or squatted around the kettle. Each had a large spoon made of wood and having an upturned handle, similar to a dipper.... Each dipped in, got a spoon-full and then sucked the soup from the spoon. Meat or potatoes in the spoon, was taken with their fingers to their mouths."

While salmon stew was an everyday Lummi meal, barbecued salmon was prepared for special intertribal gatherings. The Puget Sound and British Columbia Indians, all master canoe makers, held races in their slim eleven-man war canoes, and these friendly competitions became joyous affairs. While children scampered about, brawny canoeists wagered on forthcoming races, and older Indian men concentrated on *sla-hal* or bone games. The hi-ya-ya of ancient chants accompanied the soft scuff of tribal dances. And over all, a cool breeze carried the pleasing aroma of barbecuing fish.

Today, from a reservation on their homelands, the Lummis continue to honor old ways. Salmon are caught by the traditional method of reef netting on sites owned by families generation after generation. Victor Jones, a Lummi fisherman of eighty-one seasons, is proud of his people's intimate knowledge of the sea. "Every creature has tracks, even fish, and it was up to us to learn where those invisible water tracks were," he says. This respect for the past still influences salmon cooking. One venerable Lummi woman asserts that the old way is best—that too many vegetables and spices cover up the real salmon flavor.

The Lummi method of barbecuing salmon for canoe races and other festivities is a particularly interesting part of their past and present. We suggest you follow this time-honored procedure and enjoy the delicious results.

Barbecued Salmon

The Fire: Dig a pit in sand or dirt about 1 ft. deep and 6 ft. long. Around the pit, pile rocks about 1 ft. high. Lay a fire in the pit with alder wood mixed with a small amount of maple. Other woods should be avoided as they have too much pitch and will blacken the fish.

The Sticks: Cut ironwood into sticks 3 ft. long and sharpen them at both ends. Starting at the small end, split each stick to expose the flat, marrow-like heart. (Splitting provides a flattened surface to keep the fish from turning. Ironwood sticks do not burn readily and may be reused.)

The Fish: Take any kind of salmon and remove the head. Then slit the fish, clean out the insides, and remove the backbone, leaving some of the fatty portion. Cut the filet in half and then into chunks about 3 in. wide. Skewer chunks on the ironwood sticks. Old Indian recipes do not call for any kind of seasoning.

The Barbecue: When the fire burns down to hot coals, move most of them to one side of the pit. Then thrust the sticks with the skewered salmon into the ground on the opposite side of the pit, leaning them toward the fire at a 5° or 10° angle. (Modern cooks may want to lean the sticks against some kind of brace.) Now just watch and wait. As the fish cooks, it will drip profusely, absorbing a smoky flavor from the burning fat. Turn the sticks once or twice. There is no set cooking time, but do not barbecue the fish too long. When the salmon stops dripping, remove from the fire and eat right away.

For a pleasant, modern variation, spread a glaze of brown sugar mixed with water on the salmon about 15 min. before it's done. Cedar twigs added to the fire at this time will impart an extra-smoky flavor.

JoAnn Roe, *a writer for magazines on diverse subjects, lives near the Lummi Indian Reservation.*

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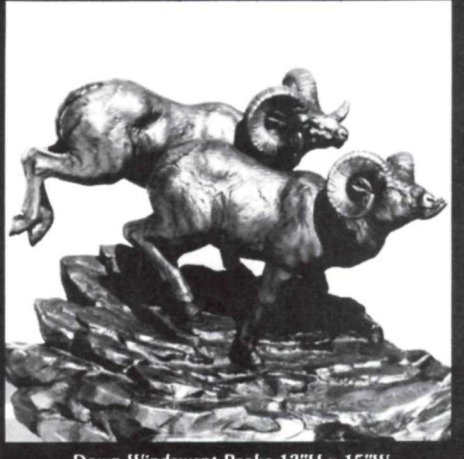

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Hospitality at the back door:

The Cochise Hotel

by John Neary

In an itinerant lifetime of opening suitcases, a fortunate traveler may happen upon a half-dozen truly memorable hotels. One of these might be the Cochise, outwardly as plain as a fence post, inwardly a comfortable haven, the precise opposite of the vast and rugged landscape around it.

Since the 1880s, the hotel has operated more or less continuously in the out-of-the-way hamlet of Cochise, Arizona, eighty-five miles east of Tucson in a desert area famous for its ghost towns. The Cochise was born in the mind of a Southern Pacific Railroad telegrapher named Rath, who reasoned that folks getting off the train or waiting for one at his remote station would need a place to stay. Plans allowed for five guest rooms plus a storeroom or two in back and a freight office in front—a simple rectangle of adobe wide enough for a central hall, high enough for an attic to help insulate the place against the broiling sun.

The Cochise's fortunes soared, along with those of the entire region, in 1894 when John James Pearce found a multimillion-dollar lode of gold and silver in the area. Ore from his Commonwealth Mine was shipped out to Cochise, first aboard wagons, then on the rail spur that was built from nearby Douglas. A dining room and kitchen were added to the little hotel at the junction to accommodate hungry fortune seekers and grimy railroaders. Then, in 1904 the mine flooded, drowning any chance the Cochise Hotel might have had to rival Denver's Brown Palace or San Francisco's Fairmont.

From that time until the 1950s, the Cochise languished, changing owners and lacking both customers and necessary repairs. In 1959 the hotel might have perished had it not been for the intercession of Mrs. Thomas B. Husband. Hearing that the structure was about to be transformed into a produce warehouse, Mrs. Husband bought the Cochise and began restoration. To manage the hotel she eventually hired Lillie Harrington, a plucky homesteader who had once helped drive thirty-eight wild horses from the foot of Rincon Peak, north across the Salt River, and into Young, Arizona. Mrs. Harrington—"My name's Lillie and most people know me by that"—claims to have learned all her skills "just by living." Now seventy-five, she's still in charge.

"The Cochise isn't run like a regular hotel," Lillie explains. It does not advertise, nor do travelers follow a trail of billboards to its picket fence; they discover it by word of mouth. The front door of the hotel is locked. Over the back door hangs a small sign reading, "Come In!" Upon entering, guests find themselves in the kitchen, and nobody thrusts a registration card and ball-point pen at them.

Once past the plain exterior, visitors find a cozy interior filled with interesting objects from the past. An upright piano stands in the old-fashioned parlor, and an elaborate wall clock adorns the dining room. Guest room furnishings include an art deco lamp from the 1920s, a painted Hitchcock chair, antique beds brought from Mrs. Husband's home in Connecticut, and—despite modern plumbing—a china washbasin, pitcher, and chamber pot on a bedroom dresser. Lacking the marks of more sophisticated lodgings—bar, pool, air conditioning, TV—the Cochise is an example of functional simplicity, the essence of style itself.

Reservations (602-384-3156) are a must for both sleeping and dining. Get there twenty minutes before you plan to eat if you are having steak, because the meat doesn't go on the fire until you're sitting at the table. Lillie's other specialty is chicken—"one of the most delicious meals you'll ever have," according to one luncheon customer. Lovely as it may be out in the yard, with the pyracantha ablaze and Lillie's wind chimes, made of strings of bottles, tinkling in the breeze—do not suggest a cookout. A period of living in an open-ended barn early in her twenty-odd years of homesteading has left Lillie with an ineradicable dislike of picnics. "A lot of people think I'm tough and mean as all get out—but it's just self-defense," Lillie says.

With her brusque handiness with meals, guests, and a ball-peen hammer, Lillie sees to it that the Cochise stays living and open to fresh faces. "You can't stay in this hotel more than one or two nights," Lillie says. "I don't encourage it. How else could other people come?"

John Neary *is a free-lance writer who lives and works in New Mexico.*

Mother Joseph: Pioneer Nun

Her hammer helped build the Pacific Northwest

by Mary McKernan

When Monsieur Pariseau of Quebec presented twenty-year-old Esther to the Convent of the Sisters of Providence near Montreal in 1843, he informed the Mother Superior of the treasure she was getting. "I bring you my daughter," he announced, "who wishes to dedicate herself to the religious life. She can cook, sew and spin, and do all manner of housework. She has also learned carpentry from me and can handle a hammer and saw as well as I can. She can plan for others, and succeeds in anything she undertakes. I assure you, Madam, she will make a good superior some day."

Because this Canadian carriage maker allowed his daughter to follow her calling, the Pacific Northwest benefitted from the industry, compassionate personality, and architectural skills of a remarkable pioneer nun, who wore a hammer beside the rosary on her belt. The considerable achievements of Esther Pariseau, or Mother Joseph as she came to be called in her Order, earned recognition from professional architects and resulted in her selection as one of Washington state's representatives in Statuary Hall at the nation's Capitol.

Mother Joseph more than lived up to her father's expectations. Her abilities were tested early in her service by the disaster of the "Irish Plague" in Montreal. During the epidemic which took thousands of lives, Mother Joseph ran an infirmary, serving also as pharmacist and bursar. In 1856, to help meet the urgent need for nurses and teachers in the Pacific Northwest, the multi-talented Sister was put in charge of a group of five nuns and sent from Montreal to Fort Vancouver. After an arduous sea journey down the East coast, followed by a train ride across the Isthmus of Panama and a rough ocean passage to Fort Vancouver, Mother Joseph and her companions arrived exhausted.

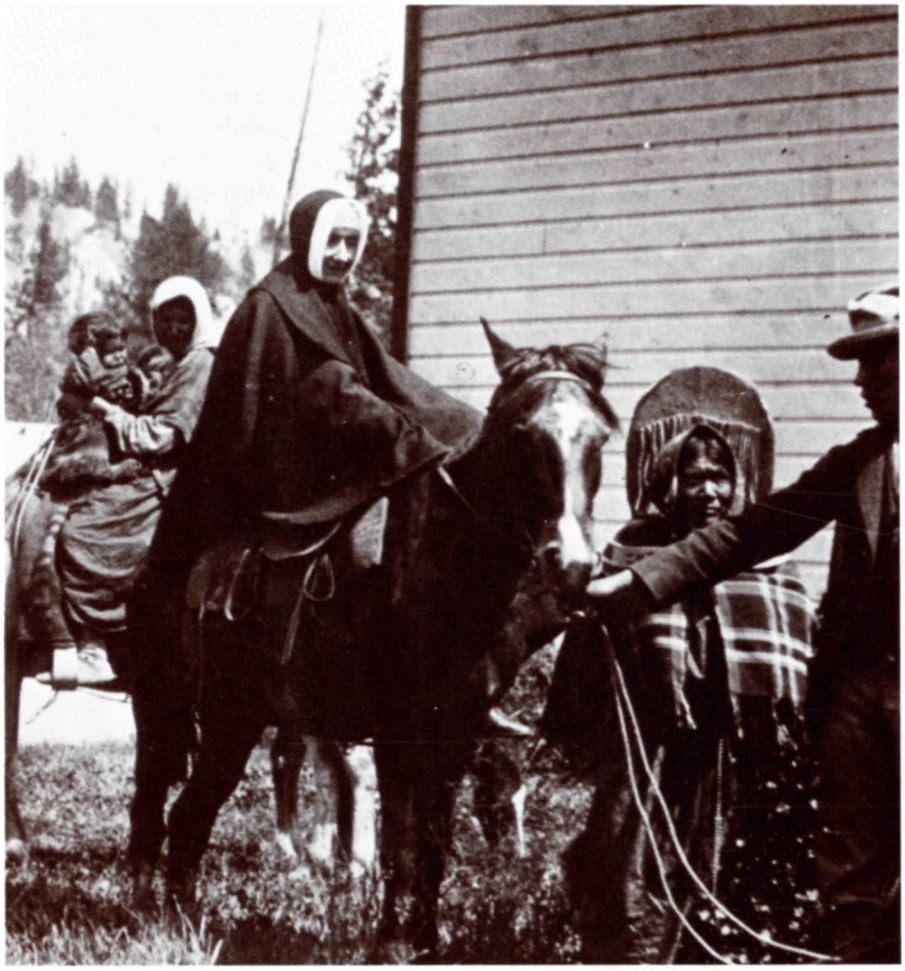
When the tired Sisters reached land, their reception was as cold as the December weather. No one was on hand to greet them, and no accommodations had been prepared. Settling in an unfurnished, airless attic, Mother Joseph lost no time unpacking her saw and hammer. Within a few hours she had fashioned five cots and covered each with a ticking of barn straw. Several days later, the Sisters moved into a crude cabin, and Mother Joseph began pounding nails again, partitioning the interior into a dormitory-refectory-classroom complex. A three-year-old girl, abandoned on the doorstep one evening, became the first of many pupils. Enrollment expanded quickly, and soon Mother Joseph enlarged the cabin and added a bakery and laundry.

These first building projects set the pattern for Mother Joseph's life; from that time on, she turned out one architectural accomplishment after another. During her forty-seven years in the Northwest, she constructed eleven hospitals (including the first hospital on the coast at Vancouver), seven academies, five Indian schools, two orphanages, and four homes for the aged and mentally ill. The incredible fact is that Mother Joseph was involved in every phase of building. She served as fund raiser, architect, estimator of materials, supervisor of construction, and at times as carpenter, bricklayer, and wood-carver.

Often Mother Joseph would live in a shack on a construction site with another nun, in order to keep an eye on the building's progress, as she refused to tolerate shoddy workmanship. A hard-driving perfectionist, Mother Joseph could be painfully blunt with lazy workers. She had no qualms about ripping out a wall that did not plumb up exactly and redoing it herself. Once, finding that bricklayers had taken the easy way and erected a chimney from a first-floor framework instead of from a solid base in the ground as her specifications directed, Mother Joseph tore the whole thing down brick by brick when the men went home that evening. Working through the night, she built up the chimney from the ground, finishing her task as workmen returned to the job the next morning.

To raise money for her building projects, Mother Joseph went on "Begging Tours," often traveling hundreds of miles over slippery mountain paths, dry prairies, and treacherous swamps. She and her Sisters crossed the Rockies into Montana on horseback, a journey they undertook after hearing that miners were always willing to contribute to a good cause. The rewards from these trips were sometimes several thousands of dollars.

One time, contributions were threatened by a gun-wielding stagecoach robber on horseback. He might have escaped with the black bag he seized so boldly had Mother Joseph been more easily intimidated. Facing the gunman squarely, she thundered, "My boy, please give me back that bag." The astonished thief obeyed the command and skittered away.



COURTESY, SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE ARCHIVES

In the photo (left) *Mother Joseph sits sidesaddle, ready for the outdoor adventure of fund-raising tours throughout the rugged Northwest. On these trips, Indians often served as guides. Providence Academy in Vancouver, Washington,* (below), *one of the pioneer nun's first building projects, is now listed on the National Register of Historic Places.*

COURTESY, SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE ARCHIVES

On another occasion a pack of wolves threatened the Sisters. As the animals closed in on the camp at night, an Indian guide set fire to the brush encircling the camp, thinking to cut off the wolves. Mother Joseph described the experience: "The fire, meant to keep the wolves at bay, began to threaten us as well. A burning forest seemed to surround us. Great branches fell to the ground. This dreadful scene was made worse by the howling of the wolves which now redoubled. We battled burning cinders and blinding smoke as best we could but only prayer saved us."

After a lifetime of service, Mother Joseph died in 1902, her contributions little known to the public. Not until 1953 did she receive some recognition when the American Institute of Architects acknowledged Mother Joseph's accomplishments by naming her "The First Architect of the Pacific Northwest." That same year the West Coast Lumbermen's Association hailed Mother Joseph as "The First White Artisan to Work with the Wood of the Pacific Northwest," a lengthy title awarded for her use of Douglas fir at a time when other builders thought it too soft.

In 1962 one of Mother Joseph's masterpieces was threatened with destruction—the old Providence Academy in Vancouver. Three stories high, covering two acres of ground, the Academy was said to be the largest brick structure in Washington Territory when it was finished in 1873. Vancouver residents had long regarded the building a stately landmark and were reluctant to see it go. Consequently, a campaign to preserve the old structure ended successfully when the Academy was declared a historic monument.

During the preservation efforts, information came to light about the remarkable pioneer nun who had left a heritage of so many good works to her adopted state. With the enthusiastic support of numerous groups, Mother Joseph was chosen to be Washington state's second representative in the nation's Statuary Hall. On May 1, 1980, a statue of Mother Joseph joined that of Marcus Whitman.

One of only five women to be honored in Statuary Hall, this Sister of Providence has finally received appropriate public recognition. Felix de Weldon's sculpture shows Mother Joseph's hands poised in prayer, but some admirers of the pioneer nun might imagine them clutching a hammer and nails.

Mary McKernan, *a free-lance writer from Bellevue, Washington, is a contributor to numerous magazines and newspapers.*

Western Photographers, II

Robert Vance

Pioneer in Western landscape photography

by Peter E. Palmquist

COURTESY, THE BANCROFT LIBRARY

ON A PEACEFUL NIGHT IN CALIFORNIA during the fall of 1857, photographer Robert Vance and an employee lay sleeping in the former's ranch house near Vacaville. Suddenly, five intruders disguised by black paint burst upon them, threatened Vance with a pistol, and whisked him away into the darkness. Left behind, Vance's companion sounded the alarm, and within several hours, forty men were out in pursuit of the kidnappers. The all-night search was fruitless. However, in the morning the usually well-dressed Vance returned absolutely naked, limping on tender feet wrapped in strips of his shirt, the only piece of clothing he had been wearing when abducted.

The central character in this bizarre event recounted in *The Alta California* for September 16, 1857, was photographer-entrepreneur Robert H. Vance, an influential pioneer in photographing the Western landscape. Vance's experience at the hands of vengeful squatters on his ranch demonstrated the unsettling possibilities of California life during that period and the kind of adventure that often peppered the lives of enterprising, frontier photographers.

Robert H. Vance (1825–1876) was a remarkable photographer on many counts. Though his name is virtually unknown today, Vance rates in influence and innovation with Mathew B. Brady, probably the best-known American photographer of the nineteenth century. Vance gained critical acclaim when he exhibited 300 whole-plate daguerreotypes of Western views in New York City in 1851. Owner of the most prestigious portrait gallery in San Francisco, Vance operated a number of branch galleries in California, Nevada, and as far afield as Hong Kong. Since he followed exacting standards in his own work and demanded them from his many employees, Vance became an important arbiter of photographic excellence in the West. His various establishments served as a training ground for many apprentice operators, a number of whom became some of the West's most renowned image makers.

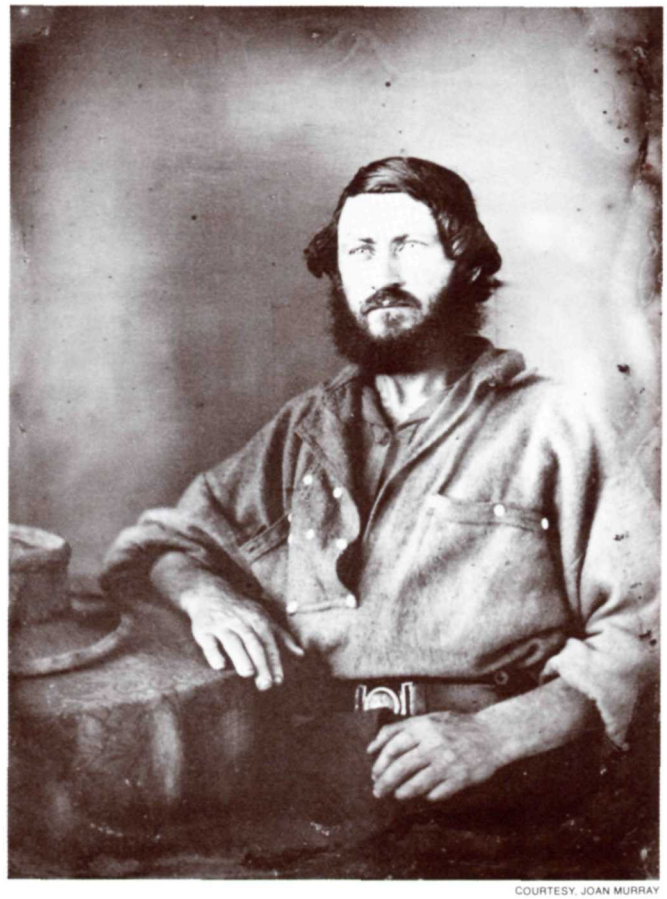
Vance sponsored, and subsequently displayed, the earliest series of large wet-plate landscape views of the Far West—photographs on glass of the American River mining region taken in 1858. The following year he sent his assistant and junior partner, Charles Leander Weed, to the Yosemite Valley where Weed made the first photographs of that geologic marvel. Besides his training and sponsorship of Charles Weed, Vance is also credited with the early training of Carleton E. Watkins, who became California's most illustrious nineteenth-century landscape photographer. Because of Vance's own early landscape work as a pioneer

Flamboyant, fastidious, and innovative—Robert Vance (left) *made some of the earliest photographs of the Western landscape. Moreover, he encouraged younger photographers to record natural Western wonders. In 1859 Vance sent his junior partner Charles Weed to take the first photographs ever of Yosemite Valley, focussing attention on that magnificent area. Among Weed's arresting images was this picture of breathtaking Yosemite Falls* (opposite).

COURTESY, THE BANCROFT LIBRARY

William A. Richardson (below left) *was an English trader who administered the port of Yerba Buena (later San Francisco) when it was established under Spanish rule in 1835. Credited with erecting the first rough shack at the port, he is sometimes called the "founder" of San Francisco. Vance made this strong portrait of Richardson in 1854. James D. Parker* (below right), *from New Bedford, Massachusetts, presented the strong and earnest mien of a miner in California goldfields when Vance took this daguerreotype at Weaverville, Trinity County, in 1853. Parker sent the photograph to his father, paying seventy-six cents for the coast-to-coast delivery. This historic photograph of James Marshall at Sutter's Mill* (opposite) *is thought to have been taken by Vance about 1851. The original daguerreotype of Marshall at the site of his discovery of gold in 1848 has been lost; only a copy remains.*

COURTESY, CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY, SACRAMENTO



COURTESY, JOAN MURRAY

daguerrean, and his support of others who photographed nature, he may well deserve recognition as the father of Western landscape photography. Nor did his innovation end there. Vance devised a way to make photo copies of documents for use in a court of law. His images of this type were apparently the first to be used as legal evidence.

ROBERT VANCE SPENT HIS YOUTH IN MAINE, where his father was a powerful politician and important landholder. At age nineteen, Vance opened his first photography business in Boston, remaining there for about four years until he began to work his way westward in 1848. During the winter of 1850–51, Vance traveled to the Far West, following the long route by ship around Cape Horn, making daguerreotype pictures of all the important ports of call. Upon arriving in San Francisco, he immediately opened a portrait gallery on "Clay Street, over Steadman & White, Jewelers." He also turned his camera on San Francisco and its environs, as well as inland mining regions. Amassing a collection he called "Views in California," Vance daguerreotyped major towns, shipping centers, Indian villages, and mining scenes.

After the devastating fire of May 3, 1851, in San Francisco, Vance recorded the smoldering ruins of the city with his camera, often using the same vantage points from whence he had photographed San Francisco only a few months earlier. On June 22, the city burned again, with Vance and his camera in attendance. The daguerreotypes of these two awesome conflagrations made a dramatic climax to Vance's "Views in California," which he was assembling for exhibition in New York.

"Views in California" opened at 349 Broadway, New York City, and immediately garnered glowing reviews. The *Photographic Art-Journal* exclaimed that "looking upon these pictures, one can almost imagine himself among the hills and mines of California." The *Daguerrean Journal* was amazed at the exhibit's comprehensiveness and marveled at the difficulty of Vance's project: "When we consider the

COURTESY, SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

disadvantage of operating in a tent or the open air, and in a new country, we are much surprised at such success; as a collection, we have never seen its equal.''

In the eyes of these critics, Vance had indeed captured ''the thing itself.'' The public, on the other hand, was disinterested, and the exhibition was not an economic success. In 1853 Vance's ''Views in California'' were purchased by Saint Louis daguerrean, J. W. Fitzgibbon, who exhibited the pictures in his gallery for several years before they mysteriously disappeared. Many speculations have been made concerning the lost ''Views in California,'' but none of the photographs has been recovered.

Meanwhile, Vance returned to California where he resumed his daguerrean business, making portraits as well as views. He soon became a consistent winner of gold medals for his photography at local fairs and exhibitions. His ''First Premium Gallery'' in San Francisco was a show place and fashion center for the elite. Like Brady in New York, Vance employed only the finest camera operators and assistants in his business. At the same time, he continually strove to be first to introduce each new camera technique and photographic fad to the citizens of San Francisco. Located at the corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, Vance's lavish gallery occupied two stories, offering elegant reception and sitting rooms. ''Magnificent chandeliers, lace curtains, oriental carpets, and the richest style of furniture seem to remind spectators that they are rather beholding the interior of a palace than a photographic gallery in San Francisco.''

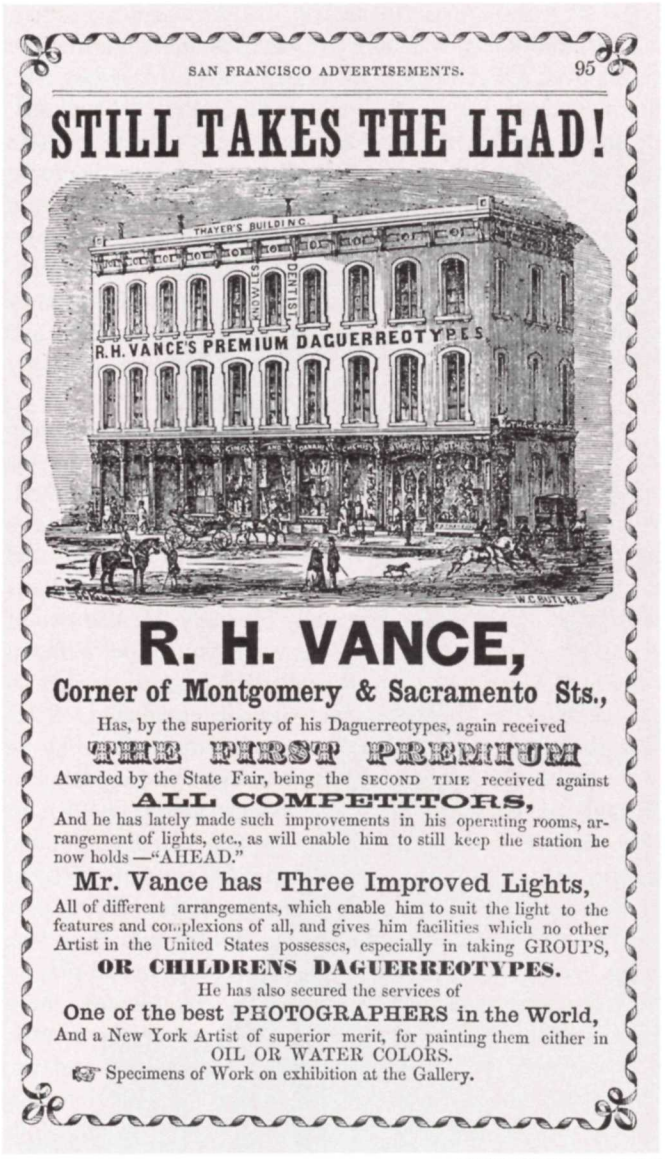
Vance's advertisements were as extravagant as his studio facilities. ''AHEAD! ALWAYS WAS AND ALWAYS WILL BE.'' ''$100 Reward to anyone who can produce as good an AMBROTYPE PICTURE as we are making, no matter what part of the world it was made!'' Not only were Vance's claims strident—ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW—but their frequency and volume far exceeded the combined total of his competitors. He advertised in French, German, Spanish, and Chinese—a compliment to the cosmopolitan nature of San Francisco.

COURTESY, THE BANCROFT LIBRARY

IN THE EARLY YEARS, VANCE'S PRINCIPAL OUTPUT was the daguerreotype. When stereo photography became popular in 1853, he immediately offered stereo daguerreotypes. By 1854, he espoused the ambrotype (a photograph on glass); a few years later, he used the wet-plate negative and photographs on paper, including stereographs and carte de visite portraits. Vance hired artists to color photographs and installed a solar camera to make "life size" likenesses on canvas.

In the summer of 1858, Vance sent Charles Weed to make a series of large photographs showing river mining on the middle fork of the American River. These views were unusual in several ways: they were made *in the field* on glass negatives by the wet-plate process, which is a very early Western usage of this procedure; the pictures were printed on paper, allowing multiple copies to be made easily; and the pictures were of large size, about twelve by fifteen inches. These photographs were intended for display in Vance's San Francisco showrooms, and for later sale in the East. In 1859 Weed was sent to Yosemite to take the first photographs of that magnificent area. These views—the American River and Yosemite photographs—focussed attention on the West's natural landscape as an important resource for the camera artist. Weed's 1859 stereographs of Yosemite (made at the same time as the large views) were widely distributed by Edward Anthony & Company of New York. The result was an international market for Western landscape photographs, a market soon to be exploited by Carleton E. Watkins and others.

Embarking upon additional business ventures in 1860, Vance sent Weed and his principal cameraman, Milton Miller, to Hong Kong to establish a gallery and to market stereo views of the Orient directly to America. Vance went to Nevada to set up galleries in Virginia City and Carson City, with the idea of capitalizing upon the portrait market opened up by new wealth from the recently discovered Comstock lode. Having indulged in mining investments which turned sour, Vance was in financial difficulties by 1861. Weed re-



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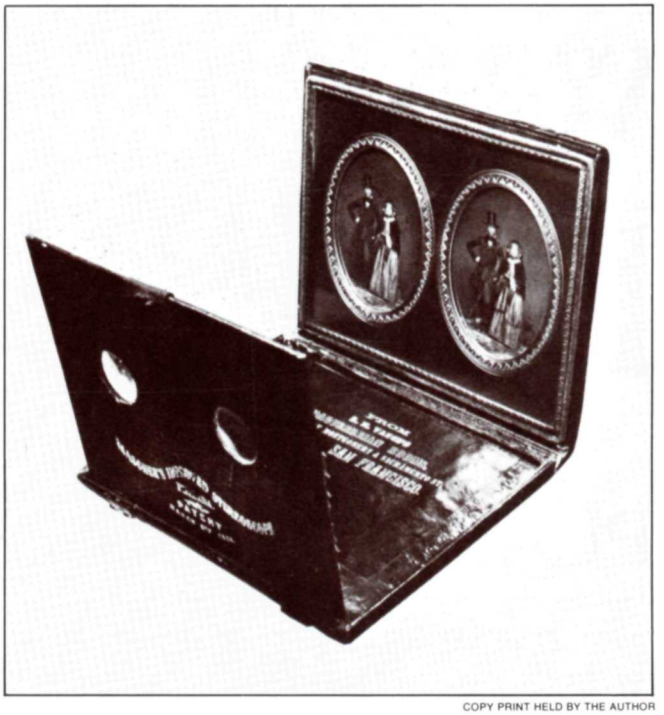
COURTESY, THE BANCROFT LIBRARY

Cromwell's Claim on the American River (opposite) *is one of a series on river mining taken by Vance's partner Charles Weed in 1858. It is among the earliest Western landscape views developed by the wet-plate process in the field. The hard-sell advertisement* (left) *shows the building that housed Vance's San Francisco gallery on the third floor. Pictured* (below) *is a Vance stereo-daguerreotype, circa 1853–54. Vance was the first photographer in the West to promote actively the three-dimensional daguerreotype process. The two images were viewed through the windows of the special daguerreotype case, called a Mascher Case, creating a startlingly lifelike image. Expensive and cumbersome, the stereo-daguerreotype proved unpopular.*



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turned from Hong Kong to direct the San Francisco gallery, but poor management forced its sale to Bradley & Rulofson in 1863.

Vance stayed in Nevada until about 1865 when he sold his galleries there. He returned to New York as a mining broker, making only an occasional visit to the region which his pictures had helped make famous. By 1873 Vance was actively selling stock—$500,000 worth—in Bellingham City, Washington Territory, a hoped-for terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. His photography seemed forgotten.

However, as the nation prepared to observe its centennial at Philadelphia, an interesting item surfaced. An application for exhibit space at the 1876 celebration was made by R. H. Vance, 25 Nassau Street, New York City. The request was for 250 square feet of wall space for the display of "photographic likenesses and views from life down to the size of a pin's head." The outcome of this exhibit is not known, but the centennial was significant in another and unexpected manner. Robert Vance died on the country's one-hundredth birthday, July 4, 1876, at age fifty-one.

Vance's outstanding influence and patronage helped to establish an esthetic and regional identity for Western photography. Ansel Adams, perhaps the best-known photographer of all time, may have summed up Vance's contribution when he wrote that photographers of today "will respond to the integrity and forthright simplicity of Vance's photography and to his devotion to the enduring qualities of the world around him."

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Although Vance is mentioned in the majority of writings about pioneer Western photography, little in-depth research has been done on his work. Vance's "Views in California" collection is discussed in Robert Taft, *Photography and the American Scene* (1938) and Richard Rudisill, *Mirror Image* (1971). See also R. Bruce Duncan, "Gold Rush Photographer," *Graphic Antiquarian*, October, 1971.

Peter E. Palmquist *is the university photographer at Humboldt State University, Arcata, California. He is currently working on a biography of Carleton E. Watkins to be published by University of California Press.*

WINOLD REISS

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BY W. TJARK REISS
WITH GEORGE SCHRIEVER

THE ROAD FROM THE BLACK FOREST where my father, Winold Reiss, was born to Glacier National Park where he achieved a high point in his artistic career was a long one. But my father's feet were already on this path in his boyhood. He knew early in life that he would be a painter, and his reading of the Leatherstocking Tales of James Fenimore Cooper and the Indian romances of Karl May convinced him that he would paint Indians. Most important for his development and fascination with the American Indians was his reading of Prince Maximilian von Wied's account of his journey to the interior of North America from 1832 to 1834 and the opportunity to study the accompanying engravings by Karl Bodmer.

Dad's first artistic schooling was with his father, and more than any other training he received, this accounted for his mastery of drawing and the speed with which he worked. When he had absorbed as much as he could from his father's teaching, he enrolled in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts and in the School of Applied Arts in Munich, which rivaled Paris as the leading art center, especially for study. He had two of the best teachers of the day, Franz von Stuck and Wilhelm von Diez. Stuck was a propagandist for modern art and an exponent of the *Jugendstil,* the German equivalent of Art Nouveau. Dad was completely aware of what was going on in the art world and tried out new theories and techniques, retaining for his use those that he thought served his own art best. He felt that it was the results that counted, not the theories. His colors and composition were certainly affected by the experiments, but not to a drastic degree. In his portraits and other paintings, realism was still his aim. However, in his later designs for fabrics and rugs, he gave full play to his extraordinary abilities in abstraction. To this day, these remain as fresh and lively as if they had been newly created.

In Munich, young Winold met a fascinating and accomplished young Swiss-English woman named Henrietta Luethy, also a student at the School of Applied Arts. Both were swept off their feet, and they were married. (Henrietta was later to become a superb fabric designer and originated the idea of book jackets or "dust jackets." She taught design at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York for many years.) WR had performed his obligatory military service and was commissioned a reserve second-lieutenant in the German army. His own plans did not include further military service, however. He wanted to paint Indians. The increasing talk of war warned him that he would have to be out of Germany soon, and in 1913 he left for the United States. His bride was expecting their child, who turned out to be me, and it was thought unwise for her to attempt the trip. She and I joined my Dad in New York three months after I was born.

When my father arrived in New York and completed the unpleasant processing through Ellis Island, he fully expected to see Indians walking about the streets of Manhattan. At least he knew that the streets were not paved with gold. He

Always Howling Woman (opposite), *oil on canvas by Winold Reiss, n.d., 43" × 36"*

COURTESY, ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

In his innocent enthusiasm, Dad expected to see Indians on the sidewalks of Manhattan.

COURTESY, ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

Singing in the Clouds, Blackfeet Child (above), *mixed media by Winold Reiss, n.d., 30" × 22"*

Night Shoots–Brave Society (opposite), *mixed media by Winold Reiss, n.d., 39½" × 26¼"*

did finally meet a recognizable Indian on the "El," and got him to pose in regalia borrowed from the American Museum of Natural History. The lack of Indian subjects was only one of his many disappointments. American buyers of art were not interested in my father's modern style.

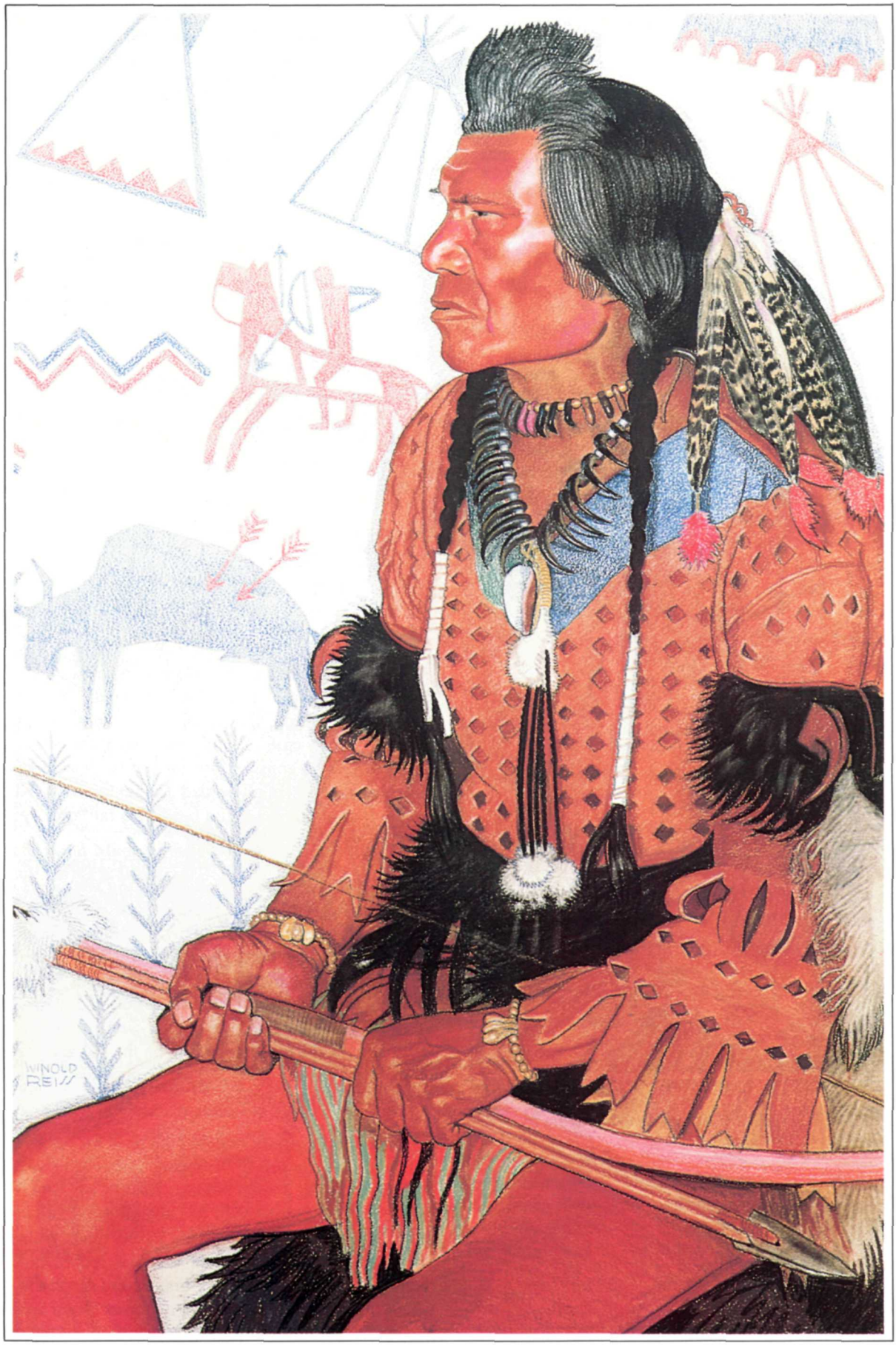
Since Mother was fluent in English, she acted as Dad's agent with art directors, editors, designers, and architects. Also, my father was fortunate in being sponsored by the Hanfstangl Gallery, one of the few galleries in New York that featured modern art. They secured several portrait commissions for him and arranged for him to contribute to the magazine *Modern Art Collector.* He designed posters and fabrics, illustrated books and magazines—anything that he could put his hand to. The anti-German feeling engendered by the war was an additional obstacle which at first prevented his making enough money to travel out West where he now realized his subjects lived in numbers and under conditions that were more picturesque and authentic than those in New York City.

In the winter of 1919, accompanied by a student, Langdon Kihn, Dad did take off for the West, as the war was over and travel was easier. Dad was still under the influence of Karl May and James Fenimore Cooper; so, when he arrived at the station platform in Browning, Montana, he picked out the most impressive-looking Indian wrapped in a buffalo robe, rushed up to him, slapped him on the back, and said, "How!" The Indian, whose name was Turtle, had not had the advantage of reading about Indian forms of etiquette and was uncertain about his response. Nevertheless, Dad's goodwill must have carried the day, for they became good friends, and Turtle sat for him more times than any other Indian. A long-standing and close friendship developed through the years among the three of us.

Dad had trouble in finding a place to stay in Browning. The only accommodations of any kind were at the Haggerty Hotel, and it was full. However, he worked out an arrangement with a cowboy who was working a night shift: Dad was able to sleep in the bed while the cowboy was out riding the range at night. Dad persuaded the people at the hotel to fit up a studio for him in one of the public rooms and started painting like fury. He was delighted to have so many good Indian subjects close at hand. He worked so hard that he earned the Indian name of "Beaver Child," producing thirty-four portraits in thirty days. (The entire lot was purchased by Philip Cole and is now part of the permanent collection of the Bradford Brinton Memorial Museum in Big Horn, Wyoming.)

On this trip, as on many subsequent ones, WR used tempera and pastels rather than oils, which require time for drying and are more difficult to transport. He also preferred to use pastel and tempera to achieve the brilliant colors that he considered closer to the Indian originals.

The trip was a wonderful experience and confirmed Dad's intention to paint more Indian portraits. However, back in New York, commissions were piling up, and the school he had started demanded a lot of his time. He needed help and thought of his brother, Hans Egon Reiss, who like himself,



COURTESY, ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

Each trip we stopped at Rapid City, South Dakota, for their excellent buffalo steaks.

COURTESY, ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

Bear Medicine, Kiayesam Blackfeet, *mixed media by Winold Reiss, n.d., 53" × 30"*

had received excellent art training in Munich. Hans hated war and loved mountain climbing and had emigrated to Sweden before World War I to avoid the former and indulge his taste for the latter. It was a hard job for WR to persuade his brother to emigrate a second time, but eventually Hans came to New York to help run the school and to collaborate with Dad on many interior design projects.

Uncle Hans suffered from allergies, and during summers, he was able to breathe freely only at the seaside or in the mountains. Dad suggested Glacier National Park as a retreat, and it was there that Hans went. In those days, mountain climbing was not a popular sport, but Hans got a license as a mountain guide and soon had groups of eager climbers hard at work in the Park. Louis W. Hill, at that time president of the Great Northern Railway, was one of Hans's clients. The Great Northern had all manner of concessions in the Park and, in order to encourage tourism there, occasionally commissioned paintings of the landscape to be reproduced in advertisements. Uncle Hans suggested to Mr. Hill that a series of portraits of local Indians done by his brother, Winold, would stimulate interest in the area. Hill agreed, and in 1927 Dad returned to Browning and Glacier National Park to paint the Blackfeet under the sponsorship of the Great Northern Railway.

The arrangement was ideal. Logistical problems were handled by the Great Northern which had the hotel and catering concessions in the Park. Our problems were to recruit Indian models and to get them to the studio and then back to their homes. Before we left New York, it was my chore to order pastels, paper, and paints—on credit. This wasn't always the easiest job. In spite of Dad's hard work, he seldom had much ready cash. The materials would sometimes run as much as $300, a considerable amount in those days. I had to convince the art suppliers that the additional credit would enable Dad to pay his entire bill in the fall after he had sold some of his summer production.

In 1927 and 1928 we made the trip from New York to Glacier National Park by rail, requiring four days. In 1929 Dad bought his first car, a Hupmobile touring model, and Uncle Hans taught him how to drive on the trip to the Park. In 1930 we went by Ford cabriolet, and later Dad bought a Cadillac, and we traveled in style if not in opulence. The Cadillac cost more to operate than Dad had anticipated; so, when we got to the Park, we put the car up on blocks and said it was too good a machine to ruin on the dirt and gravel roads in the Park. After the Cadillac experience, we shifted to Fords and stayed with them.

The trip generally required ten days by automobile, and we often stopped by Rosebud, Rocky Boy, and Browning, Montana, to line up models. Rapid City, South Dakota, was always on the itinerary because of the excellent buffalo steaks served at the cafe there. Paved roads ended shortly after Saint Paul. That meant that we drove more than a thousand miles on washboard, gravel, and dirt roads, some of which were under construction or repair. Rain was another enemy. We seemed to spend as much time getting out of the

A MOVER AND SHAKER

BY GEORGE SCHRIEVER

Fritz Winold Reiss (1888 or 1886 – 1953) was a "mover and shaker" of his time. He lived during an exciting period when old art forms were being broken up and reassembled. Born into an artistic family in the Black Forest of Germany, Reiss grew up under the dispensation of the poetic realism of Dürer, Holbein, Cranach, Grunewald, and Leibl and learned important facts about art from them, particularly about composition.

Winold Reiss's father was a landscape painter of note in Baden, and both Winold and his older brother, Hans Egon, studied with him. Winold was well prepared for the Royal Art Academy School and the School of Arts and Crafts in Munich, where he made excellent progress under Wilhelm von Diez and Franz von Stuck, two leading German art teachers of their day. By the time that Reiss entered the schools in Munich, the tornados of Cubism, Futurism, and Fauvism had begun to build up; they eventually reenforced his already strong sense of design and color.

Reiss was not affected by the Romantics, either esthetically or emotionally, and his paintings remained free of the sentimentality of German Romantic painting. He came to maturity as Art Nouveau (*Jugendstil* in Germany) was fading away. Art Deco and Reiss came in bloom at about the same time and were well matched. Reiss adapted Art Deco to his own needs and used it consistently throughout his long and productive career. It seemed to have been made expressly to serve him in his Indian portraits. The accessories of bead and quillwork, painted Indian designs on tents and pots, baskets, parfleches, blankets, rugs, articles of clothing—on all kinds of gear and paraphernalia —might have been devised by the most modern artists of the time.

Reiss's style was already formed when he came to the United States in 1913. He did develop and refine it further, like the complete artist and craftsman that he was. Within the framework of the art of his time, using what he had learned from artists of the past, he developed a style that is so distinctive that he almost need not have signed his work. Admirers spotted it from a distance. One drawback to this robust individual style is that Reiss's pictures are hard to hang in concert with the work of other artists. I have seen hundreds of his pictures and recall less than five that were not strong enough to hold their own with any picture in the realistic tradition.

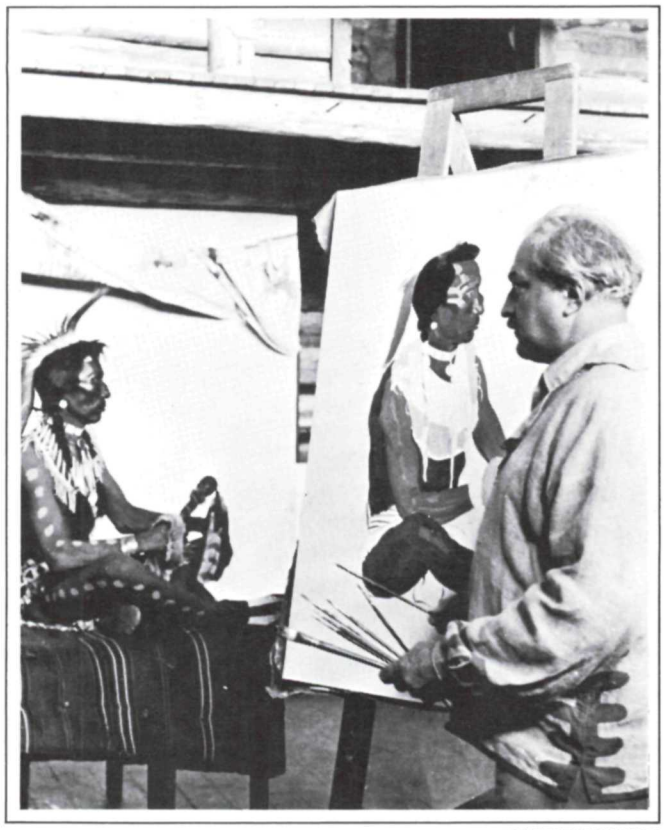
Through a combination of circumstances, not the least of which was that he adored the Red Man, Reiss is best known today for his portraits of Plains Indians. But he also painted many portraits of beautiful women, almost all of them models he chose himself. These portraits merit more general attention than they currently receive from the few enthusiasts who are now aware of them. They are honorable successors to Boldini's, which focus the elegance of the 1890s within their frames. In the same way, Reiss's immortalize the 1920s. They are the peak of chic. The esteemed but aging Saint George Hotel in Brooklyn was given a renewed lease on life when Reiss included thirteen of these portraits in his plans for redecorating that resort of the rich and famous.

Like many of his illustrious artist predecessors, Reiss designed interiors of public meeting places. Together with his brother, Hans, and a host of fine craftsmen, he planned and carried out the decoration of the Crillon Hotel in New York, the twelve Longchamps Restaurants in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, the Palmer House in Chicago, and many others. Fans of his work still regret the passing of those wonderful interiors which managed to be both stimulating and restful, a feast for the mind as well as the eye and body.

Reiss's greatest success in interior design was within the Cincinnati Union Terminal Railway Station, a "Temple of Transportation," which was the culmination of installations of its kind. Reiss designed, and executed in mosaic, fourteen enormous murals. They have since been moved at great expense to the airport, indicating the affection that Cincinnatians have for these stupendous works of art.

Reiss's Indian portraits have been exhibited throughout the United States, Europe, and Asia Minor, a tribute to their excellence and general appeal.

It came as close to being pure joy as anything can. At least it seemed so to me then.



COURTESY, W. TJARK REISS

Winold Reiss painted his portraits from life, inviting Indians to come for many miles to pose for him at Glacier National Park in Montana. The Indians were glad to comply, enjoying friendship with the artist and the opportunity to exhibit their tribal finery. Reiss took special pleasure in portraying the intricate designs and bright colors of their costumes and artifacts. In the photograph above, Reiss is painting Spider, a Blood Indian, at Saint Mary's Lake, Glacier National Park, in 1934.

Clumsy Woman (opposite), *mixed media by Winold Reiss, n.d., 29¼" × 26¼"*

mud as we did moving along the road. Old-timers like myself will recall with satisfaction the ingenuity with which we overcame ruts, high road crowns, creeks, bogs, untrustworthy bridges, and animals, both domestic and wild. Sometimes a local entrepreneur would pull us out or through the mud for ten dollars, which was considered gouging. A good number of farmers counted on this money and were not at all eager to see the roads improved.

Automobile tires were less than perfect, too. No motorist in his right mind would start off on a trip without plenty of "hot patches" to repair innertubes and "boots" which fitted inside the tire and protected the innertube in spots where the tire itself was weak. Tires were expensive, not as standard in size as they are today, and you could not count on finding the right kind of tire, especially in out-of-the-way places.

But it wasn't all heavy going, and when all went well, there was nothing to compare with the exhilaration of riding along the road and watching the world move by in a giant panorama. The top of the car was usually down, and impressions therefore multiplied. It came as close to being pure joy as anything can. At least it seemed so to me then, when I was in my teens.

We always stopped in Browning, Montana. The Indians came there to draw rations allotted by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. It was the best but not the only spot to find good models. We always attended the annual Sundance, as this was a good opportunity to get in touch with other tribes who came to the Sundance as guests. Crow, Cheyenne, and Chippewa sat, speaking in the sign language common to the Plains Indians. We walked around camp with the interpreter and set dates on which we could pick up the models. They were accompanied by their families, and bachelors made arrangements to stay with family groups. The Great Northern Railway provided teepees in the Park for our guests and also issued rations to them. The Indians brought their own cooking and sleeping gear as well as their everyday clothes and ceremonial robes. When we picked them up at their homes on the prairie, we often had to hitch a trailer behind the touring car to accommodate the family and its belongings.

Negotiations with the Indians were generally simple. Dad was well known among the Blackfeet, and all of the Indians were glad to serve as models. If we were dealing with some of the other tribes, it was sometimes necessary for the interpreter to explain who Dad was and what would be involved, but in general the Indians looked upon the trip as an interesting interlude in the daily life on the reservation. We asked them to bring their ceremonial robes and medicine bundles.

After the hustle and bustle of getting the Indian models ready to leave their homes for the sittings in Glacier National Park, squeezing everyone and everything into the car and trailer, dealing with flat tires (I had to fix forty during one summer), settling the Indians into their teepees in the Park, it often happened that they would want to return home immediately. The usual reason was that the hay needed cutting. After a few days at home, they would send word that they would like to return. We soon realized that this moving about

COURTESY, ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

COURTESY, ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

Joe Devine and Family (above), *oil on canvas by Winold Reiss, n.d., 72" × 72"*

Chief Shot from Both Sides (right), *oil on canvas by Winold Reiss, n.d., 80" × 36"*

COURTESY, ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

The Blackfeet Indians scattered Dad's ashes at the foot of the Rockies in Montana.

was part of their way of life, and we planned our schedules accordingly. I never felt foreign among the Indians. Certainly, my father's example and his acceptance by the Indians had something to do with this. They were sincere and forthright in their friendship and never tired of answering my questions. I made many Indian friends, and some I worshipped as heroes.

The painting studio was set up in a fine log lodge at the end of Lake Saint Mary. When Dad and Uncle Hans started their summer school (with students coming out from New York), it was housed in the same lodge. Classes began at 9:30 each morning. Students as well as WR and Hans often used the same model. Usually the Indians posed in their own ceremonial robes. However, if they didn't have any, we would borrow a fine one from Margaret Carberry who ran the trading post in Glacier Park Station. Her father had collected some magnificent Indian clothing and gear; Margaret added to this collection until it was one of the greatest of its kind.

Usually the models spoke no English. If they fell asleep during long hours of posing, one of the interpreters— Heavy Breast, Little Dog, Percy Creighton or another—was ready to keep them awake by asking questions about their past lives and encouraging them to recount stories and legends about themselves and their people. If none of the interpreters was available, I might be called in. I would pass cigarettes to the model. Literally everyone smoked—everyone who could hold a pipe or cigar or cigarette.

Often when the Indians posed, I copied the typical designs of the moccasins or some other article of clothing. These designs were unique to each tribe and represented stylized interpretations of their country, such as mountains and rivers. The designs provided an easy way to identify the models. If Dad had not completed the picture with the model posing, he would consult these drawings. Dad loved these designs as well as the designs on the teepee linings. He had a professional appreciation of these forms and colors, and I think his delight in them can be felt in the verve and style with which he used them in his pictures.

WR really lived up to his Indian name, Beaver Child. Once the Indian model was posed, Dad worked full-steam-ahead and seldom gave any rest periods, except to the very young or very old. The Indians were probably the best models Dad ever had, due to their serene nature. They were completely at ease and had no difficulty staying in the same position hours on end.

WR could do a head such as the portrait *Mud Head* in one morning. A portrait like *Singing in the Clouds* would require a day and perhaps a bit longer to complete the details of her costume. He worked more slowly in oils. *Chief Shot on Both Sides* probably required a week to finish. Many Indians came to the studio to see the completed portraits and were always welcome. They enjoyed identifying their friends and kin and were as eager to pose as Dad was to have them as models.

Uncle Hans and I received Indian names, as well as my father. Mine was Three Eagle (Neoxca Peta); Uncle Hans's was One Eagle (Neta Peta). The Indians claimed the automobile horn sounded as though it repeated his name. "Hotsy Totsy" was a favorite slang term of mine and I was delighted that it caused a lot of laughter among the squaws. I stopped using it when the interpreter, a staid half-Scotch Blood Indian, took me aside after a particularly mirthful session and informed me that what I had been saying all summer translated into "women's urine." For the next few days I kept a rather low profile.

The season always ended during the first part of September. My father and Uncle Hans had commitments in New York, and I had to return to school or college. The summer's production of pictures was carefully wrapped in wax paper and sent to the Great Northern Railway headquarters in Saint Paul. We started the students off on their way home and said goodbye to our Indian friends. When Dad arrived in Saint Paul, O. J. Magillis, advertising agent for the Great Northern Railway, would view the pictures and decide which ones they needed for the collection and which for reproduction. The first year, the GNR purchased sixty or more; the second year about forty. After the first two years, arrangements usually concerned the reproduction rights alone. Prices for the paintings ranged from $500 to $1,500, and they were used for years on the calendars which Brown and Bigelow put out for the railway, as well as in a book *Blackfeet Indians*.

Dad's Indians appeared more and more often in public places. He incorporated some twelve-feet-high Indians in his mosaic in the Cincinnati Railway Terminal, and a large number of his Indian pictures and murals were featured in restaurants of the Longchamps chain in Washington and New York. But World War II brought an end to the commissions from the Great Northern Railway, as it no longer catered to tourist traffic.

After the war, Dad wanted to move his studio out West, but his plans did not materialize. In 1950 he had his first stroke, and it seemed wiser for him to live near his physician in New York. He died there in 1953. The Blackfeet Indians scattered his ashes at the foot of the Rockies in Montana.

W. Tjark Reiss, *son of Winold Reiss, continues his long-standing interest in the Plains Indians—an interest which began in childhood when he accompanied his father on trips to Glacier National Park. Mr. Reiss is an architect who lives in New York state.*

George Schriever *is the curator of the Anschutz Collection in Denver. He is an author and speaker on American art and artists.*

Three Desert Poems by Richard Shelton

Illustrations by Paul Goble

Desert Voices

moon says its name
as a sign in the sky
wind says its name
which runs along behind it
trying to catch up
road says its name
as a casual promise
and then moves on
mountain says its name
in two languages both words
are almost the same
bat says its name
and listens for the echo
which will guide it

coyote says its name
again and again to the moon
which pays no attention
palo verde says its name
as a snare for the wind's name
which runs along blindly
trying to catch up

arroyo says its name
to the coyote
who translates it as home
place between two mountains
says its name to the stars
who say their names
not quite in unison
owl says its name
as a challenge to intruders
who do not know the password
is to repeat the name

darkness says its name
which breaks into small pieces
and hides from the moon
in the arroyo
silence says its name
softly the name of the place
where it was born and lived
until it died

Desert

Sometimes the sun is still trying
to get to the horizon
when a daylight moon comes up,
fragile and almost transparent,
the ghost of a white bird
with damaged wings,
blown from its course and lost
in the huge desert sky.
It is the least protected
of all unprotected things.

A little wind goes by
through the greasewood,
heading home to its nest
among blue-veined stones
where it will circle three times
and curl up to sleep
before darkness falls
straight down
like a tile from the roof
of a tall building.

There are families of stones
under the ground.
As the young stones grow
they rise slowly like moons.
When they reach the surface
they are old and holy
and when they break open
they give off a rich odor,
each blooming once in the light
after centuries of waiting.

Those who have lived here longest
and know best
are least conspicuous.
The oldest mountains are lowest
and the scorpion sleeps all day
beneath a broken stone.

If I stay here long enough
I will learn the art of silence.
When I have given up words
I will have become what I have to say.

Burning

I

each day comes here
to its own execution
to its own burning

at sunset the ashes
are sifted and scattered
until they are cool

then darkness walks barefoot
through the desert

II

today the rain kept
coming back as if it had
nowhere else to go

and each time
the desert welcomed it

the gates of the desert
never rust but they open
only to the voice of rain

III

even the Indians were
strangers in this place

our oasis is a mirage
and all day the desert
looks through us

at night it looks through us
and sees its own stars
its own moon burning

These poems are reprinted from The Bus to Veracruz *by Richard Shelton by permission of the University of Pittsburgh.*

Richard Shelton *is a Professor of English at the University of Arizona.*

Paul Goble *is an award-winning author and illustrator of children's books.*

Pilgrimage to Magdalena

PHOTO BY C. ALLAN MORGAN

The feast of San Francisco reflects past and present in Sonora

by Bernard L. Fontana

WHEN THE HOT SUN OF SULTRY SEPTEMBER has dried the fields of Sonora in northern Mexico, when corn stalks turn the color of fodder and pumpkins and squashes lie ripe amid withered vines, then pilgrims wend their way to the small town of Magdalena de Kino to pay homage to the sainted Francisco Xavier. To be on the road to Magdalena in early October is to take part in the richest kind of living history, to participate in the weaving together of past, present, and future. Like religious pilgrims of old, these travelers leave their homes by the thousands to join with friend and stranger in a journey representing piety, hope, adventure, adoration, and personal gain. Just as Chaucer's motley group in medieval England sought out Canterbury Cathedral to worship at the tomb of Saint Thomas à Becket, so do these twentieth-century pilgrims repair to Magdalena's mission church "There to the holy sainted martyr kneeling/That in their sickness sent them help and healing."

The focus of attention in Magdalena is a gessoed wooden statue of Saint Francis of Xavier, or San Francisco Xavier. Why San Francisco Xavier became important in northern Sonora is clear. Xavier was the patron saint of Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, the pioneer Jesuit missionary to the region. Father Kino crossed the invisible rim of Christendom in 1687, stepping beyond the northwestern perimeter of New Spain to establish more than two dozen missions and mission visiting-stations among the Pima and Papago Indians. In 1711 Kino died in Magdalena where he had come to dedicate a new chapel in honor of San Francisco Xavier. Kino was buried in that chapel, on the gospel side of the altar, and there his skeletal remains were uncovered by archaeologists in 1966.

Father Kino's patron saint was born in Navarra in 1506. As a Jesuit missionary Xavier went to Asia, where he became the renowned "Apostle to the Indies." He died December 3, 1552, on a desolate island just off the Chinese coast, about a hundred miles southwest of Hong Kong. His body was placed in a coffin, packed in lime, and ultimately shipped to Portuguese Goa in India. Removed from the lime, the body remained incorrupt, a miracle that played a role in Xavier's canonization in 1622. The most frequent depiction of the saint, either in paintings or statuary, shows him reclining on his back in a symbolic model of the actual corpse. It is such a reclining statue, lodged in a chapel in Magdalena's mission church, that draws thousands of pilgrims each year.

Although the origin of a devotion in northern Sonora focused on San Francisco Xavier is not a mystery, what remains unknown is when the change was made in the month and day of the celebration in his honor. After the Jesuits were expelled from New Spain by an edict of the Spanish King in 1767, they were replaced in their northern Sonora mission stations by Franciscans. Just as San Francisco Xavier was a great Jesuit saint, another Francis, the gentle saint of Assisi, was the founder of the Order of Friars Minor, the Franciscans. Thus the natives of Sonora were introduced to two saints Francis, one whose feast day was December 3 (Xavier) and one whose feast day was October 4 (Assisi). Although records on the subject are scant, it appears that certainly as late as 1813 the San Francisco fiesta was customarily celebrated in early December. By 1828, however, the occasion seems to have shifted from December 3 to October 4. The Franciscans had won the battle if not the war.

The result is a modern feast in honor of San Francisco Xavier celebrated on the feast day of Saint Francis of Assisi, the focus of which is a statue of San Xavier. To complete the fusion, or confusion, the replicas of the reclining Xavier that are sold in religious shops in Magdalena are garbed in the brown habit adopted by Franciscans in the last quarter of the nineteenth century—a Jesuit saint in brown Franciscan clothing! It is an ecumenical phenomenon within the ranks of the Roman Catholic Church.

While the matter of Xavier versus Assisi may be of interest to historians and of concern to liturgists, it appears to be of no importance to Magdalena pilgrims. San Francisco is San Francisco, and his blessings of good health and welfare are bestowed upon the faithful who make their way to his wooden and plaster representation.

Darkness provides a dramatic background for the mission church in Magdalena, built between 1830 and 1832 by Father José María Pérez Llera. Lights along the church's elegant facade illuminate a crowd of pilgrims gathered to honor San Francisco Xavier, the sixteenth-century Jesuit missionary whose holy statue rests beneath the church's dome.

ALL PREVIOUSLY EXISTING MISSION CHURCHES in Magdalena were supplanted by one built between 1830 and 1832 by Father José María Pérez Llera, among the last of the Franciscans to serve in Magdalena before its church was turned over to secular clergy by the middle of the century.

This is the church which exists today in remodeled form. It was in use when John Russell Bartlett visited Magdalena in October of 1851. Bartlett was then United States Commissioner on the United States and Mexico Boundary Commission charged with laying out the line between the two countries as provided by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 1848. His account of the feast of San Francisco, written more than a hundred years ago, still serves to describe the event as it occurs in modern times:

> Although San Franciscos are as common in Mexico as Washingtons, Jeffersons, and Franklins are with us, and churches dedicated to that saint are to be found all over the country; yet this of La Magdalena is the most celebrated and potent of all, inasmuch as it contains a celebrated figure of San Francisco.... The original [church], with the exception of the tower, is in ruins; but a new one has been erected within a few years, which is quite an imposing edifice, with two fine towers and a large dome, beneath which the Saint reposes.
>
> For several days previous to the 4th of October, which is the Saint's day, preparations for its celebration begin; so that the devotions and offerings, with their accompanying festivities, are in full blast a day or two in advance. La Magdalena and the Church of San Francisco are the Mecca of devout Mexican Catholics. From the borders of Sinaloa on the south to the furthest outpost near the Gila, and from the Gulf of California to the Sierra Madre, they flock in by thousands, to offer their devotions at this shrine. It is not unusual for very great sinners to bring their burden of guilt a distance of four or five hundred miles; a journey in this country of greater difficulty, and requiring more time, than one from New Orleans to Quebec. The poorer classes often come a hundred miles on foot, begging by the way. The more penitent, like the idolaters before the temple of Juggernaut, or the devout Mohammedan at the shrine of his prophet, prostrate themselves, and, with their hands crossed on their breasts, advance on their knees a hundred feet or more to the church. Both men and women are thus seen toiling over the dusty street and brick pavement of the church to the presence of the Saint, who is laid out beneath the dome and in front of the altar. When the votaries reach the bier, they cross themselves, and with outstretched arms repeat their prayers. They then rise to their feet and, drawing nearer, present their offerings.
>
> The body of San Francisco, or rather its image, lies upon a platform or bier clothed in rich vestments, and covered with a piece of satin damask of the most gorgeous colors. The head, hands, and feet are alone exposed. These are made of wood, colored to represent flesh.... The offerings consist of money and candles; and as wax is quite expensive here, the poorer class present candles of tallow. There was a continual jingling of money; in fact, so constant was the dropping of silver dollars into the receptacle placed for them, that no other sound was heard.... To the question of what became of all this money, I received the usual reply of *'Quien sabe?'*
>
> In the evening we walked about the town, and among the booths, which were arranged on every side of the plaza, and along the principal streets.... Cakes of various kinds, tortillas, fruits, and aguardiente, were the staple articles; but while there were booths entirely appropriated to the sale of this intoxicating liquor, I do not remember to have seen a single drunken man. In the midst of these booths was a large inclosure, covered with boughs of trees, beneath which some hundreds were assembled, and engaged in dancing. An enormous bass drum, which was heard above all other sounds, a couple of violins, and a clarionet ground out waltzes and polkas, while the beaux were swinging round the señoritas in a manner that would astonish our dancing

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Inside the quiet sanctuary of Magdalena's mission, pilgrims draw near the reclining wooden figure of San Francisco Xavier–the focus of their quest (top right). *The form of the statue symbolizes the incorruptible body of the saint, who died in 1552 on an island off the Chinese coast. His homage has continued for centuries in Mexico despite religious controversy and political upheaval. Another site of historic importance in Magdalena is the tomb of the famous Jesuit mission builder, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino* (bottom left). *The church which he dedicated to San Francisco in 1711 is no longer standing, but another has taken its place; today's pilgrims honor San Francisco at the nineteenth-century mission* (bottom right).

San Francisco's unseen presence, mediated through the statue, strengthens faith and ensures salvation

PHOTO BY JOHN P. SCHAEFER

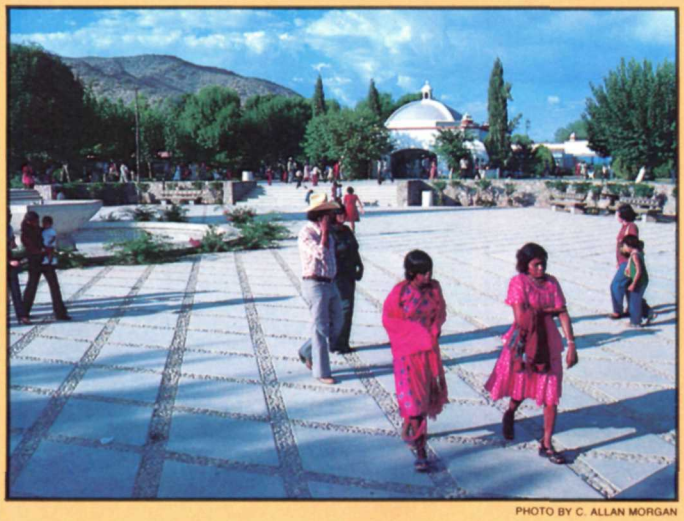
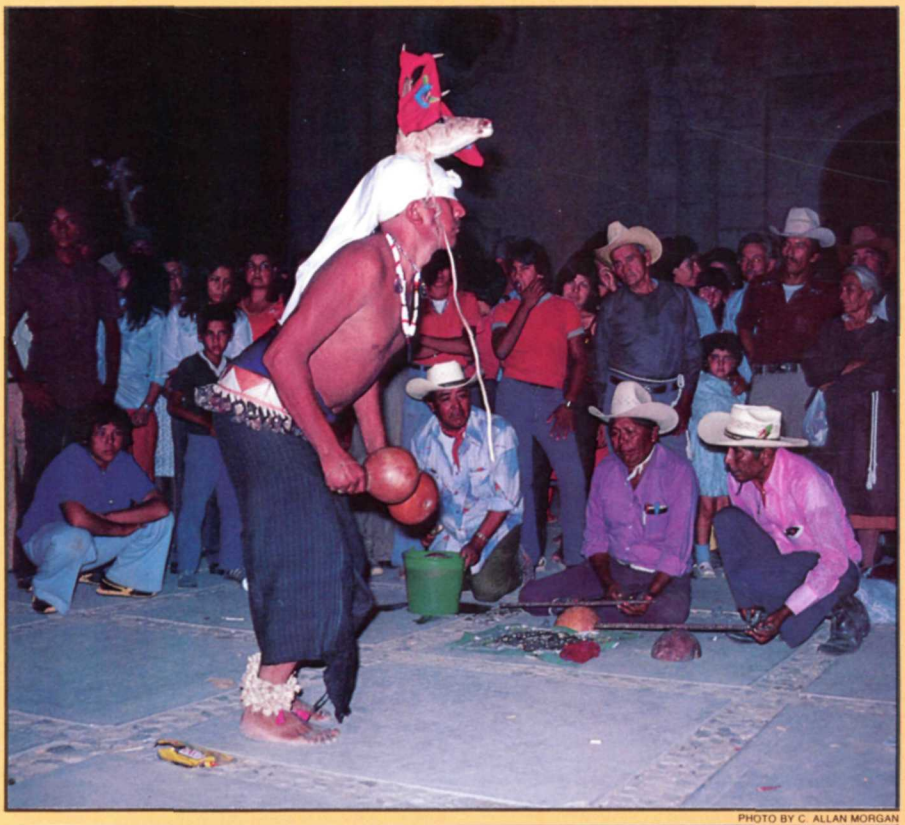


PHOTO BY C. ALLAN MORGAN

PHOTO BY C. ALLAN MORGAN

Piety was the pretext, but pleasure was the goal--so said an early observer of Magdalena's colorful throngs



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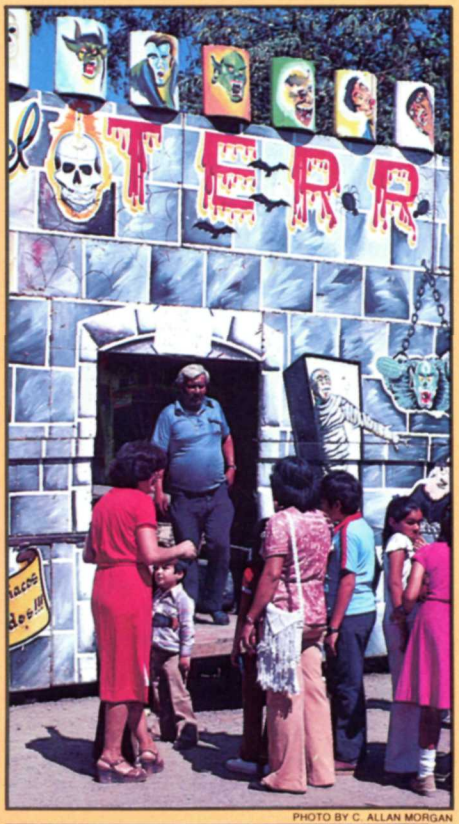

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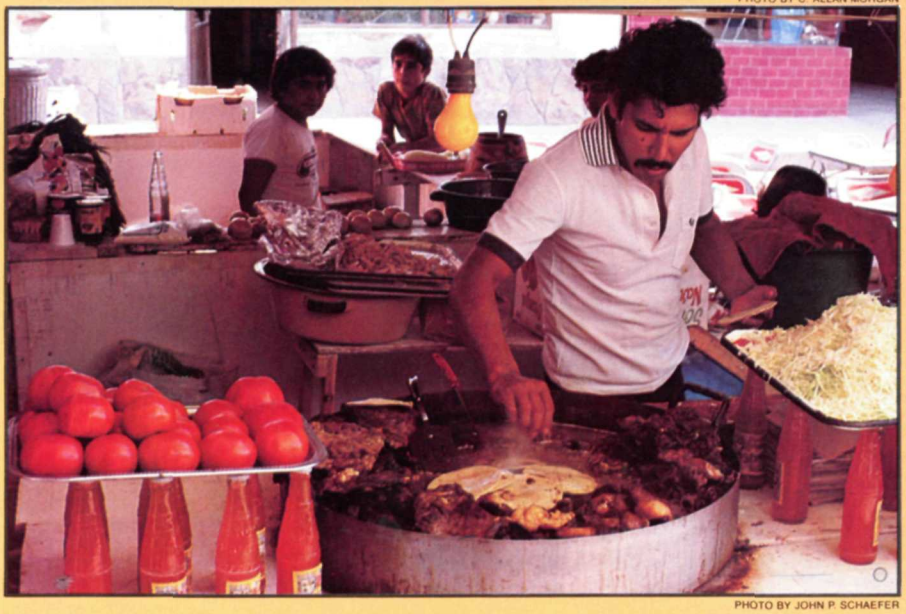


PHOTO BY JOHN P. SCHAEFER

PHOTO BY JOHN P. SCHAEFER

community.... But gambling, after all, seemed to predominate. Whole ranges of booths were devoted to this exciting amusement; and crowds of every age, sex, and class were assembled about them.... Some of the tables were attended by women, selected, not on account of their personal beauty, but for their expertness in shuffling the cards.

La Magdalena is the best built town we had yet seen; the houses are chiefly of adobe, though some are of brick, and nearly all are stuccoed and whitewashed.... The permanent population does not exceed fifteen hundred souls, which number, during the days of the festival of San Francisco, is swelled to ten or twelve thousand.

IN LATE SEPTEMBER OF 1877 a Tucson newspaper noted: "The stampede for Magdalena, Mexico, from Tucson, during the past few days to be in attendance at the feast... is simply immense. The wagons loaded with men, women and children, number into the hundreds. If the Mexican people turn out in the same proportion in other towns, poor Magdalena will have to shut down her flood gates or enlarge her borders. Monte, Faro, Roulette, and other distinguished individuals are also Magdalenaward."

The conflict between church and state which raged throughout Mexico between 1926 and 1934 reached a crisis in northern Sonora in September, 1934, when Governor Rodolfo Elías Calles and other state officials presided over a public burning of the statue of San Francisco Xavier. As a signal to the world of their intention of bringing the San Francisco cult in Magdalena to an end, they burned the sacred image in the ovens of the *Cervecería de Sonora,* or Sonora Brewery. But cults and pilgrimages die hard. A new reclining statue replaced the old one, and a grand Sonoran tradition survives.

The thousands of modern pilgrims who make their way to Magdalena are a cosmopolitan lot. Most are Mexican from varying walks of life, but many are Indian, with Papagos, Yaquis, and Mayos leading the way. There are always a few *turistas,* including some from north of the border, and there are the inevitable anthropology students. The latter groups are lost in the crowd.

Most pilgrimages are penitential in character, and most pilgrims are inspired to make their long journeys out of a sense of guilt, anxiety, or stress in the hope that their undertaking—a form of personal sacrifice—will relieve the symptoms of these maladies. There is always hope of a miraculous cure. Miracles have happened in the past at pilgrimage sites such as Magdalena and are expected to happen in the future. It is the unseen presence of San Francisco, mediated through the reclining statue, that strengthens faith and ensures salvation.

Pilgrims may also be moved by sentiments of thanksgiving or petition. Many arrive in Magdalena seeking help; others make the trip because they had promised to do so should earlier petitions be granted. One of the better known Sonoran stories tells of a wealthy businessman who lived in Cananea, some forty-seven miles from Magdalena via a mountainous highway. This man had borrowed beyond his ability to pay; so, he promised San Francisco that should the debt be settled he would travel to the Magdalena shrine on his knees. After his creditors were paid off, the shrewd suppliant made the promised pilgrimage on his knees, comfortably settled on a mattress in the back of a pickup truck.

A French observer who saw the Magdalena fiesta in the mid-nineteenth century said of those who attended, "Piety was the pretext, but pleasure was the goal." One might have the same impression today. Beer and hard liquor are consumed in prodigious quantities. Bowlegged Sonoran cowboys dance their solo jigs in El Oasis bar to the accompaniment of polkas and schottisches played by three-piece bands, Sonoran style. Traveling salesmen hawk their wares of blankets, balloons, pots, pans, and glazed ceramics. Others peddle healing herbs and dried animals, particularly invertebrate sea creatures, as remedies. Photographers with Polaroids sell instant pictures. Fortune tellers wander the streets while small crowds cluster around shell-game artists, losing their pesos and dollars as the operator palms the

(Continued on page 60)

On the feast day of San Francisco Xavier, Magdalena becomes the scene of merrymaking as well as spiritual renewal. Entertainment is offered in a myriad of forms. A Yaqui deer dancer (top left) *taps out ancient rhythms on the plaza stones. Excitement of a different kind is offered at the Castillo del Terror* (top right) *where pesos buy a variety of thrills. Booths sell fresh produce* (bottom left) *and showcase artistic skill* (bottom right), *heightening the charm of this Sonoran town during the colorful fiesta of San Francisco.*

IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Run for glory
Alpine skiing in the West

Racing miners and daring postmen pioneered the sport

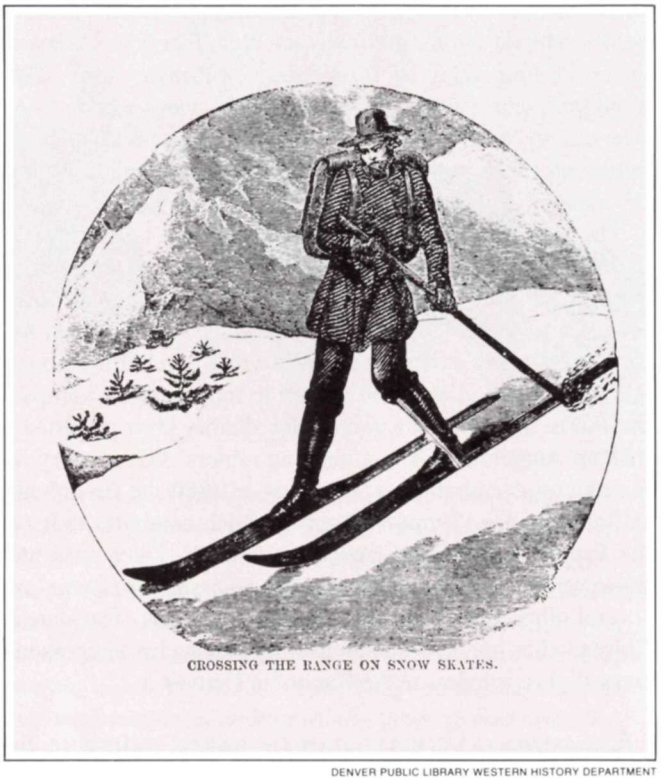
by I. William Berry

LOOK AT THEM COME, PERHAPS TEN MILLION Americans in any given winter, sliding down snow-covered mountains and filtering through nearly a thousand ski towns big and small, coast to coast. As a method of transportation—getting from here to there across frozen wastes—skis were used nearly 5,000 years ago from Scandinavia to Siberia, according to cave drawings found in the frozen north. But using skis as a runabout for recreation is quite a modern concept, dating to the early 1820s in Norway and then only if you stretch the definition of recreation.

When the Norwegians who emigrated to the gold fields of Australia and California around 1850 strapped on their twelve-foot-long wooden "snowshoes"—skis (in contrast to the webbed snowshoe used by American Indians and early trappers)—and ran for glory, they probably became the first downhill racers in world history. This development certainly antedated any comparable activity in the central Alpine region of Europe by three decades. The only reason the Austrian-Swiss-French connection gets credit for the innovation is because American expatriates of the 1920s, such as Ernest Hemingway, learned about skiing in the Alps. By then, the downhill racers from the gold and silver mining towns in California, Colorado, and Utah had long vanished (as had the value of silver and the availability of gold).

Whether those racing miners truly died out or were the first of the restless skier breed—have boards, will travel—seeking the Ultimate Ski Experience across the next pass or peak remains moot. By the late 1890s they were gone and forgotten until historians of the ski sport started digging into old newspaper clips and old folks homes in the 1930s. Yet some of the late nineteenth-century racers must have continued to ski, because when historian Bill Berry (no relation to this author) put together a race between the old-timers and the best of the newcomers in 1938, one of the old-timers blew the new hotshots away.

Skiing began in the Sierra and the Rockies as it had in Scandinavia, as a means of winter locomotion. Fortunately,



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Dashing across the Sierra Nevada at "a fearful rate of speed," John "Snowshoe" Thomson (above) *carried the winter mail between Placerville, California, and Carson Valley in Nevada Territory from 1856 to 1876. "Snowshoe" introduced the long Norwegian skis in the West and won his place in ski legend by many feats of courage, audacity, and endurance. From a drawing by Charles Christian Nahl, the print portrays Thomson on his homemade, ten-foot skis, dragging a long pole used to check speed. In Idaho, William Borden "Sheepherder Bice"* (opposite) *strapped on his long boards at Warrens in 1897 and set out over the snow-laden landscape to deliver mail to Thunder Mountain.*

Snowshoe Thomson of the Sierra and Father Dyer of the Rockies became the West's first great Norse-like ski heroes.

skiing has had a tendency to create Norse-like heroes, beginning with Ull (or Ullr) in mythology and running right up through the present. California and Colorado were no exception; even so routine a chore as packing the mail generated the First True Great American Skier. He was John "Snowshoe" Thomson who, as early as 1856, hauled as much as 100 pounds of mail across the high passes between the Sierra gold towns on his long Norwegian skis. Thomson's experiences inspired tales so Bunyonesque, Runyonesque, Londonesque, and Twainian—celebrated in many a book—that one has to wonder if he and other skiing postmen really outran all those b'ars, Injuns, and avalanches that the yarns tell about.

The next Great Ski Hero was Father John Lewis Dyer, a mailman and itinerant Methodist missionary who traversed the high ridges of Colorado's Front and Gore Ranges on his rounds among the gold and silver camps. Colorado ski history offers many exciting tales about this intrepid missionary who took the mail and God's word to rough mining camps in the 1860s. Though not a young man, Father Dyer persisted in making dangerous treks on his long miners' skis to carry out his religious commitment, founding in 1880 the first church in Breckenridge (Summit County), which continues today as the Father Dyer United Methodist Church. Dyer recounted his experiences in an autobiography, *Snowshoe Itinerant,* and several other authors have featured his exploits. The state of Colorado has honored this pioneer by putting his likeness in a stained-glass window at the Capitol in Denver.

AN IMPORTANT HISTORIAN OF EARLY SKIING is the Reverend Don Simonton, the "skiing pastor of Vail" and the first curator of the Colorado Ski Hall of Fame and Museum there. Simonton informs us that in addition to Dyer other ministers used skis to get around in the Rockies in the 1870s. George Darley, who started the first Protestant church on the western slope in Lake City, used to ski over to Silverton and Ouray, across the San Juans, "a heck of a trip." But with prospectors, Simonton says, it is difficult to document the use of skis:

> The trouble is you come across bits and pieces of references and you can never be entirely sure whether the prospectors were on webs or on Norwegians [skis]

COURTESY, MARK FIESTER. PHOTO BY CLARK HAWKSWORTH

IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

because they just spoke of "snowshoes." One case that is intriguing occurred in 1884. A guy by the name of Wilkins (so identified in the Leadville paper) with some buddies was over at the head of Gore Creek, up in the Gore Range, and he came across some mountain sheep. This was in January and the men were on "snowshoes," and they ran down those mountain sheep until the sheep were exhausted and [could be] lassoed. Then Wilkins and his friends took them up to Leadville—these were the first live mountain sheep ever seen by the citizens of Leadville. I can't quite see anyone clomping around up in the Gores on webbed snowshoes, and I rather suspect they were on skis, which enabled them to go fast enough to get those mountain sheep. They must have been fantastic skiers.

While so God-fearing a man as Father Dyer would never have strapped on his skis in a heedless downhill quest for gold and glory, miners like Wilkins tended to look at it in a different light. As described in John Jay's excellent *Ski Down the Years*, miners in the California Sierra arranged "the first organized ski competition the world has ever known." For

The first great ski hero in Colorado history was Father John Lewis Dyer (opposite), *a Methodist missionary who carried God's word on skis to mining camps in the Rockies, beginning in the 1860s. Dyer's experiences match the excitement of a new silver strike. The rugged preacher is shown here in a stained glass window at the Father Dyer United Methodist Church, which he founded in 1880 at Breckenridge. In 1910 a ski-mail-carrier at Stanley, Idaho* (above), *laid aside the heavy backpack of letters and harnessed two small dogs to pull his load. In addition to the customary, laced, knee-high boots, he wears an oversized forerunner of today's ski boot.*

IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This early twentieth-century group at the Montezuma Hotel in Atlanta, Idaho (above), *seems hesitant about rushing into winter sports. The young man and woman already on their skis, with poles in hand, will tackle whatever is ahead while dressed for city streets. Their expectations undoubtedly include a gentle slope. The Old Man's Race* (right) *at Hot Sulphur Springs, Colorado, in 1919 included this unusual group. Obviously, they are more at home in the snow than our friends at the Montezuma Hotel. It seems they are spoofing us as they provide an "action" shot for the photographer. Apparently, they have decided that ski fun includes hijinx and individual form as well as speed.*

COLORADO SKI MUSEUM, VAIL

prizes ranging from a bucket of lager beer and a hundred silver dollars to a gold-mine claim, miners "strapped on their twelve-foot skis (some were made of solid oak and weighed twenty-five pounds) and went hell-for-leather down the Sierra race courses at speeds up to eighty-plus miles an hour, riding a long pole that looked like a cross between a barber-pole and a plumber's helper." Portable bars and side bets in thousands of dollars contributed to arguments and fist fights during the boisterous proceedings.

The Reverend Mr. Simonton offers descriptions of equally colorful races in 1881 and 1886 in the Gunnison area of Colorado and around the mining towns of Crested Butte, Ruby, and Irwin on the southern side of the Elk Range.

> These races were entered largely by miners and in some cases by mailmen. My own theory is that carrying the mail over the passes, they had to "go for it" because they were triggering avalanches. Every once in a while one got caught: Sven Nilson down in the Elks got nailed by a slide and nobody knew where he was for two years until the snow bank finally melted back enough. . . . I figured those guys had to learn to ski fast to stay ahead of the slides and in the process discovered they liked speed. . . .
>
> They all had their own particular formula for dope [wax] that they'd smear onto [the bottom of] those things. There were no turns involved; they just had to slide down to a flat outrun, but they were hitting speeds of sixty-five to seventy miles an hour and they'd attract crowds. This great race down in Crested Butte attracted at least 1,000 people who came on the railroads and bet large sums of money. . . . Al Johnson was the postmaster over in Crystal and he had to ski over the pass to deliver the mail to Crested Butte, and he was one of the preeminent racers. But sixteen-year-old Charley Baney beat him on Washington's Birthday, 1886, by inventing the tuck. Personally, I think the kid probably began to lose his balance and just dropped down low on his skis, but as a result he came in two feet ahead of Johnson, who was standing straight up as they usually did. Johnson got back at Baney, though. You had to keep racing until you eliminated everybody, and somebody had a little flask along. So they gave Charley a little slug of whiskey everytime he climbed the hill and at the end of this one race he was so roaring darned drunk that he couldn't stand on his skis.

ALTHOUGH THIS ERA CLEARLY CAME TO AN END no later than the final demonetization of silver in 1893—often significantly earlier—it had a funny echo in 1934 on Mount Rainier in Washington. Taking a cue from mining days, the sponsors of the "Silver Skis" had all the racers start at the same time, winner-take-all and devil-take-the-hindmost, rather than follow the already common practice of running racers in sequence against a clock. The account by John Jay in *Ski Down the Years* suggests strongly that skiers of the 1930s were not up to the rigors common during the mining town days (the format was quickly abandoned) and also subtly attests that those old days had been forgotten in 1934: the name for the format was neither Western nor Norwegian but Austrian, *geschmozzle*, suggesting that in skiing as in most human experience, a good publicity campaign can offset true innovation.

Skiing postmen learned to like speed as they outraced avalanches triggered by their daring descents.

Thus, on the racing level, the historical line from mining towns to ski towns is somewhat intact, especially where the latter appeared in the same location as the former. Further, American skiing has always had a high focus on competition (at least until the Golden Age occurred in the late 1950s and recreational technique superceded racing as the major goal), and downhill racing began to evolve on the East Coast about the time that miners were leaving the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra. The first formal college Outing Club hit Dartmouth, New Hampshire, in 1909, and ski racing teams were common along the Ivy League corridor before World War I. True, the Ivy Leaguers were strictly amateur and the miners professional, but somehow, when you read the accounts of the great Dartmouth Winter Carnivals (especially those by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Budd Schulberg), you begin to suspect that the behavior was not too different, except that the miners probably got drunk with more dignity.

Even earlier, during the 1890s, a different strain of Norwegians, lured by the gold of wheat rather than the gold of metal, had brought their long boards to the Middle West—Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan especially—and had developed jumping and cross-country competitions of great popularity and professionalism. The schism between downhill (Alpine) and cross-country (Nordic) skiing and racing, so common to our era because of strict International Olympics rules and rivalries, had not yet evolved: skiing was skiing. Also, much as in the Rockies, the Alpine ski centers in the Middle West of the post-World War II era have appeared near or at the same locations in which the early Norwegian events were held, such as Telemark, Wisconsin, site of the famous Birkebeiner, and Ishpeming, Michigan, home of the first Ski

The modern ski industry began at Sun Valley in a small sheep meadow outside the old mining town of Ketchum, Idaho.

Hall of Fame and Museum.

As a result, it is easy to overlook one salient fact: what we now call recreational skiing—skiing as a winter pastime rather than as competition—had no antecedent in the Rockies before Sun Valley appeared in 1936. True, by the second decade of the twentieth century, recreational skiing had become as common as racing in the Northeast—Quebec, New England, and northern New York—as well as throughout the snow belt of the Middle West; but in the Rockies people skied only for transportation, for survival, and for professional racing. On the recreational-tourism front, in fact, the whole history of innovation belongs in the East: the first ski trains, ski schools (formal instruction systems), ski trails, and ski lifts—ropetows in Sainte Sauveur, Quebec, in 1933; and in Woodstock, Vermont (Suicide Six), in 1934. But in one stroke, W. Averell Harriman and the Union Pacific Railroad reasserted the primacy of the Rockies with the development of Sun Valley.

Most historians trace the beginnings of the modern ski industry to the day that Count Felix Shaffgotsch discovered a small sheep meadow outside the old mining town of Ketchum, Idaho, and to the day a young Union Pacific Railroad engineer applied his experience gained in building tropical, banana transports to designing the first chair lift in America on Dollar Mountain. These two developments were significant in that they created Sun Valley.

Under Harriman's direction, Sun Valley became the single most important episode in the development of American skiing. For the first time, a resort designed only for skiing was built from scratch, and its architecture was nearly as revolutionary as its chair lift. From the beginning its "sell" was *class*. Steve Hannegan, who had earlier invented Miami Beach and would later serve Franklin Roosevelt as postmaster general, became the industry's first supersalesman and put together the aura and the facilities that quickly attracted movie stars like Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, and Gary Cooper. Because of this glamorous appeal, the resort attracted hordes of "climbers"—social, not mountain. Thus, skiing changed from purely a physical to primarily a social activity. The pattern persists to this day and is one reason that skiing continues to grow while other sports sometimes suffer the short popularity of fads.

The primary purpose of Sun Valley was to generate business for the Union Pacific Railroad, and this it did brilliantly for some time. As chief executive officer of the railroad, Harriman brought to the project not only the enthusiasm of a dedicated skier but also his sophisticated business skills which made Sun Valley the First Great American Ski Resort, establishing the fiscal and social directions that downhill skiing would take in the United States.

IN 1938 ANOTHER SKI RESORT OPENED in what many people considered (and still consider) the best ski area in the country—Alta, Utah, at the head of Little Cottonwood Canyon, virtually within hiking distance of Salt Lake City. One of the premier silver mining towns from the 1860s to the early 1890s, with 5,000 as the peak population, Alta lost its prosperity and population after silver was finally demonetized.

Charles "Chic" Morton, longtime president of Alta ski area and a serious amateur ski historian, would like to support author John Jay's conclusion that Alta was one of the sites of early downhill racing. However, "We have no evidence of anyone skiing here," Morton says, "aside from miners using long boards for winter transportation, until some of the serious cross-country skiers started hiking over here from Park City in the 1920s."

Though Sun Valley caught on quickly among the social set, Alta virtually exploded among the serious skiers and racers. People like Dick Durrance, the First Great American Ski Racer on the International Circuit in the thirties, took over management of the Alta Lodge (the first "hotel" in the narrow canyon) in 1940 just to have the opportunity to ski its mystical powder. College racing teams from as far away as New Hampshire headed for Alta every Christmas (and later in the season as often as studies would permit), yet all the insiders conspired to create another tradition: Alta became the First Great Ski Secret in America, and what's amazing is that this persists to this day.

Alta did have an early distinction: it was one of the few ski areas to remain open, as a rest and rehabilitation center, during World War II. Morton remembers:

> This Air Force replacement depot near here was where the enlisted guys came for overseas shipment, and the Air Force furnished all the ski equipment and transportation, complete with ambulances, because all those guys *wanted* to get hurt. It was absolute mayhem. You've never seen anything like it in your life. These guys didn't know anything about skiing and they didn't care; they'd take any hill, anywhere, anyplace and time.
>
> But at the same time, since we were virtually the

(Continued on page 70)

IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT

Fun in the snow has attracted this appealing family group (above) *in Ivers, Idaho, at the turn of the century, and three generations are ready to enjoy a day in the open. Only the men seem ready for any real physical activity, as the ladies' long, heavy skirts will dictate a genteel approach to any kind of movement. Miners in the California Sierra and the Colorado Rockies* (left) *in the last century were the first downhill racers in the West. They rivaled today's hotshots in their daring abandon but lacked control on the slopes. Skiing was not only a means of transportation for the miners; it was an exciting diversion, especially when mixed with liquor and side bets. This devil-take-the-hindmost attitude was part of the miners' image as rough, raucous, and reckless characters.*

Real horses and mythic riders

Those Western movies are not true-life stories

by Stan Steiner

PHOTO BY TONY O'BRIEN

Gentleness and chivalry were virtues of early Western film heroes like William S. Hart (far left). *At the recent Western Film Festival in Santa Fe, outdoor discussions* (near left) *allowed movie people and real cowboys to discuss the very different image of Western stars today.*

Is the movie maker to be responsible for telling the truth?

Ma, do cowboys eat grass?
No, son, they're part human.

RANCH LIFE ISN'T ANYTHING LIKE a Western movie,'' said New Mexico rancher and farmer, Cleofes Vigil. ''It's more honest. Western movies are a bunch of lies,'' he told several hundred Beverly Hills cowboys, Hollywood Western superstars and directors, screenwriters, and starlets in high-heeled French cowboy boots who recently gathered for the Western Film Festival in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Mostly, the Westerns are about ''greed and selfishness, cheating and killing,'' Vigil said; ''but on a ranch, life isn't like that.''

The rancher waved his fist in a friendly way at actor Charlton Heston who was seated beside him on the panel entitled ''Did The West Really Exist?'' But Heston, who had defended ''mythic Westerns,'' went on to say, ''Since there is no 'truth' about the West, what is the responsibility of the filmmaker to tell the 'truth'?''

''I don't believe in lies,'' the rancher replied.

Earlier in the debate the differing ideas about Western movies had clashed when the famous actor said he thought real ranch life was not interesting enough to film. ''Besides, cows are boring,'' he said. To that, a woman rancher, Janaloo Hill, whose ranch is headquartered in the ghost town of Shakespear, smiled at him sweetly from behind her large, cover-girl sunglasses, and said quietly, ''Mr. Heston,

PHOTO BY LISA LAW

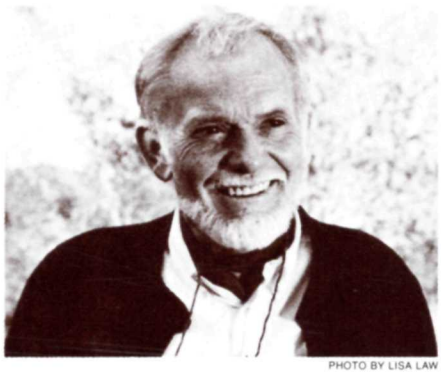


PHOTO BY LISA LAW

Participants at the Western Film Festival included veteran directors King Vidor (top left), *and Sam Peckinpah* (top right), *winner of the Festival's highest award. Hard words for the historical Billy the Kid came from actor Buster Crabbe, photographed in younger days* (right).

As knight errant of the sagebrush, the cowboy seemed immortal.

I guess you don't know cows like I do.'' And yet, all the actors and ranchers agreed they were fans of the Western movies they disagreed about.

Rarely does an ordinary rancher come face to face with his or her idolized Hollywood image. Even rarer is the occasion when the ''men who push turds around with their toes,'' as one rancher said of his fellow cowmen, get to voice their feelings about the cops-and-robbers heroics of so many cowboy movies or to question their Marlboro Man media image. That face-off was the unique achievement of the Western Film Festival, as conceived by Bill and Stella Pence of Telluride, Colorado.

Before the cinema's silver screen was tarnished with realism, it portrayed no more luminous hero than the cowboy. ''He was a shining knight,'' Jack Schaefer, the author of *Shane*, told the Festival audience. ''As the knight errant of the sagebrush, he was 'immortal'.''

The celluloid cowboy was nothing less than a ''god,'' intoned screenwriter Miles Swarthout, who wrote *The Shootist,* John Wayne's last film. ''Not a religious god,'' he hastily added, ''but a mythic god; he was like the hero of a classic Greek tragedy.'' Now that was not quite the way that contemporaries of the old-time cowboy perceived him. In his heyday the lowly cowboy had a more realistically low public image.

In the nineteenth century popular opinion about the dirty, mean, unshaven, unwashed, shiftless, ne'er-do-well—the cowboy—was pretty well summed up by President Chester Arthur who, in a State of the Union message,

referred to cowboys as no better than "desperados." So poor was the reputation of the cowboy that in *Marvels of The New West,* published in 1888, William Thayer felt obliged to reassure his readers that "the cowboy was a member of the human family." To convince dubious Easterners, Thayer said he knew of cowboys "who were graduated at Harvard and Yale" and offered a drawing of a cowboy in a three-piece, vested suit to prove he was "civilized." "Cowboys are not the desperados and cutthroats which many Eastern papers present them to be," said Thayer.

THE ROMANTIC DIME NOVELS and spectacular Wild West shows of the turn of the century changed the cowboy's image. But it was the Western movie that changed that image to a legend. On the endless plains of New Jersey, "cowboys" from the laboratory of Thomas Edison made what is probably the first Western movie, *The Great Train Robbery,* in 1903. It is fitting that the new image of the heroic cowboy was born in an off-Broadway production. And it is significant that this new cowboy was not a cowboy at all; he was a train robber, a "desperado."

In many of the early Westerns, the West was painted on plywood flats, and so were the characters of the cowboys. "Broncho Billy" Anderson made hundreds of these Westerns that were really Easterns; he created the "good bad man," the gunfighter with a heart of gold. The high and low point of the Eastern-Western came in a post-World War I film where, it was said, a mechanical horse was used. The star's horse was asked to jump off a cliff, but it wisely refused to comply. And so a mechanical horse was built and pushed into oblivion.

Several old silent Westerns, preserved by the University of California at Los Angeles Film Archive, were shown at the Festival—films by D. W. Griffith and Thomas Ince, among others. Favorites were the Gold Rush epic *The Argonauts of California* and William S. Hart's *The Return of Draw Egan,* both made in 1916. They were so innocent and gentle. There was a poignancy about them, humane and funny, with little violence. It was this naive quality that the Grade B Westerns and the Saturday matinee serials of the 1930s so happily captured.

If there was conflict between Indians and whites in these old movies, it was likely to be romantic rather than military. Romantic stars of the early films were often Indians, as in *Little Dove's Romance* and *A Squaw's Love*. The idea that Indians ought to be the villains of the Westerns came much later. And yet, remembering the hundreds of Westerns he had seen or acted in, that stereotypic Indian actor Iron Eyes Cody could think of "maybe ten" which were not insulting to Indians. Though he defended Westerns, King Vidor, a veteran of sixty years of directing *(Cimarron, Billy the Kid, The Big Train*), had to admit he had created "fake" Indians in his movies. "I am guilty," he said quietly.

At a panel entitled "Was the Western Hero Really an Indian?" the Mohawk anthropologist and writer Shirley Hill Witt startled the film audience by suggesting that the cowboy hero may have been an Indian in drag. His modesty and self-effacing manner, his laconic, soft-spoken stoicism, his my-word-is-my-honor pledge, and his layback and low-key behavior did not fit the boisterous European heritage; these were Indian characteristics that the cowboys had learned, she said.

As troublesome to the lover of Westerns as the treatment of Indians was the addiction to violence. (Sam Peckinpah, *The Wild Bunch,* was honored with a cowboy belt buckle, the Festival's highest award.) When historian Frederick Turner III wondered if gunplay in Westerns had not "inculcated a tolerance for violence in American culture," he was quickly challenged by Charlton

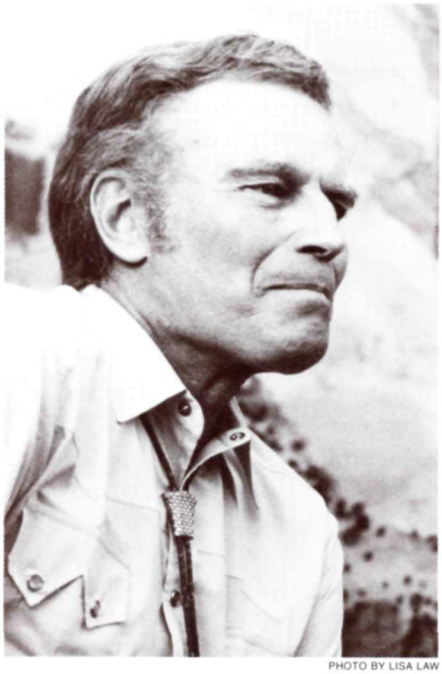


PHOTO BY LISA LAW

PHOTO BY LISA LAW

Charlton Heston (far left) *defended mythic Westerns and parried with a woman rancher who challenged his knowledge of cows. Actress Katy Jurado, known for her roles as an excitable señorita, joined other colorful stars in the Festival cast.*

Stereotypic Indian actor Iron Eyes Cody told the Festival audience he could think of "only ten" Western films avoiding insult to Indians. Early Westerns cast Indians in romantic rather than villainous roles. Here Cody is pictured in a film with Roy Rogers.

Horsemanship—not gunmanship—used to win the maiden.

Heston's, "I disagree! Violence is endemic; it isn't unique to Westerns."

No less sharp was the response to *Los Angeles Times* movie critic Sheila Benson, who had plaintively asked, "Was there always the guy with the gun?" "Oh yes, baby," Lee Marvin shot back, "and there still is." It was the audiences' fault, he said; they "get hypered up by a certain amount of dead guys per film." So, it was not the problem of the Western; it was a "sociological problem."

The glorification of gunplay is at once the most singular and dubious part of the Western. It has become a ritual as essential as the chase and confrontation of good and evil. But in the process this glorification has paradoxically changed the villains into the heroes. Outlaws and lawmen became interchangeable, as in fact they were in reality. For the gun is an amoral tool of morality.

Buster Crabbe, star of forty *Billy the Kid* movies, put it bluntly. "We tried to make him into a hero. Actually he wasn't," Crabbe recalled. "He was a little s.o.b."

EVIL HAD NOT TRIUMPHED; it had been transformed into entertainment. And the myth became the reality. "The public doesn't want its heroes debunked," said screenwriter Swarthout. "They don't want to see what a jackass Buffalo Bill really was." "That's why I filmed *Buffalo Bill and the Indians* as a fantasy," nodded director Robert Altman.

"Bambi with guns is not what audiences want to see," said one screenwriter. "They want to see blood."

Nonetheless, the shoot-out and shoot-em-up are the most historically dubious elements of the Westerns. In the vintage horse operas of William S. Hart and Tom Mix, it was horsemanship, not gunmanship, that won the fight and the maiden. Cowboys in those days displayed their manly prowess by their skill as riders and ropers. Not gunmen. The emergence of the gun as the decisive and dominant expression of manhood may be more symbolic of the twentieth century than of the nineteenth century.

And that irony provoked a discussion about the validity and accuracy of the Western. Philip Garvin, director of *Siringo* (an attempt at a historically realistic Western), recalled a study of violent deaths in the five principal trailheads during the fifteen years of the largest cattle drives. In all those years merely forty-five people were killed. "That many people have died by accident making Western films," he said. "The Western isn't at all accurate," Garvin concluded, "but I don't know that it really matters."

On that theme the obstreperous Jack Schaefer snarled like a cornered wolf and proclaimed that even his *Shane* was a fake. It never happened, and it never could. The old gunfighters, Schaefer said, did not face each other in their gunfights. "They shot each other in the back." He once offered $100 to anyone who "would send proof of a real-life shoot-out." "No one ever did," Schaefer grumbled triumphantly.

(Now, Jack was not entirely correct. I remember reading about one face to face shoot-out. It happened in Denver, and if I remember right the gunfighter, an Irish Jew named Levy who had recently arrived from Dublin, probably did not know that you were supposed to shoot your enemy in the back.)

"The Future of the West(ern): If Any" was properly the final topic of the Western Film Festival. It was said by some of the movie makers that only the clothing and location of the Western hero have changed; he reappears in detective stories (Bogey as the "Lone Ranger" wearing a trench coat) and in science fiction shoot-em-ups. Cowboys now wear a space suit and ride in a space ship, not on a horse. "*Star Wars* is a Western as completely as it could be," said Tom McGuane (*Rancho Deluxe*). This is the Western "of the future."

And so the Western Film Festival ended as it had begun, with a requiem and a rebirth. The movie that was perhaps the symbol of both these was Ed Abbey's painfully angry *Lonely Are The Brave* in which the cowboy hero is no longer a cowboy; he does not work on a ranch, and he has nothing to do with cows. But he *acts* like a cowboy. He is alone, an individualist, the misfit who is attempting to escape from urban life with the only things he trusts—his horse and his gun.

The cowboy rides off with his horse and gun into the mountains, escaping the jeeps of the police and the helicopters of the Air Force only to be run down by a huge semitruck on the superhighway in the dark of night. He cannot ride off into the sunset. For the truck has disemboweled his horse. In *Lonely Are The Brave* the end of the trail was to become even more symbolic than the movie makers intended, for the truck driver in the film, Carroll O'Conner, in time became Archie Bunker. As in Peckinpah's *Convoy* the truckers became "the new cowboys." The Western had once again become, at its ending, the Eastern that it was at its beginning.

No one could have closed this Festival better than did the Indian composer Louis Ballard who spoke the last words. He quoted his fellow Oklahoman Will Rogers as saying the "only way the Western movie could be improved would be to run it backwards."

Stan Steiner, *well-known Western author, was the moderator for panel discussions at the recent Santa Fe Western Film Festival. Steiner's* Dark and Dashing Horsemen *will soon be published.*

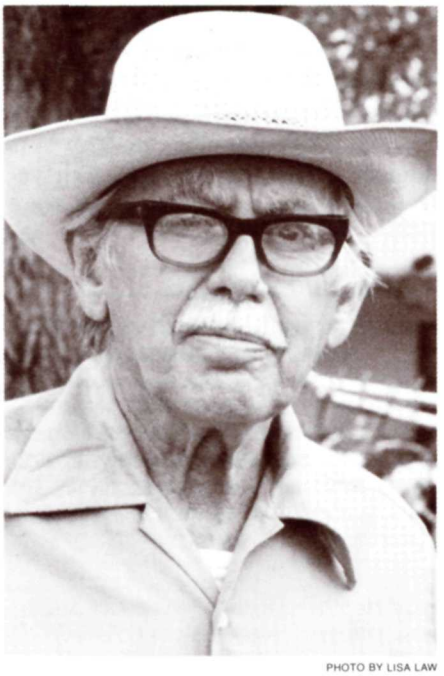
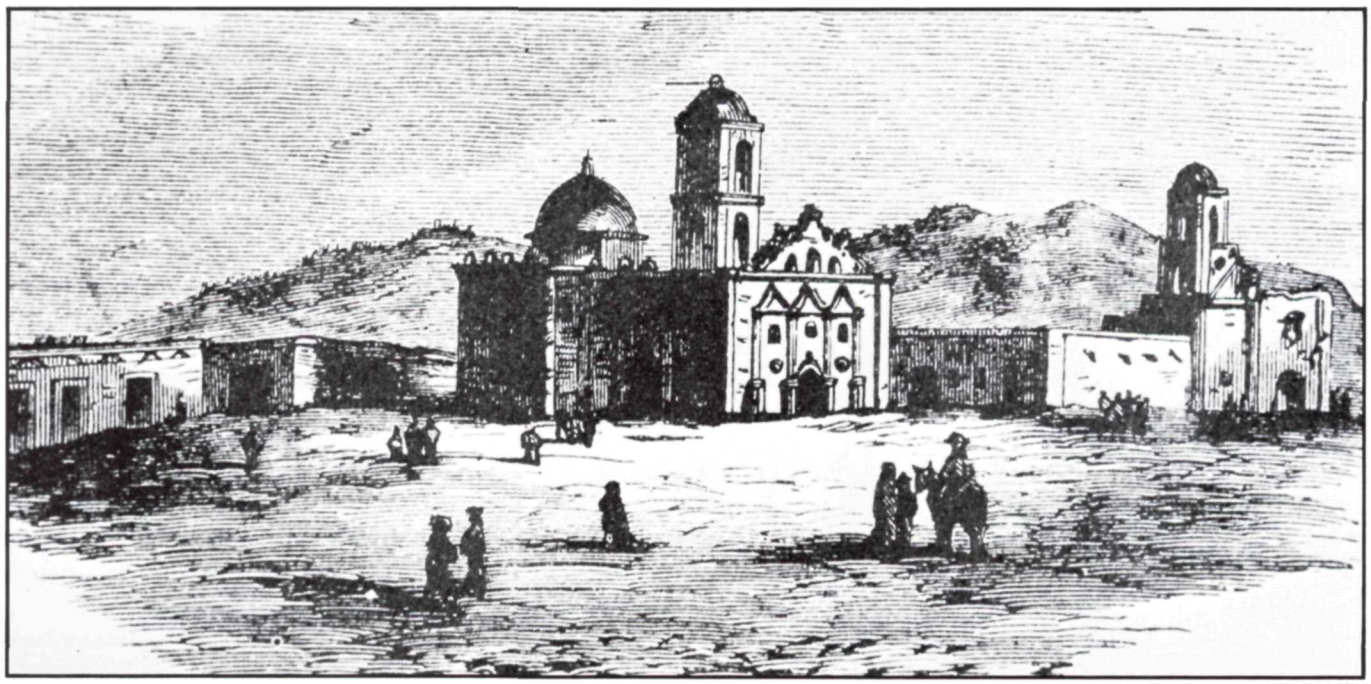


PHOTO BY LISA LAW

PHOTO BY LISA LAW

"They shot each other in the back," Jack Schaefer (far left) *said of history's gunfighters, pointing to the inaccuracy of shoot-outs in Western films. His novel* Shane *also hedged on the truth, Schaefer admitted. Controversy could not keep James Coburn from smiling* (near left).

The Magdalena story is exciting proof that human events--the river of history--flow in an infinite stream



COURTESY, ARIZONA STATE MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

J. Ross Brown's sketch of the mission at Magdalena, 1864, offers another perspective on this important Sonoran landmark. John Russell Bartlett, an American visitor to Magdalena in 1851, was much impressed by the church which he described as "an imposing edifice, with two fine towers and a large dome."

pea. There are Ferris wheels and merry-go-rounds and sideshow freaks and spook houses. There are dart boards and lottery games and shooting galleries, as well as booths where Mexican foods of every description are sold.

In spite of appearances, however, it is more than penitence, the need to petition, or the longing for mere entertainment that brings the multitudes from afar by foot, train, car, bus, and truck. It is hope—hope that a visit to San Francisco will bring good health and healing through the saint's miraculous powers. Pilgrims can even borrow some of this power by holding personal religious images—holy pictures or other statues—against the reclining figure of the saint. These are taken home and placed in household shrines or village chapels, reminders of the journey to Magdalena, reinforcements of belief.

The modern pilgrimage to Magdalena continues to combine virtually all of the features of an eleventh-century pilgrimage to some European shrine. There are piety and pleasure, priest and panderer, hope and hostility, miracle and malediction. The Magdalena story is exciting proof that human events, which are the river of history, flow in an infinite stream. Habits of mankind are not easily broken.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

By far the most detailed study of the Magdalena pilgrimage and fiesta is in "The Religious Festival," an unpublished Ph.D. dissertation by Henry F. Dobyns (Cornell University, 1960). Perhaps somewhat more accessible is a series of five articles in "The Fiesta of St. Francis Xavier, Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico," published in a special issue of *The Kiva,* the quarterly journal of the Arizona Archaeological and Historical Society, in 1950 (Volume 16, numbers 1 and 2). A useful book about the history and modern function of Christian pilgrimages is Victor W. Turner and Edith Turner, *Image and Pilgrimage in Christian Culture* (1978).

Bernard L. Fontana *is Field Historian for the University of Arizona Library. His most recent book, with photographs by John P. Schaefer, is* Of Earth and Little Rain: The Papago Indians *(1981).*

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

Cowboy Culture: A Saga of Five Centuries

Reviewed by Byrd Howell Granger

Cowboy Culture: A Saga of Five Centuries *by David Dary (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1981; 336 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., $17.95).*

If the key to a book is its title, then that of *Cowboy Culture: A Saga of Five Centuries* will not fit the lock. True, the work contains many references to lariats, saddles, and handguns, but it is primarily a survey of the cattle industry in the New World from 1519 to the end of the open-range era. Once that fact is accepted, the book stands well on its merit as an introduction to the subject.

The opening chapters of *Cowboy Culture* survey the arrival of cattle in the New World and the growth of enormous herds in the new environment, a growth which created a need for controls. As a result, in 1529 the Mesta was established, a cattle-growers' association on the Spanish model, under which only the elite could own livestock or mastiffs (three dogs for every 1,000 sheep). Rustling was inevitable, and elitism broke down under the obvious fact that owners could not possibly ride herd over thousands of free-roaming cattle; consequently, Indians, blacks, and other non-Spaniards were taught to ride herd. In 1574, says Dary, the Mesta was revised to include an absolute ban on ownership of horses by vaqueros. Roving bands of rustlers formed, which "may have been forerunners of the bandidos."

As for the spreading cattle industry, Dary notes that under the aegis of Juan de Oñate in 1598, some 7,000 cattle were moved north along the Rio Grande. The author does well to point out that the developing hacienda system referred to economic centers which were not necessarily limited to cattle. So far, so good. If one is to discuss cowboy culture, then tracing the spread and growth of the cattle industry is justified.

Unfortunately, a reader's search for solid information about cowboy culture in this book will be disappointing. In fact, there appears to be some lack of knowledge about this subject. For example, the author quotes a cowboy rich with trail-end wages enjoying a night in a cattle town. The young cowboy tells how as the night progresses his hat shifts gradually farther and farther back on his head. The fact that he mentions his hat so often is the clue to his feelings: customarily a hat worn at mid-forehead and straight across indicates that the wearer is not interested in whiskey or women. When the hat is tilted as far back as it will go, the man is really on the make.

Dary states that cowboy hats did not differ except that northern hats had narrower brims. Any Western buff, however, knows that old photographs reveal marked differences north and south in hat-creasing styles. About trail clothes, the author says only that cowboys liked colorful scarves, but mentions nothing about their usefulness against dust, wind, rain, or sweat. And he slights that most treasured item in a cowboy's wardrobe —boots. Dary describes the availability of ready-made boots with stars and crescents inserted in red tops, but says "if there was any difference in northern boots, it was in the ornamentation," adding that northern boots were shin high to keep water out while fording streams. Old-time cowboys have told me that high boots, snugged without curve just below the knee, kept out seeds from tall grasses. The author has nothing to say about the development of boots from those with solid copper toe caps, or how high and slanted heels developed, with sharply pointed toes and high insteps. As for the *culture* of boot wearing, not one word is said about cowboy pride in small feet, made so by wearing too-small boots as children. This custom also results in bowed legs and a rolling gait.

Dary correctly states that cowboys carried handguns, but he seems to believe that they fired them freely. I recall how an old cowboy laughed when I naively asked about cowboys shooting up the town. "Why, lady," he said, "them guns was wore in rain and shine and wasn't never oiled nor cleaned. A man would be a fool to fire his gun. Like as not, it wouldn't fire. But he warn't dressed without it."

Some of the author's assertions are startling. For example, he states that "ranching would be the only Spanish institution to survive in Texas and the American West" (p. 65). His discussion of bits indicates that he does not understand how Spanish and English bits work to check the horse's action as the rider desires. Both these examples are on a par with Dary's comment that a certain place "was called by the Mexicans El Desierto Muerto, or Wild Horse Desert" (p. 78).

David Dary has not written about cowboy custom and belief, which is what *culture* is, but he has produced a volume which has value as a history of the cattle industry in the New World under Spanish rule, of the introduction of cattle into what is now the western United States, of cattle trails and towns, of the coming of barbed wire, and the end of the open range. For a newcomer to the subject, the book will read well as an introduction.

Byrd Howell Granger *is Professor Emerita of Literature and Folklore at the University of Arizona, where she spent over a quarter of a century studying and collecting southwestern lore, learning much from old-time cowboys and cattlemen. She is recognized internationally for her work in folklore and place names.*

WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

Gone from Texas: Our Lost Architectural Heritage *by Willard B. Robinson (Texas A & M University Press, College Station, Texas, 1981; 296 pp., illus., glossary, biblio., index, $29.95).*

With the help of over 250 historical photos and drawings, Robinson traces Texas history and architecture from Hispanic colonial structures through early twentieth-century buildings. Courthouses, churches, schools, stores, and private homes are placed in the setting of the various forces that gave rise to them. The author appeals for preservation of historic structures still standing.

Echoes of the Whistle: An Illustrated History of the Union Steamship Company *by Gerald Rushton (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1981; 144 pp., illus., map, ships' roster, $25.00).*

For all lovers of ships, here are some 200 old photographs of the trim little steamships which traveled the coast of British Columbia from 1889 to 1959. A careful chronicling tells the history of their service, the only link that many isolated, Canadian coastal communities had with the outside world.

You Call Me Chief: Impressions of the Life of Chief Dan George *by Hilda Mortimer with Chief Dan George (Doubleday, New York, 1981; 182 pp., illus., notes, $11.95).*

The juxtaposing of Chief Dan George's life as an award-winning movie star with his Salish Indian heritage creates a unique and engrossing narrative. George's story forms a moving statement of one American Indian's battle against prejudice and misunderstanding.

E. T. Barnette: The Strange Story of the Man Who Founded Fairbanks *by Terrence Cole (Alaska Northwest Publishing Company, Anchorage, 1981; 164 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $7.95 paper).*

This entertaining tale of Alaskan gold tells how a con man became a wealthy banker and mayor of the second largest city in Alaska. Dozens of rare, early twentieth-century photos add interest.

Broken Shore: The Marin Peninsula. A Perspective on History *by Arthur Quinn (Peregrine Smith, Inc., Salt Lake City, 1981; 180 pp., biblio., $11.95).*

Indians, Spanish explorers and friars, Mexican ranchers, as well as American miners and settlers move in a colorful procession through this engaging, poetic history of the coastal area just north of San Francisco Bay.

Frontierswomen: The Iowa Experience *by Glenda Riley (Iowa State University Press, Ames, 1981; 211 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $18.95).*

Riley's intensive research into nineteenth-century diaries, letters, and memoirs has created a detailed picture of women's frontier life—the trip West, their homes, their work, their activities during the Civil War and the Indian wars. She emphasizes the tremendous role, particularly economic, that women played in the development of the frontier and challenges the stereotypes surrounding the personalities and experiences of the ordinary women who settled the West.

The Complete Book of Country Swing and Western Dance, and a Bit About Cowboys *by Peter Livingston (Doubleday, Garden City, New York, 1981; 239 pp., illus., index, $10.95 paper).*

This how-to book shows in step-by-step photos all the twirls and turns of country-western dancing, from basic steps to such advanced moves as "The Low-Down Horseshoe" and "The Cotton-Eyed Joe."

Discovering the Desert: Legacy of the Carnegie Desert Botanical Laboratory *by William G. McGinnies (The University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1981; 276 pp., illus., biblio., index, $21.95 cloth, $9.50 paper).*

This book answers the question "What is a desert?" and follows a group of early United States scientists through their studies of the factors that enable plants to survive in an arid environment. Although the work is somewhat technical in tone, its wealth of fascinating information will give any reader a greater appreciation of the desert.

A Land Alone: Colorado's Western Slope *by Duane Vandenbusche and Duane A. Smith (Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1981; 337 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $16.95).*
The story of the rugged Western Slope is one of hardy people and of riches—gold, silver, coal, water. This thoughtful history moves from the mysterious life of the ancient Anasazi Indians at Mesa Verde through the concerns of today's growing Colorado population.

More Tales from Slim Ellison *by Slim Ellison (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1981; 195 pp., illus., index, $17.50 cloth, $9.50 paper).*
Ellison's colloquial reminiscences about his many years of work as a cowboy in the early part of this century give a realistic picture of day-to-day life in the saddle.

Learning to Rock Climb *by Michael Loughman (Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1981; 148 pp., illus., glossary, index, $17.95 cloth, $9.95 paper).*
The practical basics of movement and equipment are explained in a clear and lively style that makes this popular activity sound very appealing. Photos and drawings show exactly how techniques are employed; safety is emphasized.

This Song Remembers: Self Portraits of Native Americans in the Arts *edited by Jane B. Katz (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1980; 207 pp., illus., notes, $8.95).*
The author has interviewed twenty noted Native American artists active in visual, performing, and literary arts. A Kwakiutl woodcarver, an Acoma poet, and other artists tell how their work expresses their Indian inheritance.

Diplomats in Buckskins: A History of Indian Delegations in Washington City *by Herman J. Viola (Smithsonian Institution Press, Washington, D.C., 1981; 233 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $17.50).*
A wealth of fascinating anecdotes—some amusing, some tragic—tell the story of American Indian diplomatic delegations to the United States government.

The Great San Francisco Earthquake and Fire, 1906 *by Eric Saul and Don Denevi (Celestial Arts, Millbrae, California, 1981; 168 pp., illus., biblio., index, $25.00).*
1906: Surviving San Francisco's Great Earthquake and Fire *by Gerstle Mack (Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1981; 128 pp., illus., biblio., index, $5.95 paper).*
Each of these books makes the famous San Francisco earthquake come alive. Gerstle Mack was not quite twelve years old on the

night that the earthquake shook her awake. Her personal recollections of the subsequent hours and days make absorbing reading. Using historical photos, Saul and Denevi have created a detailed and dramatic depiction of San Francisco from the Victorian glory of "the city that was" through the reconstruction efforts in the months following the disaster.

Wheels of Fortune *by Francis Seufert, edited by Thomas Vaughan (Oregon Historical Society, Portland, 1980; 259 pp., illus., $12.95 paper, $19.95 cloth).*
Seufert has successfully turned the details of his family's large fishing and canning operation into a fascinating narrative. The title of his book refers to large fish wheels used to capture salmon from the rivers of Oregon. A portfolio of photos taken in the early decades of this century enhances his colorful description.

H. W. Caylor: Frontier Artist. *Introduction by Joe Pickle (Heritage Museum, Big Spring, Texas, 1981; 125 pp., illus., $29.50).*
Fifty-three full-color plates convey the feeling of the West Texas ranch life that Caylor knew. His watercolors and oils portray cowboys at work in the midst of storms, stampedes, and quiet moonlit nights. A simple introduction and captions for each painting highlight the life of this Western artist whose fidelity to authentic detail has been said to rival that of Remington and Russell.

The Old Home Place: Farming on the West Texas Frontier *by David L. Caffey (Eakin Publications, Burnet, Texas, 1981; 213 pp., illus., maps, biblio., $11.95).*
Country churches, country schools, and other scenes of rural childhood on a small farm fill the pages of this entertaining narrative about the history of a large family from mid-nineteenth to mid-twentieth century.

Aleut and Eskimo Art: Tradition and Innovation in South Alaska *by Dorothy Jean Ray (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1981; 251 pp., illus., map, notes, appen., biblio., glossary, index, $29.95).*
Over two hundred illustrations portray this ancient, utilitarian art of bone, ivory, and antler, wood, stone, and fur. Ray's text and captions form an encyclopedic reference work for art historians and collectors; however, they were written for the enjoyment of the nonspecialist reader.

The Sandal and the Cave: The Indians of Oregon *by L. S. Cressman (Oregon State University Press, Corvallis, 1981; 81 pp., illus., map, biblio., $3.95 paper).*
The story of Cressman's discovery of a nine-thousand-year-old sandal serves as the framework for this superb distillation of an anthropologist's work. Writing for a general audience, the author reconstructs the life of ancient Northwest Indian tribes from the evidence he unearthed after his initial historic find in 1938.

Hard Road West: Alone on the California Trail *by Gwen Moffat (Viking, New York, 1981; 198 pp., illus., maps, index, $13.95).*
English woman Gwen Moffat set out alone in a four-wheel-drive Scout to retrace the Western routes followed by American pioneers in their covered wagons. This account of Moffat's odyssey is a moving and delightful report on her experience of the West.

Utah II, *photography by Bill Ratcliffe, text by Stanley L. Welsh (Graphic Arts Center Publishing Co., Portland, 1981; 128 pp., illus., $28.50).*
The colors and forms of Utah's rugged landscape are strikingly presented in Ratcliffe's large-format plates. The variety of the state's landscapes may surprise readers unfamiliar with its unusual beauty.

Cowboy Cookbook *by Verne Carlson (Sonica Press, Los Angeles, 1981; 154 pp., illus., biblio., index, $10.95).*
These tasty, authentic recipes are based on the simple contents of chuck wagons a century ago: flour, beans, bacon, potatoes, dried fruit, and the like. Inexpensive and easy to prepare, the dishes can be made over a campfire or on the kitchen stove. Numerous delightful bits of information about trail foods, ranch cooks, and hungry cowhands have been incorporated.

The Grand Canyon: Early Impressions *edited by Paul Schullery (Colorado Associated University Press, Boulder, 1981; 195 pp., illus., notes, biblio., $15.00 cloth, $6.95 paper).*
Distinguished nature writers such as John Muir, John T. McCutcheon, John Burroughs, and Hamlin Garland attempt to define their reactions to the Grand Canyon. Collected here are descriptions of tours to the Canyon by raft, automobile, mule, train, stagecoach, and airplane.

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Roy L. Goodale
Prescott, Arizona

Historical standards

Dear Editor:

There has been much that has been disquieting about AMERICAN WEST since it has changed its editorial board and taken on its new format. What is most disturbing seems to be the connection with the Buffalo Bill Historical Center. Since that merger, or whatever one might call it, the general caliber of the magazine has seemed to decline. It no longer appears to be a magazine concerned with western history but has taken on the flavor of so many of the popular publications connected with the various historical centers scattered throughout the West, all competing for the tourist dollar. They are what can be called quasi-historical. The articles are not so much concerned with actual history as they are with titillating the public, bringing them into the exhibits, so to speak.

There is even an antihistorical, anti-intellectual bias which stands out in editorials decrying academic history and the goals of historians and replacing them with the visions of seers and the vagaries of personal experience. Above all, history must not be dry and uninteresting; it must be couched in terms that give the maximum return with the minimum of effort. As a result, historians of merit are never asked to contribute to these pages—all material being supplied by people on the fringe of the historical discipline who can tell a good story, whether it is competently researched or not. And then there are the specialty articles: congratulatory letters to the editor, how to make the best chili, where to stay when travelling in the west.

Whereas in the past, AMERICAN WEST usually rose above most of this, recently it has been much at fault and has much in common with the publications just described. For instance, I call your attention to Editor's Notes for March/April 1981 where the academic historian comes off a poor second to the psychic one. The article by Mr. Wendell Berry, which is the source of discussion, is a reputable and valuable one, but unfortunately the editorial does him no service and puts him in rather dubious company. Mr. Stan Steiner's rather soulful article concerning the incontestable truth of the existence of Joaquin Murieta (after all, don't a few mystic Mexicans tend his grave in Mexico) does no service to the credibility of the magazine. . . .

And lastly, what has happened to all the historians or western writers of stature? No longer does one hear from Owen Ulph, T. H. Watkins, Odie B. Faulk, Wallace Stegner. No longer do writers of any stature handle the American West Review.

Things are not *all* bad. Some interesting articles still appear, although not written at as high a level as one would like. . . .

W. Randolph Griffith
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Lowly frijoles

Dear Editor:

Somehow a very important ingredient was omitted [by the author] from my favorite pinto bean recipe in "Gourmet and Grub," July/August issue. I *always* use several thick slices of bacon or half a pound salt pork when cooking beans. I must have been daydreaming when I proofread copy for "Lowly Frijoles." It does say in the second column "most cooks agree that a generous amount of diced bacon or salt pork . . . are necessary additions." So, surely anyone using my recipe will add the bacon!

Stella Hughes
Clifton, Arizona

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive within our limited space. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

COLORADO SKI MUSEUM, VAIL

In the early 1940s the United States Tenth Mountain Division trained at Camp Hale (above) *atop the continental divide near Aspen, Colorado. A famous fighting unit in World War II, the Division was important in winning American victories in northern Italy, routing the Nazis out of the Apennines. In the photo, troopers are using the T-bar at Camp Hale. A jumper is pictured* (opposite) *at the Hot Sulphur Springs, Colorado, Ski Carnival in the early 1900s.*

> only ski area open anyplace in the U.S., the Alta Lodge was in great demand by the International Set, the people who couldn't get over to Europe anymore to ski—the movie set especially, people like Norma Shearer and Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland.... I guess that really got us our start.

For some reason hard to fathom, myth persists that Aspen became the next—therefore, the last—of the great prewar western resorts, opening in the same year, 1940, that Mount Mansfield (Stowe) did in Vermont. Surveys and studies and plans did evolve to develop ski terrain in the Aspen region before Pearl Harbor, and *some* skiing was done on Ajax Mountain, but the first commercial, organized skiing in Aspen occurred in 1947, after the end of the war and the discharge of the veterans of the Tenth Mountain Division.

The Tenth has become one of the most storied fighting units to come out of the war, mostly because in 1945 it did a whale of a job routing the Nazis out of the Apennines, that high ridge in Italy that had previously kept the Americans from breaking through to the Po Valley. Also, the Tenth had an excellent chronicler in Hal Burton (*The Ski Troops*), and many of its veterans earned high visibility as promoters of postwar skiing.

Basically, the Tenth Mountain Division (which started as the Eighty-seventh Regiment in 1940 at Fort Lewis, Washington, near Mount Rainier) was the child of Minot "Minnie" Dole, who earlier had created the National Ski Patrol System and who foresaw that skiers and mountaineers would become an important combat force in the high mountain country of Europe. Shortly after Pearl Harbor the base was shifted to Camp Hale, atop the Continental Divide in Colorado (not far from Aspen) to accommodate the greatly expanded unit. Somewhat ironically, the Tenth included many Austrian ski instructors who had emigrated to the United States in the thirties and who, once war broke out, were reportedly given the choice of joining the Tenth or going to a prisoner-of-war camp.

THE EXPERIENCES OF THE TENTH, especially the Camp Hale interlude, produced Aspen shortly after the war ended. According to the accepted version, Friedl Pfeifer—former director of the Sun Valley ski school—spied the current Aspen resort site from the ridge atop Camp Hale and kept the vision with him through such battles as Riva Ridge (for which both the racehorse and the famous trail at Vail were named). After the war Pfeifer and several other Tenth veterans who wanted to build a ski resort in the renowned old mining town met Walter Paepcke, a midwestern financial baron, who hoped to establish Aspen as a major

COLORADO SKI MUSEUM, VAIL

summer cultural center. The result, as they say, is history, and the best detailed version can be found in Peggy Clifford's *To Aspen and Back*. Aspen was the first renovated mining town to become a ski resort. When nearby Aspen Highlands, Buttermilk, and finally Snowmass were developed as ski areas, Aspen became the first multiarea ski resort in the United States and, inevitably, the first to attract one million visitors in a season.

About the time that development of Aspen began, roughly 1946, a small group of serious skiers-developers met in an old mining cabin near Max Dercum's Ski Tip Ranch in Summit County to begin development of Arapahoe Basin, where the ski mountain that tops all others in the United States in summit altitude (12,450 feet) is located. Despite the fact that A-Basin has remained a low-volume area, it launched Summit County into the ski business. A decade later, Breckenridge followed the Aspen formula as another renovated old mining town; a decade after that, Keystone and Copper Mountain were launched, and by the end of the seventies, Summit County had become by far the biggest ski resort destination in the United States, blowing past Aspen to become the first to top two million skier visits in a season.

For all that, the biggest rags-to-riches success story—and the only one in the industry that can rival Sun Valley's in importance—concerns another veteran of the Tenth Mountain Division, Pete Seibert who almost single-handedly created Vail, the First Great Ski Resort for Intermediates.

A curious legacy from the Alps (as well as from Western mining towns and the Northeast in the United States) resulted in ski-area designs which provided good skiing for experts

The Tenth Mountain Division brought victories in WW II and provided veterans who promoted recreational skiing.

only. Beginners (''novices'') and the fair-to-middlers (''intermediates'') were relegated to unexciting, lower-level ski terrain. Seibert thought this was not only nonsense but bad business because though the new clientele may not have been quite so ''committed'' to skiing as the old outing-club types, they certainly had as much money. So, where the pioneers looked for mountains that were steep-steeper-steepest, Seibert found a 3,000-vertical-foot cream puff where even a beginner could descend safely from the summit.

Within five years of its opening in 1961, Vail had mushroomed so energetically that it needed a satellite mountain and town to handle the overflow; thus was born LionsHead, a mile west. By the early seventies, Vail Associates realized that still another satellite was needed, and Seibert began planning Beaver Creek, tying its opening to the proposed Colorado Winter Olympics of 1976. When that was blown away and a moratorium on resort development was instituted, Vail began the long, hard war that resulted in its being the First Planned New Resort to run the gantlet of the preservationist/environmental antidevelopment forces and emerge intact.

To accomplish this, Vail Associates needed an awesome amount of money. Seibert did not have it, but Goliad Oil's Harry Bass did; that, too, is a chapter in ski development history. When Beaver Creek opened in 1981, it had reached a total investment, before the first lift-ticket dollar rolled in, of $40 million.

That amount contrasts nicely with the $25,000 that the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad put up to underwrite the opening of Alta in 1938, and probably says as much about the ''growth'' of skiing since the first two miners squared off on ''snowshoes'' sometime in the 1850s as any other single fact could.

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I. William Berry *is the author of four books about skiing and is a contributing editor to SKI Magazine. He regularly skis and teaches writing in the Rockies, despite being based in New York City and New Hampshire.*

Western Snapshots

A scruffy cowboy and his sleek black beauty are the amusing subjects of this Western snapshot from the early twentieth century. They make an extraordinary pair. From ribboned forelock to dainty hoof, the cowpoke's mount represents the perfection of good grooming. Sunlight shimmers on the animal's coat, reflecting the rider's hard work with currycomb and brush. All signs of the dusty trail have lovingly been removed in preparation for this photo session.

Our rider, however, shows no signs of having cleaned up for the camera. With a cocky flip to his hat and a mustachioed grin, he proudly wears the badges of the working cowboy—dust, sweat, and grime. The wrinkled top half of his longjohns, sullied by outdoor chores, suggests that this hardy Westerner was more concerned with grooming his horse than himself. Mr. R. C. House of La Canada, California, who submitted this unidentified photo, points out the particulars of the cowboy's firearms. In addition to a Winchester rifle and accompanying cartridge belt, the rider carries a Smith & Wesson double-action revolver tucked at his waist.

Although the cowboy's decorated horse and curious attire raise unanswerable questions, the scene's striped background is easily explained. The photograph was taken in front of a barn with board-and-batten siding, very popular at the turn of the century.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose western snapshot is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs which tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited: so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

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