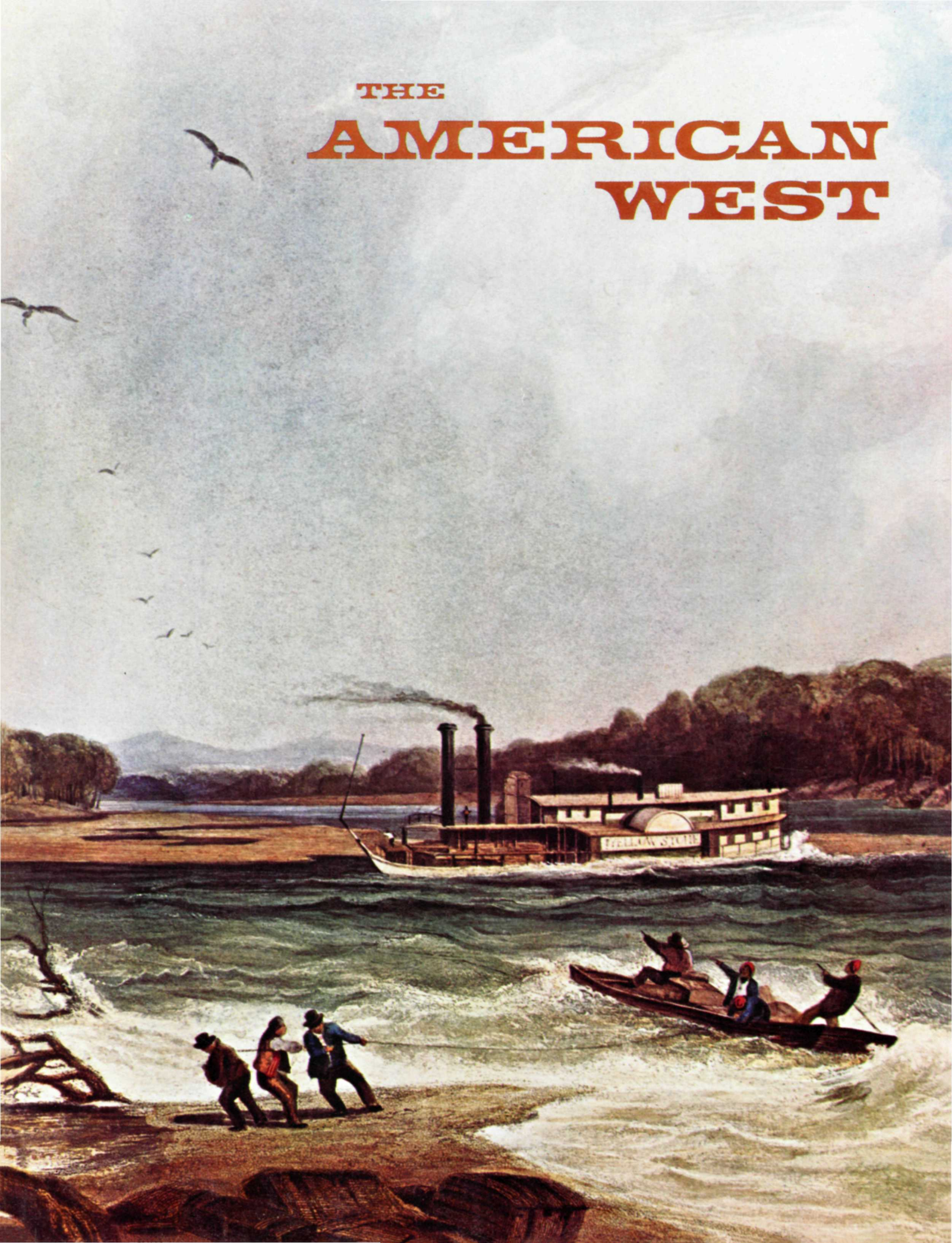
THE AMERICAN WEST



Cover: "The Steamer *Yellow Stone"* by Karl Bodmer, April 19, 1833.

"We soon run [*sic*] aground on a sand bank, where we were obliged to remain all night, in a rather unsafe situation, for the current, on the bank, was very strong, . . . so that we might easily have been carried down the stream; the river, however, continued to subside. On the morning of the 19th a flat boat was procured, to lighten our vessel, by landing a part of the cargo. . . . Mr. Bodmer made a faithful sketch of this scene. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the crew had got the steamer off the sand bank into deeper water. . . . The flat boat was sent back to its owner . . . under the care of thirty men, who had to wade in the water to keep it afloat."

—From *Travels in the Interior of North America* (1905), the journal of Maximilian, Prince of Wied, who engaged artist Karl Bodmer to record the trip up the Missouri River.

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STEAMBOAT TO THE ROCKIES

By Walter Havighurst

"Steam navigation on the Missouri is one of the most hazardous things a man can undertake."

—Father Pierre Jean DeSmet, 1838

WRITING IN 1805 from his winter camp at Fort Mandan, sixteen hundred hard miles up the Missouri River, Meriwether Lewis reported that his expedition had found the river more dangerous than the savages. "The difficulties which oppose themselves to the navigation of this immense river," he observed, "arise from the rapidity of its current, its falling banks, sandbars, and timber which remains wholly or partially concealed in its bed. . . . To these we may add a fifth and not very much less inconsiderable difficulty, the turbid quality of the water, which renders it impossible to discover any obstruction even to the depth of a single inch." It would have astonished him to know that fifty-five years later the steamers *Chippewa* and *Key West* would unload cargo at Fort Benton twenty-five hundred miles above St. Louis, in the shadow of the Bear Paw Mountains and the Lewis Range. After half a century of trial and error, the vessels, the men, and the maneuvers had evolved to navigate the longest river on the continent.

The steamboat went west very quickly. In 1819, just ten years after Robert Fulton's *Clermont* splashed up the Hudson, the steamer *Independence,* in seven sailing days from St. Louis, churned two hundred and fifty miles up the muddy Missouri with a cargo of sugar, flour, whisky, nails, and iron castings. That same summer the Yellowstone Expedition, under Major Stephen H. Long, headed up the swirling river. Long had a flotilla of four steamers and nine keelboats. His instructions from the secretary of war were to "explore the country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, to conciliate the Indians, and to make scientific observations of the upper Missouri valley." He hoped to build a fort at the mouth of the Yellowstone River.

The Indians could not fail to be impressed by a seething, thumping steamboat, but for good measure Long's flagship was built in the outlandish form of a smoke-breathing dragon. Launched at Pittsburgh, the *Western Engineer* snorted down the Ohio in the spring of 1819. A St. Louis newspaper reported:

> The bow of the vessel exhibits the form of a huge serpent, black and scaly, rising out of the water from under the boat, his head as high as the deck, darted forward, his mouth open, vomiting smoke, and apparently carrying the boat on his back. From under the boat, at its stern issues a stream of foaming water. . . . To the eye of ignorance the illusion is complete, that a monster of the deep carries her on his back, smoking with fatigue, and lashing the waves with violent exertion.

A story ran through St. Louis that this dragon ship would voyage to the source of the Missouri, where it would be taken apart, carried five miles over the mountains, and reassembled for a run down the Columbia to the Pacific. The boat's banner showed a white man and an Indian shaking hands while one held a sword and the other a peace pipe.

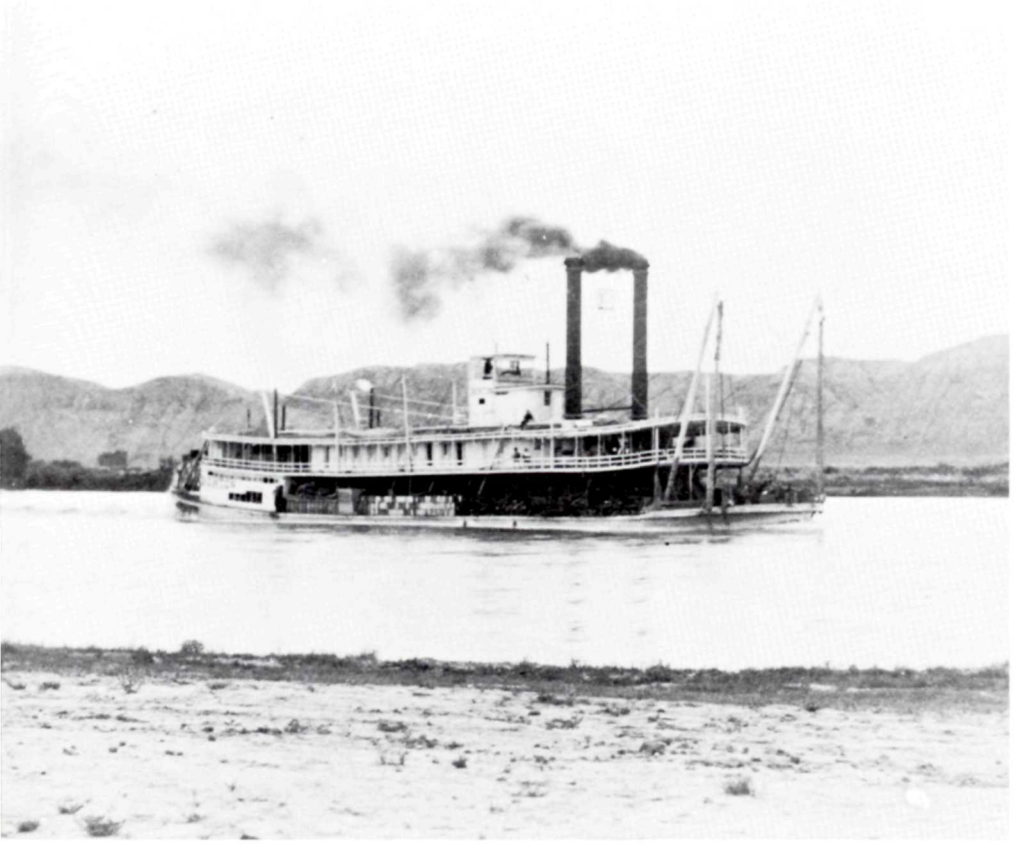
Troops for the expedition had embarked in keelboats, under Colonel Henry Atkinson. Officers and orderlies, along with equipment, supplies, and Indian presents, went in four steamboats, led by the bizarre *Western Engineer.* The other three, not built for the fickle Missouri, did not get far. The *Thomas Jefferson* was snagged in Osage Chute and became the first wrecked steamboat on the Missouri. The *Expedition,* which had delivered 163,000 silver dollars to the Bank of Missouri in St. Louis, and the *R. M. Johnson* struggled up to the site of Atchison, Kansas, where winter closed them in. The troop-laden keelboats had already arrived at Council Bluffs.

Advancing at three miles an hour, the *Western Engineer* stirred up the mud and startled the Indians. The dragon boat drew just nineteen inches, but it had trouble with the turbid water. Mud accumulated in the boilers, and the steam gauge dropped. The boilers had to be cleaned after every fifteen hours of use. Three months out of St. Louis the party reached Fort Lisa, near Council Bluffs. They wintered there, the artists sketching Indians and the frozen prairie, the scientists making collectors' forays over the wild land. Back at the fort they had good company. Magnetic Manuel Lisa was there—this was his last winter in the West—along with his bride and a friend of hers from St. Louis. Lisa spoke little English, and his wife knew neither French nor Spanish. They laughed together at their misunderstandings and turned to the expedition men as interpreters.

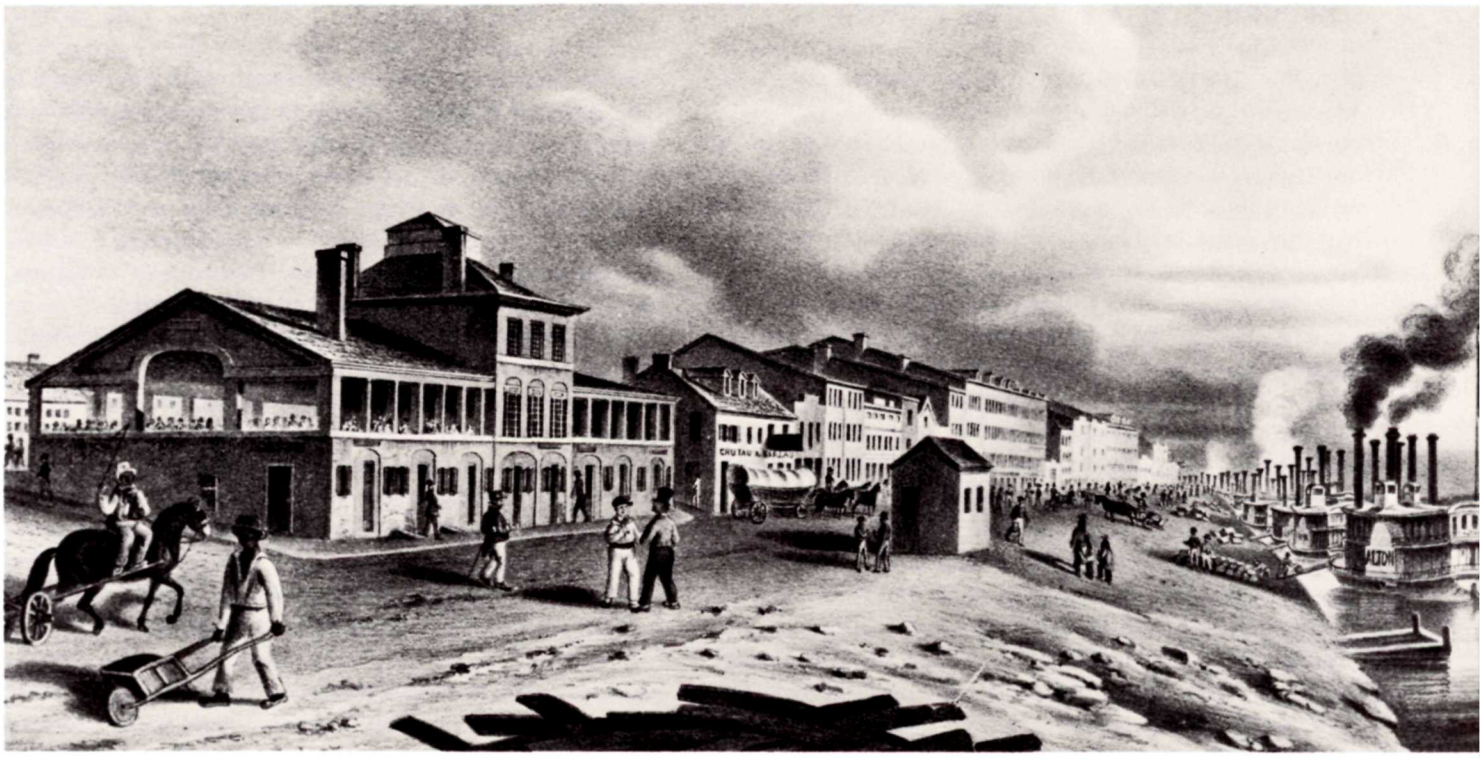
Meanwhile in Washington, D.C., a congressional committee cut off Long's appropriation. Disappointed with an expedition that was still eight hundred miles short of the Yellowstone, the secretary of war ordered Major Long to explore the source of the Platte River and return by way of the Arkansas. The Missouri had proved more difficult than anyone had expected. In the spring of 1820 the dragon boat went back down the river to St. Louis. That same season the steamer *Expedition* struggled up the Missouri with a cargo of presents for an assembly of tribesmen at Council Bluffs. While visiting the steamboat, one of the chiefs saw himself in a cabin mirror. He ran off and brought a crowd of others to roar in laughter at this wonder—unaware that the battered steamboat, coughing mud out of her boilers and running aground on bends and sandbars, would dispossess them of their country.

The Yellowstone expedition had failed, but the *Western Engineer* had proved that shallow-draft steamboats could navigate the Missouri, a lesson not lost on the proprietors of the fur trade. In 1830 the American Fur Company built the steamer *Yellowstone,* with a seventy-five-ton capacity, stout sidewheel paddles, and an upraised wheelhouse from which the pilot could scan the channel. In 1831 she steamed up to the mouth of the Niobrara and was stopped by low water. After lightening cargo, she continued to Fort Tecumseh (the present Pierre, South Dakota), where she delivered the rest of her cargo and returned to St. Louis. The next spring, by luck and labor, she churned up to the company's big new

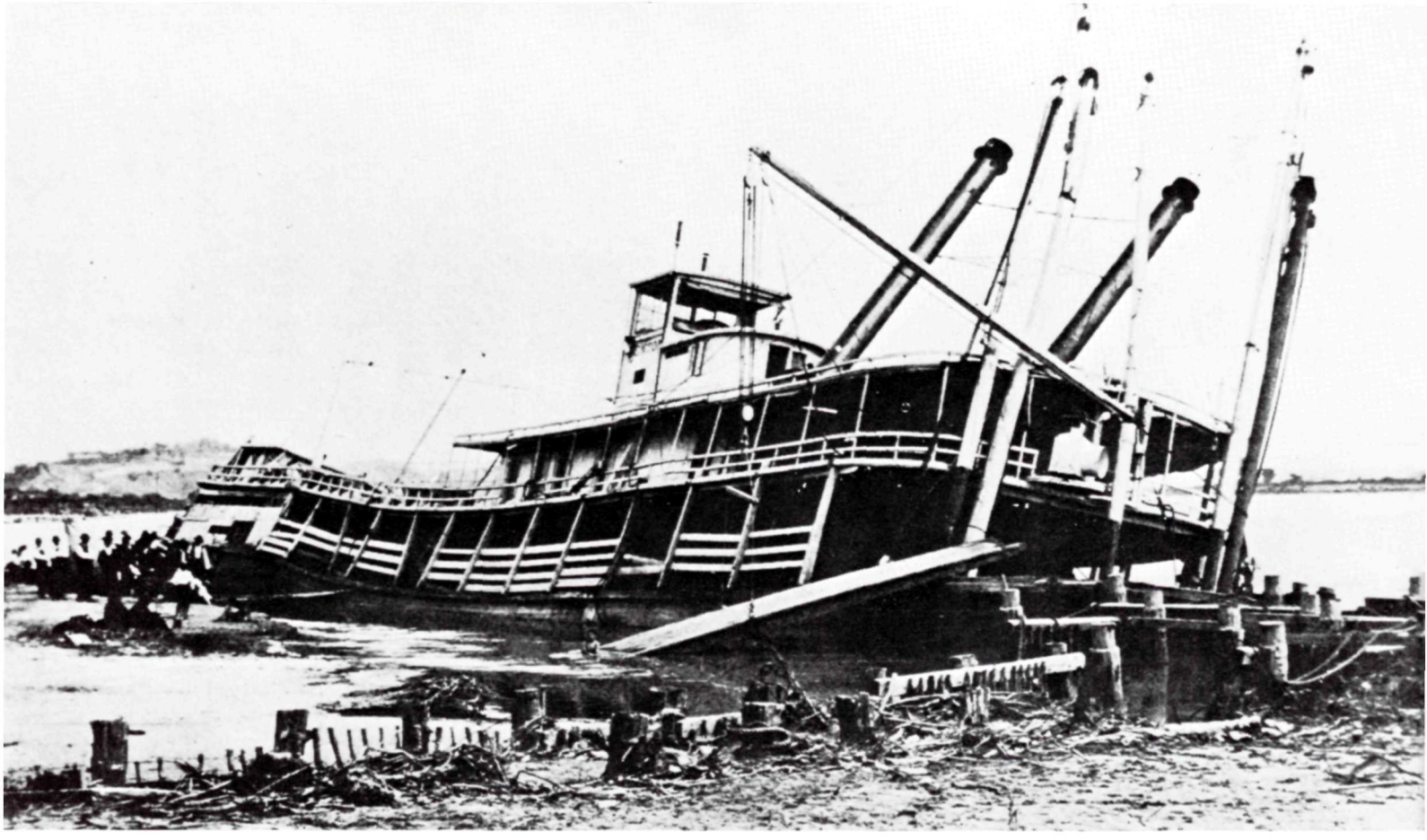
Overleaf: "Snags on the Missouri," Karl Bodmer painting, first published in London, 1841.



The Benton, *last steamboat piloted by John La Barge, who died of heart failure while guiding her past Bismarck in 1885.*



Lithograph of busy Front Street, St. Louis, in 1840, with steamboats queued up at the wharf for the loading and unloading of their cargo.



Remains of the ill-fated Benton *near Sioux City, Iowa. The 394-ton stern-wheeler met its demise on July 18, 1897, when it collided with a bridge on the Missouri. The men standing on the sandbar at left are salvaging whatever possible from this wreck, just one of many.*

post, Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone River. Aboard was the artist George Catlin; whenever the steamer ran aground, he waded ashore with his sketching pad. In the clerk's office was Joseph La Barge, a youth of seventeen who would become the Missouri's most famous pilot. This steamboat trip made headlines in the East and was reported in newspapers all over Europe.

In the spring of 1833 there arrived at St. Louis one Alexander Philip Maximilian, Prince of Wied-Neuwied, an adventurer-naturalist who had already ranged afar from his castle on the Rhine. At the age of fifty, Prince Max was burning with curiosity about the American Northwest. Toothless, bearded, his stocky legs encased in greasy trousers, he was accompanied by a manservant named Dreidoppel, who proved to be a match for grizzly bears, and the young artist Karl Bodmer, fresh from his Paris studio. As guests of the American Fur Company, this party boarded the *Yellowstone* on April 10, 1833, for the steamer's third voyage. Through piles of trade goods, crates of live chickens, and a swarm of French-Canadian *engagés,* Prince Max was led to his cabin.

In radiant spring weather the *Yellowstone* churned past the green Missouri bottomlands and the grassy hills of Nebraska. At scattered trading posts—St. Joe, Council Bluffs, Sioux City, Vermillion—Indians watched the fire-canoe, her twin stacks puffing woodsmoke and her paddle wheels thumping. Down the swirling stream came uprooted trees, while the steamer scrambled out of the way. One morning Maximilian was aroused by a rending crash; a ragged branch had stove in the cabin door, nearly crushing him in his bunk. Often the *Yellowstone* ran aground; once she lost a chimney in a gale, and her crated poultry was blown overboard. Nevertheless, she averaged twenty miles a day up the surly river.

Fifty-one days out of St. Louis, the *Yellowstone* tied up at Fort Pierre. Prince Max and his two companions transferred to the *Assiniboine,* a new steamboat that could run on nineteen inches of water. While the *Yellowstone* splashed back to St. Louis with eight thousand buffalo hides, the *Assiniboine* toiled up the crest of snow water from the distant Rockies. She reached Fort Union, the new post near the mouth of the Yellowstone, at sunset on June 24. Two weeks at the fort gave Bodmer a chance to sketch Cree and Assiniboine tribesmen, while the Prince scouted cottonwood groves and the tawny bluffs.

In the 1830s this was the limit of steam navigation, but Prince Max went on in a keelboat, through the Montana buttes and badlands to makeshift Fort Mackenzie. After two months in the Blackfoot country, Max, Bodmer, and Dreidoppel shoved off in a Mackinaw boat with two live grizzly

bears in poplar cages. They wintered at Fort Clark, just across the river from old Fort Mandan, where in 1805 Lewis and Clark had been joined by the Shoshone girl Sacajawea (in the interim the river had flooded that site on the north bank). The party floated on down to St. Louis in the spring of 1834.

Back home on the Rhine, Prince Max laid out his notebooks and began writing his *Travels.* Meanwhile his specimen cases — pressed plants, birdskins, animal skins — were put aboard the *Assiniboine* at Fort Clark. Three days later sparks from the cabin stovepipe set the steamer afire and all Maximilian's collections were lost. But his great *Travels in the Interior of North America,* first published in Koblenz in 1839, appeared in German, French, and English editions, and over four hundred of Bodmer's watercolors are now on exhibit in the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha.

IN THE NEXT DECADE steamboats left St. Louis without fanfare for St. Paul, Pittsburgh, and New Orleans. But the departure of a "mountain boat" was different. In restless spring weather a boisterous company of halfbreeds, soldiers, trappers, and sportsmen trooped aboard with their blanket rolls and plunder. Yelling and whooping, they banged their rifles as the boat backed off. Ahead of them were a hazardous and always changing river, nations of roving Indians, a windswept land rising into unnamed mountains.

On April 25, 1843, John James Audubon boarded the steamer *Omega* with Joseph Sire as master and Joseph La Barge as pilot. He found 101 trappers, of nearly a dozen nationalities, all joining in the uproar of departure. While the boat labored up the flooded Missouri, the men saluted every village with yells and rifle fire. Beyond Fort Leavenworth they were in Indian country, stopping occasionally to discharge trade goods and take on fuel. Whenever they left, the Indians would run along the riverbank like children following a street parade.

Audubon made notes of army posts, trading stations, and Indian camps; of a black bear swimming the river and drowned buffalo floating past; of herds of buffalo, deer, elk, antelope, prairie wolves; of new species of birds, shrubs, and flowers. Below Fort Pierre they passed four barges piled with ten thousand buffalo hides. At loops of the river, hunters went ashore, coming aboard with fresh game a few miles farther on. Once the hunters shot four buffalo, though they brought back but one tongue and a few pieces of the hump meat. "Thus it is," Audubon noted, "that thousands multiplied by thousands of buffalo are murdered in senseless play, and their enormous carcasses are suffered to be the prey of the wolf, the raven, and the buzzard."

On June 6, with a cold wind whipping the river and a white frost on deck, the *Omega* ran aground. While the crew cut up driftwood for fuel, pilot La Barge pulled off in a yawl, searching for a channel through the bars and shoals. At Fort Clark, set amid the mud huts of a Mandan town, Captain Sire locked up everything before the Indians swarmed aboard. The previous year he had lost his own cap, belt, and powder horn at this same place; through the help of a chief he recovered the cap and horn, but a squaw had his leather belt and would not give it up.

After a record trip of forty-eight days, the *Omega* exchanged salutes with Fort Union, just above the mouth of the Yellowstone. The steamer unloaded cargo, took on some passengers and peltry, and hurried back to St. Louis before the river shrank. Audubon stayed until August, recording both the glamor and squalor of the frontier; then he came down with a party of trappers in a forty-foot Mackinaw boat. With him, like trophies from a safari, he brought a pair of foxes, a badger, and a Rocky Mountain doe.

In the 1850s the overland migration maintained a busy steamboat trade on the lower Missouri. A parade of vessels brought men, mules, oxen, and wagons to staging places for the long trek west. While wagon trains were ferrying the river at Independence and St. Joe, the fur trade was reaching deeper into the wild Northwest. The only transportation route to that country was the upper river—an imperial road strung with forts, posts, and stations where the Indian trails webbed in. Dented and scarred from snags and shoals, the fur boats were as beautiful as swans to the men at the upper posts, and their arrival was a noisy event at every landing.

In 1850 the Fort Mackenzie outpost in the rich Blackfoot country was enlarged and renamed for Thomas Hart Benton, who was said to have saved the American Fur Company from prosecution for liquor traffic with the tribes. To supply the post, steamboat cargoes were laboriously brought from Fort Union by keelboat. In 1851 Joseph La Barge took the steamer *St. Ange* to the mouth of the Poplar River, the farthest point yet reached by steamboat. Two years later the *El Paso* groped sixty miles farther to the bend above the mouth of the Milk River. With two hundred more miles' travel, a steamboat could tie up under the walls of Fort Benton.

In 1859 the fur company ordered its own *Spread Eagle* and the chartered *Chippewa* to Fort Benton. The two steamers set out on a booming current, but low water bared the bones of the river at Fort Union. There the *Chippewa's* master sold his boat to the fur company, giving them the problem of navigating the last three hundred miles. Freight from the *Spread Eagle* was transferred to the shallower *Chippewa.* Under command of Captain John La Barge, brother of the *St. Ange's* master, that vessel worked on upstream to Brulé Bottom, fifteen miles short of Fort Benton. It was then mid-July and snow water was running out. The *Chippewa* left her cargo on the bank and hurried down the shrinking river.

The next year, 1860, the *Chippewa* and the *Key West* made it all the way to Fort Benton. The *Chippewa* went up again in 1861 but did not reach her destination. On a Sunday evening at Disaster Bend, near the mouth of Poplar River, some deckhands lit a candle in the black hold to tap a cask of whisky. Soon the steamer was on fire. The crew got off, and

the boat drifted downstream while flames ate toward the kegged gunpowder below deck. When the explosion came, there was nothing left of the pathfinding *Chippewa*. For days afterward scavenging Crow tribesmen gathered tobacco, blankets, traps, shovels, and bags of beads and beans from the riverbank.

In the spring of 1862, Joseph La Barge brought his side-wheeler *Emilie* on a thirty-five day trip from St. Louis to Fort Benton. The record of that voyage (now in the archives of the Missouri Historical Society) makes vivid reading a hundred years later. At Sioux City the *Emilie* passed the last wood-pile landing. Beyond that post a steamer lived off the country, its men hunting antelope on the prairie and cutting wood from rack heaps on the riverbank. Ash and red mulberry made the best fuel. The furnaces ate up thirty cords a day, a supply that half filled the boiler deck, and some days more time was spent in wooding than in traveling; there was plenty of time for the hunters to look for game. At the Yankton Agency, Indians swarmed out of fifty Sioux lodges, and while the steamer loaded wood, the chiefs came aboard for a dole of whisky. At Fort Randall, the next outpost, three hundred Iowa volunteers crowded the riverbank, avid for news of the States and marveling like the Indians at the *Emilie's* mud-churning paddle wheels.

Some twenty-five miles above Fort Berthold, Captain La Barge found the river black with buffalo. A vast herd was crossing the stream and the banks were a solid mass of movement. For half a day the *Emilie* waited, and when she moved on, her locker was loaded with meat. A few miles farther the steamer came upon a wounded bull buffalo wading onto a willow island. The boat touched there, and some passengers jumped ashore twirling lariats. When the bull charged, the ropers scattered. A yelping staghound leaped from the boiler deck and seized the bull by the nose. From the rail a traveler felled the animal with a rifle shot.

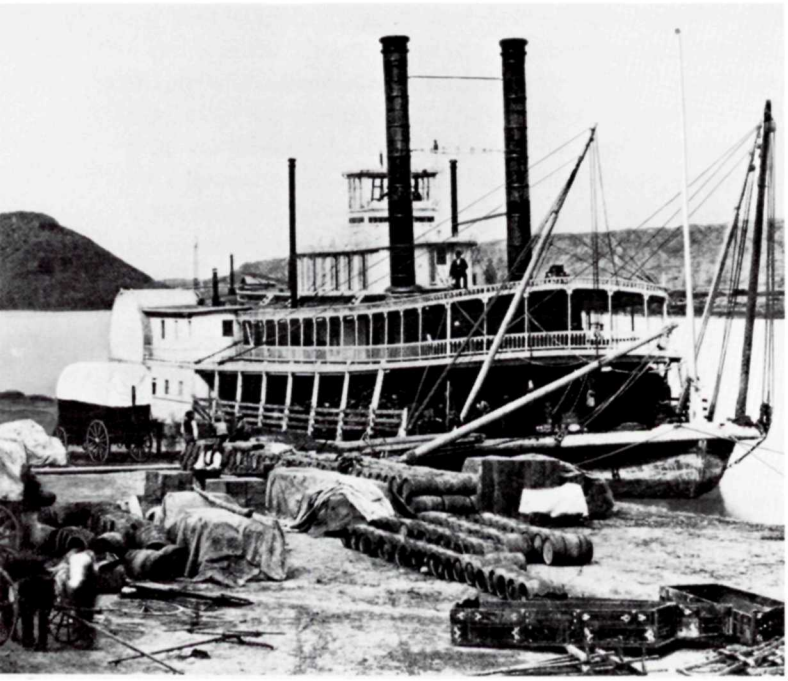
Halfway between Fort Union and Fort Benton, the river foamed over Drowned Man Rapids, where four boatmen from the *Spread Eagle* had been lost while stretching a line to warp a steamboat through. Seething and shaking, the *Emilie* went over on her own power, to the lusty cheers of her roustabouts. On June 17 the hills above Fort Benton echoed with her signal cannon.

In the noisy welcome a passenger named Taylor Linn made a friend of Little Dog, chief of the Piegan tribe of Blackfeet; Linn gave him an American flag, which the chief wore like a blanket. It was illegal to serve liquor to Indians in the steamer's bar room, but Linn bought a bottle to share with his friend ashore. While parading on the bank and carrying on a conversation that neither understood, they fell into the river. When they climbed out, dripping and still talking, the mate ordered them out of the way of the stevedores.

Returning downriver on the ebbing crest of snow water, the *Emilie* was halted by a great herd at a buffalo crossing. The boatmen lassoed eleven calves, hauled them aboard, and penned them up on the boiler deck. At Fort Berthold hunters caught a young grizzly bear, three coyotes, and a huge horned owl. Along with bales of hides and peltry, this live cargo was brought to St. Louis on a falling river early in July.

Meanwhile excitement was growing in Montana. That summer a party of prospectors in the Pioneer Mountains found placer gold along Grasshopper Creek, and the pick-and-shovel men swarmed in. The next spring brought the bonanza to Alder Gulch, and fifteen months later came the dramatic discovery at Last Chance Gulch, which overnight became the boomtown of Helena. At Fort Benton the fur trade dwindled and a new commerce began. Up to 1864 that post had seen just six steamboat arrivals. In 1865 a thousand men, hundreds of oxen, mules, and horses, six thousand tons of merchandise, and twenty quartz mills went ashore at the trampled landing. In 1866 thirty-one steamboats reached Fort Benton, where tents and tepees dotted the riverbank and wagon trains creaked off for the gold camps. In May of 1867 forty steamboats scraped and scrambled over the shoals of the upper river.

A typical mountain boat carried four hundred tons of freight and two or three hundred passengers. It was a stern-wheeler with a stout hull and a protruding spoon-shaped bow. The pilot house was sheathed in boiler plate against Indian bullets and arrows. With her shallow bow this boat could run on a sandbar and then back off. In a shoal passage, where the paddles threshed mud and air, the boat was "walked" ahead, a step at a time, to the clank of the steam



The steamboat* DeSmet *at the Fort Benton levee, 1873. From here the journey west continued overland by wagon and team to the gold beyond.

Arrival of the Fort Benton steamboat Jennie Brown *at Omaha on September 26, 1868.*

capstan. For this maneuver, cargo was shifted from bow to stern, spars were lowered into the sand, cables tightened on the capstan, and the boat was pried upward and forward—"grasshoppering" they called it.

"Steam navigation on the Missouri," said Father DeSmet, after many missionary trips to the Northwest, "is one of the most hazardous things a man can undertake." When the *Henry M. Shreve* went up to Fort Benton in 1869, she passed the burned steamer *Antelope*, the grounded *Huntsville*, the stranded *Big Horn,* the beached *Importer,* the *Peninah* hung up on a bar, the wreck of the *J. H. Trevor*, the *Mountaineer* aground with a broken wheel, the *Lacon* stuck and sawing up her guards for fuel. At Yankton Agency the *Shreve* broke her own rudder and spent two days making a new one of green timber. In a swirling current just five miles from Fort Benton, her crew attached a cable to a "dead man" timber on the bank. In shuddering toil, dragging 567 tons across a sandbar, the steam line broke. Then the crew used hand bars, walking the capstan around while the boat inched ahead. That summer twenty-four steamers reached Fort Benton, each one scarred and dented and panting from its labor.

Game was plentiful along the upper Missouri, but fuel wood was a problem. Joseph La Barge once carried a team of oxen to haul logs aboard, where a steam-powered saw cut them into furnace lengths. As traffic grew, some Indians took up the wood business. At a Sauk village in 1843, the steamer *Omega* took on eight cords of wood in exchange for five tin cups of sugar and three of coffee—25¢ worth at St. Louis, Audubon noted. But the Indians soon learned better, and later steamboat captains paid from $2.50 to $15.00 a cord

Continued on page 61

Chugging up the Missouri, the stern-wheeler **Rosebud** ***is loaded with cargo, fuel, and people.***

Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Hardly had Lewis and Clark completed their initial exploration of the West before enterprising—though not always scrupulous —journalists began publishing guidebooks encouraging unsuspecting easterners to seek their fortunes on the new frontier. Often vague, generally fraudulent, the booklets painted exciting pictures of the West that never was. And, without exception, the guidebooks were written by men for men, for obvious reasons.

To correct this oversight—albeit over a hundred years late—the editors of The American West *provide herewith a fictionalized facsimile of an 1850 guidebook written by a woman for women. Although guidebooks for men were filled with half-truths and misinformation, authoress Brown's is accurate and well-researched.*

AN EMIGRANTS' GUIDE FOR WOMEN

Making the Necessary Preparations for the Arduous Five-Month Journey along the Oregon Trail

By Terry Brown

I VENTURE that nothing you have ever done will give you such a clear idea of the journey of the Israelites to the Promised Land as your trip along the Oregon Trail. We, in Oregon, urge you to prepare carefully and come ahead. To suggest that the trek across the plains from Missouri is easy would be dishonest. No one knows how many emigrants have turned back in discouragement. My intention, in this pamphlet, is to impart some of the knowledge gained by women who have traveled west during the past few years. I hope that, if you are forewarned, your trip will prove safer and more pleasant for having considered the suggestions. Because so many more men than women have made the trip, particularly in the early days, most of the letters and all of the guides known to me are written by and for men. As valuable as these guides are, they leave unanswered many questions of special concern to wives and mothers.

Before launching into a discussion of your preparations, let me assure you that life here is wonderful. The weather is mild and invigorating. We are no longer burdened with the threat of floods as we were in the Midwest, for the rains here are gentle. We need not fear cyclones or tornadoes. Best of all, when thinking of day-to-day life, the plague of fever and ague is only a memory. We find the land fertile as well as beautiful. And now that the question of whether this territory belongs to Great Britain or to the United States is resolved, we look forward to the time when we will achieve statehood.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR THE JOURNEY

Careful planning for the trip is essential. Bear in mind that you will be about five months on the trail, and few supplies can be purchased between your place of em-

barkation and your ultimate destination. Not only are prices high at trading posts, but many items are not available. Take what you need, but do not overload your wagon. You must anticipate the needs of your family for the long trip ahead.

There is a great variety of wagons and conveyances available. From all reports, the most popular is a modified Conestoga version. As there are frequent drenching rains and rivers to ford during the first quarter of your drive, the more waterproof you can make your wagon and supplies, the better. You should have two covers for each wagon; well-oiled or painted canvas, linen, or osnaburg are best. Some families choose bright colors and write slogans or place names on the top. Any note of gaiety will be welcome, but never sacrifice utility. An extra cloth awning hooked from the top at the rear of the wagon and stretched to the ground provides welcome shade for the hasty noon meal.

The bow of the top should be as low as reasonable comfort and convenience dictate. You will be living and working in the wagon, but the higher the top the more problems you will have with wind. The sides should be high enough to prevent the little ones from falling out. Some ruts on the trail are kingpin deep; a lurch into such a hole can easily topple a child off a seat or over a low front board. A swayback floor may prove awkward for neat stacking of belongings, but the advantage of less shifting of gear on steep hills is worth the inconvenience.

In packing your wagon, plan storage arrangements wisely. Be guided by the knowledge that often the gear must be removed from the wagon to lighten the load during difficult travel and through mountains. Before leaving home, practice loading and unloading your conveyance to establish a routine; each member of the family should learn his assigned tasks.

Here are some suggestions for practicality and prudence in choosing and packing your supplies. Use the front box under the driver's seat to stow cooking materials you may need for the next meal. It is easily accessible when you stop the train and the team is put out to graze. It is also heartily recommended that you bring a small sheet iron stove. Cooking meals over a fire in poor weather is hard on the back and the disposition of the cook. A folding table to serve as work space and a place to eat is also worth taking. If you bring a cow, you will want to put a hook on the side of the wagon to hold a tightly covered churn; after a day's ride you will have butter for the family. This is also a good place to dangle all types of sundries for the trip —lanterns, fry pans, clotheslines, and water keg, to name a few. In the past, even coops of chickens have been lashed to the backs of wagons. Certainly, eggs will provide a desirable variety in your family's diet.

In odd corners of the wagon you can tuck books, soap, a clock, boxes of plant cuttings, and perhaps a collapsible rocking chair. One family even brought an entire wagon of apple seedlings and now have an established orchard.

The complete openness of the prairie, with its attendant lack of privacy, surprises many people raised in forested areas. We suggest that you plan for a chamber pot in the rear of the wagon.

The matter of proper clothing for the trip is important. Trail life is harder on apparel than you would expect. Men should take five or six rough shirts, a buckskin coat, and two pairs of buckskin pantaloons. Broad-brimmed hats will be essential under the hot sun. The women would be wise to overcome their scruples and wear

loose pantaloons with long coat or hunting frock, along with stout, rugged shoes, and sunbonnets. Do be sure to take the minimum number of comfortable, sturdy garments to protect your family from the sun, wind, and rain.

Consider buying sun goggles for every member of your party. The gritty dust in the alkali springs area and in windstorms irritates the eyes. Inflammation can be serious enough to distort vision temporarily. The investment of thirty-seven and one-half cents a pair is money well spent.

If space does not permit all members of the family to sleep in the wagon, purchase a good tent. With oilcloth floor, and careful pitching and proper trenching, it will provide privacy and protection from the wind and rain.

For food supplies, consider the following essentials: flour, corn meal, parched cracked corn, hard bread, crackers, smoked fish, ham, bacon, dried beef and venison, dried fruits, rice, dried beans and peas, sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, saleratus [baking soda], cheese, lard, and butter. Rolls of solid butter should be wrapped in salted cloths and buried in flour, and eggs can be stored in corn meal. Occasionally the men will find fresh game along the route, but the bulk of your meals will be prepared from what you carry with you. Knowing your family habits and food preferences, use your own good judgment and bear in mind that life in the open enlarges appetites.

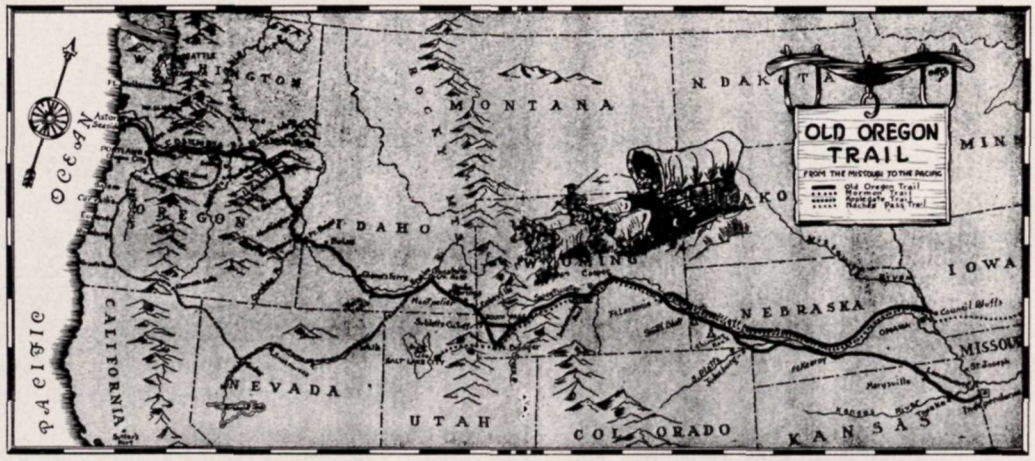
MEDICAL PROVISIONS

Because sickness can jeopardize your journey and possibly the lives of many in your party, be sure to take a well-stocked medicine chest.

Fever and ague are probably well known to you. Emigrants from Missouri support the theory of treatment recently advanced by Dr. John Sappington of Arrow-rock, Missouri. He recommends his "anti-fever" pills made from Peruvian bark [quinine], which can be found in Westport, Independence, or St. Joseph, if not available in your community. Dr. Sappington also differs with his medical colleagues in another major area of treatment. He deplores bloodletting as debilitating to the patient's health. For the dread disease cholera, the cause of which is unknown, some train captains advise burning or otherwise disinfecting the wagon and effects of cholera patients. Some people hold the radically different idea that cholera is transmitted by bad water. Surely, some of the water is poor, not only for the mineral taste and hardness, but also for the muddiness. However, it's doubtful that it actually causes cholera. A handful of corn meal will settle most of the dirt, but only straining clears out the little wiggling animals.

Perhaps you will be fortunate to have a doctor on your train. If not, it is always wise to inquire, when passing or being passed by other travelers, whether they have a physician with them. Setting simple broken bones may be common practice for many fathers, but with the complications that can arise with accidents, expert help is important. This is also an opportunity to have a doctor examine any babies born while traveling on the train, as to their general health and strength for the journey.

Include among your medical supplies: calomel and castor oil for purgatives, paregoric, laudanum, morphine for pain, anti-fever pills, anodyne for sedation, and essence of peppermint for digestive problems.



Lest you be alarmed by all of this, I must tell you that some persons have been sent west to recover their health. Also, I believe the following to be confirmed by others: there is no more disease among those on the trail than among those at home. Nevertheless, preparation for anything that may befall you is essential.

MAJOR DIFFICULTIES YOU MAY ENCOUNTER EN ROUTE

Will there be difficulties on the trail? Certainly. It is expected that difficulties will be part of a great westward migration over desert and mountain areas. However, anticipation can be worse than the actual experience, on this trip as well as in other dealings with life. You'll see common insects, but sometimes in uncommon numbers: mosquitoes, crickets, grasshoppers, and beetles. To be on the safe side, warn children to be alert for rattlesnakes, although previous trains have reported seeing such snakes infrequently.

Wild animals seem to avoid humans most of the time, although occasionally wolves, coyotes, and bears will attack the stock at night. The most interesting and dangerous of all the wild beasts you will encounter are the buffalo. One cannot escape hearing the dreadful tales of stampedes. It is comforting to know that their sound precedes them, and they can usually be diverted by gunfire from the men. Sometimes the buffalo become confused and join the train's cows for grazing at night. Older children tending cattle should be cautioned not to try to solve this problem themselves.

As mentioned, the weather will give you some discomfort; the wind, rain, and dust can be fierce. In duststorms, a dampened cloth over the face is some relief, but rain is the only real cure. In rainy times, you may go for days without dry clothing or beds, and hot meals are a blessing if you can manage a fire. Hail can bruise people badly and rip a wagon cover to shreds. If you can, you must keep going forward; in times like these, remind yourself that you are coming ever closer to Oregon.

Most trains get through to Oregon without serious trouble and very little con-

tact with Indians. If Indians do come into your camp, treat them with courtesy and share your meals. They are curious because we seem so foreign. Try not to be annoyed at this curiosity. Many women in the trains carry extra needles as gifts for Indian women. Other small gifts or trade items may appeal to them, but above all, never give them alcohol. Apparently, Indians are easily addicted to spirits.

You can save yourself and others grief if you plan and practice a safety program for firearms. Scarcely a train arrives in Oregon without a report of some hideous gun accident owing to carelessness. Guns in the hands of the inexperienced offer far greater dangers than all the Indians between Missouri and the Rockies.

WHAT YOU WILL SEE ON THE TRIP

Much natural wildlife abounds in the West. Great flights of birds will pass over your train, many unknown to you. For a quick test to differentiate between vultures and hawks, look at the wings when the birds soar. If the position of the wings is a flattened V, it is a vulture. In noting the avian variety, your family may enjoy keeping a record of what they see.

Beautiful wildflowers grow in profusion along some parts of the trail. Animals such as wild horses, elk, deer, and occasionally a herd of grazing buffalo will be visible from your train. When you arrive at the area of bluffs, buttes, and mesas, there are many fossils on the ground. Searching for them always proves a diverting activity for travelers.

Most of all, the beautiful scenery of this western country will captivate you in its richness of color, variety, and naturalness.

CODE OF CONDUCT ON THE JOURNEY

It is important that your group understands the organization of the train and the code of conduct. Failure to select a good leader and abide by the accepted rules is borrowing trouble. The pressures of trail life can strain relationships, and the quality of the elected leaders affects the success of the journey. Choose wisely. If you travel in a large group, you will need officers such as lieutenants, sergeants, and record keepers. The captain will appoint a master wagonmaker to supervise repairs, a master blacksmith, and road- and bridge-builder. The captain chooses the route, schedules the guards, and represents the party if you should meet Indians. With no government beyond Missouri, some rules must be established. And these usually comprise, basically, the prohibitions of the Ten Commandments. Punishments include reprimands, fines, and, as last resort, banishment. It is imperative that the travelers recognize the authority of their leader and respect his authority.

A TYPICAL DAY ON THE OREGON TRAIL

What happens on an average day? As soon as the first streaks of light appear, the night guard arouses the camp. Sleepers tumble out, and everyone begins his morning task. The boys assigned to the cattle circle around the herd looking for tracks of strays. Within the corral, tents must be struck, gear stowed in wagons, and breakfast prepared. Water for the dishes heats while the family eats. Of course you will prefer a seated breakfast with the entire family, but time is so critical that you are

Continued on page 63

SONG OF MAN

A PROLOGUE TO HISTORY

By Charles L. Camp

IN LONG FORGOTTEN *lairs, buried in crannies and in caves, hidden beneath the debris of ten thousand centuries, mingled with bones of saber cats, a skull is found. What was this thing with brain but slightly better than the ape, with head balanced on an upright spine? A creature that walked erect, arms swinging free, with grasping hands no longer used as feet, active in chase, ready to fight and kill.*

Man ape, half-man, primeval father of the race, first of the meat hunters, first to leave the forest trees to hunt in packs, to chase the game and stalk the wild baboon, to strike the baboon with a club and bash the head, to pull the lean meat from the bones, to gnaw the stringy flesh and crack the bones, to lie at night within the baboon's cave, guarding his children from the saber cat.

On his slow journey through the Pleistocene, man fashioned tools and learned the use of fire. Stone tools at first were rudely made. A pebble roughened to a cutting edge would serve for digging bulbs from hardened earth, for hacking head and limbs from buck, or mashing marrow bones. In time, man manufactured pointed stones to puncture hides and kill slow-moving beasts. And then he fastened sharpened stones to shafts of wood, inventing spears to pierce the swifter game.

By flaking fine-grained stones, small tools of slender knife-like shapes to hold an edge were spalled from larger stones. These served as skinning knives and then for fleshing skins, when skins came to be used as clothes to fend against the thorns and cold. From well-trimmed flint cores useful axes could be struck; held first in the hand to chop coarse fibers, bark, or wood for building huts. Then handles could be split and lashed fast to the blades with strips of fresh green hide, to dry and shrink upon the stone. From these implements arose the spade and hoe to serve the women working in the fields.

Petroglyphs in the Arizona Painted Desert, scratched in the rocks by ancient Anasazi peoples approximately two or three thousand years ago.

Man moved from his old hunting grounds to till the loamy soil and plant the seed he long had harvested and now first sowed and bred to larger size and succulence for food. Roving flocks and herds he drove to pastures and enclosed in pens. Clustered huts formed cities. Boundaries of the family lands were fixed, and planting dates were settled by the movements of the sun and stars. Records were kept by scratching bits of bark or stone or slabs of clay. Rules and laws, sculpture and painting, music, dancing, and religion were fostered by a hierarchy of priests and elders, ministers, and petty kings living in palaces of mud and stone. Marauding tribes were held at bay by guards, forever armed, maintained by taxes in the city-states. Dominion spread by force of arms, and captive peoples cringed beneath the lash.

Fat lands, Egypt and Babylon, gave birth to cities—islands of comfort far safer than the savage world of stealthy beasts and wilder men. Fat lands begot fat, sluggish men; lean lands, lean men alert to meet the challenge of the wilderness. And from the hard, lean, northern lands came the first New World folk, twelve thousand years ago.

Charles L. Camp, *formerly chairman of the Department of Paleontology at the University of California at Berkeley, has done extensive field work throughout North America, South Africa, and China. Several of his finds represent significant contributions to man's knowledge of the prehistoric era. One of his more important books,* Earth Song, *originally issued by the University of California Press, is now being published in a new, illustrated edition this fall by American West Publishing Company.*

THROUGH TAWNY PLAINS the river flows, from glittering snow and ice on Rockies' crest and fern-hung gorge. At river's bend a troop of prong-horned antelope step warily to drink. In single rank they line the water's edge, their russet coats, that blend with leaf and grass, invisible but for a strip of white below each slender form. With quivering muzzles raised they turn and bound away, on limbs so slender that they seem to float in air. Upon their rumps the danger signals flash, like white chrysanthemums, to warn the flock that here coyotes prowl.

Spearmen, encamped along the southern Rockies, follow the herds of game.

From the wood a trumpet call shatters the quiet of the morning glade. As echoes die, the monster charges forth on swaying limbs, ears flaring out, trunk held aloft, and curved tusks gleaming white. Huge bodies, pressed together in a mass of heaving heads and tusks and tossing trunks, crowd up behind to see who dares intrude upon the feeding ground. It is a bumbling band of piglike forms that stumble as they run, and terrified, knock down their fellows as they tear away —unwitting culprits they, the peccaries. So with majestic tread on ponderous feet, soughing and sucking in the mud, the mammoths amble to the riverbank to drink and cool their bodies in the swamp.

Spearmen watch a troop of camels, old natives of the land.

Filing across the skyline of bald hills, a caravan—grotesque as from an oriental scroll—of gaunt and gawky camels in a row of rocking heads, long-necked and gaited slow, bewildered, melancholy, bored, resigned to feed on bramble and dry bush. Grunting complaints against the rocky way, the strange troop passes down the barren trail.

Wild horses prance on the plain.

Beneath the morning breeze the supple grass bows low and curtsies to an unseen hand. Shy of the gentlest touch it shrinks away, in rolling rhythmic waves, a landscape sea. In challenge to the wind, proud, prancing hooves pound grass to dust, and billowing manes and tails stream out like banners; bold heads on arching necks toss high; nostrils dilate and snort defiance to the sky—squadrons of prairie cavalry!

A lion jaguar stalks the herd.

Now comes a slowly moving form that slinks and creeps. Groveling low and tense, it crouches, tail aquiver, ears laid back; its tawny coat the hue of sod and dust cloud of the flying herd. As if from a magic catapult, the body shoots aloft; sharp claws on spreading paws lash out to strike the velvet neck and withers of a colt too young to match the herd's impassioned pace.

This impact crumples trembling limbs, and squeals of terror bring the herd to halt. The fanged jaws are open for the kill, but guardian mother readies with her hooves and aims a kick. A circling gallop brings the stallion up. Enraged, he rears and spars with battling feet, so flashing swift that agile cat can scarcely dodge the blows. Snarling, the lion-head jaguar slinks away, to ease his hungry belly and bruised flesh at dis-

tant water hold and shady den where mewling kittens play among gnawed bones.

A condor wheels aloft.

The copper sun mounts high, and shimmering waves of air, heat lightened, rise as if reflected from a burnished sea. Across that sea and over quivering butte and tree-clump swiftly glides a shadow shape. And there below the sun, in circles, wheeling round, on never-flagging wings, a carrion vulture soars majestically. From some far mountain roost, nest on high crag, or cliff tree perch, with pinions spread to catch the first faint breath of morning breeze, the soaring bird sails forth to rise on steady wings in spirals to and fro.

The great bird discovers the carcass of a ground sloth.

What expert sight can spy the hidden carcass far below? Or is it scent of rotting carcass, borne aloft on rising surges of the atmosphere, that breaks this solemn flight on half-closed wings, in headlong, whistling swoop, diving to target on the sward, leavings of feast of carnivore: thick hide, bone-studded; shaggy, gray-green hair; bare ribs like barrel hoops, all curved above the gore; the head awry; limbs worried and askew—all that is left of monster herbivore?

A thunderstorm brews.

On mountain heights the thunderheads pile high, hushed and ominous; and over distant plains, tall twirling shafts of smoky dust proclaim the coming storm. Even the spiders in their fluffy down float gently to the earth, and horned larks cease to sing. Foreshadowing the blast, the thunder cracks and rolls, a raindrop dashes down, clouds darken, and the silent black envelops land and sky. The lizard slinks to crannies deep, and prairie dog and owl scurry to catacombs beneath the sod.

The hunters run to cover from the storm.

A wind whiff stings with sand and grit and cold. Cool drops splash dust to mud, and mud again is melted down in sheets of rain. Across the hills the tempest twangs its giant strings tuned to an elfin dance where ice balls bounce and pirouette on rock and tree.

The hailstorm ends.

Quickly the streaming clouds roll by. The rainbow beckons, and earth shines in favored spots of sun, sweet odors, fresh like new-turned soil, enrapturing. Then comes a rush and roar as brown waves lash the thirsty sands. Banks break and crumble to the dashing flood, and tree trunks toss to race the stones that grind beneath the waves.

A Folsom scout watches the doom of a bison herd and summons his tribe.

Now toward the flood bank flows a roaring stream of hairy bodies, with thump of sodden hoofbeats and clack of interfering horns—the buffalo. Stampeded by the storm, in blind, headlong, panic-stricken flight, they cataract across the verge, stumbling to the flood below and churning sand to mud—mad bellowing herd, a heaving damp of crippled flesh.

Within the shelter of a rock the lookout stands, alert to spy the herd, and at his feet his precious spear, the symbol

Illustrations by Margaret M. Colbert

of his occupation and his clan. He shouts, and flings his arms aloft. The skin-clad hunters dash from shelter cave and copse and cooking fire. Spears carried high, they close upon the wretched herd. The tribe smells meat—choice boiling-ribs and fleece, all fat and juicy from the hump.

With skill of practice born, death-dealing spears strike in and out, through matted hair, to reach the heart or sever artery. Time after time the thrust deals home. Each point fixed fast upon the haft is free for further stroke—weapon of matchless artistry.

The carnage ends. The women with their baskets and flint knives select the choicest parts and leave the carcasses beside the lowering flood. Hides and tails stripped away, meat torn from ribs and loin, the picked bones settle in the mire, with here and there a spear point broken from the shaft—a prize to be preserved for future wonder and surmise.

Thus, Folsom man, hunter of elephant and buffalo, expert with flint and maker of the spear before the use of dart and bow left flaking of the flint for lesser skill, our pioneer of pioneers one hundred centuries ago, has left this evidence: his weapon and his kill.

MAN AS HUNTER, discovered, entered, and roamed in America some twelve thousand years before Columbus, following the herds that pressed into Alaska from Siberia. Among the first hunters was a skillful weapon-maker, known today as "Folsom man" and identified by the remarkable spear points found in association with skeletons of the animals he slew, now long extinct. Folsom points, cunningly fashioned, represent the highest known art of the expert stone flaker. The workmanship of these points, in which a broad longitudinal groove is flaked from each face, is unexcelled. It is unlikely that any of the early Pleistocene Old World men ever made such points. Our early American was a clever, intelligent type, comparable with the modern Indian and Eskimo.

Speculations about Folsom man are based on the following slender clues: his uniquely fashioned spear points; the distribution of these artifacts and their occurrence in deposits underlying the remains of later culture; the association of the spear points with skeletons of extinct animals such as *Bison taylori*, the elephant, the camel, and the ground sloth.

Lacking evidence to the contrary, and judging from the widespread distribution of the points and consequently of the hunting techniques, there is reason to regard Folsom man as having lived in migratory bands. He constructed no known permanent towns or habitations. He probably raised no crops and had no grazing domestic animals. Folsom man far antedated the beginnings of agriculture in America.

Near the village of Folsom on the Cimarron River in New Mexico, the Colorado Museum in 1926 uncovered skeletons of a herd of fossil bison buried in an old stream bed. Among these bones were found spear points of an unknown type. These are now called "Folsom points," and the culture they represent is the "Folsom culture."

Folsom points have been found at widely separated localities on the high plains. Cruder points with some of the Folsom characteristics have been picked up in Minnesota, Ohio, North Carolina, California, and Canada. Some of the finer Colorado specimens have been discovered with and within the skeletons of extinct animals, especially the moderately long-horned bison of the *Bison taylori* type. Some have been found with skeletons of camels, elephants, and sloths. It is abundantly evident that Folsom man lived on this continent in association with animals now extinct, and that he hunted these animals and used them for food. At Lindenmeier, Colorado, a number of points have been found at a campsite where these weapons and other stone tools were evidently manufactured. It is possible, but not likely, that the points were made by a few skilled workmen and were distributed widely among peoples who were not able to manufacture them. It is more probable that the distribution of the points represents the actual range or territory of the people who made them.

Folsom is one of the earliest types of man to be found on this continent. But crude stone tools from Sandia Cave in New Mexico lie in deposits below remains of Folsom. A skeleton of a girl, thought by her discoverers to be contemporary with Folsom, has been unearthed in Minnesota. The evidence is inconclusive, for in stature and appearance the people of Folsom time perhaps differed little from modern Indians. Some of the characteristics of the American Indians may indeed have been inherited from Folsom man.

The first men who entered America were presumably of a late physical and cultural type, because of their comparatively recent arrival about twelve thousand years ago. They were of Asiatic ancestry and must have been hunters, since only hunting bands could have obtained food on the northern overland routes into America. These hunters evidently followed the great herds across Siberia and Alaska to the New World. They were the first human immigrants.

Before the advent of the thrown dart and the bow and arrow, the elaborate flint technique of Folsom passed into disuse and was never regained. With the invention of the thrown dart or atlatl, the hunter no longer had to stalk the game so closely. And, with the coming of bow and arrow, spear and dart throwing became obsolete, and still more effective hunting became possible.

Plant foods supplemented meat in the diet and became more important as the bands moved southward toward the tropics. Means of gathering and grinding seeds and other foods were improved. Fish and mollusks were eaten. Finally, with the increase of droughts and extermination of the larger marauding animals, such as the ground sloth, the elephant, the horse, and the camel, came the first widespread practice of agriculture, which changed the living habits of the people.

Basketmakers, throwers of the dart, appeared in the Southwest long after the Folsom man. Basketmaker debris lies above Folsom remains in some caves. The two types of people never intermingled. There was probably a procession of tribes in the long interval between the Sandia-Folsom hunters and the agricultural Basketmakers.

Pueblo cultures in the Southwest came directly after the pit dwellings of the Basketmakers; the two cultures were continuous and were closely related. With the first Hohokam and Pueblo culture came the bow and arrow, the introduction of stone dwellings, coiled pottery, cotton, and irrigation.

The southernmost Hohokam of Arizona seem to have borrowed a few customs and practices from their more advanced Toltec and Mayan neighbors—construction of stone dwellings, domestication of the turkey and the macaw, captivity of the eagle, growing of cotton and of corn (maize), and a game played with a bouncing rubber ball on a court. It may seem strange that the long-civilized peoples of Mexico and Central America had so little influence on the adjacent Pueblo and Hohokam, and much less on the primitive Indians of California.

The southern civilizations in Central and South America developed many native wild plants into highly modified, cultivated ones—the potato, the tobacco, the tomato, beans, and

corn, to name only a few. They were deficient in the domestication of animals, though they had the dog, the llama, the alpaca, and the turkey. The breeding of highly developed cultivated plants demands continuous attention over a long period of time. The slopes of the northern Andes and the tablelands of Central America were well adapted for this purpose, for many climates and differences of soil lay no farther from each other than a man could walk. And there were no large herds of herbivorous animals to raid crops.

The higher civilizations of Middle America, which, as we know from the Mayan calendar, began at least two thousand years ago, were doubtless preceded by primitive agricultural societies of long duration. Agriculture and pottery making commenced only two thousand years ago in the Southwest, probably as an introduction from the south, for they were presumably practiced two or three thousand years earlier in Middle America from Mexico southward into the Andes.

Indian tribes bearing the bow and arrow entered the Far West at about this same time, migrating from northern forests, from the steppes and plateaus of Utah and Nevada and from the deserts of the Southwest. Hunters and fishermen from the north woods remained in the forests and along the salmon streams. They separated into many groups and developed diverse languages and customs. Those from the east and southwest likewise became diverse, sedentary, and peace-loving. Secluded among the many-valleyed hills, the tribes and tribelets, clustered in small villages, eventually became segregated into seven main language groups with more than ten times as many dialects.

Customs likewise were extraordinarily varied. Three main culture areas are known to have existed: one on the Northwest Coast extending into British Columbia, a second across Utah and Nevada into central California, and a third across Utah and Nevada into southern California.

Once settled, with tribal boundaries established by tradition and rigidly observed, in an equable climate, the Western Indians had few troubles or difficulties to stimulate them toward restless migration or invention or large-scale conflicts.

Native warfare took the simple form of feuds between families or villages. The Mohave Indians along the Colorado River engaged in more bloody combats, and sometimes made raids across the mountains. Ousting of one tribe by another was almost unknown; tribal grounds and boundaries were respected . . . until the coming of the white man, which is another story, another song, and which brought about—in a mere four hundred years—permanent disorder in a culture that took so long to evolve.

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

SUMMER WHITE HOUSE

By Elinor Bluemel

A WESTERN WHITE HOUSE in San Clemente, California; a winter presidential retreat in Key Biscayne, Florida; why not a summer White House on Mount Falcon, in central Colorado?

Sixty years ago John Brisben Walker proposed this very idea. Well-known at that time in the East as publisher of *Cosmopolitan* magazine and would-be founder of the Cosmopolitan University that was never built, originator of the Mountain Parks system in Colorado and Park of the Red Rocks near Denver—Walker was a dreamer of dreams. Some of his visions materialized, but of those that didn't, his summer White House was undoubtedly the most fantastic.

In 1909, Walker conceived the idea of a summer home for the presidents of the United States, to be built a short distance from his own house on 7,400-foot Mount Falcon, fifteen miles west of Denver. He would donate the land, solicit the funds, and employ J. B. Benedict, the noted Denver architect, to draw up the plans. The model: the castle of King Ludwig of Bavaria.

The castle, Walker explained to the Denver Civic and Commercial Association, would be built of lichen-softened granite, the cornerstone of Colorado Yule marble. Benedict's drawings showed four towers and numerous spires and turrets to augment the majesty of this mountain retreat. When finished, the structure would contain twenty-two rooms, plus balconies, bridge, stable, and water tower. The underestimated cost: $50,000. Walker, ever the promoter-salesman, predicted that Denver would reap a million dollars in free advertising when the drawings were reproduced in color in the eastern newspapers and magazines.

Cornerstone of the Mount Falcon White House, with the indefatigable John Brisben Walker (at left).

"The time has come," Walker said, "when our president should see the West and know something of its problems first hand. He should spend at least a month of his summer vacation in Colorado."

The initial fund drive was not greatly successful. Although the public was enthusiastic about the venture, actual contributions did not flood the Denver banks assigned to receive them. Even so, the undaunted Walker continued planning for his presidential Mt. Olympus. He invited President and Mrs. Wilson for the laying of the cornerstone, and predicted thousands of American citizens would witness this national, perhaps international, affair. Unfortunately, another international affair, World War I, interrupted the ceremony, and plans were set aside until 1919, when the marble chunk was put in place, without the president.

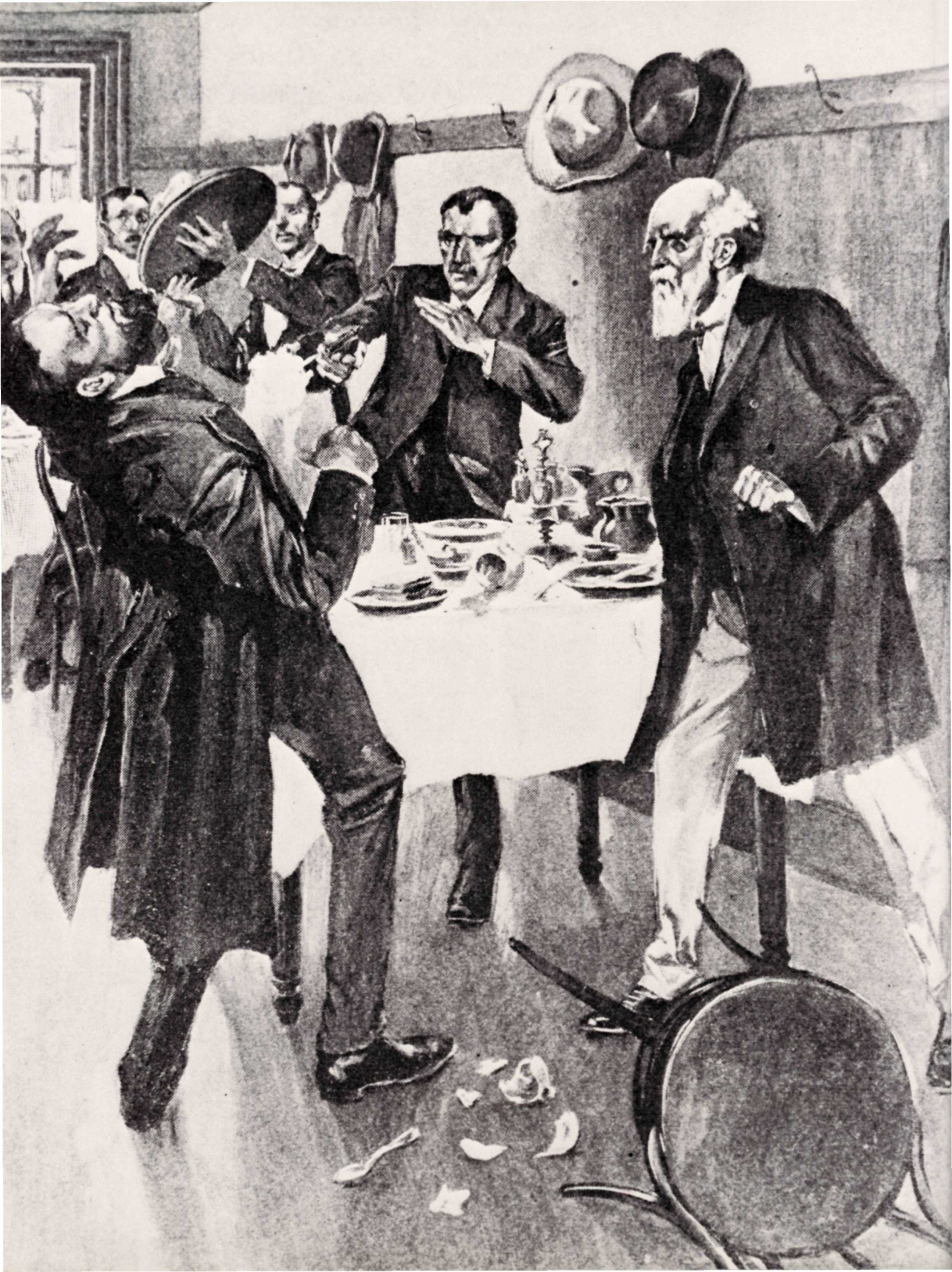
Walker's ill-fated money-raising campaigns are a study in imagination and fortitude. These included subscriptions from hotels, industries, and the Denver wealthy; automobile races —steam and gasoline—up Mount Falcon, with a bank strategically placed on the spot for those spectators who heeded the call; and a series of concerts, that never were given, with services donated by nationally-famed artists.

In time, enthusiasm waned, and Walker's attempts to revive his fantasia in 1926 failed. In 1934 he had to admit that, although contributions were coming in from all over the state to make the gift to the nation possible, they were not sufficient to proceed. The dream had faded.

The cornerstone was hauled down the mountain and placed in the old Hillside Inn at Morrison, which is the last anyone heard of it. The road to the castle has disappeared, worn away by rain and snow. Today one hears the chatter of chipmunks and the whir of eagle wings over the mountain, where the absence of voices is a reminder of what might have been.

Elinor Bluemel, *a resident of Colorado, is author of* Florence Sabin: Colorado Woman of the Century, *and* The Opportunity School of Denver and Its Founder, Emily Griffith, *to be published by Green Mountain Press.*

J. B. Benedict's rendering of the presidential castle.



In Pursuit of Duty

Being the Account of a Homicidal Affair and Its Subsequent Trials and Tribulations

By Gary L. Roberts

SHORTLY AFTER three o'clock on the morning of August 14, 1889, Deputy United States Marshal David Neagle stood at the door of a Pullman car watching the station lights approach as the train braked at Fresno, California. As the train squealed and hissed to a stop before the Southern Pacific depot, he dropped into the shadow of the car to watch the passengers load. A few minutes later, a tall, bearded man and an attractive woman passed him and boarded a day car. Even on the dimly lighted station platform, he could scarcely mistake the celebrated Terrys.

Returning to the sleeper, the marshal found his traveling companion awake and informed him that David S. Terry and his wife, Sarah, were on the train. The older man, who had never taken this matter seriously, mumbled that he hoped they would sleep well and was soon asleep himself. But the responsibility of protecting an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, even a game old judge like Stephen J. Field, was far too great for David Neagle to sleep.

At Merced, Neagle approached the conductor, Lewis G. Woodward, and confided his fear that Terry would attack Field if steps were not taken to prevent it. As a precaution, Neagle telegraphed Lathrop to have a peace officer on hand when the train made its breakfast stop. Underway again, he walked to the smoking car with Woodward, who introduced him to F. J. Lincoln, owner of the dining room at the Lathrop depot. Neagle explained the circumstances and expressed his desire to avoid trouble. Unimpressed, Lincoln flippantly said, "Well, let them go at it. We will see they have a fair chance." Neagle retorted that there must not be a fight. Lincoln assured him that he need not worry.

Two hours later Terry lay dead on the floor of Lincoln's restaurant.

The pistol shots that ended the life of David S. Terry that morning climaxed one of America's most colorful legal battles, and set the stage for *in re Neagle*, perhaps the most significant case in American jurisprudence on the extent of executive power under the Federal Constitution. The whole incredible story is more suited to fiction than fact—a story of the improbable which left judicial robes less than spotless.

It all began with the beautiful Sarah Althea Hill, whose unconventional behavior made her notorious even before her affair with William Sharon, Nevada's millionaire senator, provided a subject for parlor chatter and breakfast gossip. She met Sharon in 1880 at the San Francisco Stock Exchange, where she dallied in stocks. Sharon graciously offered to assist her, but soon made it clear that he was more interested in another kind of dalliance. Since his wife's death the senator had consoled himself with a succession of young lovelies, and before long Sarah moved into a suite at the Grand Hotel at his expense. The Grand was conveniently joined by a covered ramp (referred to locally as the "Bridge of Sighs") to the fifteen-million-dollar Palace Hotel where Sharon lived. She visited him in his rooms, spent weekends at his country home, and even gave a musicale for him at the Grand. This arrangement continued for more than a year. Then, suddenly, Sharon informed Sarah that her "services" were no longer desired.

Stunned, she wrote a pathetic series of letters to the old lecher, beseeching him to take her back. Sharon stood firm. The finality of his decision was made clear to her when she returned to her suite at the Grand to find the door removed, the carpets rolled up, and her trunks packed. Angrily, she wrote Sharon a receipt for $7,500 in cash as "payment in full" for her "services."

Still distraught, Sarah visited a succession of fortune–tellers in search of a way to make Sharon love her. But potions, magic words, and mystic powders failed her. Unable to regain Sharon's favor by the occult, Sarah approached a lawyer named George Tyler. On the afternoon of September 8, 1883, Senator Sharon was arrested on a charge of adultery. With San Francisco buzzing about this disclosure, William Neilson, an Australian newspaperman of questionable repute, announced that William Sharon and Sarah Althea Hill were

The deed is done. From left to right are the victim (Terry), the officer (Neagle), the judge (Field).

married. Predictably, Sharon denied the charges. Efforts to settle the controversy out of court failed dismally, while the public gleefully absorbed every detail. The adultery charge was soon lost in a flurry of cases, and attention was centered on a divorce suit filed by Sarah.

On the morning of November 1, 1883, legal action on the divorce suit began in the California courts. The courtroom was already crowded, and all eyes were waiting for Sarah Althea Hill. She did not disappoint them but arrived early in the company of Neilson. Her lawyers, George W. and W. B. Tyler, soon followed. A few minutes later Sharon and his army of attorneys and private investigators, led by bombastic, perceptive William H. L. Barnes, known locally as "General," marched into the courtroom. The day's proceedings forecast what was to come. Barnes and Tyler, soon to be noted for their inexhaustible store of "wind ammunition, invective canister, and grapeshot wit," exchanged insults. Sharon was removed from the room by the bailiff, but Sarah remained the center of attention. When the court adjourned for the day, socially conscious San Francisco had found a new pastime.

WHEN THE TRIAL began on March 10, 1884, the arguments which would be used were well known, thanks to the stormy preliminaries and an inquisitive press. Sarah claimed that Sharon had offered her $1,000 a month to become his mistress, which she, of course, refused. When he could have her no other way, he offered to marry her—but insisted that the marriage be kept secret for two years. She said that on August 25, 1880, a marriage contract was drawn up and signed by both of them. Sharon, on the other hand, admitted to extramarital relations with a wide array of young women, including Sarah, but insistently denied having signed the alleged contract. Thus, from the beginning, the question in the public mind was Sarah Hill's honor. Sharon's philandering could be overlooked, but the double standard of the time was not so generous for women.

On the second day of the trial, the volatile Tylers were joined by another lawyer, David S. Terry, a former chief justice of the Supreme Court of California and a capable, perhaps even gifted, attorney. He was an impressive man, standing six feet three inches tall and weighing 250 pounds, with a stiff paintbrush of a beard and eyes of stone. His personal integrity and sense of honor were said to be strong, though there were those in California who were inclined to disagree. A stubborn man with an ungovernable temper, he always carried a bowie knife pinned to his vest beneath his coat, and had drawn it in court on several occasions.

Terry, a former Texas Ranger, arrived in California in the gold rush days and established himself as a lawyer. In 1856 he became chief justice of the California Supreme Court on the Know-Nothing ticket. Shortly thereafter, he stabbed a member of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee and narrowly escaped hanging. He resigned from the Court in 1859 to fight a duel with United States Senator David C. Broderick. Broderick, a close associate of Stephen A. Douglas, was killed, and Terry was accused of being the triggerman for pro-slavery forces in California.

During the Civil War, Terry rose to the rank of brigadier general in the Confederate army. After the war he returned to California and a lucrative law practice, despite his notoriety for having killed Senator Broderick. He kept himself relatively free of controversy, restrained his temper, and word was that he had vowed never to carry a weapon again. Terry was active in state politics, and it was rumored that he initiated the move that killed Stephen J. Field's presidential hopes in 1884. His personal life was beset by tragedy. Five of his six sons had died, and when Terry joined the counsel for Sarah Althea Hill, his wife was very sick. Sarah was apparently attracted to him from the first.

The divorce case dragged on for months, to the delight of the public, and provided many opportunities for David Terry to demonstrate his gallantry. Sarah's lawyers introduced a series of letters purportedly written by Sharon to her. Some were intimate in character. Others, addressed to "My Dear Wife," disappointingly dealt with financial or other equally unromantic subjects. Barnes promptly denounced them as forgeries and countered with a series of letters written by Sarah to the Senator which were intimate and devoid of any hint of marriage, as General Barnes quickly pointed out. Even the anguished notes written after Sharon threw her out of the Grand failed to mention the alleged marriage.

On the witness stand, Sarah shyly admitted to hiding in Sharon's room and watching him and another woman go to bed together. A parade of experts wasted days examining the letters and contract, and nearly lost their newspaper audience with endless discussions of *w*'s, paper texture, plumbago, and pencil marks. The witnesses, as unsavory a bunch of characters as could be found, testified, vacillated, squirmed, and lied to the theatrics of Tyler and Barnes, who matched insult for insult and almost came to blows on several occasions. Once, the younger Tyler was cited for contempt when he appeared in court armed. And so it went, day after day.

It was soon apparent that innocence was at best a relative factor. Most conceded that Sharon was lecherous enough to trick Sarah into the "arrangement," even to the point of salving her conscience with a contract he did not intend to honor. But even warm advocates of the "Rose of Sharon" had to admit that her behavior was not that of the loving wife. Somehow, the case was concluded without serious injury to counsel or witnesses. On Christmas Eve, 1884, Judge J. F. Sullivan decided the case in favor of "Sarah A. Sharon." In February, the judge awarded her $2,500 a month in alimony and granted the divorce decree.

Sharon's attorneys appealed the case and pressed for a decision in the federal courts on the authenticity of the marriage contract. During the summer of 1885, a large body of testimony was taken before a federal examiner. The examination proved to be even stormier than the divorce trial. The

Sarah Althea Hill in her prime—beautiful, unconventional . . . and innocent?

William Sharon in 1879, shortly before he contrived a liaison with the intriguing, and comely, Sarah Althea Hill.

Associate Justice Stephen J. Field of the U.S. Supreme Court—no stranger to rowdy courtroom scenes.

David S. Terry—he always carried a bowie knife pinned to his vest beneath his coat.

pressure of the proceedings began to tell on Sarah. She became increasingly irrational, shouting epithets and wild accusations at witnesses, judges, and legal counsel. On one occasion, she pulled a pistol from her bag and boasted that she could "hit a four bit piece nine times out of ten." She was disarmed, but the examiner called the attention of the federal courts to the incident.

On August 5, 1885, the federal circuit court directed the United States marshal to disarm Sarah when she entered the courtroom thereafter. The opinion was read by Stephen J. Field, associate justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. Although this was his first association with the Sharon case, he was no stranger to those present or to unruly courtroom scenes.

Field's appearance in the Sharon case added still more flavor to the courtroom drama. Sarah listened silently as he read the decision, but the young Tyler tried to justify his earlier appearance in court armed. In the rowdy gold rush days Field had faced many hostile courtrooms, more than once fully armed. But those days were gone, and such courtroom behavior was not, in Field's opinion, suitable in a civilized society. "Any man, counsel, or witness, who comes into a court of justice armed ought to be punished," he thundered; "and if he is a member of the bar, he ought to be suspended or removed permanently." His point was clear.

THE FEDERAL CASE was concluded in August, and the decision was set for November 15, 1885. On that day, William Sharon died. When the court finally convened on December 6, 1885, Judges M. P. Deady and Lorenzo Sawyer declared the marriage contract a forgery. The opinion was verbose, not particularly revealing, and included a gratuitous lecture on moral behavior directed toward Sarah. The various parties to the case filed appeals, and the Sharon case dropped from the public eye. Twelve days after Deady's decision Sarah Althea Hill and David E. Terry were married.

David Terry's relationship to Sarah had already evoked comment from a press alert to his very gallant attention to her. But the marriage shocked Terry's family and friends. The recent death of his wife, the notoriety of the bride, and the short courtship produced a wave of criticism. The judge's son promptly moved out of the Terry home and refused to attend the wedding.

That Terry was attracted to Sarah is not surprising. Caught

up as he was in the anguish of losing his family, the charming Sarah provided the emotional outlet he desperately needed. Terry was convinced that society had judged her unfairly, but the marriage did not redeem her. Instead, it created new problems for him. As a result, Terry nursed a deepening resentment of any criticism of his wife.

The Terrys enjoyed relief from the courtroom haggle for two years. Then, in January, 1888, the divorce suit was reopened in the state courts. In March, as the result of Terry's failure to follow correct appeal procedure, the Sharon heirs filed a bill of revivor which made the decision of the federal district court final. Terry filed a demurrer to the action, and by August the Sharon case was again in the news almost daily.

On August 14, 1888, David and Sarah Terry boarded the train at Fresno to attend federal court in San Francisco. En route, Sarah recognized Judge Lorenzo Sawyer seated ahead of her, walked past his seat, and jerked his hair while declaring her contempt for him. Terry reacted by saying that "the best thing to do with him would be to take him out into the bay and drown him." Sawyer, greatly upset by the incident, reported it to the United States marshal, J. C. Franks, requesting that extra deputies be present when court convened on September 3, 1888. It was a wise move.

THE COURTROOM WAS packed that September morning. The crowd jammed the doors and spilled into the halls, jostling and shoving to catch a glimpse of the Terrys. Sarah Terry sat demurely at the counsel's table beside the towering frame of her husband. The spectators stiffened and noise simmered to an audible buzz when the distinguished members of the Fifth U.S. Circuit Court of California filed behind the bench.

A moment later, Stephen J. Field began to read the decision of the court in a dull monotone. Mrs. Terry nervously fingered the clasp of her satchel. Finally, she came to her feet. "Judge," she said, "are you going to take the responsibility of ordering me to deliver up that marriage contract?"

Field looked up. "Sit down, madam," he said.

"You have been paid."

"Sit down, madam."

"How much did Newlands pay you?"

Turning to Marshal Franks, the irritated judge ordered him to remove Mrs. Terry from the room. She wheeled to face the marshal, then suddenly leaped at him, slapped him, and shouted, "You dirty scrub. You dare not remove me from this room!"

"Get a written order," thundered David Terry. "No God damn man shall touch my wife." When the marshal took Sarah by the arm, Terry knocked him to the floor, breaking a tooth with the blow. Several men pulled Terry into a chair. One of them, a man named David Neagle, tried in vain to quiet him.

Nursing his bleeding mouth, Franks half dragged Mrs. Terry from the room. When the marshal was outside, the men released Terry, who sprang to his feet and raced for the door. At the door he drew a knife and plunged into the mass of spectators jamming the hall. Amid the pandemonium of screams and shoving, Terry was borne to the floor by several deputies. Deputy Marshal John Taggart shoved a revolver against his temple and ordered him to stop struggling. Still he persisted, and the bystander, Neagle, carefully forced the knife from Terry's hand.

Franks permitted Terry to join Sarah in his office. Sarah then accused the marshal of stealing her purse. It was recovered, but the revolver in it did Mrs. Terry little good. She swore that she could have killed Judge Field but that she was not ready to do that yet.

The confusion soon made its way to the street, where it was rumored that Mrs. Terry had shot Justice Field and that Terry had knifed the marshal. The judges, who had retired during the fracas, returned to cite the Terrys for contempt of court. Mrs. Terry was sentenced to thirty days in jail, the judge sixty days. Late that afternoon, with Sarah still uttering threats, they were removed to the Alameda County jail.

David Terry was not the kind of man to idle away his sixty days. His application for a writ of *habeas corpus* was denied. "No one can believe that he thrust his hand under his vest where his bowie-knife was carried without intending to draw it," Field droned in his usual manner. "To believe that he placed his right hand there for any other purpose—such as to rest it after the fatigue of his violent blow in the marshal's face, or to smooth down his ruffled linen—would be childish credulity." Terry fought back his anger and appealed to the United States Supreme Court. On November 12, 1888, the Court upheld the lower court's decision. Rebuffed again, Terry dispatched his nephew and a friend to Washington to ask for a presidential pardon. The request was denied.

As Terry's anger mounted, he repeatedly threatened Field. He swore to horsewhip him, adding that "if he resents it, I will kill him." He told a reporter that he would slap Field's face. When the newsman protested that Field was sure to resist, Terry retorted, "That is as good a thing as I want to get." Terry's threats and the stronger ones of his wife were soon the subject of conversation all over the state. Terry encouraged the talk with letters and a vindictive pamphlet that revived a number of accusations against Field over the years.

Terry's pugnacity was not altogether unexpected, but the ferocity of his campaign against Field, and even the courtroom episode itself, were not entirely characteristic of him. Yet, because of his sensitivity on all issues involving his wife, he turned a deaf ear to advice he might have heeded in former times. His emotional reaction is partially explained by the fact that Mrs. Terry was pregnant at the time of the courtroom outburst. Certainly, he blamed the miscarriage she suffered while in jail on the federal officials. Equally important, Terry was obsessed by the belief that the litigation had become a personal vendetta against him because of his failure

to support Field's aspirations to the presidency in 1884, although the case had floundered long before Field took any part in it.

Justice Field departed from California before Terry was released, but even in Washington the threats were discussed at length. By the spring of 1889, speculation gave way to concern on the part of Justice Department officials in the face of considerable correspondence expressing fear for Field's safety when he returned to California. Attorney General William H. H. Miller discussed the problem with Pacific Coast congressmen, and on April 27 he instructed United States Marshal Franks to exercise unusual caution. The Terrys were already under surveillance, and Franks now requested authority to hire extra deputies to protect the judges. On May 27, 1889, Miller granted him permission.

In selecting his deputies, Franks remembered David Neagle, the man who had disarmed Judge Terry the previous September. Neagle had much to recommend him for the job. In spite of his small size, he was known as a scrapper, and his expertise with a revolver was unquestioned. He had served a lengthy apprenticeship as saloonkeeper, miner, gambler, lawman, gunfighter, and small-time politician in the roughest mining camps in Nevada, California, and Arizona. He dabbled in California politics under the tutelage of "Boss" Buckley, San Francisco's blind politician. Marshal Franks first used him in the congressional elections of 1886 and 1888 to prevent frauds in a troublesome precinct, and to Neagle's credit, both elections were held without incident.

While Neagle prepared for his new assignment, a federal grand jury indicted Terry on five criminal charges and Sarah on three. On May 13, 1889, the United States Supreme Court refused to review the circuit court decision on the Sharon marriage contract, and on July 17 the California State Supreme Court reversed its earlier stand on the marriage contract, declaring the marriage void. These developments increased Terry's bitterness toward Field, who had come to symbolize a legal conspiracy to "make my wife a strumpet," as Terry put it.

In the meantime, friends of Justice Field urged him not to go to California, reminding him that he was required to make the circuit only once every two years. But early in June, he and his wife left for California. Neagle met them at Reno, Nevada. He briefed Field on the latest developments and urged him to arm himself. Field refused.

As summer passed into August without incident, Franks's precautionary steps appeared either needless or very successful, depending on one's point of view. On August 12 Justice Field left San Francisco for Los Angeles to deliver an important decision. Since the Terrys were due to appear in federal court on August 14, the marshal foresaw the possibility of an encounter on the train and insisted that Neagle accompany him to Los Angeles. Matters in Los Angeles were quickly settled, and the next day they boarded the train back to San Francisco. Neagle was not surprised when the Terrys boarded the train at Fresno, and his actions indicated that he was worried.

When the train reached Lathrop, a few minutes after seven, Neagle tried to persuade Justice Field to have breakfast on the train to avoid a confrontation. Field insisted on eating in the depot restaurant. Neagle did not press the matter and followed the judge into the crowded dining room. No lawman was waiting as he had requested, so Neagle seated himself facing the door. Field was soon totally involved with his eggs and sausages.

By this time the Terrys evidently knew that Field was on the train, because Sarah later testified that she took her husband's weapons from him before they left their coach. She did not want him to shoot Field, she explained, but did not object to a fist fight. When they entered the restaurant, however, Mrs. Terry reacted differently. She saw Field first, then rushed back to the train before her husband realized she was gone. Apparantly, she was going after her gun. A restaurant employee named Joseph Stackpole warned Terry that he should watch his wife. "Why? Who is here?" Terry asked.

Neagle watched as Terry passed their table and sat down. Moments later the ex-judge rose and moved down the aisle behind Field. As he passed the table, he suddenly wheeled and slapped Justice Field twice on the face. Neagle sprang to his feet, Colt's revolver in hand, shouting, "Stop! Stop that! I am an officer," as Terry raised his hand again. Terry dropped his hand to his chest and the marshal fired twice. Terry collapsed on the floor. He was dead almost instantly.

Most of the diners had been unaware of what was happening until the shots were fired. A few, outraged at the violence, moved toward Neagle who backed to the wall explaining that he was a federal deputy and had killed Terry while protecting the life of Justice Stephen J. Field. Taking Field by the arm, he ushered him out of the room and onto the train.

Only then did Mrs. Terry return, frantic from the sound of shots. As she ran through the door, Stackpole took her handbag from her. She scarcely noticed, but pushed through the crowd and fell grief-stricken upon the body of her husband. She wept pathetically for some moments, then looked up at the strangers who stared helplessly down at her. She begged them to kill Neagle and Field. She called on the crowd to notice that her husband was unarmed. Finally, she was pulled away from the body, which was carried next door. Then she remembered her handbag and the revolver inside. Stackpole wisely refused to return the bag.

R. B. Purvis, the sheriff of Stanislaus County, found no weapon on Terry's body. He boarded the train and talked with Neagle until a constable from Lathrop joined them and informed Neagle that he would be arrested. Field objected, but Neagle quieted him. The feeling against Neagle and Field was high by then, and fearing a lynch mob, officer and prisoner proceeded by train to Tracy, where they transferred to

Lathrop Station, where Terry came to the end of a frequently contentious life. The restaurant in which Neagle shot Terry is in the building at the left.

a wagon for the ride to the San Joaquin County Jail. Field went on to San Francisco alone. There was an attempt to arrest him at Oakland, but Marshal Franks arrived and prevented that by threatening to arrest the arresting officer.

The shooting at Lathrop shocked the country. Public opinion began to swell as editors expounded on a variety of social lessons to be learned from the episode. Many thought Terry deserved his fate, but most were not as blunt as E. L. Godkin of *The Nation*, who declared that "somebody ought to have killed Terry a quarter of a century ago." Some believed that Terry intended only to insult Field, while others, remembering his reputation for violence and temper, felt that he would not have stopped with insults. Still others, especially in California, felt that Neagle was guilty of murder. One newspaper added, for good measure, that "a judge who is under the necessity of hiring a bodyguard to protect him in his judicial rounds is a coward and very likely to be corrupt." A poll of Washington lawyers taken after the first press releases declared Neagle unjustified.

Neagle insisted that Terry was armed with a knife and that if he had not shot him, "he would have had that knife out in another second and a half . . . trying to cut my head off." The assumption that Terry was armed was a natural one. Neagle's courtroom incident with him was part of it, but there was more. Just after his arrest the previous year, Terry had assured a newspaper reporter for the San Francisco *Call* that he always carried a knife "whenever I am away from home." Neagle summed up his argument for reporters by saying:

> If I'd got to close quarters with him, he could bend me in two. I saw him some months ago down in the United States Circuit court when he drew his bowie knife on the marshal that arrested his wife . . . and six of them could not hold him down. A couple of them had six-shooters at his head, but that did not stop him. . . . Now they say I ought to have tried to stop Terry from assaulting Field without shooting him. Suppose I'd been sucker enough to have fooled with a man like that, and while he had his hand actually on his knife [*sic*]. . . . What kind of reception do you suppose I'd have got if I brought Justice Field back dead? . . . I'm satisfied that Terry was there to kill Field if he moved a muscle, and how could a man sit still, no matter how old he is, and have his face slapped in the presence of a room full of people. When I spoke to Terry to stop, he paid no more attention than if a child had spoken; and if I had hesitated, there would have been a different end to the affair. I'm sorry for the old man. But it was my duty and I had to do it.

A great many people were not as convinced as Neagle that Terry was armed. Most newspapers concluded that the whole question was irrelevant. "The question . . . is whether a federal police officer was bound to stand by and make perfectly sure that Terry was going to murder Field before drawing a weapon against him," said the San Francisco *Call*. The San Francisco *Alta California* added that "if on

Continued on page 62

COMSTOCK COUNTRY

Silver City, spawned by the Comstock discovery in 1859 and flourishing within the year, supported four hotels, boarding houses, saloons, and vast facilities for wagons and horses.

Land of Promises

Until 1849 the present state of Nevada, which had not seen a period of Spanish colonization, was chronologically far behind California. Except to a few explorers and overland parties, it was a country largely unknown. Even when thousands of Argonauts streamed across Nevada's trails, few tarried there. Early-day prospectors, inflicted with gold fever, were rushing to the bonanza on the western slope of the Sierra.

The Carson Valley—as it came to be known—did attract a few ranchers, and in 1851 the first permanent settlement was established at Mormon Station (renamed Genoa in 1856). There had been some early mining, largely unsuccessful, on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada above the Carson River Valley. In 1858, perhaps stimulated by the Pike's Peak discovery in the Rockies, prospecting activity increased on Gold Hill and nearby Sun Mountain, with Henry T. P. Comstock laying claim to the land that was to achieve immortality as the Comstock Lode. The first discoverers, Hosea and Allen Grosh, died shortly after making their strike in 1856 and Comstock, a Canadian trapper, entrepreneur, and adventurer, became both the namesake and beneficiary.

From the Ophir Mine, Comstock and his partners extracted great quantities of silver, which, when displayed as silver bars in San Francisco, precipitated the rush to Nevada. By the end of 1859 prospectors were swarming over the countryside, concentrating on Sun Mountain, the site of present Virginia City. Hordes of gold- and silver-seekers jammed the tortuous roads to Nevada en route to Sun Mountain, Gold Hill, and the Washoe District.

In the backwash from California, the influx penetrated the territory over several routes, one of which crossed the Truckee River over a toll bridge owned by Myron C. Lake. A man with vision, Lake also purchased an inn on the south side of the river and a substantial amount of adjoining land. With the surge of traffic to the Comstock, he quietly accepted his tolls and rented rooms at the inn, on his way to becoming a wealthy man.

At that time, Reno did not exist. Its cornerstone was there, however, in Lake's Crossing, Lake House, and the lush Truckee Meadows. These were boomtown days, with Virginia City skyrocketing. Its success enriched other communities: Gold Hill, Silver City, Como, Ophir, and Franktown. In 1861

Nevada broke off from Utah, and three years later it was admitted to the Union.

Lumber for housing, support timbers for the mines, and wood for stoking steam-engine boilers were taken from the mountains west of Genoa and Franktown. When the nearby hills had been denuded, the well-wooded shores of beautiful Lake Tahoe were tapped. Eventually to become a recreation mecca, the area surrounding the lake hummed during its early days to the tune of sawmills, logging railroads, and inland navigation up and down the lake.

Concurrent with the silver excitement in the upstart territory to the east, the Huntington-Stanford-Crocker-Hopkins combine in California was about to build a railroad from Sacramento eastward to join the Union Pacific as part of the first transcontinental railroad. Work began in 1863, but the formidable Sierra Nevada delayed construction and it was not until late 1867 that the first Central Pacific locomotive poked its nose across the state line.

Myron Lake, combining foresight with good fortune, approached Charles Crocker with a proposition: in exchange for eighty acres of land that Lake would deed to the Central Pacific, Crocker would lay out a townsite, establish a station, and deed back alternate townsites to Lake.

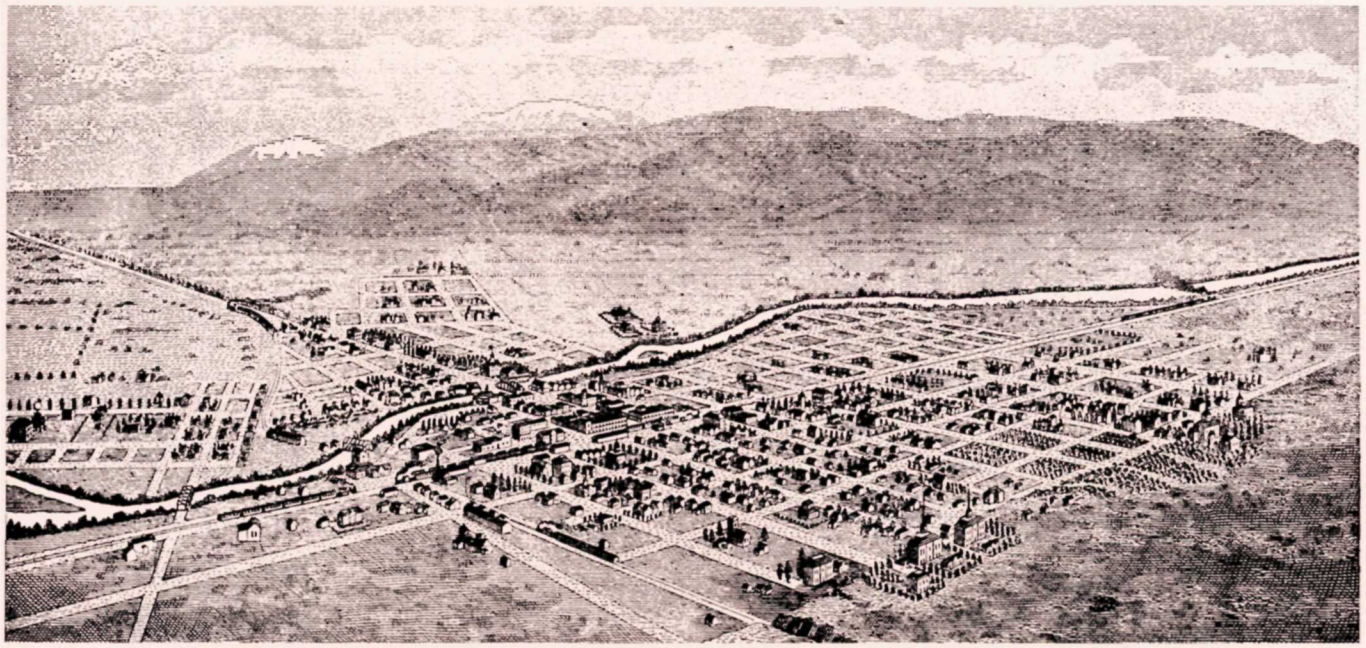
When, on May 4, 1868, the tracks of the CP reached Lake's Crossing, Reno—named for Civil War General Jessie L. Reno—was born.

A stepchild of the Comstock boom, Reno lagged far behind the burgeoning bonanza towns; after all, it was only a transfer point to more important places. In 1880, the year that marked the beginning of the end of the Comstock era, Reno's population was 1,302—less than one-tenth of Virginia City and Gold Hill combined.

In the aftermath of borrasca, the rags-to-riches communities soon crumbled, along with the crumbling dreams of their inhabitants. The great mines wearied, silver production ebbed toward infinity, and places like Genoa, Silver City, Lousetown, and Como faded into the Nevada landscape.

Reno survived the exodus, entering the twentieth century with vigor and optimism, adrenalized by the revival of Nevada mining with new strikes in the Tonopah-Goldfield area. Today Comstock country is part of the Nevada heritage; and Reno is part of its vibrant, neon-lighted present.

Virginia Street, Reno, shortly after the original townsite was staked out by civil engineers of the Central Pacific Railroad, then building the western portion of the first transcontinental line.



Careful scrutiny of this 1890 view of bustling Reno will reveal the three rail systems that progressed through the town: the Central Pacific, the Virginia & Truckee, and the Nevada-California-Oregon Railway. The state university appears in the right foreground.

RENO

The Gateway

Reno suffered the usual scourges of western frontier communities: crime and fire. The vigilante committee discouraged the one but was helpless in fighting the other. When the great fire of 1879 swept through ten blocks of the fledgling city, it appeared for a time that Reno would join the other ghosts. But salvation rode in on the rail, with the construction of the Nevada-California-Oregon narrow-gauge, one of the longest in North America; and further insurance was added when the state university was moved from Elko to Reno in 1886.

In 1900, with new discoveries of silver at Tonopah and a subsequent revival of Nevada mining, Reno, gateway to the Comstock, became the gateway to the Tonopah-Goldfield district, sparking a new and sustaining growth.

In the late twenties, relaxed residency requirements, coupled with Nevada's tolerant divorce laws, established Reno as a mecca for separation-seekers. When Governor Fred Balzar signed the bill that legalized gambling, the Great Casino Syndrome began its evolution, and historic Virginia Street became a neon-lighted jungle—the trademark of Reno, the Biggest Little City in the World.

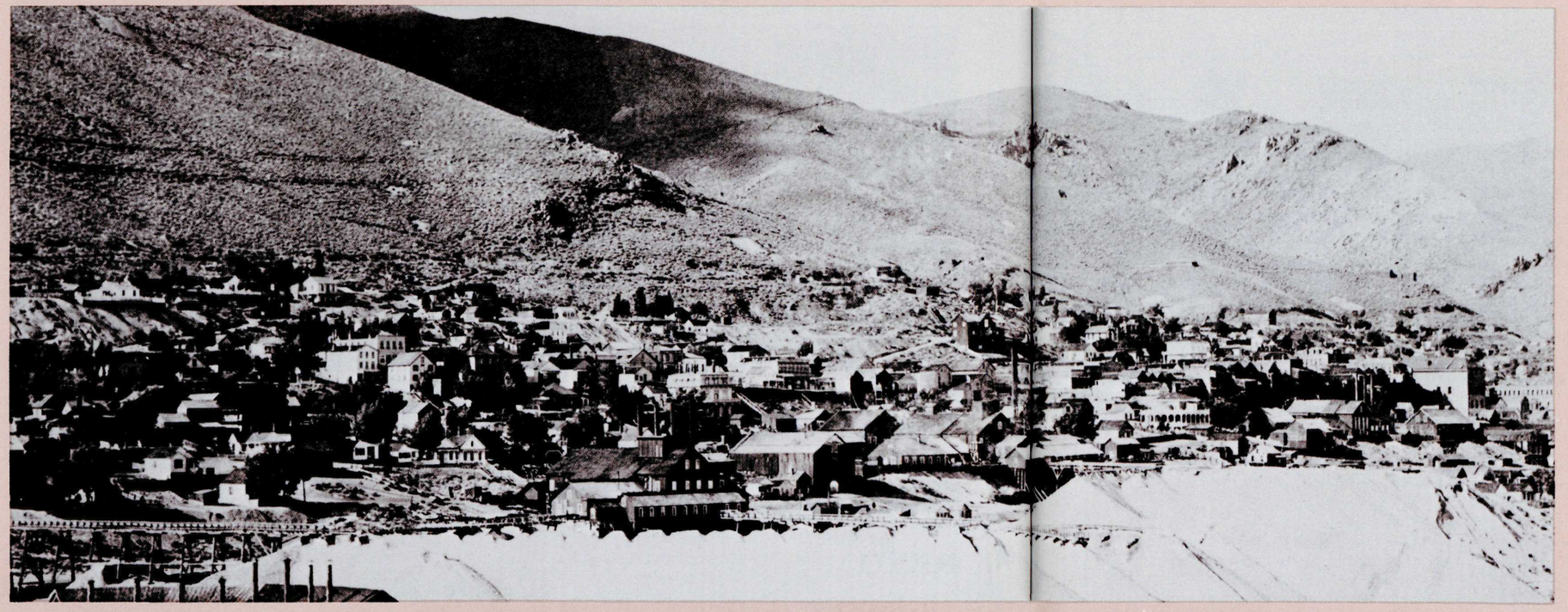
The Reno Station-Hotel, destined to burn in the 1886 fire which swept most of the city, provided welcome relaxation, food, and relief from the often monotonous traveling via the Central Pacific.

VIRGINIA CITY
End of the Rainbow

The heart of the Comstock Lode, Virginia City and its surrounding gold- and silver-filled hills, was swarming with prospectors by the end of 1859. Within a decade its population had swelled to forty thousand—rivaling San Francisco at the time—and over 85 million dollars worth of ore had been removed from the veins of Comstock earth.

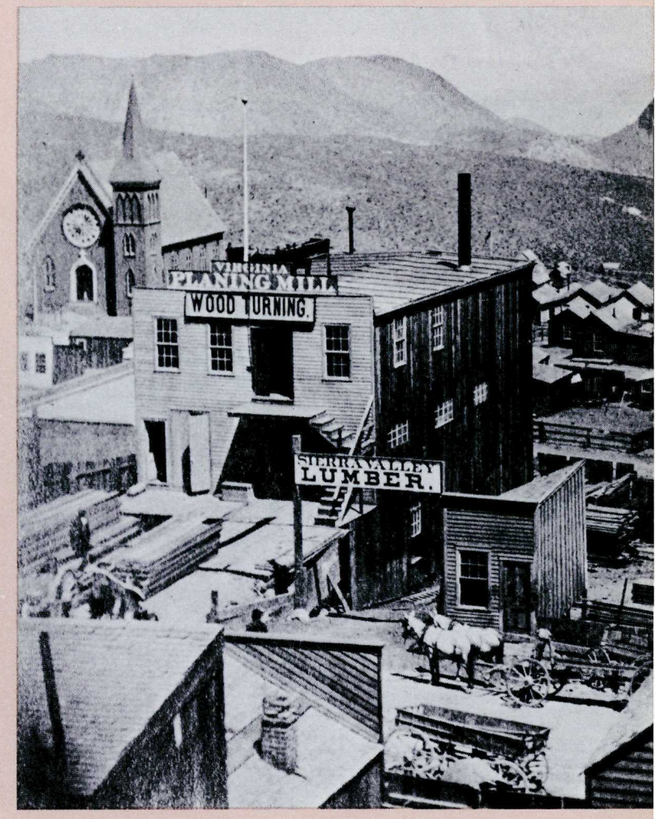
When fire swept away two thousand buildings in 1875, Virginia City paused briefly and then started to rebuild. Even premonitions of disappearing ore failed to discourage the mesmerized millionaires. By 1877 the peak had been reached; production was estimated at one million dollars a month, and approximately one hundred and fifty miles of tunnels had been burrowed beneath the Virginia City hills.

The Comstock began to fade, but it never died. Today Virginia City, its population a paltry eight hundred, is known as "the liveliest ghost town in the West."



Virginia City, the greatest silver mining center in nineteenth-century North America. The incredibly rich Comstock Lode resulted in Nevada Territory's ascendancy to statehood in 1864, and helped finance the Civil War and the country's subsequent period of reconstruction.

Notables the world over toured the famous Virginia City mines, including the former president U. S. Grant and his first lady (center) and their son (at left).

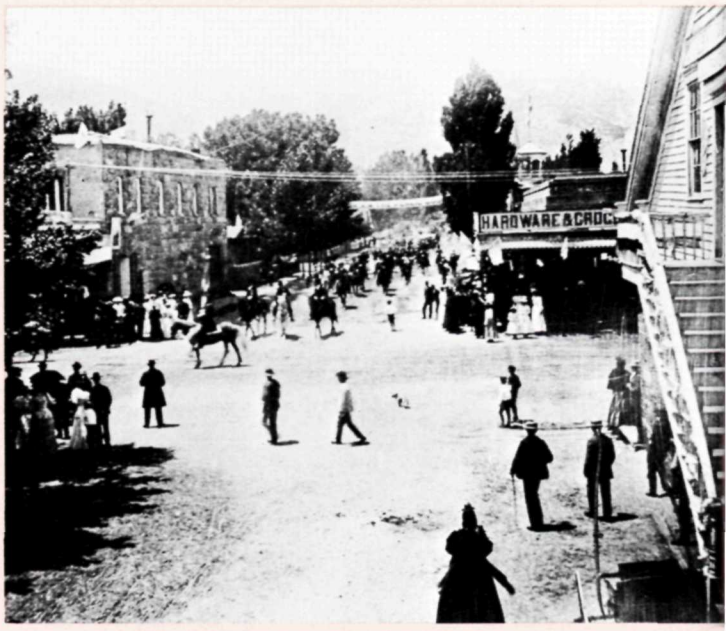


Even mining towns managed to eke out a little culture and refinement, as evidenced by Virginia City's Episcopal church (at left), sporting a rose window and Nevada-style campanile.

CARSON CITY
The Crown of Silver

It was improbable that Carson City should become the capital of Nevada, a state born of Comstock Lode wealth and nourished by man's appetite for silver. A more logical choice at the time was the flourishing, feverish epicenter: Virginia City. But politics and government and statehood were insignificant obscurities in the light of the silver sun; and there was no hue or cry when Carson City was chosen, first as the territorial capital and later—when Nevada achieved statehood in 1864—as the state capital.

Carson City, just off the California Trail, was an important political, business, and mining center, and during the rush of 1859 it was a hub for the hordes of promoters who would rather sell claims than stake them.



A parade marches down the street of Carson City, 1870, offering patriotic diversion from the drudgery of day-to-day living.

Nevada's capitol building, complete with wrought-iron gate, built in Carson City when Nevada Territory achieved statehood, and still standing today.

TAHOE

Picnics and Palaces

In the beginning, God created Lake Tahoe, and placed it in an idyllic setting high in the Sierra, and surrounded it with great forests. Then man came into the nearby hills and tapped the great Comstock Lode; and to reap the riches more easily, he gouged roadways out of the mountains and stripped timber from the slopes for barrooms and bordellos, for fuel and flumes, for shafts and sidings, for mansions and mills.

And when he had used up the forests surrounding Virginia City, he moved on to Lake Tahoe and denuded its wooded shores, and constructed great sawmills and railroads and lake ports to transport the lumber he had harvested. Then in the twentieth century came a new generation, concerned with healing the scars, restoring the land, and preserving the great forests.

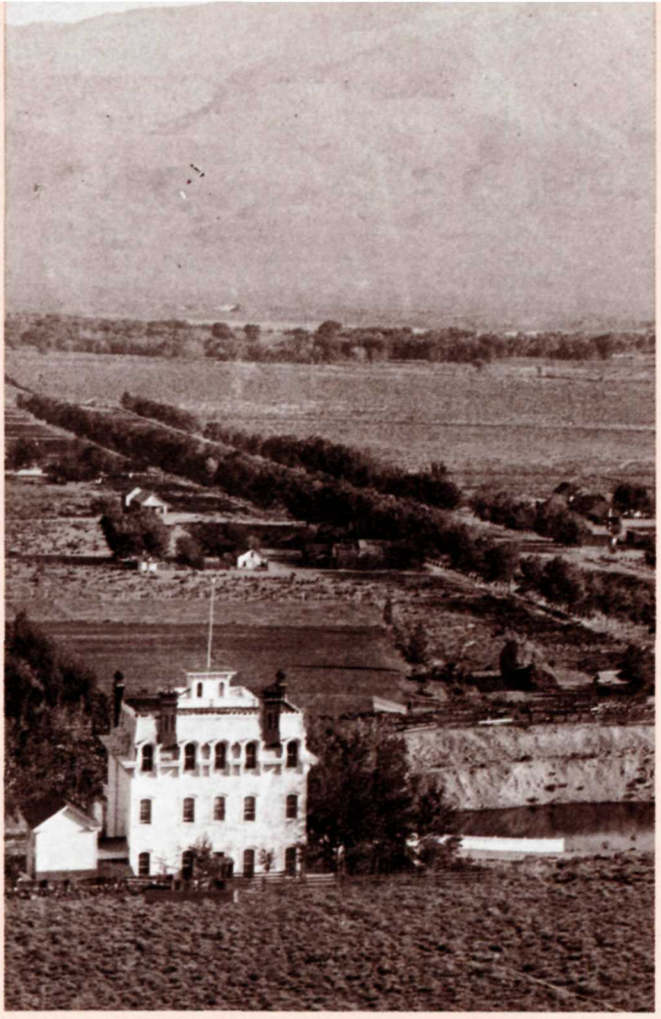
At the turn of the century, Lake Tahoe was already a celebrated vacationland, attracting people who arrived by train and steamer (at right) and explored the environs (below).

SUTRO

Madness and Miracles

Adolph Sutro was a California emigrant operating a small mill in the Carson Valley. In the great mines of the Comstock, hazards of fire, drainage, and ventilation were on the increase. Sutro conceived the idea of a tunnel under the Comstock Lode to eliminate the rising hazards and which, incidentally, could be used to transport ore directly to the mills recently constructed along the Carson River.

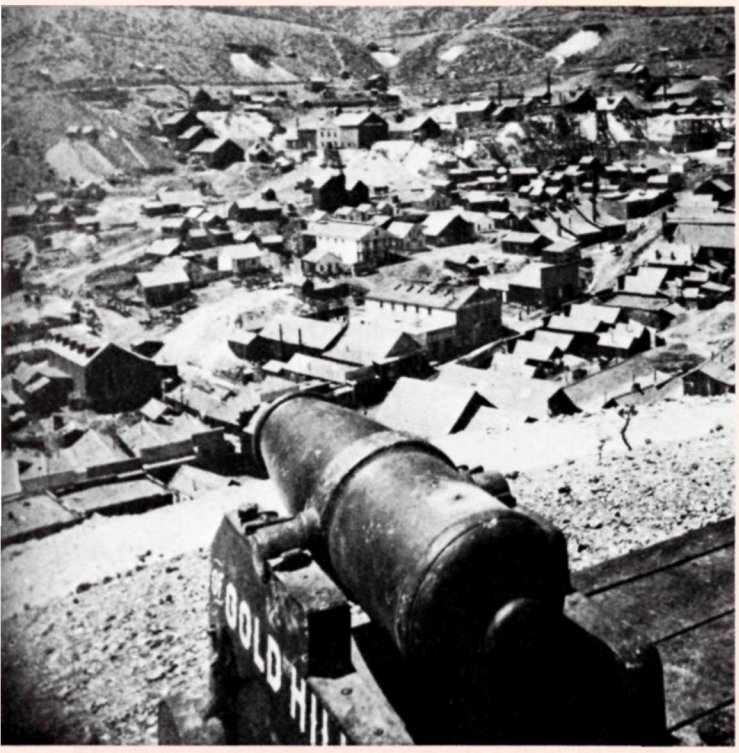
At first ridiculed and later bitterly opposed, Sutro's dream became reality following a holocaust in the Yellow Jacket Mine that in 1869 killed forty miners and aroused the wrath of the entire community. During the nine years of the tunnel's construction, Sutro engaged in a constant search for new capital. Ironically, when the tunnel was completed in 1878—it still remains one of the engineering wonders of the world—the Comstock was well into its decline, although Sutro liquidated his holdings for two million dollars.



Sutro built a magnificent Victorian mansion (seen here in 1890) overlooking the town, which he had laid out in the early 1870s.

The entrance to the Sutro Tunnel, showing an excursion group and one mule-powered railroad cart.

GHOSTS OF THE COMSTOCK



The town of Gold Hill spreads out below Fort Homestead, built to ward off any Paiute Indian "massacres."

The year was 1859, and Patrick Laughlin and Peter O'Riley were washing dirt near the head of the Gold Hill placers. Meanwhile, a fast-talking Canadian trapper and adventurer by the name of Henry Comstock laid claim to the land. In the heated bargaining that followed, Comstock obtained an unearned share in the claim as well as becoming the namesake for the fabulous Comstock Lode. Soon Virginia City took its place as the centroid, nourishing such other towns as Gold Hill, Ophir, Silver City, and Franktown.

A single drift, found in the heart of the Comstock Lode, measured over one hundred feet long, and its high-grade ore assayed at a thousand dollars a ton. This, said John W. Mackay, one of its owners, was "the longest, richest drift anybody in the world ever saw, or would ever see."

As rich as the Comstock proved to be, less than a dozen of the more than three thousand mines staked out proved to be profitable. Even the Comstock was not an endless fountain of wealth. In less than two decades the bonanza gave way to borrasca, and soon only the ghosts remained.

A peaceful afternoon near Silver City, at the small town of Devil's Gate, so named due to its affinity for robbers and depredators.

Spurs and Saddlebags

BALLADS OF THE COWBOY

By Austin and Alta Fife
Illustrations by Glen Rounds

THE REPERTOIRE of ballads and songs about the West is so vast that no individual could ever become familiar with all of it. Rural newspapers, regional and national periodicals, books of poetry by sophisticated literary figures or by local poets, have for a century printed verse about the singular character of the pioneering experience and the drama of the movement west, while songs thereabout have been sung across the land like tumbleweed blown in a high wind.

Climate, terrain, plants, animals, Indians, and Mexicans all reminded newcomers that the winning of the West was to be a unique human experience. Mesas, arroyos, muddy rivers, and deserts offered new images for the human mind, new confrontations for man, and imposed demands upon a language not developed to cope with such phenomena. New animals—bison, elk, moose, grizzly bears, mustangs, rattlesnakes, coyotes—quickened the pulse. Sagebrush, cacti, mesquite, soaproot, tumbleweed reminded man that God must have made some things as irritants for the haughtiest of his creatures.

The Anglo-Americans attracted to the West were an unusual and provocative set, and from them emerged prototypes. The prospector was a loner, a simple dreamer, appearing in town from time to time with mule and pack, only to vanish among the thorns and sage, his store of grub renewed; the tenderfoot was to be humiliated, tested, or hazed before acceptance by the new group; the seductive dude got what the local boys were after and then vamoosed unpunished. Later the Hollywood cowboy or dude-ranch hand handled a guitar better than he did a horse, and hazed women better than he did cattle. Soldiers who staffed the frontier outposts were cast typically in a heroic mold, as were their guides: Carson, Cody, Bridger, and others (though Mexican border ballads draw a different picture!). Underdogs were omnipresent in these ballads: the youth whose witchy stepmother drove him west; the remorseful young man fleeing a crime of passion; the frail gunman setting a bully back on his heels. Outlaws appeared frequently as Robin Hoods who defied the law, stealing from the rich and giving to the poor, astutely evading and bedeviling the lawman; their dash, swagger, and ingenuity seemed to atone for moral or ethical lapses.

As a mythic type, however, the cowboy enjoys ascendancy over all the others. He is known wherever western movies, phonograph records, American radio and television shows, rodeos and Wild West shows, dime novels, funnies, pulp magazines, or farm, horse, or cattlemen's journals have circulated. He is not easy to characterize because of his many faces; the cowboy is a synthesis of the Western American generally. His costume and working gear are practical and provocative. His moniker conveys his character. If a floater, he may simply be known as "Utah" or "the Nevada Kid." His physical or moral traits (or their opposites) may be evoked in names such as "Slim," "Tiny," "Parson." When he has stayed several seasons on the same ranch, he may end up as "V-Bar Bill" or "Circle S John."

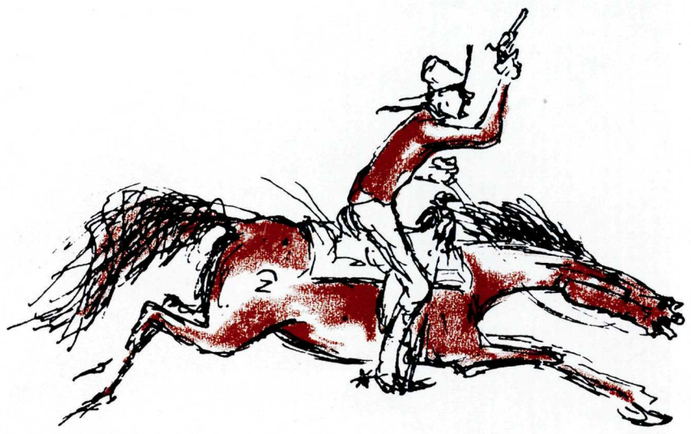
The cowboy is a man of quick decision, action, daring, and toughness; a man who prefers to live free and dangerously rather than to chafe under the constraints of social institutions. Yet he also gives way to reverie, thoughtful silence, and transcendental speculation, having learned to live with loneliness. The simple conviviality of a few "pards" has more value than carousal in a trail's-end saloon where he wrangles cards, alcohol, and women in the same rough-shod but honest way he punches cattle. He scorns elegance in dress, talk, and manner, preferring to cultivate the rough qualities of the out-of-doors. In moments of inebriation he boasts like a man treed by malign Nature or human cussedness. There may be several women in his life, but seldom more than three who count for aught but evil: his sweetheart, his sister, and his mother. All human contacts and all values are dwarfed by allegiance to these women, whose role is not unlike that of the Virgin Mary or Lady Gwendolyn in the lives of the knights of medieval Europe. Sweethearts often prove false, but the cowboy's allegiance does not waver. All women are beautiful; merely to evoke the image of an ugly woman is a provocation for vengeance.

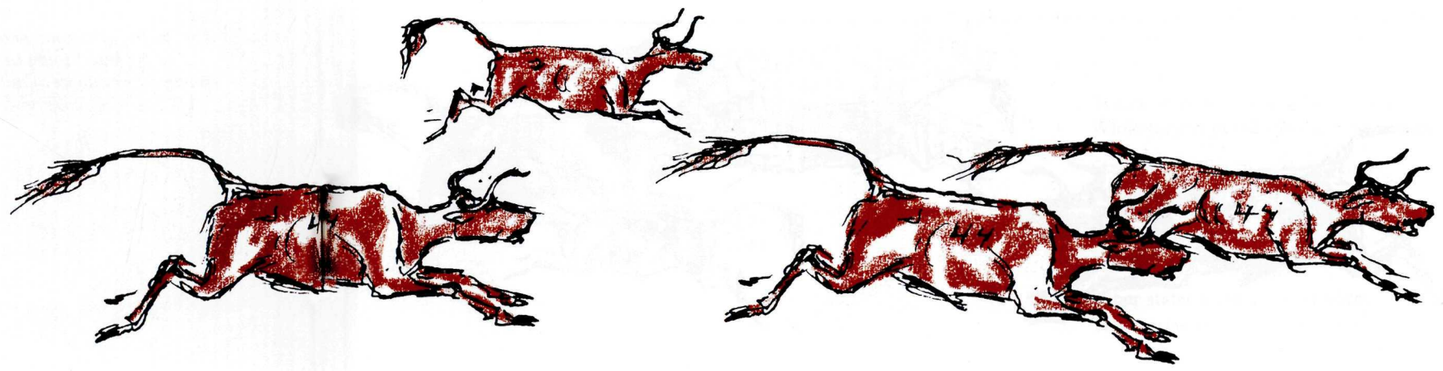
The "code" of the cowboy is talked of frequently, but it is doubtful that anyone has tried to formulate it in a systematic way. The cowboy's notions concerning God and the natural order, the social life of man, and the nature of individuality do, however, invite attention.

The cowboy inherited from Judeo-Christian tradition a belief in a Supreme Being who behaves more or less like an idealized human. This Being reigns over the worldly order of life, but more particularly over life in the hereafter. Apart from His vague role as creator and master of existence, His intercession in the affairs of men is exceptional rather than routine: miracles are possible but rare. By and large, man must carve out his own destiny. The devil appears, though infrequently and most typically in a ludicrous role, as a kind of anti-creator, ready and eager to detect the flaw by which a soul may be induced into the nether kingdom. Christianity is taken for granted and religion is endured, though active participation in its rituals or other institutionalized manifestatons is not universal and not indispensable. Preachers are generally respected, and blasphemy is rigorously punished.

Good and evil, right and wrong, are clear-cut and self-evident: there are few gray areas where a man has to make difficult choices; the real issue is having the will power to make the right decisions, evil so often having a cussed kind of lure about it. To get into God's kingdom in the afterlife, happily, not all choices have to be right; but the crucial ones do, especially those made when the ride over the "Last Divide" is imminent. In any case, salvation is not viewed as an immediate goal but rather as a natural end-product to an active life.

If God is generally good, benevolent, and merciful, Nature is not. Climate, storm, drought, flood, pestilence, terrain, "varmints" and subhuman humans all conspire to bedevil and challenge man. Malign Nature is an obstacle against which the fiber of personal worth is tested, and ultimately the frontier—jousting arena for this encounter—is beloved not for bounty given gratuitously but for a pittance surrendered to the toil, sacrifice, and perseverance of man. By her feminine qualities—coyness, the art of provocation, vacillation between surrender and flight, harsh cruelty—Nature and the West have exercised a magical compulsion over men, sufficient to give thousands of grim communities in the American West such a halo as to make each one (for its own) the "best damn town on earth."





For the cowboy the stability and cohesiveness of society depend upon steadfastness in duty and honor between men, not upon civic or religious institutions toward which this literature frequently expresses either indifference or hostility. It follows that the cowboy is against lawmen: sheriff, judge, railroad "bull"; and often sympathetic toward antisocial types such as jailbirds, outlaws, saddle bums, and roustabouts, who defy, if not the law, at least its enforcement officers. The Texas Rangers and Canadian Mounties are notable exceptions, though at times even they come in for a sound drubbing. Victims of legal, social, or economic institutions are objects of sympathy and often are provided heroic roles.

The cowboy code holds in disfavor "greasers" (a name used to identify Mexican males), most Indians, "Chinamen," the dude or tenderfoot, bullies, unredeemed badmen, and the perpetrators of blasphemy. Meanwhile, Mexican and Indian women, some Indian warriors, and an occasional Negro cowboy are loved, admired, idealized.

The social roles of men and women are sharply drawn. Man is tough of mind and muscle. His first duty is to his job. He has a kind of inner burning for adventure which drives him west despite the protests of ladies left behind.

Discounting mother and sisters, a cowboy loves only once, but with a love that is overpowering, everlasting, and violent. The object of his love obliterates all other female images. Though the western lover may once have dallied with other women (usually prostitutes), once smitten by true love he becomes monogamous—oblivious to the existence of other women. Marriage, of course, is the inevitable goal and the sooner the better, once the shaft of love has hit its mark. Crimes of passion are pardonable. For a woman, true love is so all-embracing that she will deny blood or creed to follow the beloved male, even though he be a scoundrel.

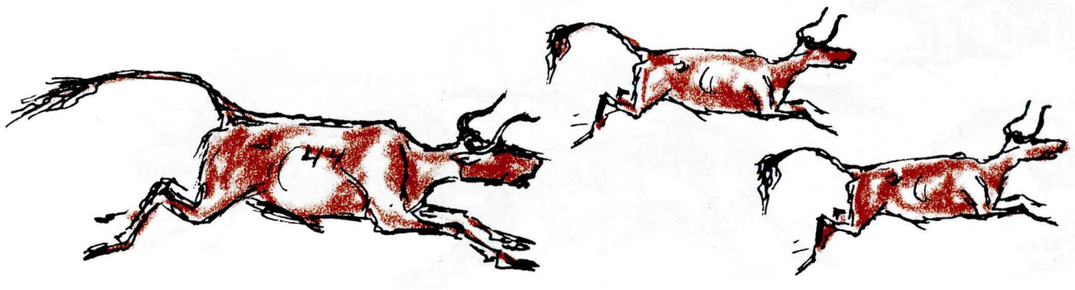
In the choice of a wife, a member of one's own community and station is far safer than dazzling beauties from the city, or the provocative maidens in whose veins flow blood of exotic races. But admonitions to avoid their likes are all in vain since love, especially in these circumstances, strikes like a plague. There is no preventive and no cure. In cases of seduction the male is *de facto* responsible, and vengeance by husband, brother, or father is to be expected.

The balladry of the West singles out certain experiences, episodes, and circumstances for treatment in a legendary way: the riverboats; migration around the Horn; the Pony Express; freighting by ox-team, mules, or horses; travel by stagecoach and covered wagon; and the arrival of the railroad. All of the essential chores of cowboy and ranch life are sung: night-herding and life in the cow camps; cattle drives, with treacherous river crossings and stampedes; roundup, roping, branding; range wars, prairie fires, storms, floods; and the trials of the camp cook. Gun play is, of course, typical in street or saloon, in rocky arroyo or on trail, and is often accompanied by bragging, bullying, or threats. There is frequent preoccupation with death and burial on the prairies.

Cowboy ballads and songs are infused with nostalgic elements. In the earliest ones, longing for home and family left behind is a dominant motif. For the first and second generations born in the West, however, this nostalgia is for the good old frontier of their youth, which they now see being transformed—by sodbusters, railroads, fences, automobiles, highways, telegraph and telephone—into a world of softness and order they do not relish. The West itself then looms as an eerie thing: a land of the magical, the ideal, the attained and lost, the always-to-be-sought but never-to-be-found horizon of the past and of the future.

Finally, these ballads remind us the West was won by men on horseback. It is, in fact, the last kick of a "horse" civilization that began about 1,000 B.C. The play of muscles and biological warmth—not the cold logic of steam, combustion, fission, and fusion—was the driving force. Whether in saddle, in harness, or simply as magnificent outlaw mustangs, horses were the vehicles which gave man transcendence, and no civilization will ever be the same without them. ☙

Austin and Alta Fife *have researched the folklore of the West since the 1930s, compiling some fifty volumes of field notes. Their books include:* A New Anthology of Cowboy and Western Songs *(1969);* Songs of the Cowboys *(1966); and* Saints of Sage and Saddle: Folklore among the Mormons *(1956). Their most recent work,* Ballads of the Great West, *will be published this fall by American West Publishing Company.*



COWBOY, by John Antrobus

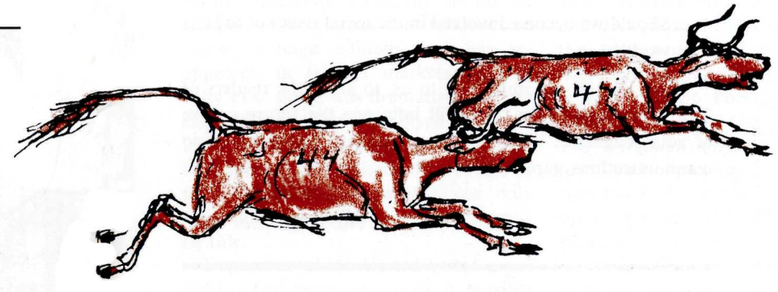
Great is your heart, your big brave heart,
Cowboy.
Good and raw and bold and wide,
Fit to match your honest hide,
And every beat is clean inside,
Cowboy.

Clear is the sheen of your untamed eye,
Cowboy.
A little bit of your unmasked sky,
With nothing slick or smooth or sly,
But altogether, a damn good eye.
Cowboy.

Where did you really come from, son?
Cowboy.
You outlaw, unbroke son-of-a-gun,
Handy with your feet, but bad on the run
Once you know a scrap's begun,
Cowboy.

What will you do when the round-up's done?
Cowboy.
Where will you be when they ring the bell?
And where are the tales you then will tell?
Will you fight broncs on the range of Hell?
Cowboy.

I like the cut of your sun-cooked jaw,
Cowboy.
And doff my hat to your code and law
You're the whitest man I ever saw,
And I'm plumb delighted to shake your paw,
Cowboy.



CATTLE, by Berta Hart Nance

Other states were carved or born,
Texas grew from hide and horn.

Other states are long or wide,
Texas is a shaggy hide,

Dripping blood and crumpled hair;
Some fat giant flung it there—

Laid the head where valleys drain,
Stretched its rump along the plain.

Other soil is full of stones,
Texans plow up cattle-bones.

Herds are buried on the trail,
Underneath the powdered shale;

Herds that stiffened like the snow,
Where the icy northers go.

Other states have built their halls,
Humming tunes along the walls.

Texans watched the mortar stirred,
While they kept the lowing herd.

Stamped on Texan wall and roof
Gleams the sharp and crescent hoof.

High above the hum and stir
Jingle bridle-rein and spur.

Other states were made or born,
Texas grew from hide and horn.

A Matter of Opinion

The Future of THE AMERICAN WEST

"I conceive it to be a function of THE AMERICAN WEST to show past and present as continuous and inseparable. . . . We should deal, always within the larger historical context, with those problems of water, erosion, the conservation of soil and timber and grass, and the preservation of playground open space and the vast outdoor museums we call national parks. . . . We cannot merely present, nostalgically and with an ultimate untruth, a wilderness West that is as dead as Jedediah Smith.

"THE AMERICAN WEST can and must address itself to the pressures and the problems of the modern West, not because it is primarily a problem-defining or problem-solving publication, but because what we are is a consequence of what we have been, and what we become will depend on how lucidly and largely we understand present and past as a continuum. . . . Quite frankly, we hope to put both past and present at the service of the future."

These are the words of former Editor-in-Chief Wallace Stegner, written in 1967 and succinctly pointing out some of the goals that we regard as being compatible with the publication of "pure history" in THE AMERICAN WEST. During the passing years, there has been some oscillation, but no real divergence from these objectives.

In the magazine's thirty-one issues over a million words have been published, and its more than two hundred and fifty articles have presented a potpourri of history. Its time cycle has reached from the Spanish conquistadores to the modern-day entrepreneur; geographically it has encompassed the islands of Hawaii on the west and the levees of the Mississippi on the east, the Yukon on the north and the Yucatán on the south; the gamut of subjects has included ships that sailed the seas and pioneers who sailed on prairie schooners, and cattle barons and hired guns and ghost towns and Geronimo. Philosophically, the writers of these pages have debunked and cajoled, praised and pilfered the heroes and the villains, the near-greats and the non-greats of the West. Ideologically, we have tempered the glitter of the Hollywood version of the Old West by seeking out and reporting the West That Was.

As a magazine of history, we have taken a look at the past—in this case, our own past. But inevitably a magazine, even one of history, must evaluate the events of yesterday with those of the future. The yesterdays provide the heritage, but the legacy belongs to the morrow. It is also inevitable that magazines will change, as the world changes, as values and the vitriol of youth change, as the attitudes, opinions, and interests of our readers change.

Surely, as Stegner points out, THE AMERICAN WEST must consider more than the past, more than Frémont's expeditions or Marshall's discovery of gold or the Spanish search for the Seven Cities of Cíbola. It should, in addition, provide a voice for the vital West of today, for the issues and solicitudes of today: ecology, environment, pollution and conservation, reclamation. At the same time, it should remain historically objective in its approach and not fall into the trap of becoming a one-sided mouthpiece for either the black or the white, the right or the left, the establishment or the anti-establishment. Its purpose must be, finally, that of placing in perspective the events of today as related to the significance of yesterday and the promise of tomorrow.

We believe this to be a logical direction, with a validity and a consistency that is necessary, not only for survival in this contemporary civilization, but also to provide the magazine with a sense of essentiality in the mind of the reader. And it is the reader who determines the final destiny of magazines. If we cannot relate to those who support and subscribe to THE AMERICAN WEST, we have lost.

We have outlined our philosophy—and now we seek a response. Our query is simple and direct, and should not be misinterpreted as indicating our position or goals.

> Should we be concerned with today's problems of the environment, pollution, and preservation?
>
> Should we relate to natural as well as man-history?
>
> Should the scenic wonders of the West be included as a part of THE AMERICAN WEST?
>
> Should we become involved in the social issues of today's world?

Your answers are important to us, to all of the readers of THE AMERICAN WEST, and will influence the future course of your magazine. We solicit your response. Let there be no communications gap.

DONALD E. BOWER, Editor
THE AMERICAN WEST

This page, A MATTER OF OPINION, *is provided as an open forum. Contributions are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

The Virginian Rides On ... and On

By John I. White

Few will remember the best sellers of half a century ago; best-sellerdom for the average book, then as now, was more often than not a ticket to instant popularity and eventual oblivion, a fact attested to by the third-, fourth-, and fifth-hand copies of novels cluttering up bookstores from Maine to California. Not so with Owen Wister's *The Virginian,* the number one fiction best seller of 1902. Today, sixty-eight years after the book's soft-spoken hero first laid his gun on the table and drawled, "When you call me that, smile," *The Virginian* continues to enjoy a popularity that would please a James Mitchener.

Were he alive, Wister would doubtless be as surprised at this phenomenon as he was at the novel's first success, for he did not start out to be a writer at all; he was a Philadelphia lawyer with a bent for music. It was not until ill health sent him west in 1885 that he began to show signs of a successful literary inclination. He fell in love with Wyoming and returned to the West many times over the next few years, noting his adventures in pocket diaries. In time his notes became stories published in *Harper's Monthly* and *Weekly,* and by the turn of the century Wister was an established literary figure.

With *The Virginian,* first published by the Macmillan Company, he hit the jackpot. It was quickly translated into sundry foreign editions and has reappeared in foreign markets periodically ever since; was dramatized for the stage (Dustin Farnum played the leading role); found its way onto the screen four times; and inspired the creation of a recent television series whose only resemblance to the original material was its title.

Expiration of the United States copyright a few years ago made it possible for any publisher to issue his own version of *The Virginian.* As a result, any bookstore that really wants to try can come up with a dozen or so printings of the famous novel ranging from a forty-five cents to $7.95.

An oddity among the current paperbacks is an abridged edition of *The Virginian* issued at forty-five cents by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Here the novel has been cut by about one-third. Entire scenes, indeed entire chapters, have been dropped and all sorts of small changes have been made by the

"When you call me that, smile."

editor, Merrill L. Howe, who has filed a copyright on his revision.

Entrants in the unabridged paperback sweepstakes are Paperback Library, 1963; Airmont Library, 1964; Perennial Classics, Harper & Row, 1965; Western Heritage Library, 1965; and Houghton Mifflin's Riverside edition (with a most informative introduction by Philip Durham), 1968.

Back in 1956 Pocket Books put out a thirty-five cent Cardinal edition of *The Virginian* that sold from 30,000 to 50,000 copies annually until the recent flood of competing paperbacks hit the market. In 1964 Washington Square Press, a division of Pocket Books, drew a bead on the school market by adding Wister's durable cowpuncher to its Reader's Enrichment list, a series of books that include added pages for classroom discussion. As *The Virginian* has disappeared from the current catalogue, one might assume that today's hep teenagers failed to go in for old-fashioned writing.

Those who like their Westerns illustrated may go to the more expensive hard-cover printings. Grosset & Dunlap's $2.95 book has forty delightful pen and ink sketches by artist Charles M. Russell; and for young readers the company has issued a considerably edited and abridged "Silver Dollar" edition. Macmillan's standard edition, at $4.95, has the Russell sketches plus ten full-page black and white western scenes by Frederic Remington thrown in for good measure. In 1968 Dodd Mead added Wister's novel to its Illustrated Classics, at $4.50. Among fifteen illustrations are three from the first edition of 1902. Chicago's Children's Press also issued *The Virginian* in 1968, in a lavishly decorated, $4.50 edition.

For background reading on *The Virginian* and its author, there is *Owen Wister Out West: His Journals and Letters* edited by Wister's daughter, Fanny Kemble Wister (named for the English actress who was Owen Wister's grandmother). This labor of love was undertaken when, many years after Wister's death, fifteen western diaries were found in his old writing desk. The large desk, equipped with drawers both fore and aft, had been pushed against a wall after Wister passed on in 1938, and one set of drawers was overlooked until the University of Wyoming asked for the western journals mentioned in Wister's biography of his friend Theodore Roosevelt. These were found in a drawer where the writer had stored them more than sixty years before. *Owen Wister Out West* was published in 1958 by the University of Chicago Press and is still in print. Incidentally, this includes twenty-five pages on Wister's life, his longest biography to date.

While Wister wrote a total of twenty-two books, *The Virginian* is the only

Continued on page 60

Sandhill Sundays and Other Recollections

REVIEWED BY FEROL EGAN

Sandhill Sundays and Other Recollections by Mari Sandoz *(University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1970; 165 pp., intro., chronology, list of writings, $5.00).*

I WAS ABOUT nine when I started to school and made the wonderful discovery that little black marks were the key to wonderful stories. . . ." From that day on Mari Sandoz became addicted to the written and printed word. Yet in all her years of writing she never got around to her own autobiography. Still, the pieces of it are scattered throughout her work like lost arrowheads dropped by forgotten Indian hunters in the lonely sandhill country of Nebraska.

Born on the family homestead in Sheridan County, Nebraska, in 1896, Mari Sandoz never lost her feeling for the country and its early settlers. In book after book, story after story, essay after essay, she chronicled a great part of America's western frontier. Beginning with the story of her father in the classic *Old Jules,* she went on to produce a lasting record of what it had been like for the pioneers who ventured beyond the timbered hills of the East and gambled their lives in the grassland of the Great Plains.

The ten essays in this collection are much more personal than most of her work, and in a very real sense they represent her notes for an autobiography. Here the reader sees the various stages of her growth as an individual and as a writer. The lonely life in the sandhill country is beautifully described, and the dangers from man and nature make today's living appear rather tame. In "The Kinkaider Comes and Goes," there are graphic descriptions of the brutal murder of her uncle by a cattleman, of her father's almost fatal encounter with a rattlesnake, of what it was like to fight a prairie fire, and of her own painful experience in being temporarily blinded by the glare of sun against snow as she helped to rescue cattle caught in the deep snowdrifts of a blizzard.

In "The Christmas of the Phonograph Records," there is a magnificent evocation of the time when her father spent hard-earned money for a phonograph and a box of records. The news spread quickly among the homesteaders, and by the time the machine was assembled and ready to bring the sound of music to the Niobrara River country, the Sandoz home was packed with neighbors who had come to listen. Everyone quietly waited as her father got everything ready to go.

> . . . he slipped the brown wax cylinder on the machine, cranked the handle carefully, and set the needle down. Everybody waited, leaning forward. There was a rhythmic frying in the silence, and then a whispering of sound, soft and very, very far away. It brought a murmur of disappointment and an escaping laugh, but gradually the whispers loudened into the sextet from *Lucia,* into what still seems to me the most beautiful singing in the world.

The contrast between the way of life of the Plains Indians and the white intruders is presented with a rare tenderness in "The Son." Drifting back in her memory, she drew forth an unforgettable moment—a moment when she first realized the differences in life styles between her Cheyenne friends and her own family. Carrying her baby brother on her hip, she followed a small, Indian playmate to the family tepee to see his newborn brother.

> At the noise of our excitement, the tiny red-brown face began to pucker up tighter. But the mother caught the little nose gently between her thumb and forefinger, and with her palm over the mouth, stopped the cry soundlessly. When the baby began to twist for breath she let go a little, but only a little, and at the first sign of another cry, she shut the air off again, crooning a soft little song to the child as she did this, a Cheyenne growing song to make the son straight-limbed, and strong of body and of heart.

Continued on page 60

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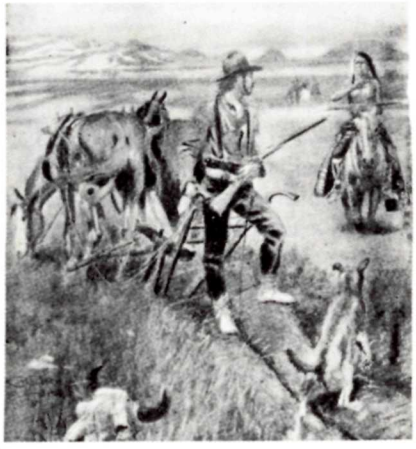

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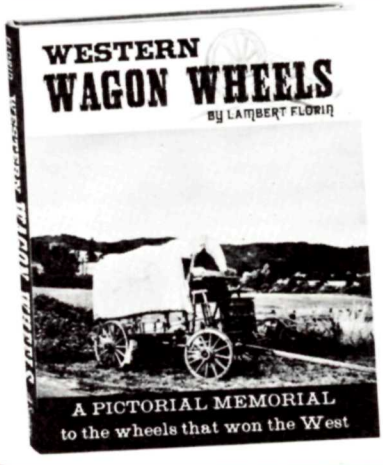

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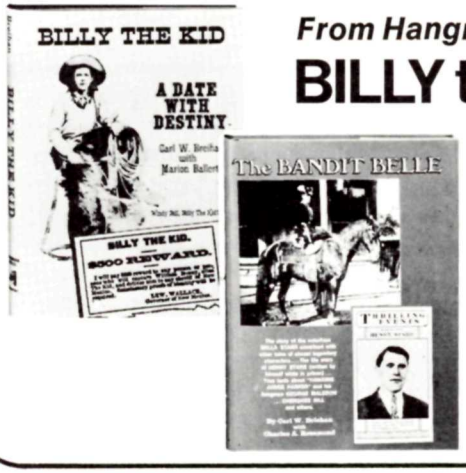

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The Story of Champ d'Asile

REVIEWED BY JOE B. FRANTZ

The Story of Champ d'Asile translated by Donald Joseph, edited by Fanny E. Ratchford, with a new introduction by Wilson M. Hudson *(Steck-Vaughn Co., Austin, Texas, 1969; 180 pp., illus., maps, $7.95).*

IN A LESS affluent age the Book Club of Texas issued seven titles, of which three—the 1931, 1932, and 1933 selections—were named among the Fifty Books of the Year for quality of design, printing, paper, and binding. The club showed better taste in selection than it did in timing, and after 1937, when the story of Champ d'Asile was printed for the club by the Rydal Press of Santa Fe, the Club ceased publication. The book reviewed here is a facsimile reproduction of the 1937 edition.

Actually the story of Champ d'Asile encompasses two books in one. Each was published separately in Paris, both in 1819: *Le Texas, ou notice historique sur le champ d'Asile* by Hartmann and Millard; and *L'Héroïne du Texas* by G——n F——n. *L'Héroïne* is a fictionalized version of *Le Texas.*

In his probing introduction Wilson M. Hudson corrects a number of errors made either by Joseph or Ratchford in the original translation and editing. Although *Le Texas* is based on letters to newspapers by returned exiles from that foreign shore, it might well have been fiction itself. The result was that Joseph and Ratchford sometimes corrected in the interest of fact. For instance, the author implies that coconuts grew along the Trinity River in Texas. One of the two original practitioners substituted the general term *vessel* for *coco.* Sometimes, of course, finding the right English word for an animal or plant is well nigh impossible. The colonists, according to the authors, caught mostly *coad-fish.* What is a *coad-fish?* In Texas it would not be cod fish. Hudson muses that perhaps the French confused the term with *cat fish,* which to a Frenchman could sound very much like *cod fish.* Joseph handles the problem by not translating the word.

From a strictly historical standpoint Champ d'Asile was the settlement of Napoleonic exiles on the Trinity River near the present town of Liberty, Texas. About 150 Frenchmen under the command of General Antoine Rigaud arrived in Galveston after the middle of January, 1818. Somewhat later, the organizer of the expedition, General Charles Lallemand, arrived with more recruits to bring the total company to about four hundred.

The pirate, Jean Laffite, acted as a local sponsor. The company erected strong military fortifications and in time built log houses for dwellings. On May 11, 1818, General Lallemand issued a manifesto setting forth the "natural rights" of all men to seek homes in unoccupied lands, a direct challenge to his Spanish overlords. The group drilled rather than planted and were salvaged only by friendly Indians, who also acted as sentries to warn the settlers against the coming of Spanish soldiers from San Antonio. Fleeing from the Spanish to Galveston Island, the colonists ran into a tropical hurricane, which flooded the island, destroyed their scanty provisions, and caused many deaths. By now Laffite wanted Champ d'Asile out of the way for fear that it would attract either the Spanish or Americans. He even provided a ship recently captured from the Spaniards so that some of the colonists could escape to New Orleans. Others had to walk to Louisiana. Although the colony was a failure, it does give Texas another legitimate excuse to fly the French flag at amusement parks and at patriotic rallies.

A third of a century ago this book was published in an edition limited to three hundred copies. Its price had long since risen beyond the means of anyone except dedicated collectors. It is good to have it back at a price that historians and persons interested in early literature can nearly afford.

Joe B. Frantz *is director of the Texas State Historical Association and editor of the* Southwestern Historical Quarterly.

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A Tramp Across the Continent

REVIEWED BY DON RUSSELL

CHARLES F. LUMMIS is known as novelist and scientist—an uncommon combination, for all too rarely does the exacting observer report his findings in readable prose. Four decades before his *Mesa, Canon, and Pueblo,* as a brash youngster, Lummis walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles, paying his way by writing articles for the Los Angeles *Times.* Happily, his book—produced seven years later—was not merely a reprinting of those articles, but contained somewhat more mature reflections on an adventurous journey.

In this new edition, the text is reproduced in full from the 1892 printing, but a portrait and decorative title page have been added, in addition to a very useful index. The prologue and introduction tell much about the book, but far too little about the later life and accomplishments of the author.

Lummis's trek in the winter of 1885–86 was by necessity adventurous. It may be recalled that Gerónimo was still on the loose at that time, although Lummis makes no mention of hostile Indians. On the contrary, he found that his "last and most difficult education seems to be the ridding ourselves of the silly inborn race prejudice." His encounters with Pueblo Indians constituted the first step toward his later accomplishments in archeology and anthropology. His chapter describing the *Fiesta de los Muertos,* or Day of the Dead, at Isleta shows how far he had progressed by the time he wrote this early book.

His first meeting with Mexican hospitality was ludicrous. A mouthful of chile con carne convinced Lummis that the treacherous Mexican had poisoned him, and he nearly shot his host. Yet by morning, hunger drove him to try again, and he discovered that this concoction was edible. Lummis apparently was less belligerent when he met Marino Lebya, a notorious bandit and killer, for he records, "I had many very entertaining talks with him without at all suspecting who he was."

His companion through most of his journey was a faithful dog he had picked up at a section house along the railroad. Several hundred miles later the dog went mad and attacked him—another horrifying experience.

Rattlesnakes did not intimidate him. He admits "a curious affection for snakes" and remarks, "I know of nothing more dreamily delicious than to tease a rattler." Sometimes he carried a live one along with him. He generally followed the railroad track, so was rarely in danger of getting lost. However, he was caught in several bad snowstorms and made some long desert crossings with insufficient water. Not all of the chances he took were on scientific odds, and he had a bit of luck on his side.

A Tramp Across the Continent by Charles F. Lummis, prologue and introduction by Dudley Gordon, 2d ed. *(Calvin Horn, Albuquerque, 1969; 308 pp., illus., index, $8.50).*

The entire walk of 3,507 miles took 143 days. Apparently it was well publicized, for the prologue tells of a young cowboy who watched for Lummis and walked along with him for a time. This cowboy was David Banks Rogers, later curator of the Santa Barbara Museum. There were others who walked with him, but not for long; Lummis soon outdistanced them.

To students of California and the West, the name of Charles F. Lummis is familiar as author, explorer, scientist, and founder of Southwest Museum, but one must still search for information about him in encyclopedias and other works of ready reference. Although this new edition of his book lacks such information about his later life, it still is an attractively presented, and appreciated, volume.

Don Russell *is a member of the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST *and editor of the* Brand Book *of the Westerners' Chicago Corral.*

Silver and Politics in Nevada

REVIEWED BY WILBUR S. SHEPPERSON

Silver and Politics in Nevada: 1892–1902 by Mary Ellen Glass *(University of Nevada Press, Reno, 1970; 242 pp., preface, illus., index, $5.00).*

DURING THE NINETEENTH century the frontier often expanded westward so rapidly that a well-knit social structure and meaningful traditions and political forms were unable to keep pace. Of course, many western areas were providentially provided with helpful coalescing forces. The old Spanish traditions in New Mexico, the Mormon vortex in Utah, and the geography and economy of Northern California all provided certain stabilizing influences for the societies concerned. But Nevada came into existence (as a territory in 1861, as a state in 1864) without an organic structuring of either its institutional or economic order. It became a legal entity without any real ties between community and community, or people and government. The terrain was badly broken by mountains and deserts, and the area sparsely settled.

The mineral discoveries made after 1859 allowed the state to grow to over 62,000 people by 1880; but with the collapse of the mining industry, the population plummeted to only 42,000 persons by 1900. (The population of the West as a whole increased by one third in the same period.) During the eighties and nineties much of the state was almost totally depopulated, and the remainder suffered from neglect, exploitation, and depression. Therefore, as various waves of economic and political dissatisfaction spread across the West during the last two decades of the nineteenth century, Nevadans were among the most responsive to slogans.

In the years immediately following 1880, a barrage of schemes was put forward to revitalize mining, to attract foreign and domestic agriculturists, to expand the primitive irrigation system, to increase the taxes levied on railroads, and to promote tourism, prize fighting, and a state lottery. When all plans failed, state leaders turned from the more traditional programs to an attack on the Mint Act of 1873 (the "Crime of '73") and a demand that more silver be used in national coinage. The silver issue caught the imagination of the people of the state and channeled their frustration into a somewhat fruitless political cause.

Mary Ellen Glass has been both careful and competent in her study of this generally overlooked phase of Nevada history. In the opening chapters of *Silver and Politics in Nevada,* she threads her way through the intricacies of the trade dollar, money dollar, commodity dollar, monetary dollar, silver dollar, standard coinage, honest money, and other equally elusive concepts. The financial story is related to the bigger picture with Jacob Coxey, the Pullman strike, and other national activities noted. The major thrust of the study, however, is political in nature and local in orientation.

Mrs. Glass points up the many incongruities found in the Nevada situation, and the essential barrenness of the silver issue. It engendered no moral or ethical principle worthy of sustained political support. The many campaigns for office emerge as personal or group struggles devoid of transcendent philosophy or conviction.

Silver and Politics in Nevada is extensively researched and scrupulously documented. Many private collections are used as well as some generally inaccessible public records. The work is artfully designed, thoroughly indexed, and surprisingly free of errors.

Mrs. Glass has helped to bridge the historical gap between the well-known Comstock period and the newer era of development that opened with the mineral discoveries of the early twentieth century. At the same time, she has tied the state into its western setting and related it to the mainstream of American political life.

Wilbur S. Shepperson *is chairman of the Department of History at the University of Nevada.*

Federal Control of Western Apaches

REVIEWED BY RAYMOND FRIDAY LOCKE

THIS COMPREHENSIVE work stands as one of the first efforts to write a well researched, balanced, and truthful account of government relations with the Western Apaches of Arizona and southwestern New Mexico.

A doctoral dissertation first published serially in the *New Mexico Historical Review* in 1939–40 and reprinted by the Historical Society of New Mexico in 1940, Ogle's book has surely stood the test of time. And in light of the fact that some of the better libraries do not own a copy of the original monograph published by the Historical Society, this new reprint is welcome indeed.

Federal Control of the Western Apaches, 1848–1886 by Ralph Hedrick Ogle, introduction by Oakah L. Jones, Jr. *(University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1970; 259 pp., preface, biblio., index, $6.95).*

The author approached his subject in the conventional, stilted manner of his day, but he did not, as was typical of the times, depict the Indians as vicious villains, nor did he overly romanticize their plight. Depending heavily upon the files and publications of the United States Departments of the Interior and War, Congress, and the Smithsonian Institution, Ogle was most careful to let the facts speak and the chips fall where they might. His account resulted in an indictment of a gross miscarriage of justice on the part of government officials in their treatment of the Western Apaches, from the acquisition of the Mexican Cession in 1848 until the final surrender of Gerónimo in 1886.

For four decades the government had no consistent Indian policy; military and civilian agencies were constantly at odds—with the Indians caught in the vise. Ogle believed that federal Indian policy in general was "marked by grievous mistakes and outright graft on the part of the government and officials," and he cites numerous cases to prove his point. Federal control of the Western Apaches for the forty-two years covered in Ogle's book was but one vicious cycle repeated time and time again: grafting agency officials would cheat the Indians blind, causing them to flee the reservations, only to be hounded down and brought back by glory-seeking military officers. Peace of a sort would be made, but whites would start encroaching on the reservation, often with the knowledge, if not the explicit permission, of the agents. Great Father Washington would not fulfill his ration obligations; or if he did, it would be with, in the words of a chief named Alchisé, "cattle older than this world, and not a tooth in their heads." Then it would start all over again. Each time, the Apaches lost a little more of what the Great Father had promised them and considerably more dignity.

Forty years of such treatment resulted in Gerónimo's war, a wretched final fight for survival by a few renegade Apaches. The most telling incident came after Gerónimo's surrender in 1886. Gerónimo came in because he had been led to believe that the Apaches "were to be sent with their families to Florida." They were. The men were sent to the dungeons of old Fort Pickins, their families to Fort Marion in St. Augustine, and they were not reunited until they were removed to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in the next century.

There are a few errors of fact in Ogle's text, but they are minor. His prose is a bit archaic (he constantly refers to Indian men as "bucks," for example), but Oakah L. Jones's scholarly introduction is a welcome addition to the text. Ironically, Dr. Jones says in his introduction, "This version is changed only by the addition of a map and the correction of some of the earlier typographical errors." One more typographical error in Dr. Jones's introduction would have equaled the number in the original monograph.

Raymond Friday Locke *is editor of* Mankind *magazine, and has recently completed a book on the history of the Navajos, to be published next year.*

Beyond the Aspen Grove

REVIEWED BY GARY N. HERBERT

Beyond the Aspen Grove by Ann Zwinger *(Random House, New York, 1970; 368 pp., illus., biblio., appen., glossary, index, $8.95).*

IN THIS REMARKABLE and magnificent book, set in a forty-acre area of the Colorado mountains, the amount of knowledge incorporated into 309 pages is staggering. The book is scientifically and technically perfect—a perfection verified for the skeptical by an exhaustive but equally fascinating appendix, glossary, and bibliography.

It is difficult to conceive of technical ecology as a cohesive story, yet the author tells us the story of her corner of earth in a series of concentric views, like ripples emanating from a leaf fallen in a pond. The author starts with the innermost circle as the microscopic life within the water and indeed the composition of water itself. She moves to the fish within that element and to the plant life of the shore, to the streams which feed the ponds, the meadows, the mountains which contain it all, the geology of the earth upon which this panoply appears, and finally, the universe in which it exists.

From bristle worm, cyclops, and hydra, to midges and dragonflies, to planarian worms, frogs, weasels, porcupines, voles, bobcats, bees, ladybugs, muledeer, hawks, juncos, and chickadees, one moves through the pattern which relates them all as a function of the "food chain" the author so beautifully describes. Water, so often regarded as merely that, becomes a function of oxygen, temperature, depth, thickness of ice, and the inevitable "succession" of plant life. Plant life becomes a function of soil and sun and moisture, basic geology and temperature, and northern or southern exposure.

The author's description of and obvious feeling for those ecological phenomena termed "succession"—that timeless struggle by which a pond is inelectably enveloped by the vegetation which it supports and by which forests close in upon and eventually overwhelm the meadows from which the grasses turn into the soil upon which the forests feed—is alone worth the book. The rhythmical events impart to the reader an understanding of a highly complex interfacing through such poetic passages as

> . . . around the edges of the lake, where water meets land, grow willows, sedges, and rushes, predicting a time when amber water will be green plants, the lapping sound of small waves, the sly whisper of grass stems. Succession is an inexhorable progression which may be altered or disrupted but which will externally begin again and again and again to achieve the same end. No emotional plea or moral inducement will change it; to understand this is to accept the irrevocableness of nature.

Spiced with references, metaphors and similes, ancient mythology, literature, music (Vivaldi) and art (from Botticelli to Matisse), the imagery makes not only palatable but exciting the world ordinarily available only in the specialized science lecture hall and required-reading textbook.

What a difference from the nature handbooks! What a transcendental understanding which happily surpasses the current vogue of hastily conceived, written, and published "instant ecology" books. Miss Zwinger writes from the heart as well as the brain. Withal the book avoids the syrupy sentimentalities, preciousness, and anthropomorphism which all too often characterize books of this genre.

No one who holds dear the experience of the mountain wilderness, from either a scientific or emotional standpoint (and in this book the two are inseparable), will ever again hike or climb that wilderness without an increased awareness, sensitivity, and knowledge for having read this book and vicariously lived the symbiosis of the mountains.

Gary N. Herbert *of Colorado Springs, Colorado, is an attorney who writes in the field of conservation.*

Diaries of the Little Big Horn

REVIEWED BY JON C. BOWER

Diaries of the Little Big Horn by Capt. Michael J. Koury, illustrated by Ernest Lisle Reedstrom *(Old Army Press, Bellevue, Nebraska, 1968; 81 pp., intro., biblio., index, $7.00).*

CAPTAIN MICHAEL J. KOURY has produced a useful tool for anyone who seeks a handy list of research materials concerning the events surrounding the ill-fated Yellowstone Campaign of 1876. His *Diaries of the Little Big Horn* reviews the various journals, diaries, and day-to-day official reports which are available to researchers interested in the Custer disaster.

The book includes fifteen diaries of various viewpoints, ranging from that of the commanding general of the campaign, Alfred Terry, to those of some noncombatants involved in the action. In the first of five parts, the author reviews General Terry's journal and concludes that Terry was, at best, an ineffectual commander who promtly lost control of the entire expedition; and that he was unwilling or unable to form any personal opinions in his diary. Koury feels that the failure of the campaign was largely due to Terry's incapability of eliciting respect from subordinates.

Part two deals with the accounts of those who were with Custer's Seventh Cavalry. One of these, Lt. Edward S. Godfrey's diary, is the only one existing which covers the actual encounter. Godfrey was with Major Reno during the battle, and his diary was somewhat biased by the obvious hatred he maintained for that officer.

One particularly interesting diary in part two is that of Mark Kellogg, a newspaperman who accompanied Custer and subsequently died in the field with him. Perhaps the most stirring thing about this particular diary is the resounding last entry: "I go with Custer and will be at the death." Since this statement proved to be true, it serves as impressive reading material in almost any book written about that summer day on the Little Big Horn River. Unfortunately, many pages from Kellog's diary have mysteriously disappeared, leaving a considerable gap in the record.

Part three, entitled "Reports from the Other Seventh," deals with the movements and involvement of the Seventh Infantry. The infantry commander, Henry B. Freeman, records that he was constantly harassed by liquor problems among the men and by an overall lack of cooperation among the various contingents of the campaign. His opinion of the battle verifies the fact that Custer was indeed one day early in arriving at the rendezvous point. This diary is most useful as background material on the internal problems which plagued the military effort during the Indian wars.

The fourth part of Koury's book concerns the advance of the Second Cavalry under General Gibbon. Both diaries in this section show a marked anticipation of a battle but reveal no premonition of the outcome Gibbon's unit was to find. Lt. Edward McClernand states that news of the disaster brought by two Crow scouts was not believed and that smoke sighted was thought to be Custer burning the Indians' village. The mechanical problems of the campaign are also covered in this part: Gatling guns were constantly causing trouble; and caissons broke or bogged down and were virtually unmaneuverable.

The last part is devoted to the opinions of three noncombatants but tells little about the actual events of the battle. One section details an incident in which the sergeant of the guard was shot through the head by a sentry for failure to respond to a challenge. One biographer maintains that the method of challenge used on the campaign was such that it would not have been surprising if one hundred men had been killed, and furthermore, that the loss of such a number would not have been lamented nearly as much as the death of one Indian would have been cheered.

The general tone of the whole campaign is echoed best by an entry in Dr. Holmes O. Paulding's diary in the

last part. Dr. Paulding wrote angrily, "If I am to be under the command of such imbecile damned fools, I think I will get out of the service."

Koury states in his acknowledgements that it was not his intent that *Diaries of the Little Big Horn* be a series of diaries in their entirety with accompanying commentary on their importance. However, the reader cannot help feeling that such a comprehensive volume is exactly what is needed. Although Koury has supplied an unusually valuable list of sources with summarizing reviews, the researcher is left to ferret out the diaries for himself.

Koury's book is a fine work as far as it goes. Despite the reams of type that have been written about the Custer tragedy, the truth of what really happened at Little Big Horn is locked in the minds of a few very old Indians, and in the stories they have passed on to their children. These tales may gain new significance in the light of the diaries of the Little Big Horn.

Jon C. Bower *of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, is a folksinger and writer of western history.*

Revolution! Mexico 1910–1920 by Ronald Atkin *(John Day Co., New York, 1969; 354 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., $8.50).*

REVIEWED BY WALTER V. SCHOLES

WEBSTER DEFINES *revolution* as "a fundamental change in political organization or in a government or constitution: the overthrow or renunciation of one government or ruler and the substitution of another by the governed." In his book on the Mexican revolution, Ronald Atkin, newspaper correspondent and press officer, stresses the overthrow-of-government part of the definition, describing all the battles and the changes in administration. About the ideology of the revolution and the constitution of 1917 he has little to say.

After discussing the political and economical plight of Mexico under Porfirio Díaz, Atkin concludes, in a deterministic interpretation, that an uprising was inevitable. In detailing the revolt against Díaz and, in fact, throughout the book, he makes effective use of contemporary newspaper accounts. For example, he quotes a reporter's description of the scene in the Zócalo, where a crowd had gathered to protest against the Díaz regime. Estimated at seventy-five thousand people, the mob was so dense that the police could not get through to disperse it.

> The real carnage began about 10 p.m. On their fourth advance the police began shooting over the heads of the mob, who charged them in earnest. The police were dragged from their horses and the real battle was on. Then into the centre of that surging mass the riflemen on the tower poured their fire. No need to aim; to miss was impossible. Then the machine guns opened up.

The toll was an estimated two hundred killed and more than a thousand wounded, but even this bloodletting could not keep Díaz in power. He was forced to resign, and Francisco I. Madero was elected president of Mexico.

In treating domestic affairs, in this period, Atkin emphasizes the battles between various men and groups who were struggling to control the central government. He also describes the incidents involving Mexican–United States relations: the American occupation of Veracruz and Pershing's attempt to capture Pancho Villa after Villa's raid on the United States.

Atkin tells a good story, but to anyone familiar with Mexico in the era 1910–1920, it will be an oft-told tale. By relying on such standard works as Parkes, Beals, Cline, Cumberland, and Quirk, he inevitably reproduces their mistakes. For example, he repeats (from Beals) the remark, mistakenly attributed to Leo Tolstoy, that Díaz was the greatest political genius of the age. *The* Tolstoy never made this statement; rather, the author was a man using the pseudonym of Tolstoy. In addition, Atkin has left unexplored two valuable sources for material on this period: the multivolume study of Díaz edited by Cosío Villegas and the archives of the State Department. Even a quick look at Link's study of Wilson would have given him a broader concept for his work. But in spite of these drawbacks, Atkin still provides a well written account of the Mexican Revolution.

Walter V. Scholes, *a specialist on Mexico, is professor of history at the University of Missouri.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Jane M. Offers

Virgin Land: The American West as Symbol and Myth by Henry Nash Smith, 2d. ed. *(Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1970; 305 pp., preface, prologue, notes, index, $7.95).*

A COMPREHENSIVE ANALYSIS of the nineteenth-century West and its relevance to social, economic, cultural, and political forces of the time. The author traces these influences through contemporary literature and prevailing ideas of that culture.

Texas Folk Medicine: 1,333 Cures, Remedies, Preventives, & Health Practices edited by John Q. Anderson; woodcuts by Barbara Mathews Whitehead *(Encino Press, Austin, Texas, 1970; 91 pp., intro., illus., $5.00).*

THE LARGEST compilation of Texas folk remedies currently in print, treating various maladies from cricks in the neck to whooping cough with such cures as fried roadrunner and peach leaves. These methods have been extensively researched, along with the people who practiced them.

Beyond the River and the Bay by Eric Ross *(University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1970; 190 pp., preface, illus., map, biblio., appen., notes, index, $8.50).*

A DESCRIPTION OF THE Canadian Northwest in 1811, based on an imaginary long-lost manuscript, and integrating the observations of David Thompson, Alexander Mackenzie, and others of that period into the text. Here is contained a wealth of information and annotations of that area.

The Navajo Mountain Community by Mary Shepardson and Blodwen Hammond *(University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1970; 278 pp., intro., map, tables, appen., index, $9.50).*

AN ANALYSIS OF the history, social organization, and kinship relationships as revealed in the traditions and present practices of the Navajo people, and containing extensive demographic data.

California Local History edited by Margaret Miller Roco for the California Library Association, 2d ed. *(Stanford University Press, Stanford, California, 1970; 611 pp., foreword, notes, index, $35.00).*

AN EXHAUSTIVE LISTING of books, pamphlets, and other reference materials dealing with the local and regional histories of California communities. This edition, revised and updated since first published in 1950, includes over seventeen thousand items found in 230 libraries on the West Coast.

Nevada Ghost Towns & Mining Camps by Stanley W. Paher *(Howell-North, Berkeley, California, 1970; 492 pp., preface, illus., maps, appen., glossary, biblio., index, $15.00).*

INVALUABLE AS A reference work and testimony to the mining era in Nevada. Contained in these pages are descriptions of more than six hundred settlements, in various stages of rediscovery, prosperity, and death, from the first strike to the present; augmented by over seven hundred photographs.

Essays on Jacksonian America edited by Frank Otto Gatell *(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Essays in American History, New York, 1970; 267 pp., preface, notes, paper, $3.95).*

READINGS ON THAT time of American history after 1800 which caused many changes in the country's economy, culture, and view of the common man. President Andrew Jackson's influence on the people and their actions is discussed and analyzed at length.

Glenwood Springs: Spa in the Mountains by Lena M. Urquhart *(Pruett Publishing, Boulder, Colorado, 1970; 181 pp., epilogue, biblio., index, $2.50).*

A HIGHLY READABLE account of the popular mountain community in the Rockies, where Ute Indians had come to purify themselves long before it became a retreat for outdoor lovers, in frontier times and now.

THE VIRGINIAN

(Continued from page 49)

one still in print, with the exception of several recently revived western short story collections. It was a gold mine for both author and publisher, and until the autumn of 1966, when Macmillan merged with Crowell-Collier and moved into a new building in midtown Manhattan, a mustachioed Owen Wister smiled down on visitors from his portrait directly behind the reception desk at 60 Fifth Avenue.

John I. White *has been collecting, collating, and interpreting cowboy songs and poetry for more than thirty years.*

SANDHILL SUNDAYS

(Continued from page 50)

Finally, in "Outpost in New York," she wrote of her life in a Greenwich Village apartment. But of all the notes of life attached to her New York experience, one rings loudest in the end —her inability to escape her roots. For one of the first things she did when she moved into her apartment was to hang her battered cowboy hat on the wall and to tack underneath it "one of the combination bullet molds and reloading tools" that had belonged to her father.

Ranging from homesteaders and cattlemen to Sioux and Cheyenne, trying to keep from starving in a land no longer filled with great buffalo herds, Mari Sandoz captured the essence of the frontier experience. And in *Sandhill Sundays* she left a legacy of carefully cultivated Sandoz soil that keeps alive the story of a daughter of an immigrant, westering family—a daughter who wrote with authority, beauty, and love about the American earth and its peoples.

Ferol Egan *is an associate editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST *and author of* The El Dorado Trail, *recently published by McGraw-Hill.*

STEAMBOAT TO THE ROCKIES

Walter Havighurst (continued from page 11)

to keep steam in their boilers. On her run to Fort Benton in 1869, the *Henry M. Shreve* spent $6,048.70 for fuel. A hundred dollars a day was a common wood bill.

Still, the chancy mountain trade made fortunes for its owners. Cabin fare cost $300, and the freight rate was 12½¢ a pound from St. Louis to the mountains. The *Peter Balen* cleared $65,000 on her first trip to Fort Benton in 1866. That same season the new *William J. Lewis* ran to the mountains and back at a profit of $60,000. In 1867, on a fast trip in his new *Octavia,* Joseph La Barge carried three hundred passengers and three hundred tons of cargo at a gain of $45,000. An upper Missouri boat could more than pay for herself on a single run to the mountains.

The pilots shared in the bonanza. Missouri boats paid $500 a month on the lower river and four times as much for the trip to Fort Benton. In seasons when he was not running a boat of his own, Joseph La Barge hired out at $2000 a month in the mountain trade. Gold in the hills meant gold on the river.

In 1855 the United States bought Fort Pierre from the American Fur Company, and so began the conquest of the upper Missouri by the U.S. Army. With the Montana gold rush the Northwest became a military frontier. In 1866 the fur trade was dying like an old campfire, and at the mouth of the Yellowstone Fort Union flickered out. Once the greatest of the Indian trading posts, its walls were crumbling and its last goods had been moved in the steamer *Louella* to Fort Benton. Returning to St. Louis, the *Louella* was crowded with prospectors who carried more than a million dollars in gold dust.

For a decade after 1866, the army was the biggest shipper on the Missouri. It chartered boats, hired pilots, and carried troops and military supplies to a string of forts on the upper river. A number of steamboats supplied the army during its war with the Sioux, but one vessel and one riverman saw more action than all the rest. When General Sheridan planned the campaign of 1876, he asked Captain Grant Marsh to command a supply boat, and Marsh chose the *Far West,* a light, strong steamer built for the upper Missouri trade and chartered by the army at $360 a day. In May of 1876, while the troops marched out of Fort Abraham Lincoln, heading into Sioux country, the *Far West* steamed up the Yellowstone River.

On the evening of June 21, the *Far West* was moored at the mouth of Rosebud Creek, where a great ring of campfires gleamed on the prairie. General Gibbon's infantry was spread along the river, and Custer's cavalry was bivouacked beyond. At dusk, George A. Custer came aboard—fringed buckskin jacket, windburned face, long mustache, and flowing hair; Gibbon and General Terry were already there. In lamplight they bent over field maps in the steamer's cabin. Gibbon's troops would move up the north bank of the Yellowstone to the mouth of the Big Horn, where the *Far West* would ferry them across. Meanwhile, Custer would ride up the Rosebud until he found the trail of Sitting Bull's Sioux. According to their plan, the two converging forces would crush the Indian force between them.

That night another lamp burned late aboard the *Far West.* At a poker table sat Captain Grant Marsh, young Tom Custer, and some other army men. They played intently while on the prairie the campfires winked out and the white stars circled over. When the game broke up, Captain Crowell of the Sixth Infantry was more than a thousand dollars richer. Next morning, the troops broke camp and the riverbank was empty. With guidons whipping, Custer's outfit disappeared over the grass hills.

Six days later the *Far West,* having labored fifty-three miles up the Big Horn River, was tied to an island at the mouth of the Little Big Horn. Through the shallows stumbled an exhausted messenger. It was Custer's Crow scout, Curly; in sign language he told a tale of ambush and disaster. White scouts arrived the next day, confirming Curly's grim report and telling of Reno's running battle with the Sioux; they brought orders to Captain Marsh to transport the wounded. All night litter-bearers straggled in, guided by fires along the riverbank. With fifty-two casualties on deck the *Far West* headed downstream, dodging shoals and islands.

That evening the steamer tied to the bank of the Yellowstone, near General Gibbon's supply camp; Captain Marsh had orders to ferry Gibbon's troops to the north side of the river. When the troops arrived two days later and were taken across, the *Far West* started for Fort Lincoln, 710 miles away. Day and night, swaying through rapids and grazing banks and bars, she raced down the Yellowstone and into the Missouri. Fifty-four hours after leaving the Big Horn, the steamer arrived at Bismarck and Fort Lincoln. That night telegraphers clicked out the news, and by morning the nation echoed with the names of Custer and Sitting Bull. Later that summer the *Far West* carried members of the Indian Peace Commission to treat with the tribes.

In 1884 Captain Grant Marsh, commanding the *Eclipse,* transferred Indian prisoners at Fort Keogh on the Yellow-

stone to the lower reservations. The next year he brought down the last of the Sioux. One of them was Sitting Bull, who after a few hungry seasons had come into Fort Buford, with his two wives and 185 ragged followers, and surrendered to the army. Grant Marsh took them aboard at Fort Randall and delivered them to the Standing Rock Agency. From there Sitting Bull went on tour with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show.

In 1885 Joseph La Barge, in government survey service on the steamer *Missouri,* made the last through trip to Fort Benton. He retired that fall, fifty-three years after his first voyage up the long river. La Barge dictated his memories to H. M. Chittenden in 1897 and compiled a record of steamboat wrecks—nearly three hundred of them—on the Missouri. The grimmest item in that somber list was the *Saluda,* piloted by his brother; Charles La Barge was killed along with a hundred others when the steamer exploded at Lexington, Missouri, in 1852. Another brother, John, died of heart failure at the wheel of the *Benton,* at Bismarck in 1885.

But the venerable Joseph La Barge outlived navigation on the upper Missouri. He died in 1899 and was buried in the Calvary Cemetery at St. Louis, above the sound of steamboats on the Mississippi. By then the mountain boats seemed as distant as the western wagon trains.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

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IN PURSUIT OF DUTY

(Continued from page 33)

this occasion he was unarmed . . . Neagle had no means of knowing that fact; on the contrary, to his mind every presumption was in favor of the belief that he carried both pistol and knife, in accordance with his usual habit. As a peace officer . . . he was justified in taking the means necessary to prevent Terry from continuing his assault." The question was the still unresolved one of the responsibility of a police officer making an arrest.

Mrs. Terry, unimpressed by editorial rhetoric, swore out warrants for both Neagle and Field. By prearranged plan a warrant was presented to Field by a much embarrassed deputy. He was released immediately on a writ of *habeas corpus.* Application was also made for a writ in Neagle's behalf. It was on this legal point that *in re Neagle* was initiated. Obviously, Field would not be held, but many people believed that he should be tried in California for the crime of murder. Failure to do so, they argued, would pose a serious threat to states' rights and the federal system.

While editors and attorneys argued the fine points of the law, David Terry was buried. It was a bad affair, marred by the presence of a crowd of curious onlookers. Moreover, the Terry family had its way and buried him next to his first wife, causing Sarah additional pain. Significantly, the California Supreme Court did not adjourn as was its custom at the death of former justices.

The *habeas corpus* hearing in the federal court was held in September. A number of witnesses appeared, suggesting strongly that nobody knew what happened at Lathrop. Field mingled freely with the witnesses, used the jury box as his own private grandstand, and even accompanied Judge Sawyer to his chambers at every recess and at the end of each session. The outcome of the hearing was never seriously in doubt. On September 16, 1889, Sawyer ruled that Neagle's action was done in the pursuance of his duty. Sawyer's decision did little to allay the fears of those who saw federal intervention as a threat to state sovereignty. The decision applied a loose construction to the word *law.* That within itself upset some, but Sawyer's views were clearly biased by his own involvement in the case. He declared Neagle innocent of any crime—a point not at issue—and supported this contention by reference to "the almost universal consensus of public opinion." This incredible resort to trial by newspaper editorial climaxed a decision marked by the absence of judicial prudence.

Field then presented Neagle with a gold watch and chain inscribed: "Stephen J. Field to David Neagle—as a token of his courage and fidelity to duty under circumstances of peril at Lathrop, California, on August 14, 1889."

The State of California promptly appealed the decision.

As NEAGLE'S CASE took shape in the federal courts, the sensational aspects of the case gave way to the less colorful but infinitely more important proceedings of the law. In December, 1889, President Benjamin Harrison asked for legislation specifically protecting federal judges. *In re Neagle* was argued before the Supreme Court of the United States on March 4 and 5, 1890; and on April 14, 1890—with Justice Stephen J. Field abstaining—the Court affirmed the opinion of the lower court in a decision which the late Charles Warren called "the broadest interpretation yet given to implied powers of the national government under the Constitution."

The only question to be decided, the Court held, was whether Neagle "was charged with a duty under the laws of the United States." Speaking through Justice Samuel F. Miller, the Court declared that when Neagle shot Terry he was acting in pursuance of the law, despite the absence of a statute authorizing the protection of judges. "In the view we take of the Constitution of the United States," the Court continued, "any obligation fairly and properly inferable from that instrument or any duty of the marshal to be derived from the general scope of his duties under the laws of the United States is 'a law' within the meaning of the phrase."

In a carefully worded dissent, Lucius Q. C. Lamar and Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller agreed with the majority on several points, but argued strongly against its "wholly inadmissible construction" of the word *law*. Arguing that there was nothing of an official character in Neagle's action at Lathrop, the dissenters concluded that the decision was a blow against state autonomy not based upon grant of power under the Constitution.

The impact of the Neagle case upon constitutional law was profound. Edward S. Corwin termed *in re Neagle* the "immediate source" of Theodore Roosevelt's "stewardship" theory of the presidency. The *Neagle* doctrine of implied powers survived into the mid-twentieth century with great vitality. Curiously, however, time has dealt well with the dissent of Lamar and Fuller as well. The "peculiar urgency" of the *Neagle* decision, the "extraordinary" circumstances of the case, provided the Supreme Court with a convenient escape valve in subsequent cases involving *habeas corpus* and the definition of *law*. Hence, the specific application of *Neagle* has been altered over the years, but the case remains, in the words of Professor Corwin, the "most important relevant utterance of the Court" on the subject of executive prerogative.

In re Neagle was a massive step for a conservative court. Ironically, the doctrine which emerged from the case had implications which were probably repugnant to the judges who delivered the opinion. It is impossible to read the decision without wondering how great an effect the factual circumstances of the case had upon the outcome. Would the Court have enunciated such a radical doctrine had a member of the Supreme Court not been involved?

The entire affair brought no credit to the courts or to the bizarre people who were a part of it. But of such things is history made and rarely have significant constitutional questions rested upon the usual or the ordinary. Mrs. Terry tried to continue her fight, but she soon broke down completely and was admitted to an asylum, where she died many years later. As for David Neagle, he vanished into obscurity, probably never comprehending the importance of his act of violence in pursuit of duty that August morning long ago.

Gary L. Roberts, *a professor in the Department of History at Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College, Tifton, Georgia, has written numerous articles on the trans-Mississippi West.*

AN EMIGRANTS' GUIDE

(Continued from page 17)

more likely to eat in shifts around the extended back board of the wagon. The teams for the day are located, brought in, yoked, and hitched to the wagon. The train guards move out to ride parallel and in sight of the wagons, and everyone gets himself and his belongings in place in the train. "Ready to roll" means precisely that, and as the trumpet sounds, the drivers start the teams, the wagons creak forward and you are under way. It is seven o'clock.

As the train rambles along, the children play much as they would at home. The older boys may be privileged to measure the distance covered with a surveyor's chain and help keep the record. You way visit with friends, give the children spelling drill, or observe the passing countryside.

As the morning progresses, thoughts turn to "nooning." About eleven o'clock the captain signals a halt, and all scurry around to their assigned tasks for the noon meal. If there is a need, a council is called to deal with any problems. It is hoped that any necessary repairs can be completed before one o'clock when the train continues, or they will have to be delayed until the end of the day. Aside from naps for small children, the afternoon repeats the morning, with life carrying on as normally as possible on the trail.

By four o'clock the captain has selected the night campground. Drivers circle the wagons to form the corral, the teams are released for grazing, and dinner is prepared. After the hot meal, the travelers relax and enjoy such diversions as dancing, music, or storytelling. The night guards take their posts at eight o'clock, and gradually the corral sounds give way to silence. The children are put to bed, and the journals are brought out for recording the day.

By all means, do plan to keep a family record of the trip. After you have settled in your new home in Oregon, you will be thankful that you have kept the experiences and memories of the trek across this country for posterity.

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