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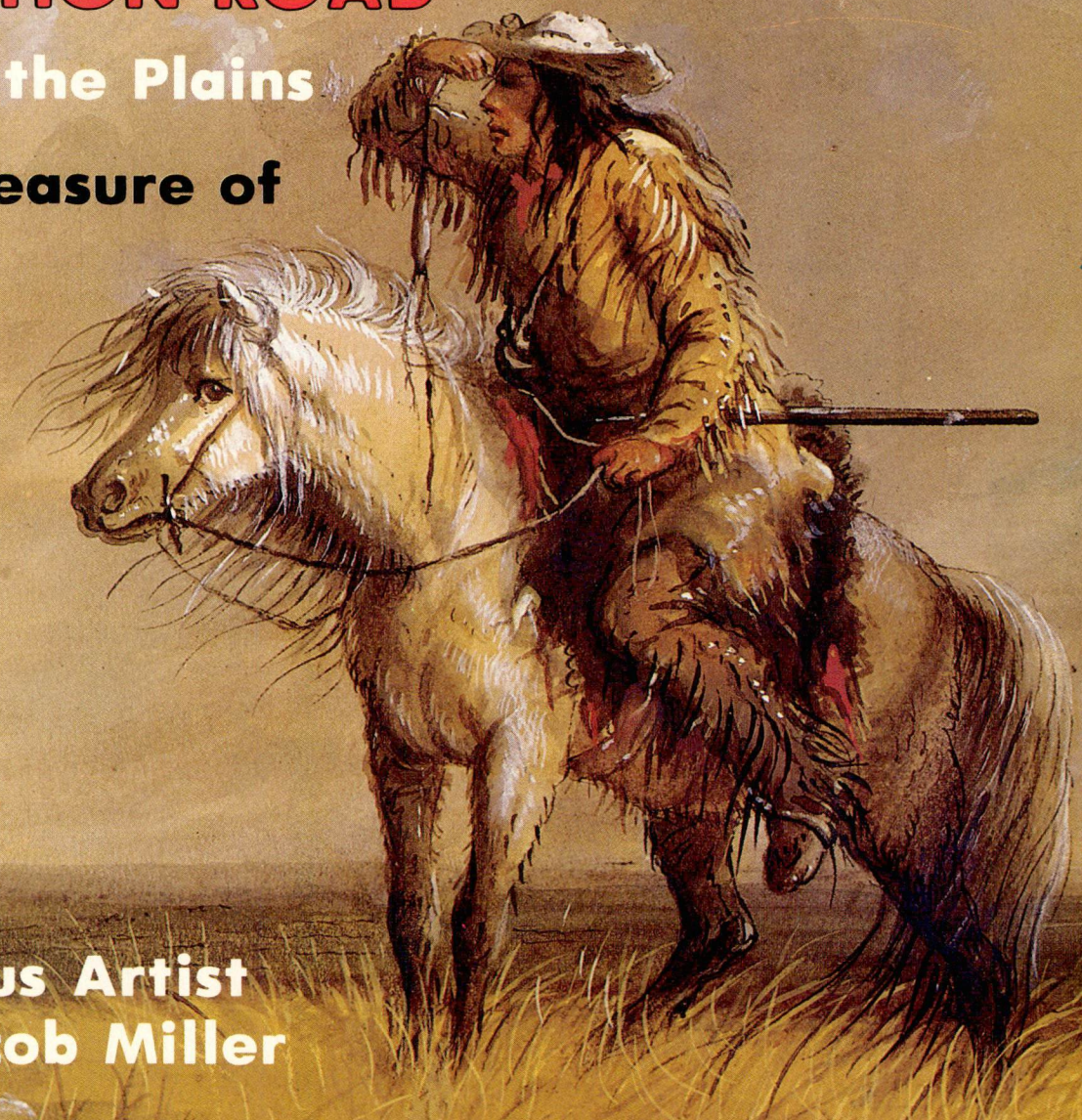


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Stories of Western Americana

**JULY 4 ON THE
EMIGRATION ROAD**

Terror on the Plains

**Hidden Treasure of
Dan West**



**Rendezvous Artist
Alfred Jacob Miller**

The Stewart Expedition's cook boasted of his skill as a hunter, only to lose his way and be immortalized by Miller as "The Lost Greenhorn."



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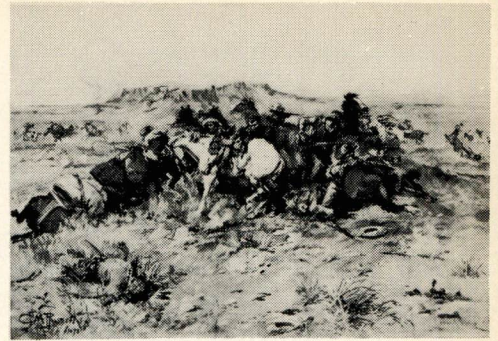
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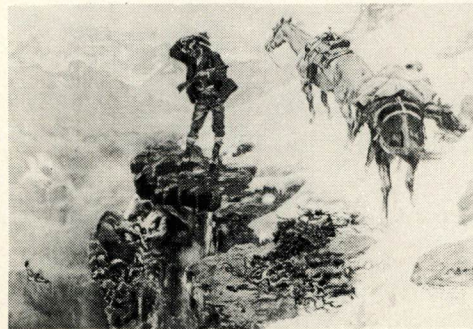


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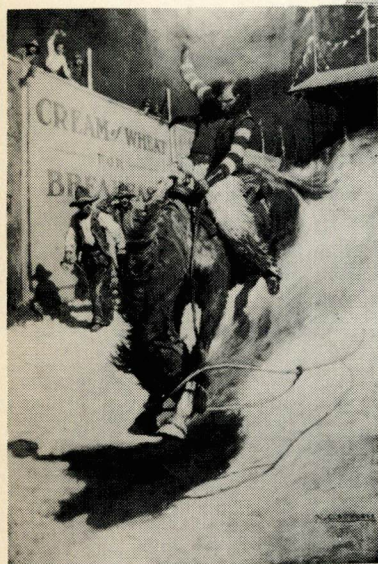
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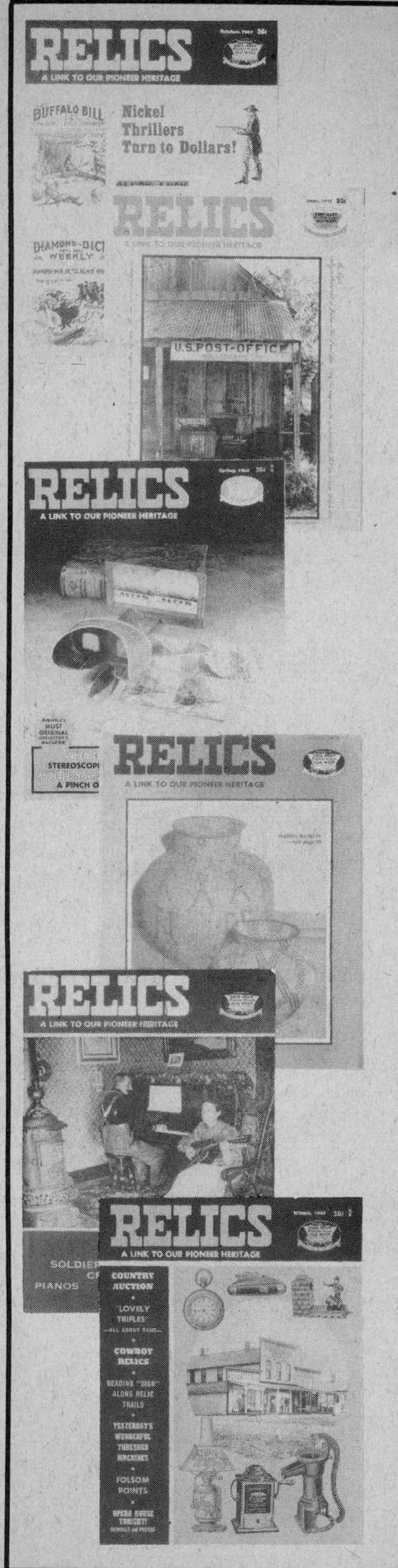
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FEATURES

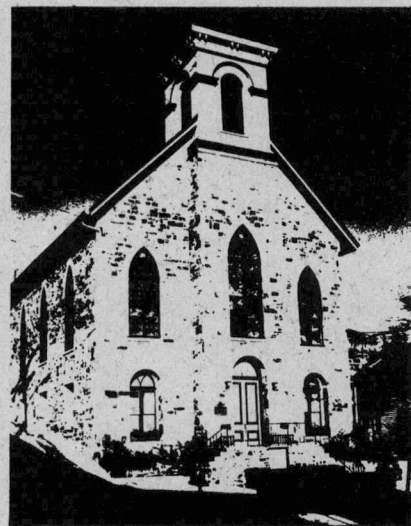
- 14 **"Man's Best Friend": Dr. George Goodfellow.** By Peter Shandorf. A Tombstone, Arizona, physician ministered to some of the West's most famous characters and was a pioneer in modern surgical practices.
- 20 **The Artist and the Mountain Men.** By John Legg. One hundred fifty years ago this month, Alfred Jacob Miller became the only artist ever to witness firsthand the revelry known as "Rendezvous."
- 26 **July 4, 1849, on the Emigration Road.** Submitted by Preston Young, Jr. Captain Howard Stansbury, U.S. Army Corps of Topographical Engineers, recounts Independence Day with his men in the wilderness.
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OUR COVER

"The Lost Greenhorn," by Alfred Jacob Miller. Captain William Drummond Stewart's camp cook bragged of his ability as a hunter, but when put to the test, he became lost and nearly died.



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TRUE WEST

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From the Editor

Howdy, Folks,

A magazine editor sure does get asked a lot of questions. Here at TRUE WEST, folks ask me everything from where they might find an original copy of *The Vigilantes of Montana*, by Thomas J. Dimsdale to who killed Pat Garrett. Some of them are real stumpers, but I try my best to give an honest answer, even if that means coming out and admitting I don't know. One of the questions I'm asked most often, though, is simply, "How the heck is old Joe Small doing?"

For those of you folks who may not have been reading TRUE WEST very long, Joe founded this mag back in 1953 and published it for thirty years. Otherwise known as "Hosstail," he's a familiar figure to most anyone who has anything to do with western mags, and over the years many TRUE WEST readers have got to know him personally.

Even if, like me, you've never actually had the pleasure of meeting Joe, you probably feel like you know him personally because he could write an editorial that made you feel like you were sitting around the old campfire drinking coffee—or maybe bellied up to the bar at the local watering hole for a cold beer—having a nice, friendly little chat.

Of course, one way or another, Hoss put himself into the whole darned magazine, and you could sure see the father in the child. Now, every page still shows the unmistakable mark of its granddaddy, 'cause you just can't build a TRUE WEST magazine but one way, and that's the Joe Small way.

Well, I try to stay out of Hoss's hair and let him enjoy his retirement. But every so often it reaches a point where so many folks have asked about him that I just have to write and find out how he's doing. And it seems to me that the best place to share that information with you is right here in the editorial, where Joe always used to chat with you himself. It had been a while since we heard from him, so when his wife, Elizabeth, wrote to us the other day, we had a lot of catching up to do.

Last September, Joe and Elizabeth moved to a lifetime care retirement home in Austin, Texas, the town where TRUE WEST was born and raised. Joe's health hadn't been too good (heck, we all know he'd still be ramrodding this outfit if he were in top shape), and he was pretty unhappy about leaving home. But by Christmas he knew for sure they had made the right move, and he likes "everything and everybody" at the new spread.

As for his health, Joe had some problems with side effects from his high blood pressure medication and once had to spend twenty-two hours under observation in the hospital. Now the doctor has given him a new medication, and Elizabeth informs us Joe's "blood pressure is some better but at times it fluctuates too much." We sure hope the new medicine works!

Hoss still looks forward to getting TRUE WEST in the mail every month, and he thinks it's still the same fine reading he used to put out in the good old days. That made me blush with modesty, but we do try to live up to the traditions and high standards that Joe established when he was top hand.

I'm supposed to tell you, too, that Joe misses you all very much and that he's even threatened to start another magazine. If he does, I fervently hope it's not another western history rag—I don't know if we could compete with Ol' Hosstail!

John Joerschke

Shades of Distinc

"Colorado's Shady Lady," by Marcia Piermattei (February TRUE WEST), is a very entertaining article, but the details given about Sir Cecil and Lady Moon are at variance with what has been recorded over here.

I suggest the following amendments:

1. There was no Lord Moon. Cecil's grandfather was only a baronet. One does not address or refer to a baronet as "lord". Not ever.

2. Since Cecil, in due course, was not a lord but only a baronet, he did not have a seat in the House of Lords.

3. Cecil's father died before, not after, Cecil's grandfather.

4. Cecil did not inherit the title because his three elder brothers had died before him; there were no elder brothers.

5. Kate did not acquire the surname "Lawder" from her first husband. Her maiden name was Kate Grattan Lawder. Her father was a Mr. Lawder from County Wicklow in Ireland.

I was particularly intrigued by the assertion that Cecil had two elder brothers killed in battle. There might be a good story there, but it does not appear to have any connection with this particular family.—Charles G. Heath, Trowell, Nottingham, England.

Author Piermattei's Response: Obviously Mr. Heath keeps a well-thumbed copy of Burke's *Peerage, Baronetage, and Commoners* by his reading chair. Of course, he's right that one never refers to a mere baronet as "Lord So-and-so," but the people of Manhattan, Colorado,

apparently found it easier to say "Lord Moon" than "Sir Cecil" without sounding like Daffy Duck.

Sir Cecil never seemed to mind being referred to as "Lord Moon," since he was always referred to by that name in the local newspapers and the *Denver Post*, especially during his divorce from "Lady" Moon.

As far as Kate's being the daughter of P. Grattan Lauder, of The Grove, County Wicklow, I wonder if that weren't an attempt by the Moon family to make Kate a little more palatable as a bride for their son by creating for her a more respectable background. Francis Goodell agrees and thinks that if Kate's parents had been the kind of folks to own a home with a name on it, she would have let everybody know about it... at length.

There are definitely inconsistencies between Burke's and Cecil's accounts of his succession. According to Burke, Cecil was the first son of Edward, who would have succeeded the first baronet, his father, had he lived. According to Cecil's own account of his family given to Ansel Watrous, who compiled a *History of Larimer County* at the turn of the century, Cecil was the third son. Burke is probably the more reliable source. Why, I wonder, would Cecil change the story of his order of birth? The answer to that question would probably be worth another article. Anyway, I still prefer the story as Kate and Cecil told it to their neighbors. Even if the facts are muddled, the essence of their characters comes through.

A Colorful Experience

Since my early years teaching American history, I have been interested in all aspects of the development of the western states. Since retiring to Arizona, I have been occupied with civic activities and the lapidary art and did not experience the pleasure of

True West

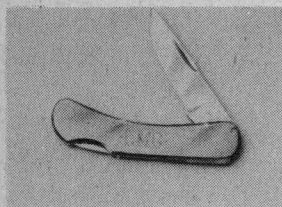
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reading your magazine until I became legally blind.

I am enjoying the books and magazines, both fiction and historical, provided by the Library of Congress. High on my list of favorites is the issue of TRUE WEST which I look forward to every month.

Thank you for an interesting and colorful experience each time I "read" your magazine.—Roy F. Clifton, Green Valley, AZ.

Memories of Lavender Camp

The photo of the Lavender summer camp in "West Slope Bears," by Mel Griffiths (September 1986) brought back memories. Fifty-two years ago, to be exact, I worked up there one summer.

There was an old cowboy by the name of Cy Orr, who worked for the Lavenders. They said they thought he came up from Texas. I spoke to him a piece, and he said he knew Seth Colbert, the cowboy of whom a poem spoke.

It probably is far too late to find anyone who knew Cy or Seth in Texas, but I would like to hear from anyone who knew those old cowhands.

We could never do without your wonderful magazine.—Mrs. Roy Hawk, Delta, CO.

Another Friend of Roland's

I was pleased to see Mr. Morrison's tribute to Roland Matthews in the May 1987 TRUE WEST. Roland was about three months over his one hundredth birthday when he died, as he was born September 4, 1886.

Roland was my lifetime friend. He worked for my father on the old ranch where I was raised on the Missouri River in Montana. That was during the summer of 1912, when I was seven years old. Seventy-one years later in 1983, I had a nice visit with Roland in Lewiston, Montana.

July 1987

Roland told me that one year when he worked for the Long X Ranch on the north side of the river, the X trailed a bunch of horses to the sales yards in Miles City. The government was buying the horses but each one had to be rode. Roland rode twenty-three bucking horses in one day.

That summer when Roland and I had our talk, he told me that a few years before a man had walked up to him in the post office and stuck out his hand. Roland said, "I don't know you."

The man said, "You should; I knowed you for a hundred years."

"No you haven't," Roland replied. "I'm only ninety-seven."—Ben Garthofner, Phoenix, AZ.

Writer Wants Ghost Stories

Whoever heard of ghosts in Wyoming?

In this, the most sparsely populated state in the country, we have barely enough living folks, let alone the other kind! Or at least that's what some people think.

But I am setting out to prove otherwise. For over a year, I have been collecting spooky tales from around the state, and I can certify that ghosts are alive and well—in a manner of speaking!—in all parts of Wyoming.

The research I have done suggests that anywhere people have lived, there are likely to be ghosts. And ghosts are not only the spirits of dead people—some are spirits of animals.

Wyoming folklore abounds with tales of ghostly horses, dogs, and other creatures, and some supernatural stories even involve "ghosts" of inanimate objects such as cars, buses, and airplanes.

One Wyoming story I have yet to



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July '87

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check out involves a ghostly stagecoach that is sometimes seen at midnight.

But my best lead so far is about an entire ghostly restaurant that materialized just long enough for four people to have supper there. Then, when they returned to town a few days later, the entire building was gone and had been, so they were told, for years.

What I wonder is this—were they still hungry after eating their “ghost dinner”?

According to leading authorities, many ghostly manifestations are not caused by spirits at all, but by powerful emotions, energy, or habits that have somehow impressed themselves on their physical surroundings, to be “played back” when conditions are right.

A similar story in Powell involves poltergeist phenomena. As a Northwest Community College student was listening to stereo headphones in his living room, he suddenly heard what sounded like hoodlums destroying his kitchen.

He heard cabinet doors slamming, hinges ripping loose, chairs banging into the table, and dishes being shattered.

When he nervously peeked into the kitchen to see who was destroying it, there was no one there. Not a thing was out of place. But the sounds continued for at least eight to ten seconds more.

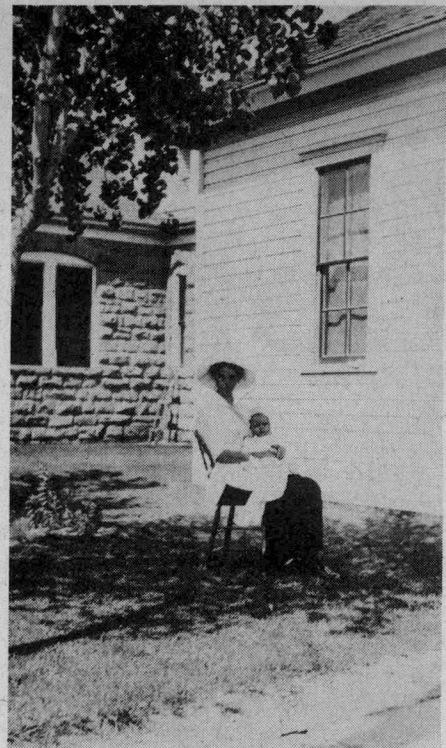
Parapsychologists say that such experiences are among the most common paranormal activities. They are believed to occur because of the unconscious, undeliberate releasing of energy by the one experiencing them.

I am collecting these stories (all supposed to be true) for a book tentatively titled *Ghosts in Wyoming?* If you know of any ghost stories in the state, whether they happened to you or to someone else, please call me at (307) 754-5557 (and please don't hesitate to leave a message on the answering machine), or write me at 516 S. Ingalls, Powell, WY 82435.

I am interested in firsthand and secondhand accounts, as well as in any printed material on the subject of Wyoming ghosts. I prefer to use real names of respondents, but I will not do so against anyone's wishes.—**Debra D. Munn, Powell, Wyoming.**

Bates Postcard

I found this postcard and several others in an old abandoned hotel in Wenatchee, Washington. It was written by a Carrie Bates to a George Bates. A Flora Bates was also connected. It appears that some of them were vacationing in Arizona in 1912 near an old



This photograph was made as a postcard and mailed from Arizona in 1912.

military fort. The lady and child are unknown.—**Walt Thayer, Wenatchee, WA.**

English Reader

I have been reading **TRUE WEST** for two years. I found a copy on a bookshop shelf when I was in America in 1984 and have been reading it ever since.

I have found all the stories and articles very interesting and enjoyable. I have even visited a few western places in America.—**Malcolm Withers, Westerham, England.**

About the Mowry's Marriage

Concerning the Mowry family in the April issue of **TRUE WEST**, the next to the last sentence should read: “Did Oscar Mowry marry and where is he buried?” It appeared as: “Did they marry?”—**Mrs. J.M. Fish, Mound, MN.**



Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

True West

Barron's Old Mill

The Old Mill is still in perfect working order. Any time he wants, Joseph Barron, Jr. can start the motor. However, the mill was closed down forever in 1960 when it could no longer compete with the big modern centrifugal mills. The Old Mill was built in the small eastern Washington community of Oakesdale in 1890. Joseph Barron, Sr. bought the mill in 1907.

Barron, Jr. is a perfectionist. He's very particular about his inheritance and never allowed the mill to be demolished or the intricate hardwood-and-steel machinery to fall into disrepair.

In 1980, Barron's Old Mill was placed on the National Register of Historic Buildings by the U.S. Department of the Interior. Then to finance some roofing and foundation repairs, he matched a \$10,000 government grant with his own money.

Today visitors from throughout the Northwest travel to Oakesdale (between Pullman and Spokane) to take one of Barron's free tours of the mammoth four-story building—or to buy some of his flour. Yes, he's still grinding wheat, but now with a modern centrifugal mill in his converted garage, just across the stream from the Old Mill. He markets his flour labeled "Joseph's Natural Grain" all around the Pacific Northwest.

If you would like an excursion into the world of turn-of-the-century flour-making, Joseph Barron makes only two requests: sign his guestbook and telephone in advance, (509) 285-4652.

Pioneer Days in Ogden, Utah

Annually the enthusiasm of Ogden Pioneer Days is a highlight of the year. The celebration is in its fifty-third year and continues to boast of a world class rodeo, outstanding parades, cultural presentations, and commercial festivals.

This year's event will be held July 20-24. The rodeo, a Professional Rodeo Cowboy's Association sanctioned event, has an annual attendance of forty thousand people. It is the largest outdoor rodeo in Utah. In conjunction with the



Bill London

Visitors are welcome at Joseph Barron, Jr.'s mill so long as they sign his guest book and call ahead of time.

rodeo and parade, other events are scheduled.

July 16-19 is the National Western Film Festival. This year Willie Nelson will headline this event, giving a concert on Saturday the Eighteenth. There are over twenty western film stars committed for the event. One of the favorites is Wilford Brimley. The stars have a kickoff parade through the historic district to begin the event.

The second largest parade in Utah will be held on July 24. Ogden's Pioneer Days Parade also has an attendance of over forty thousand people. The entire downtown area closes to host this event.

Ogden is the home of the Miss Rodeo Utah Pageant and hosts Miss Rodeo America each year as a guest during the rodeo. Miss Rodeo Australia will be on hand during the 1987 rodeo.

Pioneer Days for 1987 should be the largest in its fifty-three year history. Returning events will be: Utah Symphony Pops Concert, Corps Encore, Chuck Wagon dinners at Fort

Buenaventura, and of course, the rodeo and parade.

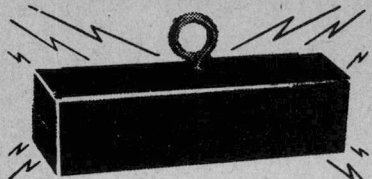
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Lakota Summer Institute

The Lakota Summer Institute at Sinte Gleska College, South Dakota, invites you to share a season with the Lakota people and their culture. These summer sessions offer a unique perspective based on Native American knowledge, values and spiritual belief.

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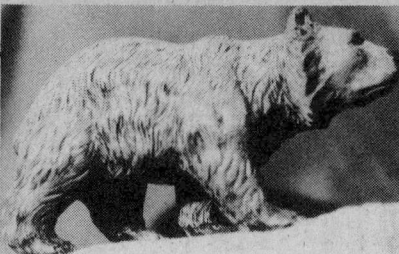
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and baccalaureate degrees, the college is in the forefront of reservation development and national Indian education.

Participants in the Summer Institute may take any one or a combination of the following sessions during the Summer Institute: Lakota Medicine, Song and Dance; Creative Writing; Lakota Art and Art History; Sioux History and Culture; Lakota Thought and Philosophy; and Family Wellness.

For more information write Sinte Gleska College, P.O. Box 490, Rosebud, SD 57570.

Dodge City Days

If you are around the Dodge City area this summer, don't miss out on the annual Dodge City Days held July 24 through August 2. A full schedule of



There is always plenty to see and do at Dodge City, especially during the annual

events is sure to keep you busy. Activities include a rodeo, western art shows, pancake eating contest, hot air balloons, demolition derby, watermelon feed, street dance, barbecues, chuckwagon breakfasts, antique shows, and many more.

For more information, write General Tourist Information, P.O. Box 1474, Dodge City, KS 67801, or phone (316) 227-2176.

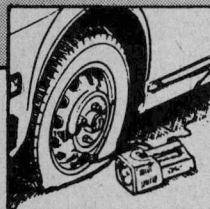
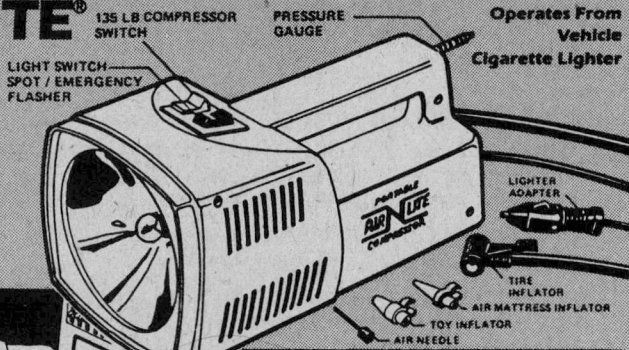
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TRUE WEST
July '87

South Pass City, Wyoming

Many Oregon Trail emigrants traveled to California to search for gold, which had been discovered at Sutters Mill in 1848. Thousands of people hoped to strike it rich, but only a few succeeded. By the 1860s, discoveries of "Mother Lodes" in Colorado, Nevada, Idaho, and Montana resulted in hundreds of new boom towns. When the Carissa mine began producing gold in 1867, a rush to the South Pass area began, and South Pass City was built in the fall of that year. The boom continued in 1868, and Atlantic City and Miners Delight were quickly erected. The area's population soared to approximately 2000 residents, and dozens of mines and hundreds of placer claims kept the miners busy.

A busy, dynamic community, South

quid refreshments by two local breweries and a wholesale liquor establishment.

But all booms must end. In 1872, a bust hit the Sweetwater Mining District. Most miners became discouraged over the absence of large gold deposits and the lack of sufficient capital. By 1875, less than one hundred people remained in the area. Even Camp Stamaugh, built in 1870, soon closed.

Many prospectors wandered to other boom towns to continue their relentless search for gold. Some folks moved to nearby settlements and played important roles in the founding of such towns as Lander, Pinedale, and Thermopolis.

However, a few persistent miners remained and helped start the area's future gold booms. A large hydraulic operation, a copper mine, a dredge, a strip mine, and the continued speculation in gold created South Pass mining rushes in the 1880s, 1890s, 1930s, and 1960s. The population of Atlantic City and South Pass City bounced between a handful of people and as many as 500 residents. But the busts have always followed the booms. Today, a few prospectors continue to pan for gold, a couple of miners are still digging for ore, and South Pass City has been restored as a historic site. Gold mining has not died. It is still a part of life in South Pass.

San Juan County Historical Society

San Juan County's Museum, the former San Juan County Jail, is a fine little museum located in Silverton, Colorado. Situated in the high San Juan Mountains at 9,318 feet, the museum sits in some of the most beautiful country ever.

North on Main Street, next to the courthouse, the museum offers a variety of exhibits on early-day Silverton and the San Juans. The museum opens on Memorial Day weekend and stays open until mid-October. Admission is \$1.25 for adults, children twelve and under free. Special groups are free with prior arrangements.

For more details phone 387-5838, or write to P.O. Box 154, Silverton, CO 81433.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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Competitions marked (S) are sanctioned by the National Association of Old West Gunfighter Teams:

May 24	Kanab, Utah (S) Contact: Ray Lopeman (801) 644-5688
June 20	Kanab, Utah Contact: Red Canyon Raiders (602) 643-7486
July 18	Old West Gunfighters' Competition Rosston, Texas
July 25	2nd Annual Mosquito Festival Competition, Clute, Texas
Aug. 15	4th Annual Westport Posse Shootout (S), Grandview, Mo. Contact: Gary Dunlavy (816) 761-8605
Aug. 29	Treehouse Fun Ranch Competition (S), Devore, Calif. Contact: Fran Flesher (714) 887-7056



Dodge City Days celebration, this year from July 24 to August 2.

Pass City soon developed a main street one-half mile long. Businessmen arrived to fulfill the needs of the prospectors. A resident could conduct business in general stores, butcher shops, restaurants, sawmills, clothing stores, a sporting goods store, a jewelry store, and a furrier. Visitors could stay at one of seven hotels and seek an evening's entertainment at several saloons and "sporting houses," all supplied with li-

Land Rush of '89

Mr. Jay A. Coombes, HCR #64, Box 460, Chester, AR 72934, has been a faithful TRUE WEST reader "for the last thirty years or so, anyway." That would mean he has been a fan since about issue number one! Of particular interest, Mr. Coombes writes, "My grandpa, Charley F. Coombes, was a United States marshal. He was there when they opened the great Land Rush of '89, opening Oklahoma Territory. He stood betwixt his mules the night before to keep them from being stolen."

Some decades after the run, Charles F. Coombes and his uncle, a lawman named Chastain, were photographed together.

Describing the opening of the land rush on April 22, 1889, Jay Coombes writes, "Grandpa and Uncle Chastain said that there were wagons of every kind, and people! Why, so many people you wouldn't believe. Grandpa was there, too—everbody was. He almost had trouble on the morning of the run. He had been up all night . . . and these three men came bearing down, overbearing, and one was really going to cause trouble but seeing Grandpa's look thought better of it. Grandpa told him, 'You've come looking for trouble. Well, sir, you've found it!' True grit! There shore was a lot going on—dust, everywhere men shouting, horses, mules, every animal nervous, jumping around—still, it was the most exciting place to be, and dangerous."

Mr. Coombes owns a Colt Peacemaker with holster and belt. "It really comes from the Youngers' side of the family . . . my great-great-great-grandma was a sister to the Younger brothers before marrying a Combs. Then about 1876 the name was changed to Coombes.

Indian Scout. In February I mentioned Ben Clark among several famous scouts. Ms. Vera Holding, 15394 Spruce Grove Road, Lower Lake, CA 95457, believes she is descended from Clark. "I believe he is my great-uncle. My mother used to tell me about an Uncle Ben Clark who was a scout . . . do any books



A man named Chastain (left) and Charley F. Coombes (right) were U.S. marshals.

on the background and stories of the scouts include anything about Ben?"

Although Clark is mentioned in many books on scouting during the Indian Wars, I am not aware of any dealing exclusively with him. He was born about 1842 and began a long career of service with the United States Army in 1857. His first experience was marching west against the Mormons with Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston during the Utah War.

In the late 1860s, Clark was serving with Alfred Sully and George Custer as Chief of Scouts. He was appointed official guide and interpreter at Camp Supply in 1869. Clark was a master of Indian sign language and fluent in Cheyenne. General Sheridan had high regard for him and had him prepare a Cheyenne dictionary and grammar for his use. Sheridan and Clark maintained a lifelong friendship.

Showman's Service. "Please tell me what you can about Buffalo Bill Cody's service in the Civil War." That question comes from Mr. J. Brookfield, Box 424 Jasper, TX 75951.

Born February 26, 1846, Cody was fifteen years old when the war broke out. He started as a teamster and dispatch rider out of Fort Leavenworth. He may have done some scouting for the Ninth Kansas Cavalry.

On February 19, 1864, he enlisted in the Seventh Kansas Volunteers and served fifteen months. He earned no citations or decorations.

The Seventh saw little action and in eight minor engagements suffered only five casualties. In late 1864 it was withdrawn to the rear with headquarters in Saint Louis. Cody was detached for service as a hospital orderly. There he met Louisa Federici, whom he later married.

Legend Deconstructed. A store in La Honda, California, known locally as the "Bandit Built Store," is reputed to have been built by the Younger brothers. After mentioning the store in January, I received a letter from John Boessenecker, 1001 Jamaica Street, Foster City, CA 94404.

Mr. Boessenecker, who has contributed several articles to TRUE WEST, is familiar with the store and county history. It was located at the northwest corner of La Honda and Sears Ranch roads and was torn down in 1960. He writes: "According to legend, John H. Sears, a San Mateo County pioneer, built his store at La Honda with the help of Jim and Bob Younger. That would have been impossible, for Sears' store was built in 1877, and the Youngers were jailed in 1876 following the disastrous raid on Northfield, Minnesota; they were in prison at the time Sears' store was constructed."

Thanks, Mr. Boessenecker, for the information. We're looking forward to *Badge and Buckshot*, your book about lawlessness in California.

James Carlisle's Death. In my answer to a question about "Old Man" Keeler in April, I mentioned James Carlisle. Keeler and Carlisle were both at the 1874 Battle of Adobe Walls in Texas. Carlisle later became involved in the Lincoln County War.

While looking for Reese Gobles in the 1880 Lincoln County census, I found the same James Carlisle (Carlyle). The census identifies him as a white male, single, age twenty-six, occupation blacksmith. His birthplace is listed as Ohio; that of both of his parents is Scotland. His post office was White Oaks.

Carlisle was killed November 30, 1880, in an exchange of gunfire at the Greathouse Ranch. At the time, he was a deputy under Sheriff Pat Garrett. Bob Olinger was also among his friends. If you know anything about Carlisle (or Reese Gobles, who I was looking for in the first place!) drop me a line.

Rosebud. "What happened to Fort Abraham Lincoln after the Custer fiasco? Did any soldiers return there on the Far West? Was there a steamboat named the Rosebud?" Those questions are from Mr. Russell Hall, 611 Grover, Warrensburg, MO 64093.

Fort Lincoln was abandoned on July 22, 1891. Today it is a state park. It consists of two units, the infantry post, first known as Fort McKeen in 1872, and the large cavalry post built in 1873. It was garrisoned by the Seventh Cavalry under Custer.

After Custer's defeat, the wounded from Reno's and Benteen's commands were put on the steamer *Far West*, commanded by Grant Marsh. It left for Bismarck on July 3 and made a record run of 700 miles in fifty-four hours. The Rosebud was not a steamer but a river in the area of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn rivers. On June 17, 1876, General George Crook engaged Crazy Horse's warriors on the Rosebud River. Though not as spectacular as the Custer massacre eight days later, the battle was a victory for the Sioux.



If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

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“Man’s Best Friend” Dr. George Goodfellow

Finally on July 19, 1881, to the awe and horror of those in attendance, Goodfellow made a deep, two-inch-long incision to the left of Smith's wound. He probed down through the intestines, sewing up each of six bullet holes as he discovered it.



Arizona Historical Society, Tucson

Ruins of the famous O.K. Corral after Tombstone’s second major fire, 1882. The gunfight took place at the rear of the O.K. This photo shows the front.

Doctor George Goodfellow of Tombstone, Arizona, was physician to the Earp brothers, the Clantons, and Johnny Ringo. This amazing list of clients alone would have made his career one of the more memorable in the annals of frontier medicine, but Goodfellow also put his experiences cleaning up after the gunfighter’s ugly work to further humanitarian use that reaches out from their time to our own. His observations on the deaths of men like Billy Clanton and Morgan Earp became instrumental in the development of modern shock trauma treatment and abdominal surgery as it is now practiced.

George Goodfellow was born in Downieville, California, December 23, 1855. His father, Milton Goodfellow, was a mining engineer who brought up his family in the tough Nevada gold and silver camps of Austin and Treasure City. An educated Pennsylvanian, Milton Goodfellow made every effort to balance his children’s rowdy surroundings with the best schooling possible. George enrolled in the University of California as an engineering student at age sixteen; a year later he

By PETER SHANDORF

transferred to the U.S. Naval Academy.

Not surprisingly for a boy raised in Nevada mining towns, George’s first recognition at the Academy came as a fighter. Active in several sports, he eventually won the boxing championship at Annapolis. Naturally, the title was challenged outside the ring as well as in. One of the unofficial contenders happened to be a boy named Conyers, the first black cadet in the Academy’s history. In an altercation that began at the top of a stairway, Conyers wound up at the foot of the stairs, seriously injured. The fight became a scandal. Pressured by black congressional leaders, President Ulysses S. Grant ordered Annapolis to prove itself non-racist by expelling George Goodfellow.

Unbowed by his experiences at Annapolis, Goodfellow moved to his father’s hometown in Meadville, Pennsylvania. There, under the tutelage of a physician’s uncle, he read medicine. Soon he began attending the University of Wooster in Cleveland, Ohio, as a medical student, graduating on February 24,

1876. In August, he married a Meadville girl named Katherine Colt and returned to California with his bride.

His first practice, in Oakland, was unsuccessful, and he moved to Arizona in early 1877. His initial two years in the territory were spent in Prescott. A year in Tucson as a contract surgeon for the Army followed. Finally, during Christmas week of 1880, he and his family rolled into Tombstone.

Goodfellow's first notice in the new camp came in June 1881, after a fire destroyed much of the Allen Street business district. A volunteer fireman named George Parsons, struck in the face by a burning splinter, had been horribly disfigured. In his office over the Golden Eagle Brewery, Goodfellow attempted a procedure that had rarely been tried outside of world capitals. Using plaster casts, wire, and undoubtedly much luck, he performed what would today be called cosmetic surgery on Parsons' flattened and scarred face. The results were wonderful, and Parsons became a walking advertisement for the young doctor.

Less than a month later, George Goodfellow topped himself by making medical history.

ONE OF THE GREAT myths about the so-called gunfighters is that the Hickocks, the Thompsons, and the Billy the Kids always tried to aim for their opponent's head or heart to insure a quick finish. The truth is somewhat different. Doctor Goodfellow explained it this way: "Their maxim is 'shoot for the guts,' knowing death is certain, yet sufficiently lingering and agonizing to afford plenary sense of gratification to the victor of the contest."

At the time, a gut shot meant "certain" death because surgery as we know it did not exist. In 1881, the word surgeon could be taken as a synonym for "amputator". A ruined arm or leg could be removed, a foreign object like a bullet or an arrow or shrapnel might be excavated from one of those limbs. A daring practitioner might cut down to the rib cage to drain off infection, as the October 26, 1878, *Arizona Enterprise* reported Goodfellow doing for a Prescott man. Those, however, were the boundaries of surgical procedures. The torso was considered either a sacred temple of God or a territory simply too unknown to risk entering. The vital organs were untouchable. One of the most tragic consequences of this attitude came about that summer of '81. The nation's finest doctors stood by and watched for two and one-half months while President James A. Garfield slowly died from an assassin's bullet. The idea of surgery to save the wounded chief executive never occurred to them.

On July 14, 1881, Dr. Goodfellow was called in to see one of the patients in Tombstone's rudimentary hospital. This was one Jack Smith, a forty-seven-year-old miner, British in origin. Smith had been shot in a gunfight ten days earlier. Since then, he had lingered on, albeit in constant agony, while the single bullet inside him slowly poisoned his system. An idea occurred to Goodfellow as he observed the dying man. It was such a challenging concept that four more days

July 1987

passed before Goodfellow could will himself to act on it.

During that time, he went with witnesses to the scene of the shooting. Using the most precise measurements available under the circumstances, he studied the heights and positions of "shootist" and victim at the moment of impact. Since the gunman was standing to Smith's right and slightly above him when the shot was fired, Goodfellow concluded that the path of the bullet through the Englishman's body had to be downward and to the left.

Finally on July 19, 1881, to the awe and horror of those in attendance, he made a deep, two-inch long incision to the left of Smith's wound. He probed down through the intestines, sewing up each of six bullet holes as he discovered it. Afterward, he cleaned the organs and the infected abdominal cavity, which was filled with lymph. Strangely, the bullet itself refused to be found. Worried that further efforts might do more harm than good, Goodfellow called a halt to the operation and closed the incision. Exactly one month later, Smith was released from the hospital, completely recovered.

Although Doctor Goodfellow made no secret of the Smith operation in Tombstone itself, he did not advertise his achievements to the medical community at large for a number of years. He seems to have assumed that while the West would accept anything that worked, the East would see only the risks involved and the flaunting of tradition. Goodfellow was, it must be remembered, twenty-five years old at the time. He was just beginning to hit his stride in a profession where reputation is everything, so his caution is understandable.

By 1889, however, he had established himself as one of the leading physicians in Arizona. He had also per-



Arizona Historical Society, Tucson

Notice Goodfellow's shingle in the photo taken from the front door of his second office in Tombstone.



Arizona Historical Society, Tucson

Dr. George Goodfellow, photographed shortly after he arrived in Tombstone by C.S. Fly.

formed four other such operations. Goodfellow's vague records of these men are tantalizing. One of them was a Yaqui Indian warrior. Another he declined to identify except by physical description, lending credence to a rumor that he made at least a few professional visits to outlaw hideouts over the years. At that point, he was not so reticent about publicizing his accomplishments. In an article written that year for the *Southern California Practitioner*, he went so far as to make what amounted to an indictment of his medical contemporaries: "My experience as you well know has been most extensive in the gunshot wounds of civil life and it is my opinion based upon that experience that it is inexcusable and criminal to neglect to operate upon a case of gunshot wounds in the abdominal cavity."

Sometimes the rough conditions under which he had to work proved too much even for Goodfellow. On Valentine's Day, 1889, another miner, R.A. Clark, was shot in the little mountain town of Bisbee, southeast of Tombstone. Goodfellow, according to the *Tombstone Prospector* version, arrived in town on other business just before the guns went off around midnight. Goodfellow was not in his familiar hospital now. He was in an isolated mining camp and medically speaking, he was, in his own words, "alone entirely." Regardless, he had to act. Deep in shock, Clark was laid on a restaurant table. His friends gathered around, holding lamps over their heads to simulate the lighting of an operating theater. A barber was pressed into service as an anesthesiologist. Audrey Stevens' *American*

Pioneers in Abdominal Surgery quotes the *Prospector*: "He opened his [Clark's] abdomen, took his intestines out and laid them on his chest, took about two quarts of blood from the cavity. He having bled internally, picked out the two bullets in the intestines which had been cut by them, and replaced them, sewed up the skin, and the wounded man was conversing with the doctor a short time afterward." Sadly, this case was one of George Goodfellow's few failures. Clark lived only fourteen hours.

The effects of shock trauma became one of Goodfellow's abiding concerns. It was his great enemy in every bullet wound operation. His use of the then new and little known Lister Method, which placed great importance on anesthesia and the kinds of material used in suturing, accounts for much of his success. In particular, anesthesia was valued highly by Goodfellow. He followed the development of new techniques in the field religiously and was one of the very first to apply anesthetic to the spine. He quickly abandoned the technique, saying that it endangered the patient's life too greatly. His interest in spinal anesthesia, however, came during his period of greatest fame and influence and helped popularize the method in the United States.

THOUGH HE is generally considered a neutral in the feud, it was Goodfellow's forensic testimony on Billy Clanton that Justice Welles Spicer cited as the primary factor in his decision not to charge the Earps with murder at the O.K. Corral inquest. Regardless of whose side he was on, Goodfellow does seem to have lost patience with the public's fascination with the conflict. George Parsons wrote that late on the evening of December 10, 1881, the doctor extinguished the lamps in his office with a pistol shot—just to see the crowd collect for a look at the latest victim. According to Parsons, over five hundred spectators rushed to the corner of fifth and Allen. Goodfellow would also be in Bob Hatch's saloon when Morgan Earp was shot to death while playing pool on March 18, 1882.

Interestingly, one of Sheriff Johnny Behan's last hurrahs in Cochise County was an unsuccessful lawsuit against Goodfellow for alleged back rent to the tune of \$793. That amount, a very substantial sum in those days, was owed on a house that the doctor and his family occupied when they first arrived in Tombstone.

Throughout those busy years, Doctor Goodfellow also found time to be civic-minded. He was a member of a rescue and pursuit posse known as the Tombstone Rangers; he founded and edited a newspaper, the *Record*, that lasted one rocky year (1884-1885) before being bought out by the mighty *Epitaph*; he gave lectures, including one on February 8, 1888, at the public school, on the Bavispe, Sonora, earthquake. Goodfellow had led a massive international relief effort, arriving to provide emergency medical treatment for the injured within hours of the disaster. In gratitude, Mexican President Diaz presented Goodfellow with a prize stallion, an inscribed sword,

and a medal that had belonged to Emperor Maximilian. One of his most amazing civic efforts was his vigorous stumping for the building of a municipal swimming pool in 1882, when most Tombstonians thought "quality of life" meant only life without Johnny Ringo and Geronimo. Goodfellow got his pool—four years before the Apache passed from the scene, a passage which he helped facilitate as civilian scout during several futile pursuits of the old chief.

George Goodfellow had been authoring pieces for medical and scientific journals off and on since 1879. He always kept slyly mum, however, about his work with gunshot wounds until 1887. At that time, he wrote a small article for a regional magazine called the *Southern California Practitioner* about the death of outlaw Billy Grounds.

On March 20, 1882, Grounds had been shotgunned in the lower face at close range by Billy Breakenridge. When Goodfellow examined the still-living Grounds over an hour later, he found that a silk ascot Grounds had been wearing over his face had protected him from one-half the buckshot's damage. The pellets had ripped through several layers of skin, but had failed to pierce the silk. The lead was held like seeds in a pod within the wound. Grounds was suffering from no lead poisoning but from the shock of torn flesh and muscle and ruined nerves exclusively. When his patient finally died almost a full day after the shooting, Goodfellow believed his ideas on shock trauma to be tragically confirmed.

The success of Goodfellow's article "On the Im-

penetrability of Silk to Bullets" probably encouraged him to admit to the "taboo" operations that he had been performing in Tombstone. In its May 1889 issue, the *Practitioner* carried a second piece by Goodfellow, "Cases of Gunshot Wound Treated by Operation." It became a turning point in Goodfellow's career. Word of his experiments traveled west to east, doctor to doctor, across the country. By the time of the Spanish-American War only nine years later, such operations had become almost common. The invention of the x-ray in 1895 helped greatly.

George Goodfellow's best recognized surgical innovation was still to come. In October of 1891, Doctor Goodfellow moved from Tombstone to the growing city of Tucson. Not long after Goodfellow arrived in the Old Pueblo, E.B. Gage, one of southern Arizona's most important citizens called on him. Gage owned the Grand Central Mine, the largest and most successful in the district. Gage had been suffering for years from prostate agonies that had reached the point of ruining his life. He begged Goodfellow for a cure, any cure. If Gage had been visiting any other doctor in the territory he would have been told what he had heard many times before—there was no cure. Doctor Goodfellow, of course, had other ideas. The one possibility, he explained to the stricken magnate, was the total removal of the prostate. Whether he also mentioned that no such operation had ever been recorded in medical history is not known. At any rate, Gage agreed to the procedure.

Dr. W.V. Whitmore was the anesthesiologist.



Fifth and Allen streets, Tombstone, 1881. Virgil Earp, Charlie Storms, and Billy Claibourne were shot at this intersection. Dr. Goodfellow's office is on the second floor of the building in the right foreground, with the open window.

Years later he remembered, "Goodfellow used his scalpel only . . . dissection up to the gland . . . [was] done by the index finger. In a remarkably short time, the gland was delivered intact." The operation was an unqualified success, but Goodfellow did not advertise his breakthrough for some time. Apparently he was still somewhat worried about public censure. In fact, he always remained vague about when and where the Gage operation took place. The best guess as to when is that it happened the last week of December 1891, or the first week of 1892. His reticence about "where" was probably due to a combination of religious objections to the operation and a professional confidence.

Goodfellow naturally would have wanted the best facilities available for this experimental work. In his part of the world that meant St. Mary's, near Tucson. He did perform several surgeries there in the early nineties, including one mentioned in the *Arizona Star* on July 30, 1892: "Doctor Goodfellow on Thursday performed the operation of laparectomy on a son of Chief of Police Roche. The boy has been suffering from

an abdominal tumor for some months. He is doing well." Significantly, "laparectomy"—a partial excision of the abdominal wall to relieve pressure—was Goodfellow's favorite medical term. He used it in his "Gunshot" article, claiming that removal of damaged organs was only an extension of the commonplace laparectomy procedure and not a radical concept at all. It must be wondered if the Roche boy received a standard—or a Goodfellow version of the surgery.

If the Gage operation did take place at St. Mary's, the doctor's silence could have been an honorable reluctance to admit that the hospital had permitted a "violation" of the body to be made on its premises. At any rate, his association with St. Mary's had ended in 1893. That year he purchased the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Tucson, converted one section of it into a top flight surgical theater and forgot about other people's opinions for the rest of his life.

HIS SUDDEN prosperity was due mostly to E.B. Gage, who, for his own part, could not be silent. Wild with grateful enthusiasm, he spread the word among his fellow magnates and soon Tucson was fascinated by the numbers of wealthy, middle-aged men visiting their "Doc" from all corners of the globe.

Eventually Dr. Goodfellow had no choice but to announce his accomplishments. The response from his colleagues and the public swept him to stage center of the medical community. Wags dubbed him "Man's Best Friend." His articles began appearing in *Scientific American* and the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. He gave lectures and seminars all over the country on the perineal prostatectomy, as he now referred to his procedure, and demonstrated it in New York and Chicago. In total, Goodfellow had performed seventy-eight such operations by 1904. He lost only two patients, one from sepsis, one from shock.

Obviously the country town that Tucson still was in the 1890s could not hold one of the nation's most eminent physicians forever. On December 31, 1896, Goodfellow sold the Cosmopolitan to Charles De Graff and returned to his native California, settling first in Los Angeles.

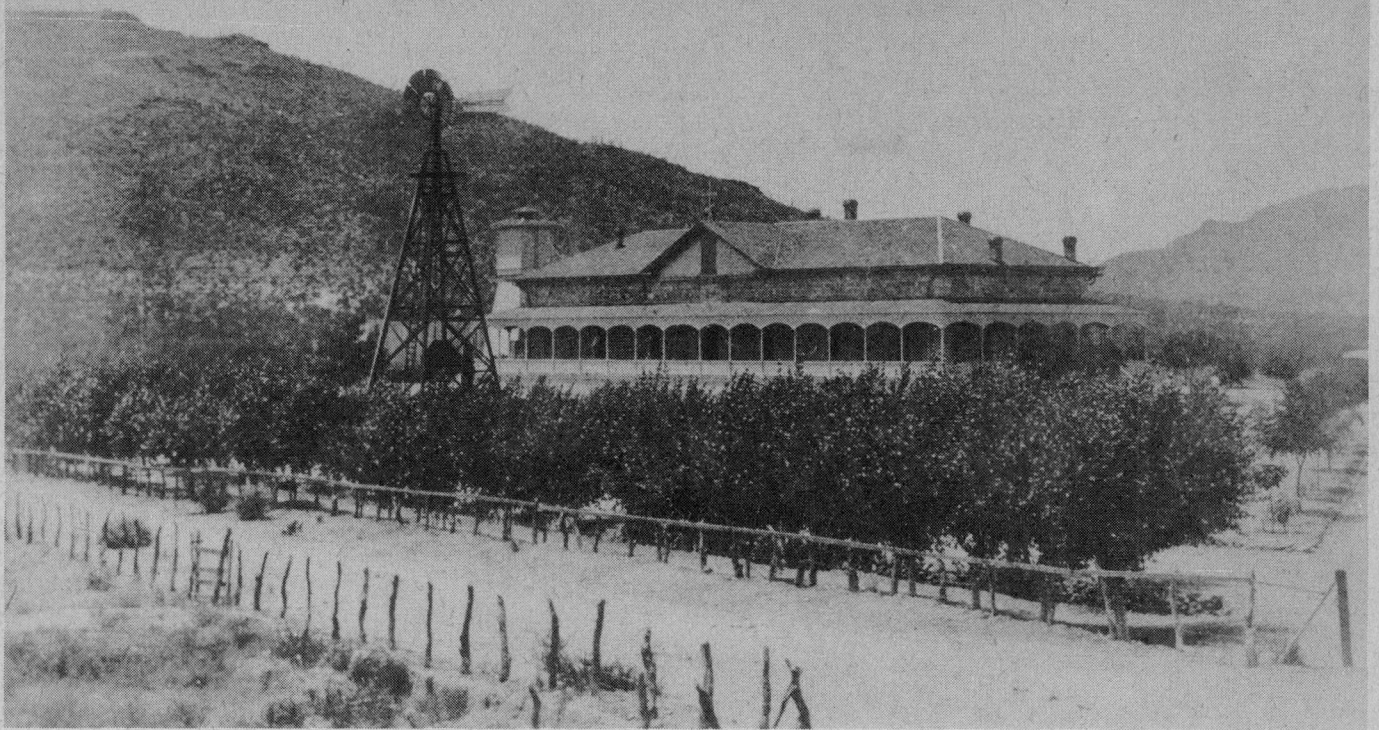
In 1898 he helped make international news in a non-medical capacity. General Shafter, commander of the land forces during the Spanish-American War, was an old friend of Goodfellow's. At the general's request, Goodfellow joined Shafter in Cuba. When the American troops cornered General Toral and laid siege, the Spanish-speaking doctor suddenly became Shafter's interpreter and main negotiating agent.

His first meeting with General Toral was ostensibly humanitarian: to examine wounded American prisoners. However, a rapport was established and Goodfellow returned to the Spaniard's camp several more times to work on terms for armistice. After failing to persuade Toral to give up after a week of trying, he resorted in desperation to the oldest trick in human diplomacy. According to Goodfellow, he got General Toral drunk and the surrender was effected.



Arizona Historical Society, Tucson

George W. Parsons, Goodfellow's friend and patient.



Arizona Historical Society, Tucson

St. Mary's Hospital near Tucson in the 1890s, where Dr. Goodfellow's first clandestine prostate operation probably took place.

On February 13, 1900, Doctor George Goodfellow was awarded a special congressional citation for his role in ending the war.

At that point in his life, George Goodfellow was becoming a very wealthy man. He invested heavily in real estate in downtown San Francisco, which became his home around the turn of the century. The fire and earthquake of 1906 destroyed all of those properties. His partners slipped out to let him face the creditors alone, and the repayment of huge bank loans and other debts involved ruined him.

Doctor Goodfellow had always been a hearty drinker, and starting over at the normal age of retirement did not lessen his enthusiasm for the bottle. Rumors of alcoholism only deepened his troubles. An old friend helped him get a job as chief surgeon of the Southern Pacific's Mexican Division, headquartered at Guaymas. There, in April of 1910, he began to lose control of his wrist and made a shattering self-diagnosis: multiple neuritis. He returned to California to die, telling his old friend and in-law, C.W. Fish, that he could not imagine life without the challenge of surgery. On December 7, 1910, in Los Angeles, Doctor Goodfellow's troubles were finally ended.

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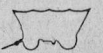
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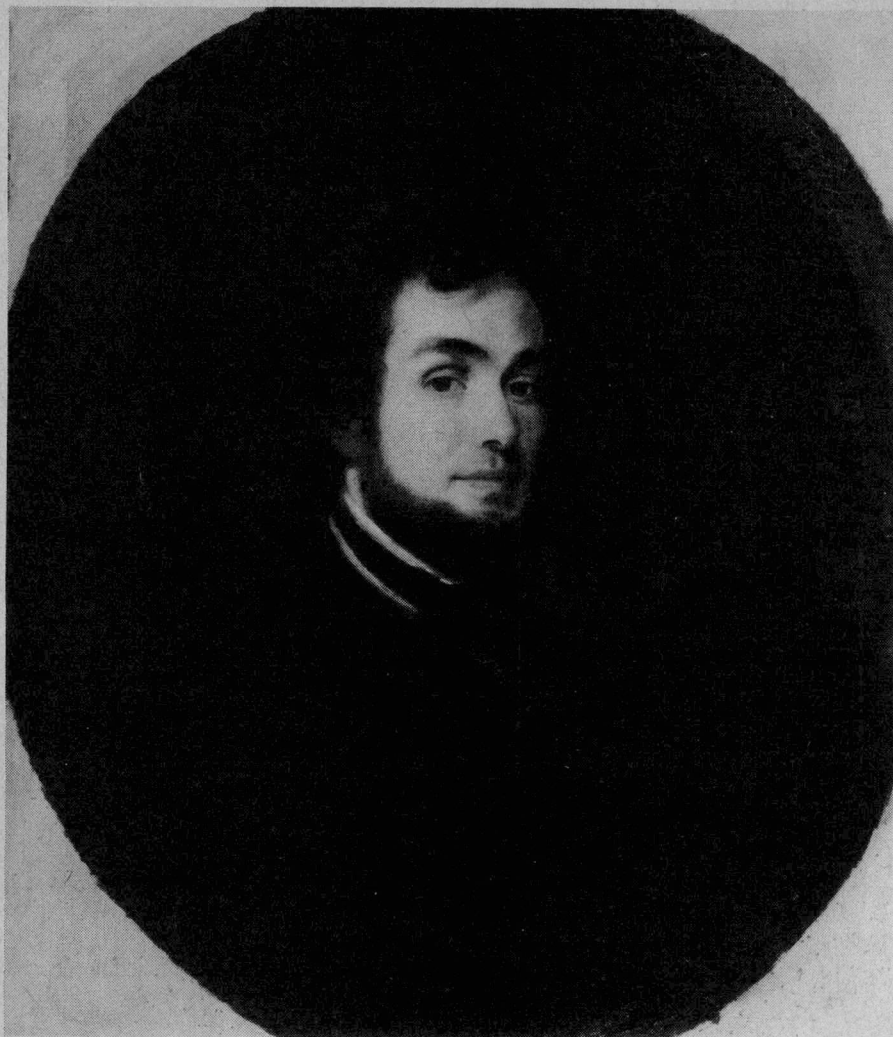
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Alfred Jacob Miller, self-portrait.

Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

While Miller was sketching Independence Rock, he became so absorbed in his work that he was unaware of anything else. "About half an hour transpired," he wrote, "when suddenly I found my head violently forced down in such a manner that it was impossible to turn it right or left. An impression ran immediately through my mind that this was an Indian and I was lost."

They made a bright and wondrous spectacle—wild trappers full of life and excitement after a hard winter in the mountains; Shoshones, Flatheads, Nez Percés, and Bannacks dressed in their finery and mounted on prancing, painted ponies.

It was rendezvous! There would be precious few more of them, and this would be the only one recorded by an artist. It was one hundred and fifty years ago this month that Alfred Jacob Miller arrived at the thirteenth rendezvous in July 1837.

Miller earned his place in history by being the first—and only—artist to record firsthand the rendezvous of the mountain men. Others, like Bodmer and Catlin, might have gone West earlier, but none took the traditional trappers' route that would about ten years later become the Oregon Trail. And none visited the rendezvous of the mountain men, held yearly since 1825.

Miller was brought west by William Drummond Stewart, a Scottish nobleman who had been in the Rockies with the mountain men before. Stewart admired Miller's work and wanted a record of the West to take home to Scotland.

Two reasons usually are given for Stewart's desire to preserve the frontier in art. Stewart loved the life of the mountain man and knew the fur trade was dying fast, so he wanted a record of it before it was gone for all time. Also, his brother, the Earl of Murthly, was seriously ill. If the earl died, Stewart would have to return to Scotland and assume the title, as well as the lands, money, and responsibilities that went with it. If he had to make that trip, he would want some physical reminders of the American West.

Alfred Jacob Miller was born January 2, 1810, in Baltimore, Maryland, the son of a grocer, George H. Miller, and the former Harriet Jacobs. He showed an early talent for art, and so his parents managed to get him some lessons. That, however, would come about only after his schoolmaster, a stern disciplinarian

By JOHN LEGG

The Artist and the

Alfred Jacob Miller's paintings and sketches are the only



Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

"The Lost Greenhorn."

named John Craig, had called on him "to destroy any caricatures that I had scribbled on paper—these without looking at he would roll up and put in the fire."

Miller went on to study with Thomas Sully in Baltimore from 1831 to 1832, showing a great aptitude for portraiture—a gift he would show to great advantage for the rest of his life. Englishman Godfrey T. Vigne visited Baltimore about 1832 and wrote, "I visited the studios of two very promis-

ing young artists; Mr. Hubbard... is certainly the better painter, but has the advantage of four or five years experience over Mr. Miller... quite a boy, and whom I think at least an equal genius. He has had little or no instruction. If sent to Europe, as he certainly ought to be, I will venture to predict that at some future period he will be an ornament to his native city, and which he never will be, or can be, if he does not leave it."

So go to Europe he did. William

Dunlap said of Miller, "He showed such decided talent for historical painting that his father was prevailed upon to send him to France and Italy." One wonders what Dunlap thought of as historical painting, for Miller's forte throughout his career was portraiture. Portraits were by far his best work, whether of a rich Baltimore matron or a Crow war chief.

In 1833, Miller visited and studied in France, claiming he was the first American allowed to copy paintings in

e Mountain Men

firsthand pictures of a Rocky Mountain Rendezvous

the Louvre. He also studied in Italy and, possibly, Switzerland, the lakes and mountains of which supposedly were the inspiration for those he painted later of the Rockies. In Europe, he met a number of artists devoted to the new and vigorous French Romantic movement, which would be much in evidence in all his American works.

In 1834, Miller returned to Baltimore, where he opened a studio—three rooms at 153 Colonnade Row, Baltimore Street, over a music shop. There he struggled to make a living, selling copies of famous paintings from Rome, Florence, and Paris; selling his own works; varnishing ancestral portraits; and even illustrating sheet music for his landlord.

Late in 1836 or early in 1837, a defeated Miller wrote, "A young man left his home to seek a fortune in New Orleans. Trouble of all kinds had accumulated and in order not to be burdensome, engaged passage on a merchant ship and in a week reached his

destination with \$30 in his pocket."

Miller took a studio at 132 Chartres Street, in New Orleans. In March or April 1837, a distinguished gentleman arrived at the studio and examined Miller's works. One painting was a view of Baltimore at evening. "I like the management of that picture and the view," the gentleman told Miller, and he left.

A few days later the gentleman returned and gave Miller his card. He was Captain William Drummond Stewart, of the British Army. He told Miller he was making plans for another trip to the Rocky Mountains "and wished to have a competent artist—to sketch the remarkable scenery & incidents... now [he said] as I am very well satisfied with your work I should like you to accompany me."

Doubtful, Miller checked on Stewart. He found that the nobleman had made several trips west since 1833 and was well acquainted with the mountain men,

rendezvous, and the Rockies. Without qualms, Miller accepted. Stewart, Miller, and nine other men in Stewart's party left Independence, Missouri, in May 1837, along with mountain man Tom Fitzpatrick and some of his American Fur Company men.

On the Journey, Miller apparently had to pull his own weight, being excused only from night guard duty, though some say he had only to care for his horse. He sketched during his every available hour, capturing a startling record of trader-trapper activities in the wild.

The men traveled up the Blue River through present-day Kansas and into present-day Nebraska to the Platte River, which they followed west to the Sweetwater and on to South Pass through the Rockies and rendezvous on the Green River. Along the way, Miller sketched such landmarks as Independence Rock, Devil's Gate, Scott's Bluff and Chimney Rock.

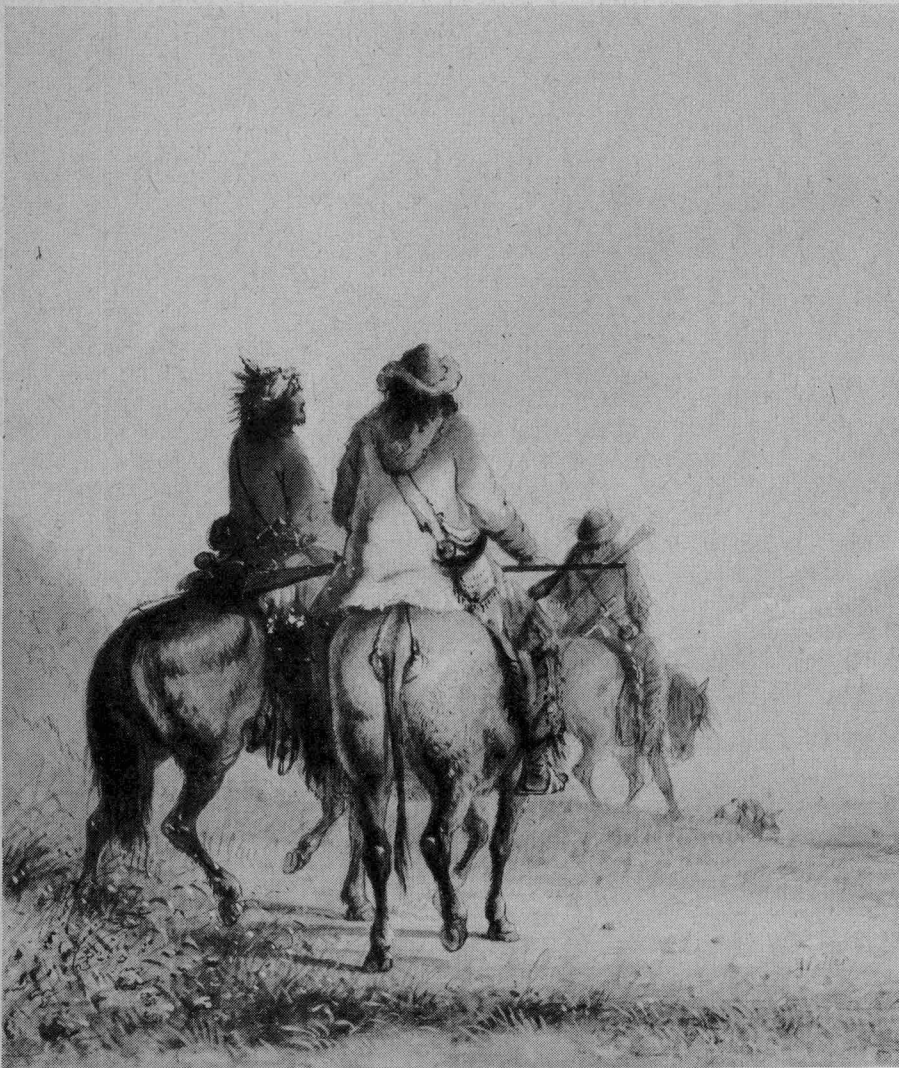
Miller never missed an opportunity to sketch. But he also listened and watched, learning the reality of mountain man life as well as the tall tales and legends. He began to learn also about the Indians and animals that inhabited the West.

The hunter for the group was a half-breed named Antoine Clement, and Stewart assigned him to help Miller get sketches of buffalo. Those huge, shaggy beasts impressed Miller greatly, as they did all greenhorns. Clement was good at his job, but he had a nasty streak, as well as a propensity for having as much fun as he could while "guiding" Miller.

"SOMETIMES," Miller said, "while absorbed in the chewing the [buffalo] would suddenly make a dash at us, and a ludicrous scene would immediately ensue... As he [Clement] was with us almost everyday in these excursions, there was no lack of incidents and *contretemps* in which the ridiculous predominated."

But not all was fun and frolic. While Miller was sketching Independence Rock, he became so absorbed in his work that he was unaware of anything else. "About half an hour transpired when suddenly I found my head violently forced down in such a manner that it was impossible to turn it right or left. An impression ran immediately through my mind that this was an Indian & that I was lost. In five minutes, however, the hands were removed."

Miller was relieved to find that it was Stewart who had grabbed him, and not some wild Blackfoot out to raise hair.



"Trappers Starting for Beaver Hunt."

Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore



Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

"Trapping Beaver."

"Let this be a warning to you," Stewart told him sternly, "or else on some fine day you would be among the missing. You must have your eyes and wits about you." Evidently Stewart's words had the desired effect, since Miller returned to civilization unscathed and with his hair intact.

Stewart and his entourage arrived at Fort Laramie, then still called Fort William after its founder, mountain man, trader, and businessman, William Sublette. Here Miller was to take his first step to importance. Miller was the only artist ever to sketch the original fort, which was started in 1834 and rebuilt of adobe farther up the Laramie River in 1841. In addition to his sketches, Miller took voluminous notes on the fort, a common practice among traveling artists of the day. When they returned to civilization, the artists would do oil paintings based on the sketches. They would use the notes to refresh their memories of scenes and include them as explanatory notes when the paintings were shown or published.

Miller's group left the fort on June 27 and arrived at the rendezvous on Horse Creek near the Green River on July 18.

July 1987

Stewart, as he had been on his previous trips, was accepted by the mountain men, and he was used to the wild revelry of rendezvous. He gleefully took part in all aspects of it. While he and the others were doing so, Miller worked hard sketching, becoming the only artist to paint the mountain men at their annual bacchanal.

He drew the pageantry of a "Snake" (Shoshone) Indian parade; buffalo hunting; carousing mountain men; beautiful portraits of Indian warriors. He met Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Joe Walker, Andrew Drips, and others. He sketched Stewart; he sketched Bridger in a suit of armor that Stewart had given to him; and he sketched Joe Walker in what would become one of his better known paintings—"Bourgeoise W—r and His Wife." And he sketched what was to become probably his most famous painting of all, "Trapper's Bride."

Miller spent roughly a month at rendezvous before Stewart took him on a sketching trip through the Wind River Mountains and Crow country. They headed east in the fall.

Miller arrived back at his studio in New Orleans with a wealth of sketches

and notes. Then he began his real work—full-scale paintings, mostly oils, from his western sketches. In July 1838, a collection of those works was shown. Even better, in 1839, a collection of his western scenes was shown at the Apollo Gallery in New York City before being shipped off to Murthly Castle in Scotland.

Miller went to Scotland himself a year later to paint more pictures for Stewart. The Scottish nobleman was generous and allowed Miller to spend the winter of 1841–42 in London, where he met fellow western artist George Catlin. In 1842, Miller returned to the United States and opened a studio in Baltimore, where he began a relatively successful career.

Miller had plenty of material to work with. He had made more than two hundred sketches on his journey to the Rockies. They would be copied time and again for sale, and there was a continuous demand for his Western pictures over the years. Miller's account book shows that between February 1859 and August 1860 collector William T. Walters ordered two hundred watercolors, which are now part of the

Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore. William C. Wait ordered fifty-seven of Miller's works in 1858 and 1859. Forty-one were commissioned by Alexander Brown of Liverpool, England.

Miller painted portraits and local scenes as well as his Western works, but it was the latter that made him something of a local celebrity. His portraits of western Indians also brought him some small recognition outside Baltimore.

He made a respectable living at his work. For one painting there is this entry in his account book, dated 1858: "July 15, I commenced duplicating Indian Sketches for Wm. T. Walters. \$12. each. Also, to furnish small notes." Miller never married, and he was cared for by his two sisters. With his sales, they made a comfortable life.

From his beginnings as an artist, Miller was a portrait painter. That was evident from the very first, and it continued to be in his portraits of High Shield and Joe Walker. His abilities at

painting animals were far less. That he was a painter in the Romantic style, with all it entailed, was also evident in all his works, but it grew stronger as he grew older.

He also changed in "perspective" the further he got from the West in time.

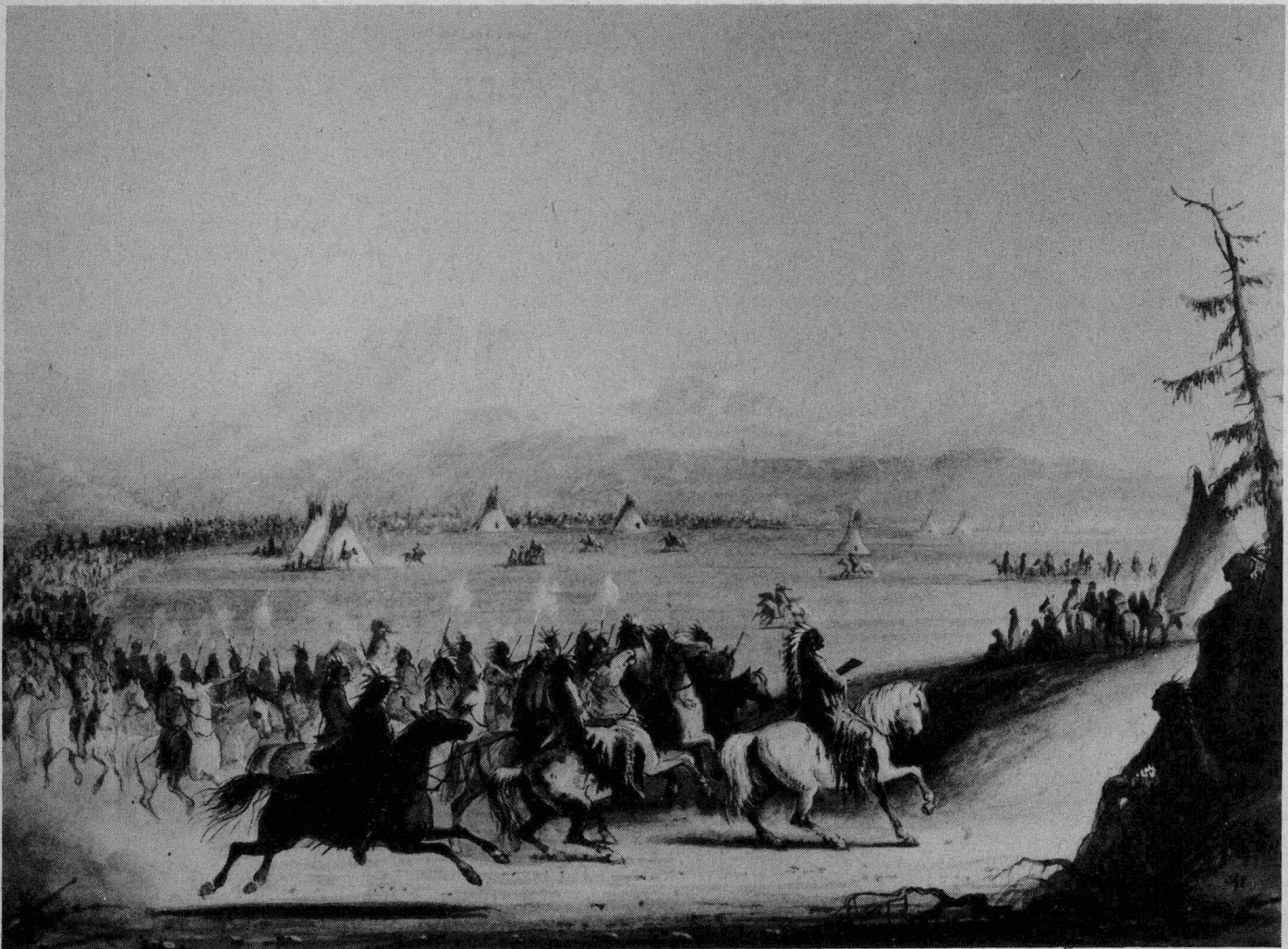
dreamy. His notes seemed to help him little during these times.

Two reasons for the deterioration of realism in Miller's work over the years are likely. One, Stewart was a stern taskmaster and so kept a close watch over Miller's work. Since Stewart was

He drew the pageantry of a Snake Indian parade; buffalo hunting; carousing mountain men; beautiful portraits of Indian warriors. He sketched Stewart; he sketched Bridger in a suit of armor Stewart had given him; and he sketched Joe Walker in "Bourgeoise W—r and his Bride."

His early watercolors and oils were accurately detailed, but as time passed he began imposing more and more of his own "perceptions" on his work. His Indians all became Noble Savages; "The Trapper's Bride" was converted to romantic claptrap with little basis in reality. Mountain scenes became overly

so well acquainted with the American West—the mountains, the Indians, the trappers—he could not be fooled by Miller's dreamy view of the West. Others who had never seen the West could be fooled. Two, even enhanced by all his notes, Miller's memory naturally faded with time and distance. The great



"Cavalcade."

Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

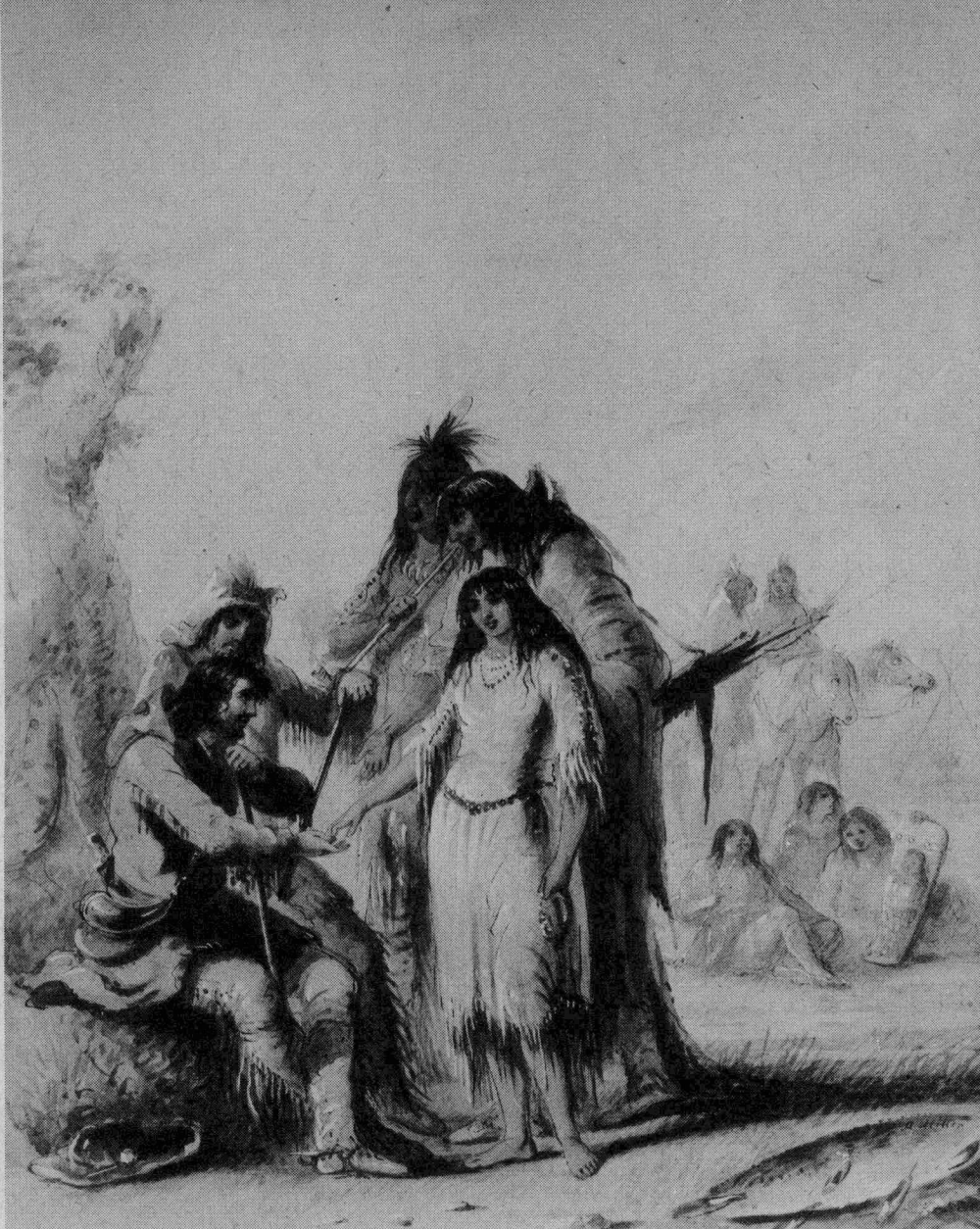
demand for Miller's work also might have contributed to its decreasing realism. He might have rushed some of it, thereby skipping detail in order to finish. But most likely, a lot of it had to do with his Romantic training in Europe, which would color his view of the world until he died.

Though the Romanticism of the period often shone through, Miller's work is generally considered accurate. He brought home a good collection of artifacts, which he could study for realistic detail. Of Miller's contemporaries, Catlin was better at virtually everything except portraits; Bierstadt was fantastic at landscapes; Seth Eastman also was very good at landscapes. But in portraits, Miller outshone them all.

While others might have been better artists, Miller is remembered in American history for capturing the grandeur and wildness of the Rocky Mountain rendezvous in all its glory. He was fortunate to have recorded, in all its primitive pageantry, one of the rarest scenes in American history. As Fred R. Gowens says in *Rocky Mountain Rendezvous*, "During the sixteen year history of the rendezvous, neither mountain man, traveler, missionary or visitor left a more detailed description of it than Alfred Jacob Miller."

Miller died in 1874 in Baltimore, where he had been a success because of his portraits. Outside the area of his hometown, he was known for his western works, and some of his art had been published in a book in 1851. But after his death, Miller's reputation faded, and he was forgotten for almost three-quarters of a century. He was ignored by critics and neglected by art historians. It was only after the Great Depression and a resurgence of interest in the Old West that Miller regained his importance in history.

In the last thirty or forty years, nearly every book on the mountain man period of the American West has included at least one reprint of an Alfred Jacob Miller work. Miller made only that one trip West, but by doing so when he did, he became as much a trailblazer as the mountain men he so aptly depicted.



Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

"The Trapper's Bride."

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July 4, 1849, on the Emigration Road

An Account of the Stansbury Party's Independence Day Celebration on the Trail West, and an Incident Among the Sioux Indians

Submitted by PRESTON YOUNG, JR.

Thousands braved the long journey west in '49 in search of either a new home in Oregon or that more alluring object, the glittering treasure of California. Captain Howard Stansbury, Corps of Topographical Engineers, U.S. Army, sought neither. His mission was the exploration and survey of the Great Salt Lake in Utah.

The Stansbury party of eighteen men, five wagons, and forty-six horses and mules departed from Fort Leavenworth on May 31, 1849. July 4 found the party camped on Ash Creek, within eight days of Fort Laramie, at a place the emigrants called Ash Hollow. Here the traces of the great tide of emigration were plainly visible in the remains of camp fires, in blazed trees covered with innumerable names carved upon them, and in scattered articles abandoned by those adventurous souls who found they had brought more on the journey than they could continue to carry. Most discouraging, they found a total absence of grass or other vegetation of any kind for the animals.

From the Stansbury journals comes this account of July 4th, 1849, on the emigrant trail west.

Wednesday, July 4th.

Thermometer at sunrise 68 degrees. This being a national festival, I determined to spend the day here and celebrate it as well as our limited means would permit. A salute was fired morning and evening, and a moderate

allowance of grog served out to the men, which, with a whole day's rest and plenty of buffalo meat, rendered them quite happy.

We had observed yesterday, on the opposite side of the river (the Platte) a number of Indian lodges, pitched on the bank; but the total absence of any living or moving thing about them induced

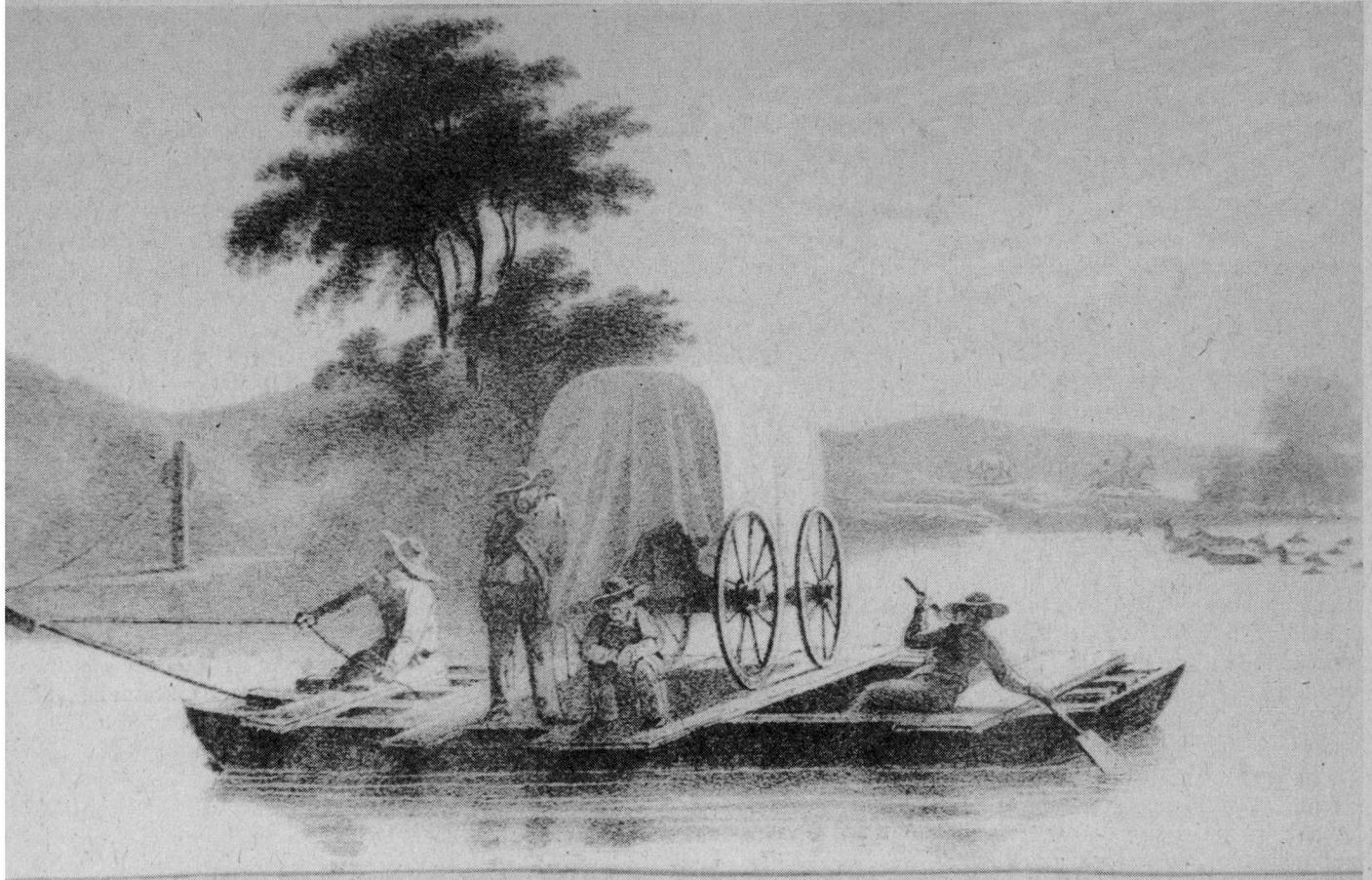
Before the lodge of each brave was erected a tripod of thin, slender poles, about ten feet in length, upon which was suspended his round white shield, with some device painted upon it, his spear, and a buckskin 'medicine' bag. It reminded me of the scenes of Ivanhoe and the Crusaders...

us from curiosity to pay them a visit. In order to do this it was necessary to cross the river, here nearly a mile in breadth, with a strong rapid current. I was afraid to risk any of the animals, as the bottom was known to be very treacherous and full of quicksands; so it was determined we should wade it. Having stripped to our drawers, we tied our shirts and moccasins around our necks to keep them dry, and, accompanied by five or six of the men, commenced the passage. The water was up to our middle, and the strong and constant pressure of the current rendered our efforts to bear up against it very fatiguing. We straggled on, but very

slowly, from the yielding nature of the sandy and marly bottom, which was immediately washed from beneath the foot every time it was placed on the ground. If we stood still in the same spot, even for a short time, the bottom would be so rapidly excavated from beneath us, that a hole of sufficient depth would be formed to render swimming necessary. After continuing these tedious and laborious efforts until we had nearly reached the opposite shore, on advancing a single step we found ourselves in water beyond our depth—the channel of the river running close to the bank—and the shirts we had so carefully endeavored to keep dry were in a moment thoroughly soaked. We made out, however, to scramble ashore.

I put on my moccasins, and displaying my wet shirt like a flag to the wind, we proceeded to the lodges which had attracted our curiosity. There were five of them, pitched upon the open prairie, and in them we found the bodies of nine Sioux, laid out upon the ground, wrapped in their robes of buffalo skin, with their saddles, spears, camp-kettles, and all their accoutrements, filed up around them. Some lodges contained three, others only one body, all of which were more or less in a state of decomposition. A short distance apart from these was one lodge which, though small, seemed of rather superior pretensions, and was evidently pitched with great care. It contained the body of a young Indian girl of sixteen or eighteen

years, with a countenance presenting quite an agreeable expression: she was richly dressed in leggins of fine scarlet cloth, elaborately ornamented; a new pair of moccasins, beautifully embroidered with porcupine quills, was on her feet, and her body was wrapped in two superb buffalo robes, worked in like manner. She had evidently been dead but a day or two; and to our surprise a portion of the upper part of her person was bare, exposing the face and a part of the breast, as if the robes in which she was wrapped had by some means been disarranged, whereas all the other bodies were closely covered up. It was, at the time, the opinion of our moun-



The Stansbury party crossed the north fork of the Platte just above Deer Creek. The ferry was constructed of seven canoes dug from cottonwood logs, fastened with poles. The craft was drawn by means of a rope stretched across the river.

taineers that these Indians must have fallen in an encounter with a party of Crows; but I subsequently learned that they had all died of the cholera, and that this young girl, being considered past recovery, had been arrayed by her friends in the habiliments of the dead, enclosed in the lodge alive, and abandoned to her fate—so fearfully alarmed were the Indians by this, to them, novel and terrible disease. But the melancholy tale of this poor forsaken girl does not end here. Her abandonment by her people, though with inevitable death before her eyes, may perhaps be excused from the extremity of their terror; but what will be thought of the conduct of men enlightened by Christianity, and under no such excess of fear, who, by their own confession, approached and looked into this lodge while the forsaken being was yet alive, and able partially to raise herself up and look at them, but who, with a heartlessness that disgraces human nature, turned away, and, without an effort for her relief, left her alone to die!

Leaving this melancholy scene, we recrossed the river and returned to our encampment, where preparations had

been made for a Fourth of July dinner. Although deprived of the vegetable luxuries upon which our eastern friends were doubtless feasting, still our bill of fare would not have been unacceptable even to an epicure. Buffalo soup, buffalo ribs, tenderloin, and marrow-bones roasted, boiled ham, stewed peaches, and broiled curlew, relished with a couple of bottles of cool claret which we had carefully preserved for this occasion, and crowned by a cup of coffee and a cigar, made a meal which, notwithstanding the cup was of tin and our table the greensward, are thought not entirely unworthy of the day. In the evening two men came into camp and requested our hospitality: they had been emigrants, but were on their return to the states disgusted, having fallen out with their company by the way.

Thursday, July 5th.

We commenced our journey up the North Fork of the Platte River. After a tedious march of twenty-three miles we encamped on the bank of the river. Just above us was a village of Sioux, consisting of ten lodges. They were accompanied by Mr. Badeau, a trader; and,

having been driven from the South Fork by the cholera, had fled to the emigrant road, in the hope of obtaining medical aid from the whites. As soon as it was dark, the chief and a dozen braves of the village came and sat down in a semi-circle around the front of my tent, and by means of an interpreter, informed me that they would be very glad of a little coffee, sugar, or biscuit. I gave them what we could spare. They told us there was another and larger band encamped about two miles above, many of whom were very sick with the cholera: they themselves had been afflicted with it, but had in a great measure recovered, although they were in great dread of its return. As soon as they were told that I had a doctor, or 'medicine man' with me, and received assurances that some medicines would be prepared for them, and left with the trader—who had married among them—they expressed much delight, and returned to their villages, where, soon after, the sound of the drum and the song, expressive of the revival of hope, which had almost departed, resounded from the 'medicine-lodge', and continued until a late hour of the night. In the meantime, I directed a quantity

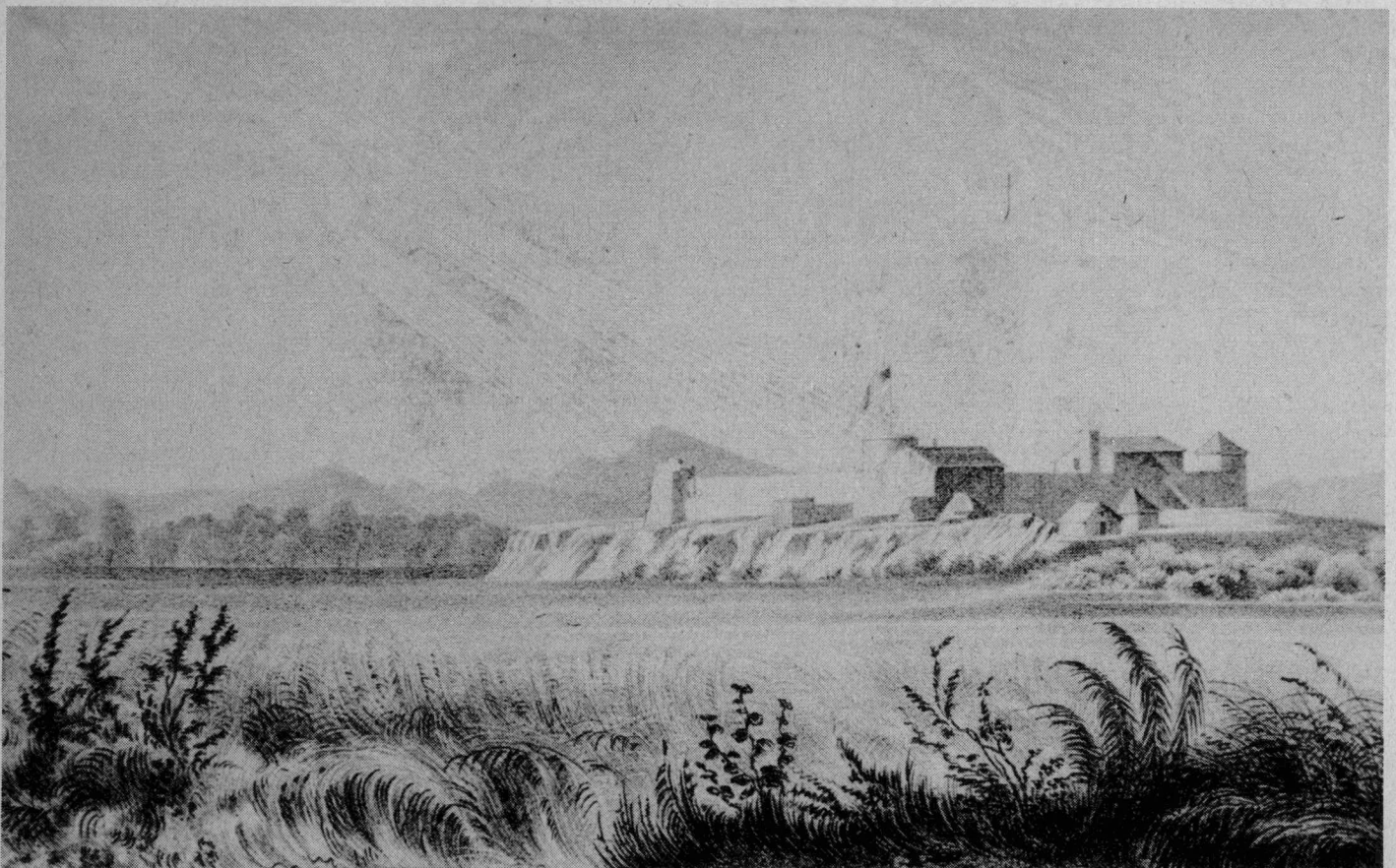
of medicine to be prepared, with the necessary directions for using it. The following morning we paid a visit, in passing, to the upper village, which contained about two hundred and fifty souls. They were in the process of breaking up their encampment, being obliged to move farther up the river, to obtain fresh grass for their animals. A more curious, novel, and animated scene I never witnessed. Squaws, papooses, dogs, puppies, mules, and ponies, all in busy motion, while the lordly, lazy men lounged about with an air of listless indifference, too proud to render the slightest aid to their faithful drudges. Before the lodge of each brave was erected a tripod of thin, slender poles, about ten feet in length, upon which was suspended his round white shield, with some device painted upon it, his spear, and a buckskin sack, containing his 'medicine' bag. It reminded me of the scenes of Ivanhoe and the Crusaders, and impressed me with the singularity of the coincidence in the customs of what were then the most refined nations of the world, with those of these wild and untutored savages. The cholera had been quite bad among them, and was still raging. I visited nearly every lodge,

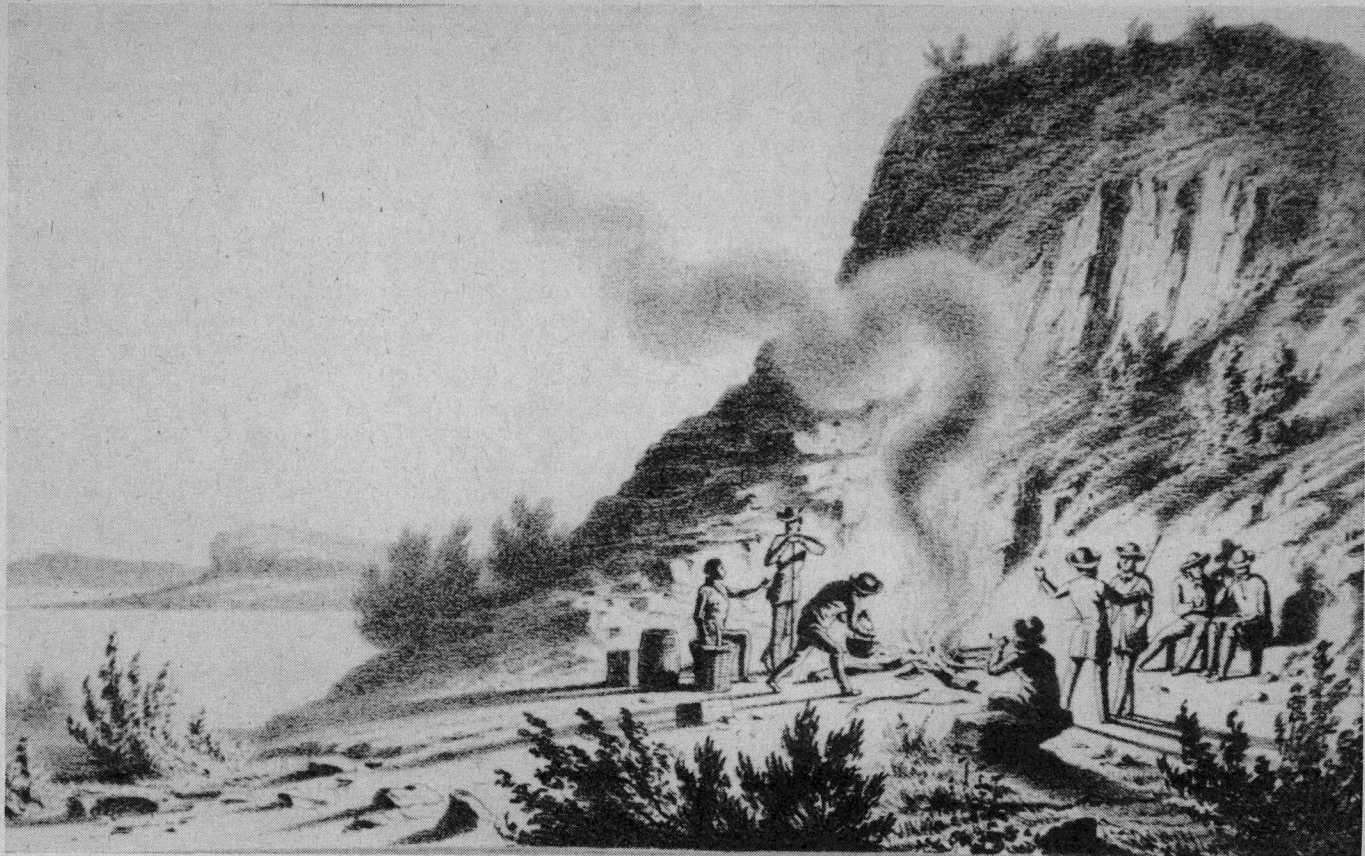
in company with the doctor and Mr. Bissonette, the trader, and medicine was administered to all who required it. It was touching to witness the moral effect produced by the mere presence of a 'medicine-man' upon these poor wretches. They swallowed the medicine with great avidity, and an absolute faith in its efficacy, which, I have little doubt, saved many a life that would have otherwise been lost. I shall never forget one poor fellow, a tall, fine looking young man of about twenty-five. He had been sick three days, and we found him sitting on the ground, his blanket drawn closely around him, and his chin resting upon his knees, the image of despair—very quiet, but the expression of his countenance showing that he had made up his mind that he must die. To add to his despondence, a young man from the next lodge had just been carried out and buried. The doctor examined him closely, and then requested the interpreter to tell him that the worst was past, and that, with care and attention, he would soon entirely recover. Never did I behold any thing like the change which, in an instant, came over the expressive countenance of this poor savage. His face flushed, the fire came

into his eyes, and a radiant smile of confidence and hope, which was beautiful to behold, broke through the previous gloom. He raised his eyes, till now sternly fixed upon the ground, gently smote his hands together, turned his head toward his squaw, who was standing behind him, and in a low and silvery tone communicated to her the joyful news. It was to him a perfect resurrection from the dead; for he seemed now to entertain no doubt of his recovery, but received the assurance of the doctor as if it had been the fiat of fate. It was a moving site [sic]; and although we could not understand a single word that passed, the whole scene was perfectly intelligible. After administering to all who stood in need, a quantity of medicine was left with Mr. Bissonette, with the necessary directions.

The whole village was much revived by this visit from the 'medicine-man', and expressed much thankfulness, and a strong desire that he should remain among them. As this was obviously impossible, we continued our journey, accompanied for several miles by the people of both villages. The whole scene was unique in the highest degree. The road

Captain Stansbury camped eight days from Fort Laramie on July 4, 1849. Formerly known as Fort John, it was established by the American Fur Company and later sold to the United States government.





At a camp near Promontory Point began the first land circuit of the Great Salt Lake by white men in 1849. Five men and sixteen mules ventured into a strange and hostile land where the scarcity of water, the treacherous terrain, and the fear of Indian attacks made vanishing without a trace a distinct possibility.

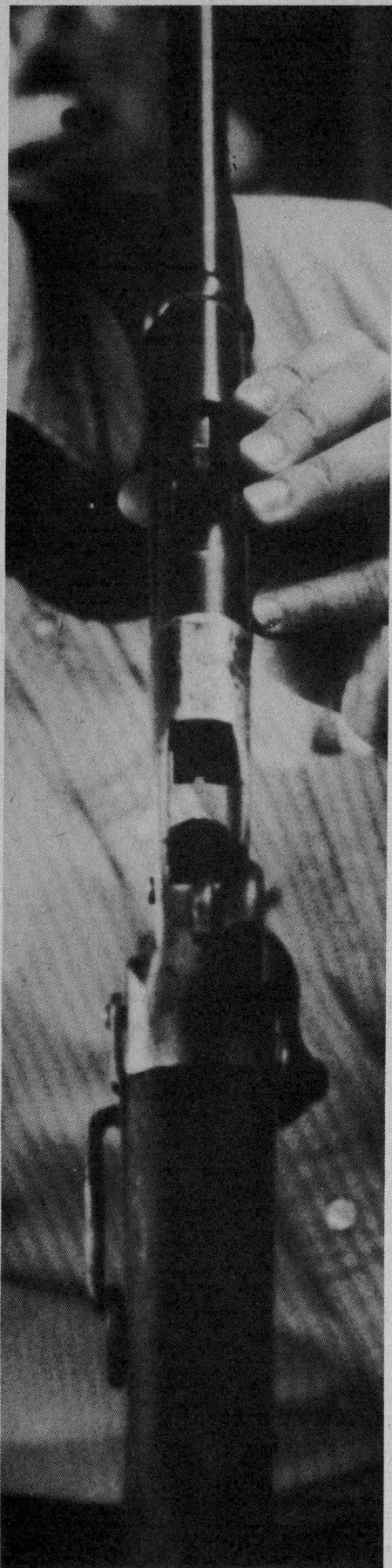
was strewn for miles with the most motley assemblage I ever beheld, each lodge moving off from the village as soon as its inhabitants were ready, without waiting for the others. The means of transportation were horses, mules, and dogs. Four or five lodge poles are fastened on each side of the animal, the ends of which trail on the ground behind, like the shafts of a truck or dray. On these, behind the horse, is fastened a light framework, the outside of which consists of a strong hoop, bent into an oval form, and interlaced with a sort of network of rawhide. Most of these are surmounted by a light wicker canopy, very much like our covers for childrens wagons, except that it extends the whole length, and is open at only one side. Over the canopy is spread a blanket, shawl, or buffalo robe, so as to form a protection from the sun or rain. Upon this light but strong trellis-work they place the lighter articles, such as clothing, robes, etc., and then pack away among these their puppies and papooses, of both which they seem to have a goodly number. The women, when tired of walking, get upon them to rest and take care of their babies. The elasticity of the poles makes the motion easy and pleasant. I afterward saw an

old Indian, that had been crippled in one of the skirmishes which so often occur among these tribes, whose only mode of locomotion was a contrivance of this kind, from which he could not move without assistance.

The dogs are also made to perform an important part in this shifting of quarters. Two short, light lodge poles are fastened together at the small end, and made to rest at an angle upon the animals neck, the other ends, of course, trailing upon the ground. Over his shoulders is placed a sort of pad, or small saddle, the girth of which fastens the poles to his sides, and connects with a little collar or breast-strap. Behind the dog a small platform or frame is fastened to the poles, similar to that used for the horses, upon which are placed lighter articles, generally puppies, which are considered quite valuable, being raised for beasts of burden as well as for food and the chase. I was informed by Mr. Bissonette that many tribes, having no horses or mules, used dogs altogether in moving their villages. We saw a large number of these animals, with their sharp noses and wolf-like ears, thus harnessed, and trotting as if it were an occupation to which they were perfectly accustomed. The

whole duty of taking down and putting up the lodges, packing up, loading the horses, arranging the lodge poles, and leading or driving the animals, devolves upon the squaws, while the men stalk along at their leisure; even the boys of larger growth deeming it beneath their dignity to lighten the toils of their own mothers.

The whole band halted about ten o'clock on the bank of the river, but several of the old men and the chief of the village continued with us until our noon halt. I invited the chief to lunch with us, which he did to his entire satisfaction, devouring as much meat as the whole mess beside, and I afterward saw him seated at one of the messes of the men, as earnestly engaged in laying in an additional supply as if he had not eaten for a week. The Indian, in fact, from his wandering habits and uncertain mode of exist[en]ce, ac[qu]ires the faculty of laying in, when opportunity offers itself, a store of food against the fast that may follow, thus approximating the instincts of other wild denizens of the plains and forests.



The Spencer did not have an ejector; empties were supposed to drop through the hole.

You've seen it in the movies a million times. The cavalry troopers swing out of their McClellan saddles into the Arizona desert, pulling Winchester carbines from their saddle boots and slamming a fusillade from their repeaters into the attacking Indians. There's just one thing wrong with the scene. It never could have happened. Although the lever-action repeating mechanism of the Winchester is the only truly American repeating rifle design, the U.S. Army officially adopted and issued only one lever-action repeater, and then only briefly.

It started in 1862, when a seventeen-year-old boy packing a peculiar carbine

The younger man was Christopher Spencer, the older President Abraham Lincoln. The carbine was Spencer's repeater, which had then sold nearly 12,000 units on the civilian market. Lincoln carried Spencer and his repeater through the War Department.

About a year later at Gettysburg, 14,000 gray-clad soldiers—Pickett's Charge, the high tide of the Confederacy—swarmed to the top of a smoke-covered ridge. As blue met gray at the crest, the history of the United States stood at a crossroads. If the Confederates swept over the ridge, they would win the war; if their line broke, all would be lost. The gray wave stopped, pressed forward, wavered, and

A man could pull the magazine follower out of the rifle butt, insert the end of the Blakeslee tube, let seven rounds slide, drop the Blakeslee, reinsert and lock the follower, swing the lever, cock the hammer, and resume firing in forty-five seconds. Neither the Henry nor Winchester could compare.

arrived at the War Department. The 1861-1865 scrap brought every crackpot out of the woodwork, and every one of them had a magic weapon to win the war if the government would lay out a bundle of taxpayers' cash for the secret. For perhaps good reason the boy was shuffled from office to office.

When a tall, ugly man with a squeaky voice finally asked him what the problem was, the frustrated youth was almost in tears. He told the man he had a weapon to win the war but no one would look at it seriously. Since the man "knew a mite about guns" and had some slight influence in the War Department, he suggested that they go to a nearby woods and try the weapon.

There the boy loaded the piece by pulling a peculiar metal rod from the butt and inserting a handful of cartridges through a hole in the stock. He propped a shingle against a tree. Then he worked a lever under the stock, cocked the hammer, and fired. In all, he worked the lever, cocked, and fired seven times.

The tall man was impressed. Under the boy's guidance, he loaded the magazine in the carbine's butt and worked the lever. It was a bit tricky, and if it weren't done exactly right the weapon would jam. He cocked the hammer and fired, again seven times. His shot group was considerably larger than the youth's—a problem he blamed on advancing age and deteriorating eyesight.

finally broke under a torrent of fire from seven-shot repeaters—fire the South's muzzle-loading muskets couldn't match.

In 1866 it was obvious even to the most reactionary of military men that the day of the muzzle-loader was over. The weapon of the future would use fixed ammunition with powder, primer, and bullet all in one neat package. Two types of guns could fire the new ammunition, breech-loading single shots and repeaters. There were enough varieties of breech-loading rifles and carbines to hang one from every tree in Washington. There were fewer repeaters, and only two—B. Tyler Henry's and Chris Spencer's—merited serious consideration.

Of the two, the Henry was far more advanced. The rifle version's tubular, under-barrel magazine held sixteen short, fat, rim-fire cartridges. When the lever was thrown the weapon extracted and ejected the spent shell, chambered a fresh cartridge, and recocked the hammer.

By C.F. Eckhardt

The S



The Reel and the Real: (top) Winchester M1892 carbine, used in Hollywood; (bottom) Spencer M1863 carbine, caliber .56.

The Spencer extracted the fired shell (sometimes), dropped it through the action onto the ground (usually), and picked up and chambered another shell from the butt-mounted magazine (almost always). It had to be hand-cocked and held fewer than half as many cartridges as the Henry. Though the Spencer's caliber and charge were larger than those of the Henry, the weapons' accuracy and range were similar.

In 1866 the army adopted the .50 caliber M1866 Spencer carbine for cavalry use. Of the same basic design as Spencer's wartime weapons, the cavalry carbine used a smaller bullet—too small, according to Spencer, who sold the same weapon on the civilian market in a .52 caliber version. He felt the crimp of the .50 caliber cartridge was too tight and would make the bullet perform erratically. The Spencer also came equipped with a magazine cutoff switch so the trooper could use it as a single-shot breechloader while holding a full magazine in reserve. The cutoff switch

was in perfect keeping with contemporary military thinking, but in reality it was useless.

The Spencer was a crude piece of machinery. The extractor, which removed the fired case from the chamber to make room for a fresh one, was a thin, knife-like cam. When the lever was pulled down, the cam was supposed to catch the cartridge's soft copper rim and drag it out of the chamber, allowing it to drop through the action and to the ground. Unlike virtually every other repeater ever made, the Spencer had no ejector to toss the empties out and away.

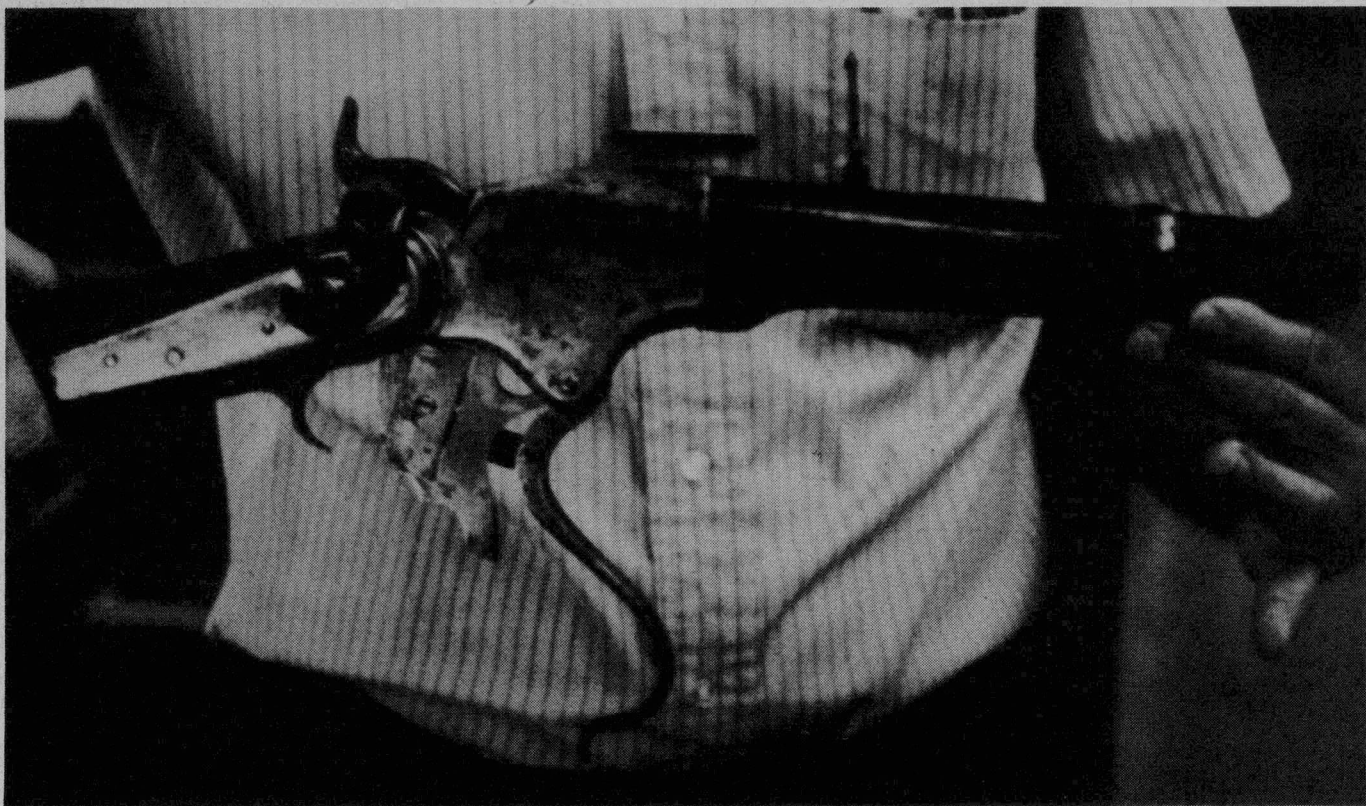
IF YOU WORKED the Spencer's lever slowly and easily and the case wasn't stuck in the chamber by expansion or dirt, the extractor worked passably. But if you had to throw the lever in a hurry—as when a Sioux warrior was bearing down on you, intent on adding your hair to his scalp pole—the odds were good that the cam would

make a neat notch in the soft copper cartridge rim and leave the case in the chamber. Or maybe it would rip the head off the cartridge and leave you with a copper-lined chamber.

Assuming the spent shell actually was extracted, you had to throw the lever all the way, or there would not be enough room for the empty to fall through the action. When you closed the action, it trapped the empty and mashed it into a gun-jamming ball of copper that had to be knocked loose before the weapon could be fired. Even if you successfully extracted and ejected the shell, you had to close the action cautiously or the fresh cartridge might not align correctly in the feedway. The nose of the bullet would slam into the metal of the breech instead of the open breech, jamming the weapon yet again.

The absence of an ejector had only one advantage. When a lot of people stand firing shoulder to shoulder—like they did at Gettysburg—the ejected brass creates a problem you have to ex-

Spencer Carbine



A Spencer with the action opened. The whole breechblock fell out.

perience to appreciate. When a cartridge case flies out of the chamber in rapid fire, it is hot. When it goes up, it must come down, and if it goes down somebody's collar the resulting language is thoroughly educational. If nothing else, the hot shell will spoil the victim's shot, and the Highland fling that follows as that scalding chunk of

or weren't close to the guy who did, tough.

If the head were gone, the two sanctioned options were equally unattractive. Each sergeant was supposed to carry a "stuck case extractor tool," so you could hunt up Ol' Sarge and use his tool to dig the case out. If Sarge were unavailable—say a couple of Indians

banged it to stick the bullet in the case mouth and shoved both headless case and bullet out the breech.

Before you say "nobody in his right mind would actually do that while he was being shot at," let me assure you that someone actually did. One of the many finds at the Custer battlefield was a headless .45 U.S. rifle/carbine copper case. A 405 grain carbine bullet was rolled down and stuck nose first into the case.

Unsanctioned but probably the most common method of removing a stuck casing was to pry it out of the chamber with a pocketknife or long screwdriver. The practice was forbidden because you might scar the chamber walls, thereby damaging government property, but when someone was after your hair, you didn't worry much about scratching your carbine.

If you managed to avoid all those pitfalls, to cock your Spencer and pull the trigger, the cartridge well might not fire. Early cartridges were not nearly so reliable as a well-maintained caplock. While the muzzleloader could be expected to misfire one shot in one thousand, rare was the box of twenty cartridges that didn't contain a dud or two.

Yet for all its many faults, the

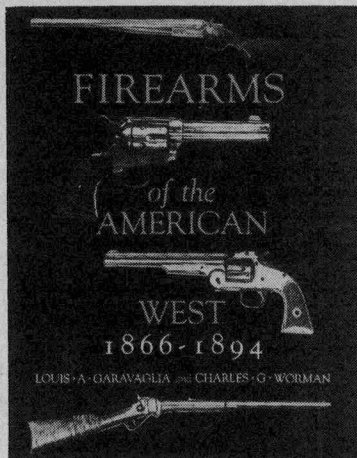
It was obvious even to the most reactionary military men that the muzzle-loader's day was over. The weapon of the future would use ammunition with powder, primer, and bullet in one package. Two types of guns could fire "fixed" ammunition, breach-loading single shots and repeaters.

metal makes its way downward to sensitive areas works "to the detriment of good order and discipline" as well as giving the enemy an entertaining target.

Various remedies for stuck cartridge cases were available, some sanctioned by regulations, some not. If the case still had its head, you could assemble the cleaning rod, run it down the bore from the muzzle, and bang the case out. But only one cleaning rod was issued per four troopers, and if you didn't have it

were arguing over who got to take his hair—the regs instructed you to pull the bullet out of an unfired case, put it on a flat surface, take a sheath knife, saber blade, or similar piece of flat steel, and roll the slug back and forth until you reduced the diameter of the thing sufficiently to slide it down the barrel from the muzzle. Then you put it in the muzzle, pointed end first, and pushed it down with a cleaning rod until it touched the case mouth. You finally

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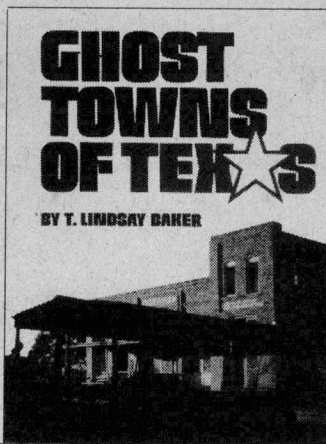
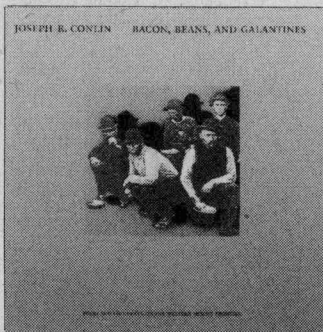


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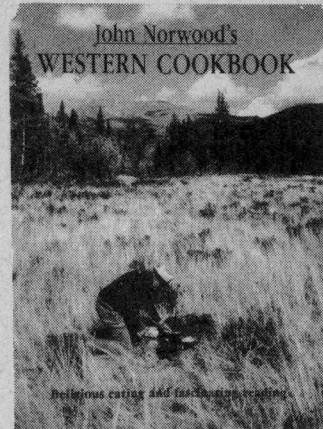
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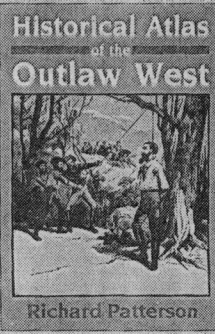
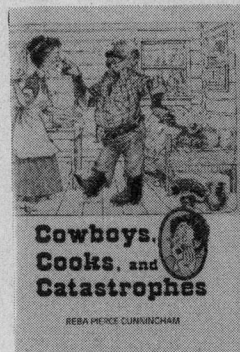


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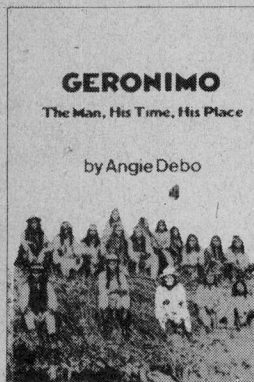
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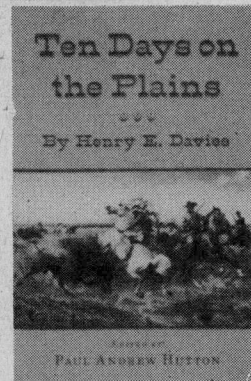
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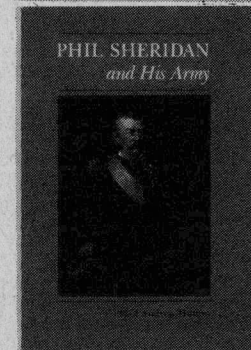
TW33—THE GALVANIZED YANKEES. By Dee Brown. Here is the little-known story of Confederate soldiers recruited from Union prison camps to serve in the West, standing watch over a nation they had once sought to destroy. Exchanging gray for blue uniforms, they became "galvanized yankees." "An accurate, interesting, . . . fresh and informative study."—*New York Times Book Review*. University of Nebraska Press.

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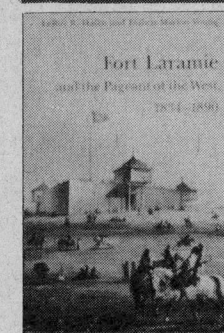
TW35—TEN DAYS ON THE PLAINS. Ed. by Paul A. Hutton. Originally published in a limited edition of fifty copies in 1871, this rare book is an account by Civil War General Henry E. Davies of a spectacular hunting expedition on the high western plains. Davies featured a young scout, William F. Cody, as the central figure, making this book one of the most important accounts of Buffalo Bill. Southern Methodist University Press.

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TW48—FORT LARAMIE AND THE PAGEANT OF THE WEST, 1834-1890. By LeRoy R. Hafen & Francis Marion Young. The authors present a colorful, fascinating history of one of the most important trading and military posts in the West. From its establishment to its abandonment, Fort Laramie proved a vital supply center and rest stop for the westward tide of emigrants. The cast of characters reads like a who's who of the American West. University of Nebraska Press.

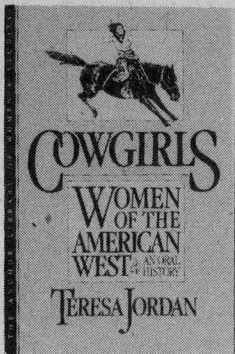
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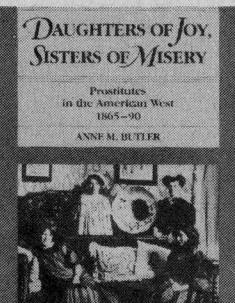
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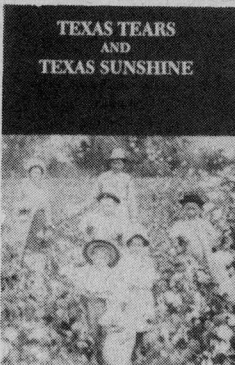
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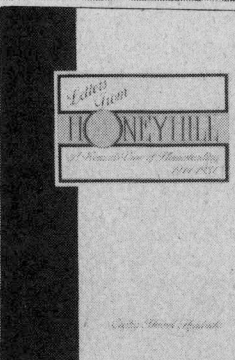
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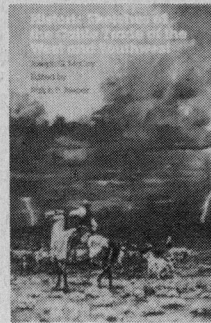
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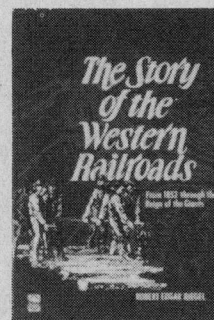
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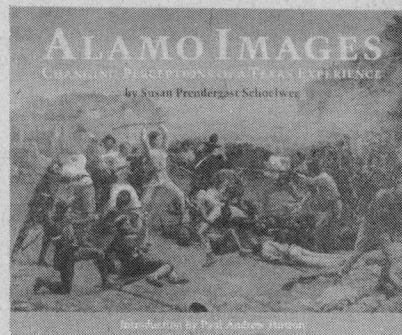
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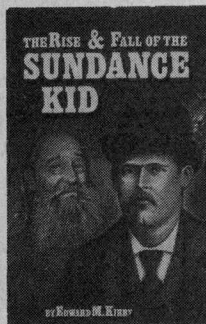
A HANDBOOK



By Jon Tuska

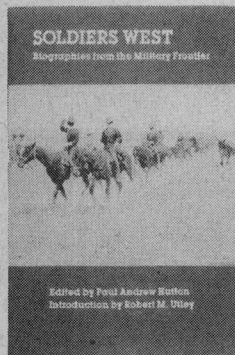
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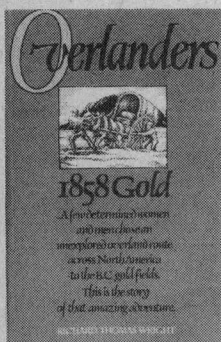
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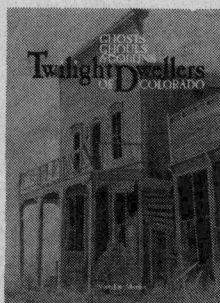
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WILL JAMES

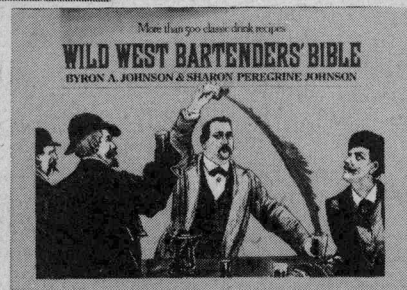
TW16—SCORPION. By Will James. A delightful account of a completely incorrigible and high spirited horse, *Scorpion* is James at his western best. "We enjoy it keenly because we feel in it the life of the range, colorful and sportsmanlike."—*New York Times*. University of Nebraska Press.

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Paper, \$8.95



TW52—WILD WEST BARTENDERS' BIBLE. By Byron A. Johnson & Sharon Peregrine Johnson. This beautifully designed and illustrated new book, reconstructs the golden age of the American saloon with chapters on who became saloonists; saloon architecture, furnishings, and stock; and the daily routine of a saloon. It also contains more than 500 recipes from rare bartenders' guides published between 1862 and 1906. Texas Monthly Press.

Cloth, \$19.95

Turn the page for more fine selections.

Spencer was the best thing the army had. It could be reloaded almost unbelievably fast for the time. Its patented loading device, the Blakeslee reloader, was a long tube which held seven cartridges. A man could pull the magazine follower out of the rifle butt, insert the end of the Blakeslee tube, let seven rounds slide, drop the Blakeslee, reinsert and lock the follower, swing the lever, cock the hammer, and resume firing in under forty-five seconds. Neither the Henry nor the later Winchester could compare. To load the Henry you had to pull the follower out of the under-barrel tube at the muzzle, feed sixteen cartridges down the tube, replace the follower, and lock it before resuming firing. With the Winchester, even those with the side-mounted loading gate, you still had to feed in the cartridges one at a time.

Blakeslee tubes were slung in a large box under the trooper's left shoulder. The box held three rows of three tubes—sixty-three rounds. With seven shots already in the carbine plus six more in his caplock six-shooter, Joe Trooper had seventy-six fairly reliable shots at almost immediate disposal. One school of military thought, however, insisted that was a bad idea, and that school was West Point.

DURING the nineteenth century, the U.S. Army was involved in a "regular" war—one that involved uniformed troops facing one another on a battlefield and maneuvering according to classic concepts of warfare—less than nine years. In much of that same century, the army fought an almost continuous war against a guerilla enemy, the American Indian. Yet not once during the entire century did any military training establishment provide any training in the techniques of Indian warfare either to officers or enlisted men. The "art of war" was taught in terms of the European set-piece battle. Officer cadets learned horsemanship, fencing, close-order drill, and bayonet fighting. Those who learned to fight Indians did so nose to nose, in a school in which the only passing grade was survival.

It stands to reason that prevalent military thought, then, would concentrate on those weapons most useful in a non-existent European battle rather than in the Indian wars at hand. According to the best military minds of the time, those weapons were not repeaters. Former Confederate Brigadier General Basil Duke claimed there was no sense in arming the average soldier with a repeater because he would fire all his



One of the Spencer's disadvantages was that it had to be hand cocked for each shot.

ammunition while the enemy was advancing but still at range. When the battle closed around him, he would find himself unarmed save for a bayonet.

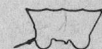
That might have been true at times, but apparently it wasn't at Gettysburg, where only the rapid fire of repeater-armed infantry prevented Pickett's Confederates from sweeping over the ridge. And it certainly wasn't true at Beecher's Island. In that fight, a group of civilians and soldiers armed with Winchesters and Spencers held off an overwhelming number of Northern Cheyennes led by the supposedly invincible war chief Roman Nose, who was killed. Though the whites suffered heavy losses, every one of the survivors insisted he owed his life to the repeating weapons. Without them, they surely would have been overrun by the Cheyenne's massed charges.

Breech-loading single-shots, however, had already given a good account of themselves at the Wagon Box Fight, and the army adopted them rather than the repeaters. Officially the Spencer lasted from 1866 to 1869, when it was withdrawn and replaced by a series of test carbines, all single-shot breechloaders. We do know, though, that some Spencers remained in service at Fort Sill as late as 1871. When the Kiowa war chief Satank was being transferred from Fort Sill and attempted to escape, the weapon he grabbed from his guard was a Spencer. Satank worked the lever, jammed the weapon, and was promptly shot to death.

But you'll never see a Spencer in the old movies. Being a rimfire weapon, it can't be readily converted to fire Hollywood's five-in-one stage and movie blank cartridge. The Winchester Model 1892 will fire it without conversion, so when you see Hollywood cavalry streaming to the rescue, repeaters blazing, remember that they are supposed to be Spencers—and after 1869, they aren't even supposed to be.

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- DuMont, John S. *Custer Battle Guns*. Fort Collins, CO: Old Army Press, 1974.
- Foster-Harris, William. *The Look of the Old West*. New York: Bonanza Books, 1960.
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Shortly after the Civil War, the members of the fierce Kiowa tribe were moved onto a loosely defined reservation near present-day Fort Sill, Oklahoma. There, although guarded by units of the Fourth, Sixth,

and Seventh cavalries, the Kiowas made periodic and routine raids into Kansas, Colorado, Texas, and even into Mexico. One of the most fierce and feared of these raiders was the elusive chief, Big Bow.

Big Bow—

By ANGIE IRONS



Big Bow's Kiowa name was Zepko-Eette, the same as his father's. The senior Big Bow was a great hunter and a powerful war chief famous for wandering alone over great distances. He was considered a wealthy man by Kiowa standards and had taken two wives, Dtoh-oie-day and Dtoh-koi-day. Both were beautiful women, and it was not unusual for them to accompany him on his long forays.

In 1832 Big Bow was struck with wanderlust. His wife Dtoh-koi-day was pregnant, so he decided to leave her in camp while he and his other wife started for Mexico. After weeks of travel, the couple were followed into a canyon and surrounded by Mexican soldiers. Big Bow fought fiercely, but to no avail. Realizing the hopelessness of the situation, he turned his weapon upon his wife, killing her just as the Mexican soldiers charged in on him.

By the time word of his death filtered back to the Kiowas' village, Dtoh-koi-day had already given birth to a son. She called him Zepko-Eette and marked his birthday as the day before the Cut-throat Gap Massacre in 1833, when the mighty Osages attacked the Kiowa village in the Wichita Mountains.

THE YOUNGER Big Bow was much like his father and started roaming by himself at an early age. By the time he was ten he had strayed too far from camp and did not return. Warriors rode out to search, but could find no trace of him. For months Kiowa hunters watched for him on their hunts and inquired of other Indians after him. Many tribesmen feared the boy was dead, but his mother was slow to give up hope. News of a strange boy living among the Comanches reached the Kiowa village, and Dtoh-koi-day implored upon her new husband to go and see if the boy was her son, Big Bow.

Eager to please his pretty wife, the new husband and one of his friends rode out, looking for the Comanches, who ranged over a territory that extended from present-day Kansas down across Oklahoma and Texas and into parts of Colorado and New Mexico. Each camp they came to directed them on to

Terro

Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City

Big Bow was considered by many to be a womanizer. He is shown here with his wife.

another camp; thus, they traveled until they found themselves many hundreds of miles from their own Kiowa camp.

Tired and discouraged, the two men decided to try one more Comanche camp. If the boy was not there they would return home. Dispirited they entered the next camp and wearily inquired after the boy. Yes, came the answer, a Kiowa boy was with the tribe. He was living with the chief and his wife but was away with the chief and would not return until sundown.

Anxiously, they asked more questions and then sat down to wait. Just before sundown the Comanche chief returned with his small band of men. At his side rode a handsome young brave, and both Kiowa men stared up at him. His face was that of the elder Big Bow.

Dtoh-koi-day's husband leaped to his feet. "Big Bow," he yelled to the youth. "I am your step-father and your mother has sent me to bring you home." The boy slipped from his pony and stood hesitantly at its head, wondering uncertainly just what going home would mean.

Big Bow's leaving brought great sadness to the Comanche chief and his tribesmen, who had come to respect and love this genial and personable young man. Many shed tears of grief as Big Bow, leading several horses laden with gifts from his friends, rode from the Comanche camp toward home.

HIS ARRIVAL home brought an outcry of joy, and the tribal members ran out to meet him. "Your medicine must be good!" they exclaimed, and Big Bow stuck out his chest proudly. "How like your father you are!" they shouted and shoved close around him. "This is a great day. The day that Big Bow came home shall not be forgotten."

But forgotten it was, by Big Bow himself, who was soon out roving the wild, free land that he loved so much. He and the land were becoming one, and he could feel its heartbeat. He knew all the watering holes and all the river and stream crossings, and the hunters who rode with him were always sure to find game.

By his eighteenth summer Big Bow

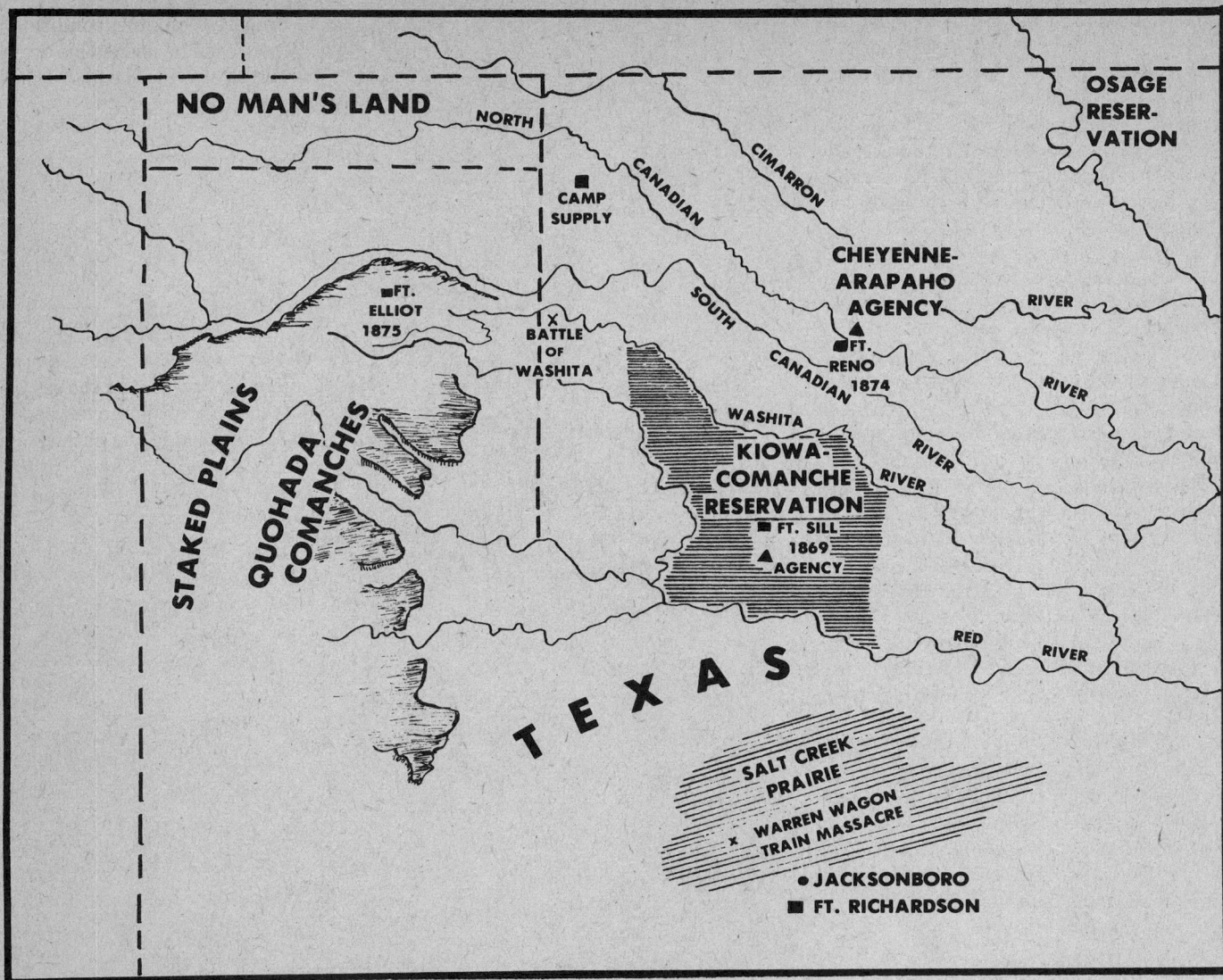


Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City
Big Bow, around 1874. The right side of his hair is cut short in the Kiowa war fashion.

had a following of young warriors. Under his leadership, they had made a series of successful raids against the Utes. Big Bow was fast becoming a war chief, but his unusually good looks and attractiveness to women nearly caused

his downfall. His exploits were so well-known among the tribe that one incident was recorded on their history calendar for the winter of 1851-52. "The Winter the Woman Was Frozen" is denoted by the figure of a woman drawn

r of the Plains



above the black bar that stands for winter.

Big Bow had just turned twenty and was passing the winter in a neighboring camp. There was little for the men to do except tell stories around the fire and cast amorous glances at the women. But Big Bow was casting more than glances toward the pretty wife of another Kiowa brave. The warrior was away on a revenge raid, and the young woman made no secret about her attraction to Big Bow.

"Stealing" another man's woman was contrary to tribal mores, but Big Bow stole her anyway. Late one night the couple slipped from the village and made their way through deep snow to a woods a short distance from Big Bow's home camp. "Stay here," Big Bow told the woman and rode off toward his home camp with the idea of getting supplies from his step-father.

At first, Big Bow's step-father was

glad to see him and welcomed him into his tipi. But as the young man disclosed his intentions, his step-father's face grew dark. "No," he shouted indignantly. "You shall not do this thing." His clenched fist lashed out, catching

changed to pleading; still the outraged step-father stood firm. Outside in the cold, the woman waited and waited until finally her feet froze.

There the story ends. It is not clear if the woman survived. If she lived, her

Ignoring the army, Big Bow struck hard at the Texans, hitting the scattered farmers and smaller settlements with renewed fury. His very name struck terror in the hearts of all whites south of the Red River, and they began packing up and leaving Texas.

Big Bow in the side of the head. The young warrior buckled. Quickly his step-father bound his arms with rawhide and stepped back as Big Bow slowly regained his senses.

"Let me go!" Big Bow shouted, but the old man refused. The shouting

husband no doubt "threw her away" (divorced her), as was the Kiowas' custom. Big Bow, on the other hand, was saved from disgrace and the next summer rode out to visit the Pueblo Indians who lived far to the west.

By 1856, Big Bow's following had

grown to include some of the most ferocious fighters in the tribe. He joined forces with another up-and-coming war chief named Stumbling Bear. Together they led a force against the Navahos and returned home with many horses and much booty.

With one successful raid after another against the Utes, Navahos, and Pawnees, Big Bow turned his efforts against the hated Texans and struck at them with wrathful fury. He skirted the bands of Texas Rangers and Indian fighters that had been sent after him and attacked deeper into Texas. Killing and pillaging, he crisscrossed the state and then for amusement plunged into Mexico, raiding along its border.

Big Bow's medicine was growing stronger. Then a mysterious incident was to give him great strength and power among his tribesmen. The story has become a legend. Big Bow was hunting with a friend in Texas when they found themselves surrounded by Mexican soldiers. Taking cover on a hillside, the two friends fought desperately, holding off the Mexicans for nearly half a day. Fire from the Mexican guns was a furious hail of bullets that ripped through the ground cover and into the Indians. Seven times their bullets cut into Big Bow's chest and stomach, and he rolled into heavier cover, screaming curses at them in broken Spanish.

AMMUNITION SPENT, Big Bow threaded an arrow into his bowstring and waited. From high on the hill and to his left, a Mexican general wearing an iron helmet charged down at him. Big Bow staggered up on one knee and drew his bowstring. The general's metal breastplate glimmered in the sun. Big Bow raised his aim and let the arrow fly. Its sharp point smashed into the general's eye. With a scream, he pitched backwards off his horse and lay still.

A moment of silence passed, and then a Mexican bugle blared. Big Bow sank weakly into the grass as the Mexicans lowered their flag. Two troopers rode uneasily up the hillside, and Big Bow watched from the grass as they retrieved their general's body and re-joined their retreating forces.

Moments later Big Bow's companion rose from his cover and hurried over to Big Bow. "Go," Big Bow said, looking up at his wounded friend. "Tell my people that I am dead. Tell them that the Mexican soldiers have killed me." Sadly the Indian looked down at the wound on Big Bow's stomach. The entrails were showing. The Indian turned

and trotted away, knowing that Big Bow's words of death were true.

The sun burned hot overhead, and Big Bow turned on his side and crawled a short distance to a stream. He drank some water and then lay back to die. His vision failed and he sank into unconsciousness.

After a time, someone spoke to him as if out of the sky, and he opened his eyes. An eagle circled in the sky above him. "Big Bow," the eagle said as it flew closer, "take the green moss that grows close to the stream. Stuff it in your wounds and then bind up the wounds."

Big Bow did as the eagle directed. After, he drank from the stream again and lay down in a terrible fever. His wounds pussied and became infected. As

the hours lingered on, his condition began to worsen, and he opened his eyes and searched the sky for the eagle. As he watched, a big cloud formed and rain poured down, washing him and his wounds with clear, cool water. The fever left and the wounds began to close. The eagle brought him liver to eat so that his strength would come back, and Big Bow lay for days watching the eagle in the sky.

Finally when he was able to stand, the eagle approached him. "You are a good and brave warrior," the eagle said. "Your medicine is now that of the eagle and you shall be victorious over your enemies and protected in the path that you take."

Big Bow understood. He listened in-



Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City
Poor Buffalo (seated, left) was among those who joined Big Bow in the fight against the whites.

7-14-79

1879

Colonel P. B. Hunt
 U.S. Agent for Kiowa Homesteads
 Headquarters Fort Sill, I. T.
 July 14 1879

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt
 of your letter requesting the arrest of Big Bow,
 a Kiowa Chief - I to day caused his ar-
 rest and have him now confined in the
 Guard House - Records will be furnished at
 the point of issue as you request.

Very respectfully
 Your obedient Servant
 Wm. P. Hatch
 Lieut. Colonel 1st Cavalry
 Commanding

Old Files, Fort Sill Museum Library, Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Agent P.B. Hunt was afraid of the Indians over whom he had been made guardian. He requested that Big Bow, who had personally affronted him, be arrested. This letter was Lieutenant Colonel Hatch's reply.

tently as the eagle made him a gift of the eagle tipi and instructed him on how to put it up and paint it. After many days Big Bow's wounds had completely healed and he stood before the eagle. "I have given you a new name," the eagle said. "It is Keah-baud-ay-ah." The eagle rose into the sky. "It means *Just-Barely-Came-To-Life*," it shouted and disappeared into the clouds.

Big Bow returned home after many months of travel. His people, who had thought him dead, rejoiced to see him. They put up the eagle tipi, which was the only one of its kind in the entire Kiowa Nation, and declared that no one except Big Bow's descendants could claim the right to have one.

In 1869 when the Kiowa tribe was ordered onto their reservation near Fort Sill, Big Bow and his band did not go. Instead, they joined the Quahada Comanches on the Staked Plains in the Texas Panhandle. From there, Big Bow

and his braves roamed and raided throughout Texas and parts of present-day Oklahoma.

As the winter of 1871 was ending, Big Bow and his warriors rode out to join forces with two other great Kiowa war

Stealing another man's woman was contrary to tribal mores, but Big Bow stole her anyway. Late one night the couple slipped from the village and made their way through deep snow to a woods a short distance from Big Bow's home camp. "Stay here," Big Bow told the woman and rode off.

chiefs, Satanta and Satank. Together they attacked the Warren wagon train as it stopped to camp on the Jacksboro Road in Texas. Seven teamsters were killed and their bodies mutilated. The cargo of corn was burned and the trains' forty-one mules stolen.

It should have been a successful raid for the Kiowas, but the next Saturday, when Satanta and Satank went into Fort Sill to collect their annuities, Satanta foolishly boasted of the attack. In front of Indian agent Lawrie Tatum, Satanta named Satank, Big Tree, and Big Bow as his accomplices. Immediately Satank, Satanta, and Big Tree, all of whom were at the fort, were arrested and put in the basement guardhouse. Big Bow, who was smart enough not to go to the fort, escaped onto the open plains, and a military warrant for his arrest was issued.

Ignoring the army, Big Bow struck hard at the Texans, hitting the scattered farmers and smaller settlements with renewed fury. His very name struck terror in the hearts of all whites south of the Red River, and they began packing up and leaving Texas. More soldiers were sent out from forts Sill and Concho, only to end up chasing a trail of dust on the plains.

By 1873 bands of Quadahas, Cheyennes, Arapahos, as well as the Kiowa Chief Lone Wolf, joined Big Bow in the Texas raids. The army was reinforced and mobilized, but Big Bow just laughed at their efforts and slipped onto the reservation to visit his more peaceful tribesmen anytime he liked.

One white man, Thomas Battey, a Quaker who had been sent to teach the Kiowas, saw Big Bow on the reservation in 1873. He wrote, "... an Indian rode up to me, asking me if I knew him. I at once recognized in him the notorious Kiowa raider Big Bow, who has probably killed more white people than any other living Kiowa; and who, with his brother raider, White Horse, has been for years the terror of frontiers, not only of Texas but of Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico."

Indian attacks continued to increase in 1874. By fall, General William T.

Sherman threw all his military might at them. Dispersing his forces into five strong columns, he attacked the Indians and dogged their retreat relentlessly, giving them no rest. Exhausted and starving, the Indians started drifting into the reservation agencies to surrender

their arms and draw food rations. By December, most of the warring Indian bands had come in. Only Big Bow, Lone Wolf, and four other chiefs remained out. What the white leaders did not know was that these chiefs could not have mustered a hundred warriors among them.

Realizing that Big Bow exerted a great influence on these chiefs, Colonel Davidson, commander of Fort Sill, sent for him. Under the cover of night and with Davidson's pledge of protection, Big Bow slipped into the fort, where the commander offered him amnesty if he would agree to bring in the other warring chiefs and their people. Big Bow knew his people's war days were over and sadly agreed. Davidson made him sergeant of scouts; in that capacity, he rode out after his people. On February 26, 1875, he returned, bringing in the war chiefs. With them came 180 women and children, 475 horses and mules, and 68 warriors.

THE TRANSITION to white man's ways did not come easily to Big Bow, but his friendship with Lt. Hugh L. Scott helped. Scott had been assigned duty at Fort Sill and later would be a white officer for the all Indian Troop L of the Seventh Cavalry formed at the fort in 1892. He did not speak the Kiowa tongue, but he had a competent working knowledge of their sign language. He liked Big Bow and enjoyed being with him.

Big Bow often scouted for Scott, and the young lieutenant told of a trip he took with Big Bow in the summer of 1891. "While driving into Texas with Big Bow I noticed his fine buckskin costume. His leggings each had twenty parallel rectangular marks three-eighths of an inch wide and three inches long, down the outside. Putting my finger on one, I asked what it meant. Big Bow counted it several times very carefully from the top to make sure of its identity, and then announced that it represented a member of some tribe he had killed—Pawnee, Cheyenne, Ute, and many others—and if he had told the whole truth I have no doubt that some of those marks represented white people he had killed while at war."

Later when Scott asked if he wanted to sell the leggings, Big Bow said, "My uncle, I don't want to pick up money for these leggings. I am getting old and soon my die day will arrive. Then my women will plait my hair, paint my face red, and put these clothes on me, and my spirit will go out of my mouth up to the Wolf's Road [Milky Way]. When I July 1987

get there they will look me over and say, Big Bow, you are well dressed."

Big Bow died in 1901 and was buried near Hobart, Oklahoma. In 1964 his remains were removed to Fort Sill, where he was reburied with full military honors. A white headstone marks his grave on the Chiefs Knoll at the post cemetery.

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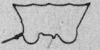
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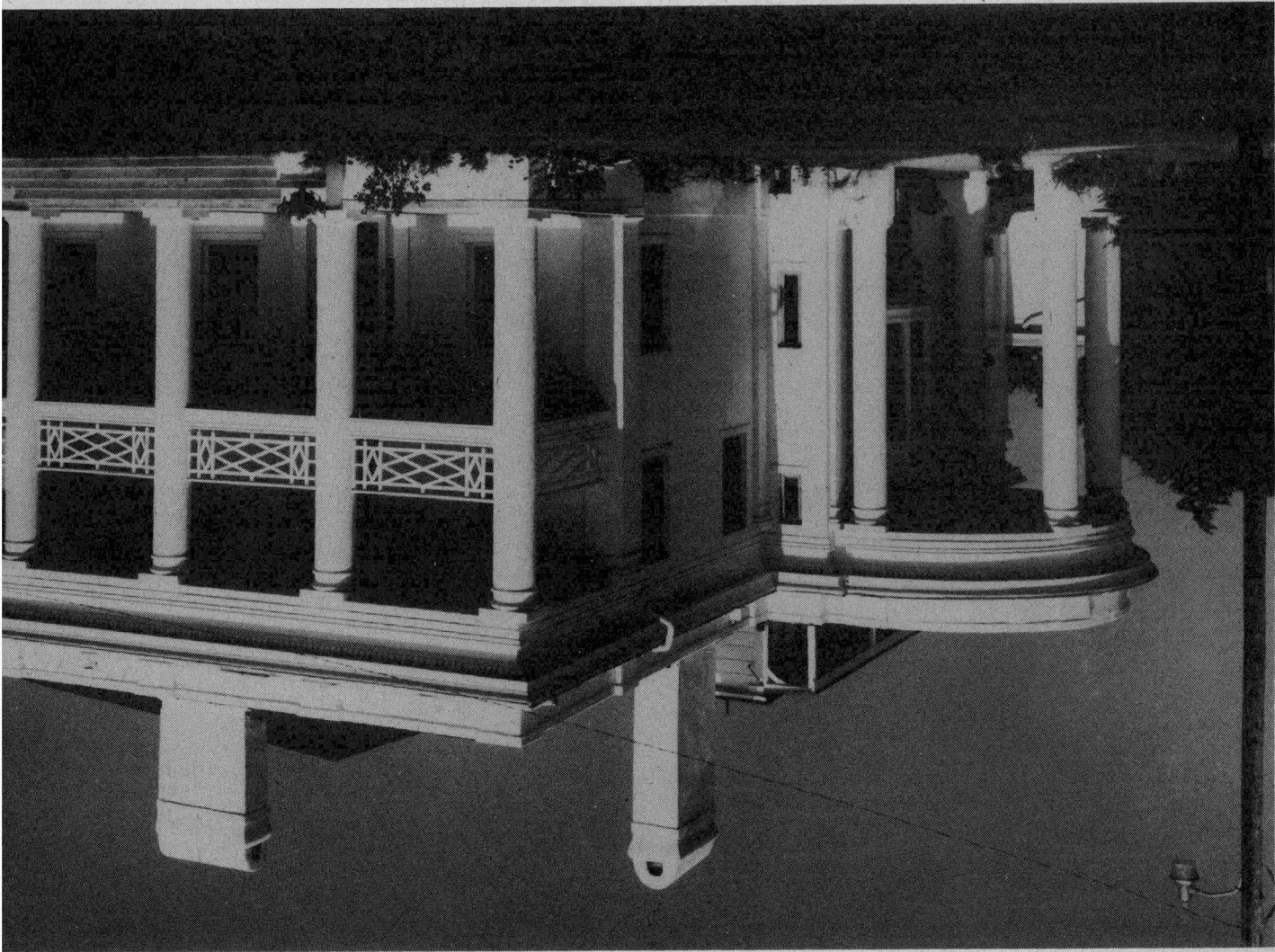
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Author's Photo

Big Bow's grave rests on top of the Chiefs Knoll in the cemetery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.



The Brown Mansion reflects the prosperity that came to Coffeyville, Kansas, in the early 1900s.

Among Old West history buffs, Coffeyville, Kansas, is best known as the site of the Dalton gang's ill-fated bank robbery. This fine old home reveals another side of life on the Plains.

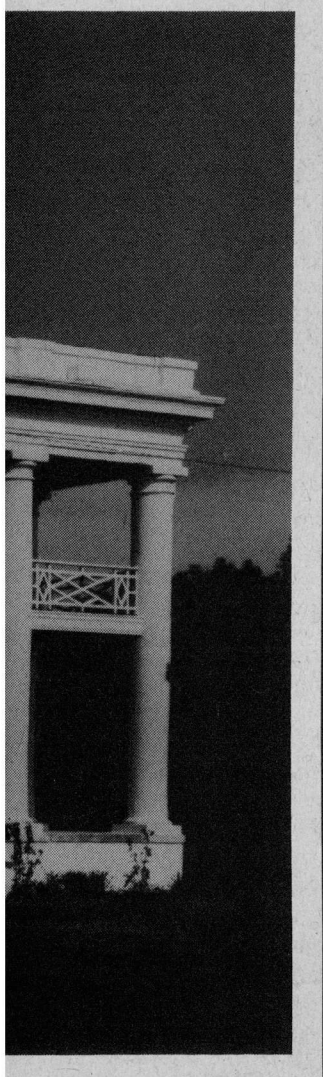
By Darline Eastman
Photos by O.H. Hafford

The Brown Mansion

sion



A designer fireplace in every room and fine furnishings were a part of the lifestyle W.P. Brown and his family enjoyed.



Until a few years ago, family members occupied the "mansion" that W.P. Brown built in 1906. In 1973, shortly before her death, Mr. Brown's daughter, his last heir, sold the home and furnishings to the Coffeyville, Kansas, Historical Society at a much reduced price. The wholesale cost of having it built in 1906 was \$125,000.

The city of Coffeyville, Kansas, had prospered at the turn of the century, as brick and glass plants were located there to make use of the abundance of gas. W.P. Brown's dealings in gas, lumber, and grain made him a wealthy man.

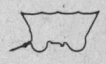
With his wealth, he built a grand, three-story showplace in Coffeyville on a bluff above the Verdigris River. There he entertained distinguished guests with parties in the third-floor ballroom.

There is a total of sixteen rooms

in the house. Each room has a fireplace of a different design. Some rooms have original hand-painted canvas wall coverings. The three full baths feature imported marble and tile.

Most of the furniture was purchased from Marshall Field of Chicago and Sloans of New York; some was obtained during family trips to Europe. A hand-operated elevator connects the full basement to the upper floors. The home was designed in 1904 by Wilder and Wright of Kansas City, Missouri.

The Mansion, located along U.S. Highway 169, is open from 9:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m., seven days a week between Memorial Day and Labor Day. After Labor Day, the Mansion is open from 1:00 until 5:00 p.m. Tuesday through Sunday; it is closed on Monday.





Claude and Muriel Paul

Central City rebuilt in grand style after the disastrous fire of 1874.

By PATRICIA WENDLETON

The Cradle of Col

Gold! "My children will be educated and my wife will be a lady." The ringing shout reverberated off the mountain tops, shattering the pristine stillness of that spring day in 1859. John Gregory fell to his knees and clutched the shining rock. At that moment, the tall, bearded Georgian was the personification of Manifest Destiny. He had struck pay dirt. The frontier was his!

Gregory had difficulty fathoming his good fortune. He was a gambler of sorts. One of the tens of thousands of men who had come west to seek a better life, he had tried the Fort Laramie area. Finding nothing and down on his luck, he drifted south to this place near the banks of North Clear Creek in the part

of Kansas Territory that would soon be known as Gilpin County, Colorado.

It is not known whether Gregory knew of George Jackson's substantial placer find a few days earlier at the junction of South Clear Creek and Chicago Creek near present-day Idaho Springs. If he did, we can only wonder if he understood the impact the discoveries would have on the future of the territory. The stampede was on, and like a herd of Texas longhorns, nothing would stand in its way.

Within the wink of an eye, Gregory's find in that lonely gulch changed the course of history in Kansas Territory and the entire West. Thousands of gold-seeking miners descended upon the area. The promise of gold was wonder-

ful, heady, and intoxicating. It could put a man on a pedestal overnight and, just as quickly, knock him off.

During that kaleidoscopic boom, miners settled in tent cities, and if they took time from gold-seeking, they quickly threw up log and clapboard cabins. After working his claim for a few months, John Gregory sold it to two men, Henderson and Gridley, for \$21,000 and disappeared from the scene. In 1862, Henderson and Gridley would take \$200,000 from the Gregory diggings.

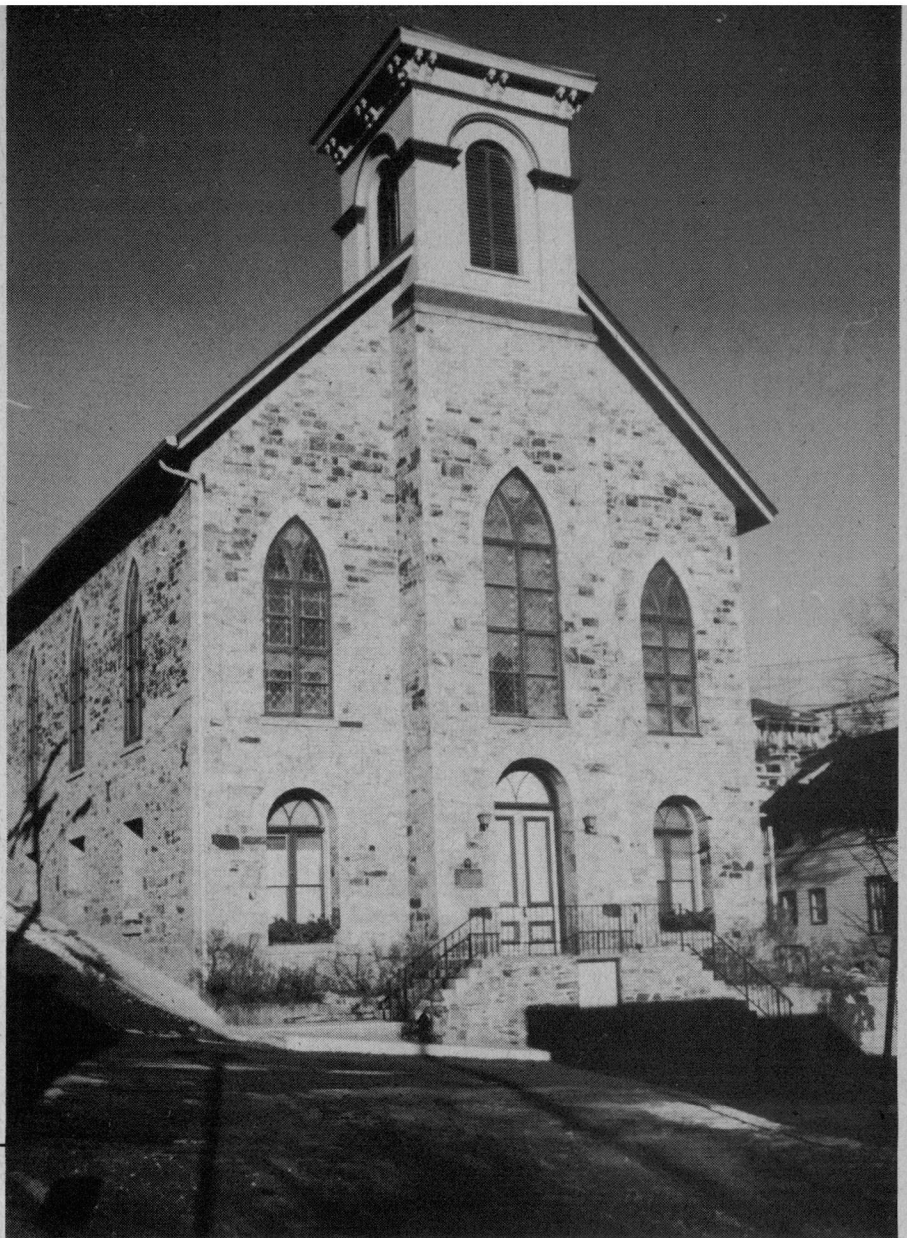
The little settlements that sprang up around Gregory Gulch went by the romantic names of Mountain City, American City, Eureka, Apex, Black Hawk, Nevada City, and many others.

True West

But from the beginning, a small settlement grew up central to all other areas. There men talked, traded, and assayed ores. It was called simply "Central."

By 1863, Central had become the largest community in the area. It was absorbing settlements rapidly. The osmosis created a small metropolis which needed to be formally recognized. The City of Central was chartered in 1864. Right from the start, it was bustling and prosperous. Newspapers of the time tell the story of a busy city, full of fraternal organizations, saloons, meeting halls, and stores with miner's implements side by side with "Italian Sunset Prints." *Macbeth*, performed by the National Theatre Players, opened on August 18, 1862, followed closely by *The Marble Heart* or *The Sculpture's Dream*. Presbyterian and Methodist churches held two services a day. It was a season of finery, culture, bawdiness, parlor houses, and zany characters.

Colorful events and colorful characters have always taken their places center stage in Central City. There was Billy Updyke and his careening stagecoach. Billy prided himself on his punctuality. General Grant reportedly said that none of his jaunts had ever equalled the harrowing ride from Central City to Golden aboard Billy's conveyance. The ride frightened the wits out of many other notables who ventured to the Gulch, among them Mark Twain and Horace Greeley. Grant



Jack Wendleton

Saint James Methodist Church is the oldest Protestant church in Colorado.

orado

suggested to Henry Teller that it might be wise to build a railroad into Central City to save the nerves of visitors. When Grant returned as President Grant in 1873, he came by railway. In honor of his visit, the miners paved the street in front of the Teller House Hotel with seventeen ingots of silver.

EVERY WESTERN city had its dedicated lawmen. Central City was no exception. It would be difficult to find a more dedicated public servant than Sheriff Billy Cozens. It is rumored he chained two prisoners to his bedpost on his wedding night. The jail was under construction at the time, and there was no place to house the wrongdoers. His house still stands and is pointed out to
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visitors with admiration and pride for a man who "loved" his work.

Without an influx of entrepreneurs and simple merchants who demanded "law and order," there would have been little need for the likes of Sheriff Cozens. They came by the thousands: Henry Teller, who would later serve twenty-nine years as a United States senator; Nathaniel P. Hill, a metallurgist from Brown University who organized the Boston and Colorado Smelter Company; the scandal-beseiged Elizabeth Doe, before she set her cap for silver king Horace A. Tabor.

There were others. Horace Greeley wrote so descriptively of the city that his work still paints a lively picture of the gold camps. Clara Brown, a

remarkably sensitive and gentle freed slave, made her living as a laundress and cook. She still found time to nurse the sick and to comfort the dying. She was the driving force behind the establishment of Saint James Methodist Church, which still exists as the oldest Protestant church in Colorado.

Peter McFarlane, owner and operator of the Central City Opera House, owned a foundry and machinery business in Central City. He was a dynamic force in the establishment of culture and fine arts in Central City. He instilled a love of the city in his descendants so that in the 1920s Ida Kruse McFarlane was instrumental in the old opera house's restoration. The Central City Opera House's tradition of professional opera



Claude and Muriel Paul

The Presbyterian church was very active, holding two services daily as early as 1862.

productions is still carried on every summer.

Inevitably with the presence of so many lonely men came the women of "questionable reputation," who followed the gold camps. Early-day miners adored a young dancer, Rose Haydee. When she eloped with a "gambling man," Sheriff Cozens had to intervene to keep the poor bridegroom from being hunted down and lynched.

Life was good in Central City. The first fraternal organization, the Lodge of the Good Templars, was established in 1862. It was dedicated to temperance. That same year the Masons organized as the Chivington Lodge Number 6. The number of other fraternal organizations in Central City is striking. They evidently served as relief societies; a miner knew that if he died he would be buried in the organization's cemetery

Newspapers of the time tell the story of a busy city, full of fraternal organizations, saloons, meeting halls, and stores with miners' implements side by side with "Italian Sunset Prints." Macbeth, performed by the National Theatre Players, opened on August 18, 1862.

The most lasting influence on Central City came not from an individual but from a group of tough, independent, devout, family-oriented immigrants. The Cornish were hard rock miners from the tin mines of Cornwall, England. Their skills were much in demand. They could shore up a mine, and they could find and follow valuable veins of ore. They knew their worth, and they were proud of it. Their stamp is visible everywhere in Central City, from foods such as pasties to the wonderful craftsmanship immortalized in the Saint James Methodist Church.

and that his wife would be cared for and his children would be fed, clothed, and educated.

Death was common. Many children died in infancy, and whole families succumbed to cholera and diphtheria. Many a young Cornish "Jack" miner died in the holes. But between the sad times there were Fourth of July picnics, Old New England style Thanksgivings, plays, musicals, and school pageants.

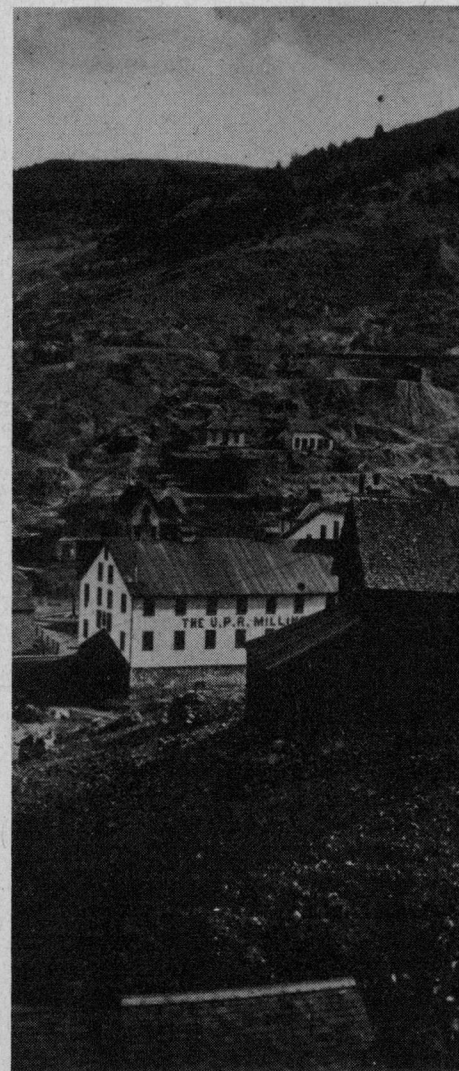
Then came a fire, the nemesis of frontier towns. On May 21, 1874, a Chinese family on lower Spring Street started a fire in their cookstove for their morning

meal. The little stove was poorly constructed, and within minutes the sparks had ignited the wooden shack. Soon the fire had spread to the wooden false fronts of Main Street.

One anecdote of that terrible day was related by John Robins in a 1939 issue of the *Weekly Register Call*. Robins was a small schoolboy that spring, and he recalled the children's reactions: "In answer to the question, did the teachers dismiss school? Mr. Robins replied, 'Well, no, school dismissed itself. First one kid would leave his desk and run to the window to look at the fire, and the teacher would tell him to take his seat. Then, another would be at the window, and another, until finally the whole school was looking out of the windows. Then we all made a dash for the door and not a kid was left in the building, except one.

"In the stampede, as the children left the building, Agnes Brown fainted and fell to the floor. We did not stop to pick her up, but stepped over her as best we could, thinking she was dead.'

"Mr. Robins says he does not



True West

remember any serious effects to Agnes from her fainting spell and the children all running over her, but he thinks the teachers had plenty of time to revive her as the rest of the children had gone to the fire."

While the children may have found the fire exciting, the adults were devastated. In the span of a few hours, most of the town was gone. With the destruction of the buildings, the life of the city, too, was suddenly gone. To rebuild or to abandon was a huge decision. But as in most disasters, there was really no choice. The people rebuilt in beautiful stone. Little Central City became a showcase of beautiful Victorian architecture. Today, the outlines of the city remain essentially unchanged. The beautiful stone buildings of the last century still house the people and events of the "Richest Square Mile on Earth."

Central City has always been a place of contrasts. The beautiful opera house opened in 1878. On March 23, 1878, the *Daily Central Register* printed rave reviews of "Miss Buckingham's" perfor-



Jack Wendleton

The Oddfellows cemetery is one of several fraternal organization cemeteries still in existence.

Claude and Muriel Paul



mance in *Marzappa*. The Massoit Hotel served such luxuries as oyster soup, roast beef, plum pudding, and fresh strawberry and peach pies in each dining room.

Evenhandedly, this same city that played host to Horace Greeley and Miss Buckingham welcomed the "Girls on the Hill." There were two "Parlour Houses" in the area known as "The Hill" as late as 1916. In 1897 Lizzie Thomas Warwick and six girls occupied one house, Mary Martin and seven girls the other. If a girl stayed in Central City long enough, she would be given a nickname such as "Slu-foot Kate," "Buckskin Nell," or the ethereal "White Hope." The last madam, Lou Bunch, finally left the area in 1916. Today local residents remember those colorful ladies with Lou Bunch Day every June.

There were some very good saloons in Central City. In 1897, twenty saloons operated in the city and neighboring settlements. The names of their owners—Zanella, Reckling, Plemmens, Rothouse, Schneider, Crook—attest to the melding of northern and southern European nationalities. Two of the saloons still exist, the Gold Coin in Central City and Crook's Palace in nearby Black Hawk. To step into the interiors of those

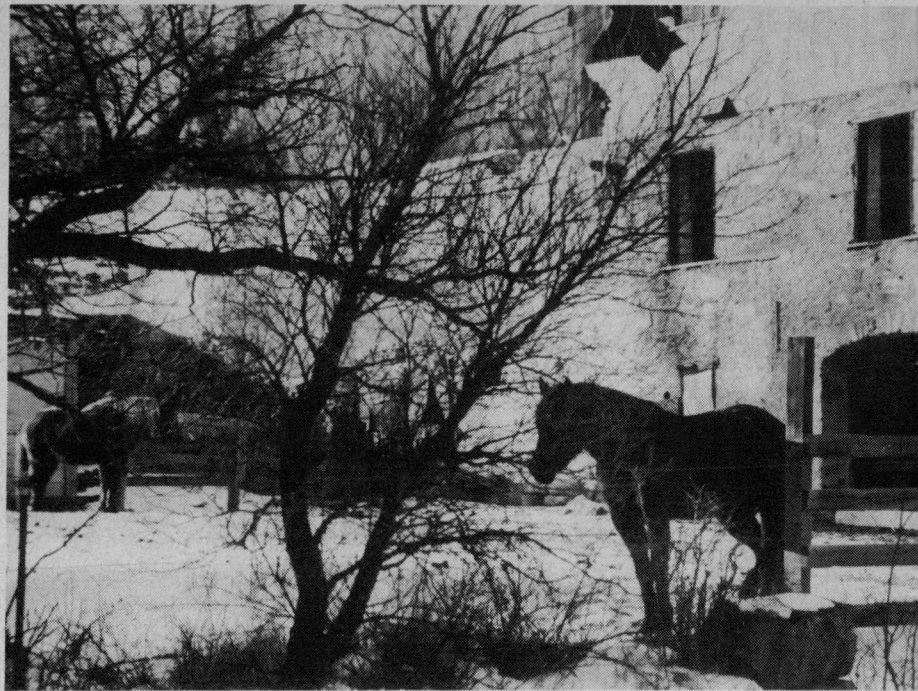
Mines and mine owners' homes dotted Central City's landscape, circa 1880.

establishments with many of their original fixtures still in use is to step back in time.

Probably one reason for the proliferation of saloons was that one of Central City's earliest enterprises outside of mining was a brewery. The stone remains of the old brewery still exist about one mile up Eureka Street from the opera house. Built in the 1880s by brothers Martin and Jake Mack, the brewery was complete with a beer garden. The brew was hauled to Central City and neighboring towns by way of a four-horse hitch and wagon. The brewery existed until the turn of the century, when Martin died and Jake left to prospect elsewhere. Two more breweries existed near the Dory Hill region north of town.

Since that spring of 1869, 128 years have come and gone. The little cemeteries above Central City hold the earthly remains of those resilient people who came to establish a community and a life. Watching a gray winter dawn or a rosy summer sunset, you can almost hear that long-ago shout echoing off the mountains—Gold!

The mines are not as active as they once were. Main Street is paved now, and automobiles line the roads instead of horses and wagons. But if you stop and listen to the silence, you can still hear



Jack Wendleton

Abandoned at the turn of the century, the old Mack Brewery now plays host to a four-legged clientele.

Billy Updyke stampeding his team; Sheriff Cozens daring the young toughs of the town to ignore his orders; beautiful Rose Haydee dancing. You can hear the gentle, caring Clara Brown,

the running and shouting of Johnny Robins and his classmates. They exist just the other side of the shadows, so close you can almost touch them.

Jack Wendleton



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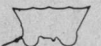
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The Central City Opera House, built in 1878, still is the home of fine performances every July and August.

Gunfight At The O.K. Corral

By BILL O'NEAL

The most famous shootout in the Old West was the 1881 gunfight at Tombstone's O.K. Corral. Doc Holliday, Wyatt Earp and his brothers, the Clanton and McLaury gang, and the historic setting of Tombstone long fascinated movie makers. *Law and Order* (1932 and 1953, with the latter film starring Ronald Reagan), *Frontier Marshal* (1939), John Ford's classic *My Darling Clementine* (1946), *Warlock* (1959) and *Doc* (1971) are among the better cinematic efforts to portray the intriguing events of 1881. One of the most entertaining and rousing versions reached the screen in 1957, appropriately titled *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*.

Gunfight at the O.K. Corral was filmed at Old Tucson and other scenic western locations. Burt Lancaster, big and athletic, starred as a solemn, non-nonsense Wyatt. Co-star Kirk Douglas, equally athletic, played the tubercular Doc Holliday. Although Douglas coughed on cue, his robust physique belied a dying gambler-dentist. Still, his vigorous, angry portrayal created one of the screen's most memorable interpretations of Doc Holliday.

Jo Van Fleet was fiery as Kate Fisher, Doc's paramour. Other fine performances were turned in by John Ireland (as Johnny Ringo), Dennis Hopper (Billy Clanton), Ted De Corsia (Shanghai Pierce), Ken Tobey (Bat Masterson), Jack Elam (Tom McLaury) and Lyle Bettger (Ike Clanton). Lovely, red-headed Rhonda Fleming plays a fictitious woman gambler, mainly to provide feminine decoration and an unnecessary love interest for Wyatt. John Hudson (Virgil) and DeForest Kelley (Morgan) were bland as Wyatt's brothers; Tim Holt and Ward Bond were far better in *My Darling Clementine*.

Gunfight at the O.K. Corral is episodic, spanning several years in the lives of Doc and Wyatt. The film opens in Fort



Paramount Pictures Corporation

Doc Holliday and the Earp brothers march toward the O.K. Corral. Left to right: Doc (Kirk Douglas), Wyatt (Burt Lancaster), Virgil (John Hudson), Morgan (DeForest Kelley).

Griffin, Texas, with Wyatt and Kate springing Doc from a lynch mob. The scene shifts to Dodge City, then to Tombstone. Most of the incidents and characters have historical connections, but broad liberties with the facts are taken throughout the film. For example, James Earp (played by Martin Milner) is portrayed as the youngest Earp brother, foully murdered by the Clantons, while Johnny Ringo supposedly is slain by Doc Holliday at the O.K. Corral.

THE SHOWDOWN gunfight is a battle royal, lasting more than five minutes on-screen (it took forty-four hours to film, although the real shootout was over in about thirty seconds) and involving far more participants and casualties than the 1881 fracas. But the gunfight is well-staged and exciting, a fitting climax to a forceful, if often in-

accurate, motion picture.

Ten years later, director John Sturges reassembled his production crew and filmed another version of the historic shootout. *Hour of the Gun* (1967) opened with the gunfight at the O.K. Corral, proceeded through the bloody aftermath, and ended with the last days of Doc Holliday in a Colorado sanitarium. Jason Robards played Doc and James Garner was Wyatt. Robards, Garner and company were dressed like Douglas, Lancaster and company, but the on-screen shooting at the O.K. Corral lasted less than a minute. Sturges must have read the complaints about the inaccuracies of *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*, because the fast, violent opening of *Hour of the Gun* is the most accurate version of the shootout ever filmed.



At the height of the Gold Rush, wealth was being extracted from the California mountains in unheard of quantities. Gold dust was the common currency. Everything sold was valued in terms of so many grains or ounces of dust to the item. Neither the miners nor the merchants could conduct their daily business without a scale. Still, in the midst of all the wealth, there was an unusual shortage—money. California, it seems, was gold rich and cash poor.

As a means of exchange, gold had its drawbacks: its price fluctuated; a good

sneeze could scatter a day's work, and it was just plain heavy. It was gold's weight and the resulting difficulty in transporting it that was a particular problem for the miners. Life in the mining camps was dangerous. If a man wanted to keep his gold he had to keep it with him. A pound of gold carried in a pouch suspended from a cord around a man's neck got to be uncomfortable very quickly.

What the miners needed and wanted was paper money. Its advantages were obvious. Its value was relatively fixed; it was easy to conceal; and a man could

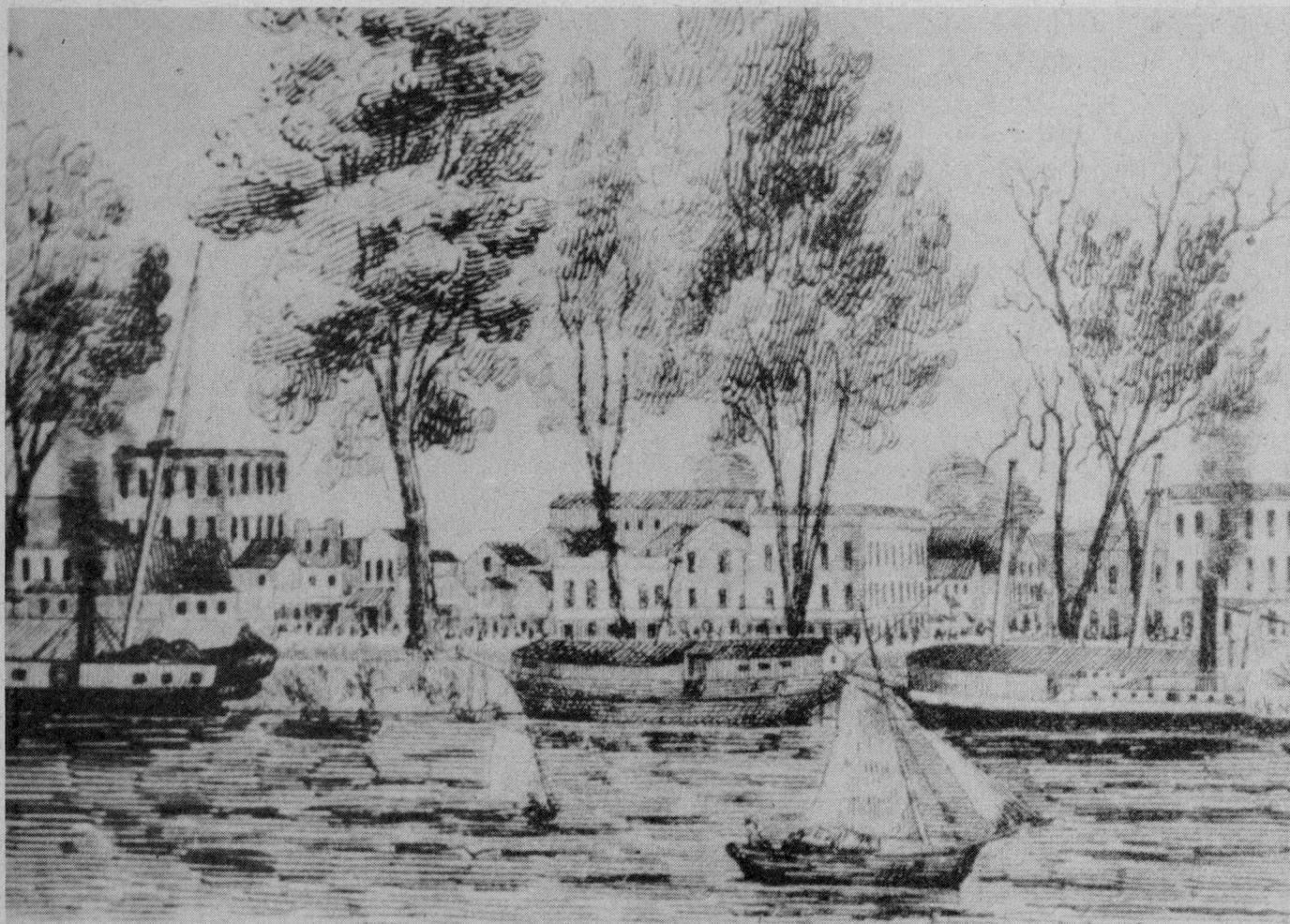
carry the equivalent of a hundred pounds of gold in his pocket. But just any paper money would not do. As much as the miners wanted it, they also distrusted it.

In those days, the United States Government did not issue paper money. It was printed by private banks, and private banks were not necessarily stable. Newspapers of the day regularly carried listings of banks that had gone bust or whose notes were worth less than face value. At the very base of the miners' distrust was the fact that most of them had lived through the

By WALT ROWINSKY

The Lost Treasure of Dan West

Was this California Con Man's Bankroll Gold or

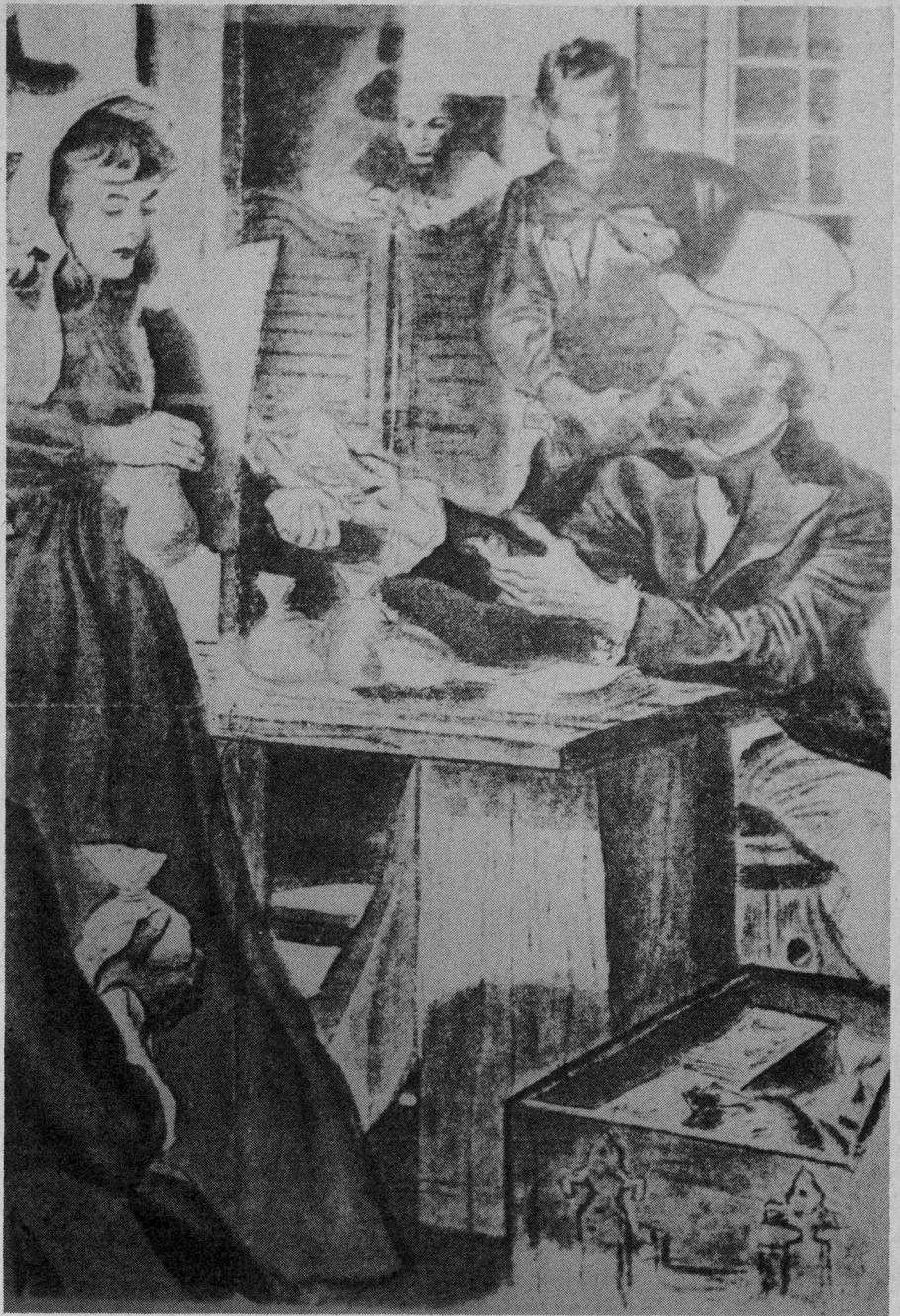


Sacramento in 1850. After selling his supply of Missouri notes to brokers, Dan West retired to Sacramento to live the life of a gentleman and to supervise the distribution of more money, fresh from the printing press.

disastrous Panic of 1837-42, when many had seen notes issued by banks they weren't familiar with become worthless in their hands.

Since the Panic, the worst problems had been corrected. States had set up safety funds to back paper money issued within their boundaries and had completely revised their banking regulations. Still, the miners felt comfortable only with paper that they were familiar with and that had a solid reputation.

Another factor was that most of them planned to return to their homes in the East with the wealth they won in



In the mining camps of California, West traded Missouri Bank Notes for gold.

n West Chicken Feed?

California. Gold was too difficult to transport. They could transfer it through a California bank and pay a stiff premium for the privilege, or they could ship it with an express company and pay high freight fees. What they wanted was money that they could carry with them and that they knew would be accepted at face value when they returned home. In other words, they wanted paper money issued in the East.

Money changers and brokers were already trying to meet the need in 1850, but their small stock of eastern notes was quickly swallowed up. They had to make due with whatever was being issued in California. As miners began to return home, the demand for eastern notes grew so great that the brokers could charge more than face value in gold for them.

Things changed in the fall of 1850. A tall, well-dressed gentleman sporting a Vandyke beard and calling himself Dan West came into the camps. Instead of the usual wash pan and other mining gear, he carried a valise. It contained fifty- and one-hundred-dollar bills issued by the State Bank of Missouri, a bank having a good reputation throughout the East.

West represented himself to the miners and to other brokers as a representative of the State Bank of Missouri. His purpose for being in the goldfields was simple. The bank wanted gold to further strengthen its position.

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Of course, the bank was going to realize a profit from the venture; gold was selling for less in the fields than it was in the East. He set up his traveling bank in the various camps, exchanging his paper money for dust.

West's offer was very attractive to the miners. Not only were they getting bank notes drawn on a bank they knew and trusted, but West was willing to exchange on an even basis, one hundred dollars in gold for one hundred dollars in paper. The offer was so attractive that even the local money brokers got in line.

The demand was matched only by West's seemingly inexhaustible supply of money. The valise, it seems, was only a sample case, the bulk of his notes being stored in another place. West was overwhelmed and found no difficulty in working off large blocks of his currency to the local brokers, who carried it to the camps in the mountains. West then retired to conduct business in Sacramento, where conditions were less harsh and he was able more nearly to live the life of the gentleman he obviously was.

In Sacramento, the epidemic of

cholera that so recently had ravaged the eastern part of the country broke out. Hundreds of forty-niners died. Dan West contracted the disease but was lucky enough to survive, although it left him weak. With providential foresight, he decided to leave California for the sake of his health. Late in the year, he left San Francisco on board a ship bound for the Isthmus of Panama. With him he had four morocco leather valises full of gold, each weighing one hundred twenty-five pounds.

It had taken months for the Missouri notes to work their way out of the goldfields and into the cities. But within a week of West's departure men more knowledgeable about banks and bank notes discovered that both Dan West and the money were counterfeit.

Word quickly got back to the goldfields. California justice in those days was administered on an ad hoc basis. The angry miners and ruined brokers used the occasion to fully exercise their democratic tradition. Mass indignation meetings were held, during which public debates as to how best to handle the situation took place. In crossing the plains and mountains to get to California, the forty-niners had endured great hardships. They were a tough lot and were unwilling to let anyone take

advantage of them, least of all someone as seemingly soft as Dan West.

Their response was to form a Committee of Vigilance. The committee decided to rescue the gold and bring West back for trial. A delegation was sent in pursuit. At San Francisco the vigilantes discovered that West had departed. During their wait for a ship to follow him in, they made inquiries and found one man who knew West too well.

Samuel Alanson Lane was a former newspaperman and reformer from Akron, Ohio. Unable to resist the lure of gold, he had joined one of the companies of Akronites who had crossed the plains to California. Through a mutual acquaintance by the name of William T. Mather—West's uncle—Lane had but recently become aware that West had been in California. Lane was unsure of the nature of West's business, but he had his suspicions.

When the hue and cry about the counterfeit Missouri notes began, Lane made the connection and offered his services to the vigilantes. The story he told them was startling. It seems that Lane was intimately acquainted with West and West's family, though he knew them under another name. Lane had spent the last ten years of his life trying to hound them out of Summit



Ship unloading forty-niners in Panama



Miners weighing gold. Gold dust was the standard means of exchange. No one could do business without a scale. But the miners wanted something easier to handle—paper money.

County, Ohio. He had had small success.

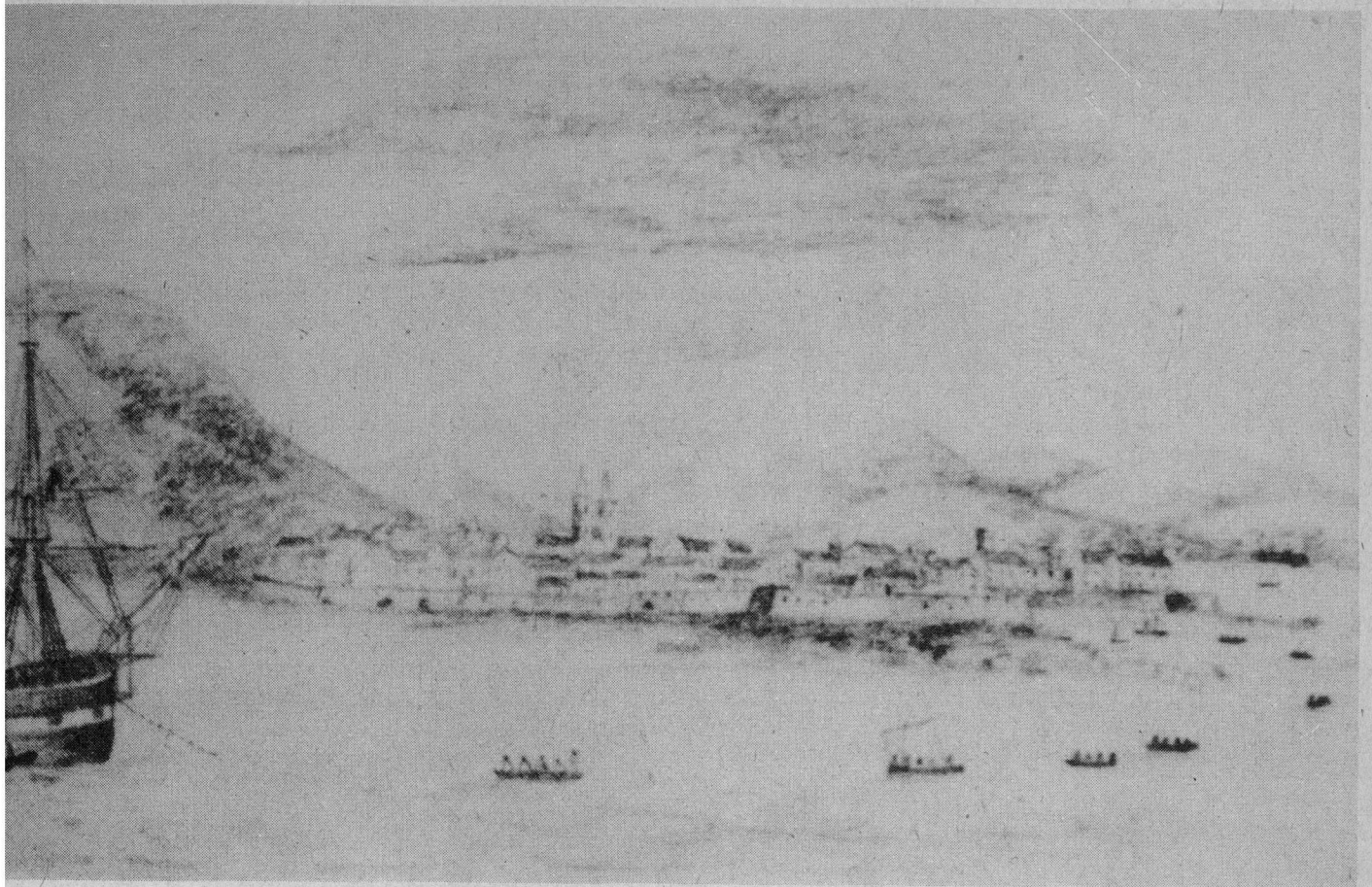
West's real name was Daniel M. Brown, and he had learned the trade of counterfeiting at his father's knee. His father was the Hon. James Brown, Justice of the Peace of Northampton Township, Ohio, and King of the Counterfeiters.

No one is sure when Dan Brown's career started, but his first brush with the law came in 1838 at the age of eighteen. He was arrested for passing his father's counterfeit currency in Lorain County, Ohio. But as was often the case with anyone connected with the Brown gang, both the evidence and the charges disappeared before he came to trial.

Even at that young age, Daniel was a figure to be reckoned with. While under arrest in the village of Elyria, he had nearly escaped a number of times. He finally had to be transferred to the jail in Cleveland, because it was more secure.

His family had been involved in informal banking operations since the early 1820s. His father was already a legendary figure, noted for his flamboyant escapes and his daring vision of how far he could carry his illegal schemes. By

True West



on their way back to the States in 1850. West landed in Panama with four leather valises, each containing 125 pounds of gold.

the Thirties, James Brown was the head of a huge organization whose operations covered the entire United States and Canada. His associates were as skillful as he was. They were reputed to include some of the most prominent and influential men in Ohio. That virtually guaranteed the gang's immunity from

Although the family specialized in counterfeiting bank notes and forging mortgages and state bonds, Dan expanded the repertoire by producing bogus coins so finely executed as almost to escape attention. He was extremely successful for a number of years.

But about 1849, his secure position

appears to have set up shop in or near Sacramento. There, he quietly provided himself with the wares he would be trading in the goldfields.

After hearing Lane's tale, the vigilantes chose four of their number to continue the pursuit. They were handicapped by the fact that they would have to conduct the pursuit in person. Neither telegraph nor swift means of transportation connected California with the East Coast.

They left San Francisco for the Isthmus on the first ship available. Making inquiries upon their arrival in Panama, they discovered that their quarry was just two weeks ahead of them. They hurried to the East Coast and just missed him. Brown's ill health had delayed his passage.

Dan Brown landed in New York in late December 1850. His weakened health ruined during his passage through Panama, he arrived more dead than alive. Knowing death was near, he contacted influential friends and arranged swift transportation to the family home in Northampton Township, Ohio.

He arrived home just after Christmas.

Dan West had the last laugh. From the time of his death, rumors circulated that there was a large cache of gold hidden in the area. In 1936, the first evidence came to light. On the Boston township farm of Walter Tesmer, a tantalizing discovery was made. The chickens had gold dust in their craws.

pursuit and prosecution.

In the early 1840s, after a short apprenticeship under his father's watchful eye, Daniel M. Brown took the name Dan West and left home to take charge of the gang's western territory. It included western Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and the Mississippi Valley. Branch operations he controlled directly were located in the cities of Detroit, Saint Louis, Natchez, and Little Rock.

July 1987

was threatened. He found that one of his dogged pursuers, a United States marshal in Detroit, had made a deal with one of West's former lovers to betray him. West saw in the Gold Rush an opportunity for both escape and gain. Like other forty-niners packing the tools he thought he would need in the promised land, he made the arduous trek across the plains and mountains. He arrived in California in late summer, 1850. He ap-



Dan M. Brown's Northampton, Ohio, home. Brown died almost immediately after arriving home in January 1851. He was buried near the house, but the grave was later moved. Since then, gold dust has been reported in the vicinity of the house.

His poor condition was so obvious to him, his family, and his friends, that both the family physician and the family attorney were called in. On December 27, 1850, Dan M. Brown divested himself of all his earthly possessions. Wily to the end, he distributed his property and money with his own hand. It would not do to leave a trail. Of the gold acquired in California, nothing was mentioned.

Brown died on his Northampton farm on January 21, 1851, at the age of thirty-one. He was buried there.

The pursuing vigilantes arrived in New York in early January. They knew "West" had landed there and had little trouble tracing him to Ohio. They followed his trail to Cleveland, but when they got there, they were informed their man was dead. Sam Lane, however, had warned them about the Brown family's influence and connections, so they believed that was just a trick to throw them off the trail.

They decided to continue the investigation using a trick of their own. One of the vigilantes, an experienced

California detective, was sent to the family farm to get permission to disinter the body. The story he used was that his father, in one of the western states, had guaranteed Dan M.'s bail at some time in the past. Proof of Dan's death would relieve him of the responsibility of making the payment. The detective and the other vigilantes, who posed as officers of the court, were given permission to exhume the body.

THE CORPSE was disinterred and clearly identified as that of Daniel "West." The vigilantes took advantage of the situation to search the grave and the property for gold. They found none and returned to California disappointed.

Dan West had the last laugh. From the time of his death, rumors circulated that there was a large cache of gold hidden in the area. In 1936, the first evidence came to light. On the Boston township farm of Walter Tesmer, not very far from the Brown homestead, a tantalizing discovery was made. Tesmer's chickens had gold dust in their craws. Tesmer attempted to discover

where the chickens were picking it up, but after a few weeks gave up the search.

Somewhere in the quiet hills of northeast Ohio lie five hundred pounds of gold dust, mined from the miners by Dan West, Banker to the Gold Rush.

SOURCES

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Trails Grown Dim

Shoshone Drive, Apt. 24, Lafayette, IN 47905.

Luker

Elizabeth (Eliza) Luker was born in Clay County, Alabama, around 1847. She married a Mr. Roberts and they had two sons and two daughters. La Vada, the name of the youngest daughter, is the only name of a child known. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Roberts went to Houston, Texas, and bought or built a hotel. Shortly after World War I, she sold her hotel for a fair profit and bought land on the Texas Plains.

I would appreciate hearing from any of her descendants.—**Joe Hearne Moore, 12410 La Lira Drive, San Antonio, TX 78233.**

Quattlebaum

I would like to contact anyone that could help me locate the Quattlebaum families. They came from Georgia and settled in White County, Arkansas. My dad and grandfather are no longer living, and I would like to know about others in my family.—**Bobbie Quattlebaum Nichols, P.O. Box 867, Monahans, TX 79756.**

Jones-Page

I am looking for the descendants of Joe Joseph Jones and Pearl Page. They are the parents of my mother. I believe my grandfather was born in Arkansas. He married and lived in Oklahoma. He and his wife had three surviving children: Emma, Betty, and Robert.

I would like to hear from anyone that could give me information on my family.—**Mrs. Irene Bornn, P.O. Box 1096, Victoria, TX 77902.**

Jennings

I am seeking information on the life and times of Al Jennings. Who was his father and mother? Where and when was he born? Where and when did he die? Did he have a wife and family?

I would like to hear from anyone who may have information about this person or his relatives. I will answer all letters.—**Robert G. Willis, 970 Harney Way, Sunnyvale, CA 94087.**



Davenport

I would like any information concerning my grandfather and his children. His name was Thomas Alonzo Davenport, Jr. He was the son of T.A. Davenport, Sr. and Caroline Hall. He was a veteran of the Civil War and served under Captain C.S. Coffey. He entered Oklahoma Territory after the war. He married Elizabeth Trimble and they had twins, Elmer and Delmer. They may have had more children. I would like to hear from any descendants.—**Turner Ashby Ross, P.O. Box 1271, Verona, MS 38879.**

Brownlee-Stevens-Bursheres

I am seeking information on my father's family. George Arthur Brownlee was born on March 12, 1891, in Oakcliff, Texas. He had three older sisters. His grandparents and great-grandparents came up the Trail of Tears. Another grandfather lost an arm and leg in the Battle of Wilderness during the Civil War. His mother's name was Lucy Jane Stevens.—**Clara Wingfield, 8200 Bolsa, #109, Midway City, CA 92655.**

Osborn

I am seeking information on my great-grandfather Aaron Farmer Osborn, who lived in the Platte County, Missouri, and Wyandotte County, Kansas, area. He was born on December 20, 1829, and died in 1911. He was buried in Weston, Missouri.

Aaron had a twin sister named Sarah, who married a man named Lewis. In September of 1863, Aaron was made captain in the newly formed 82nd Enrolled Missouri Militia, or "Paw Paws." It is believed that Aaron was a spokesmith or wagon maker at sometime in his life.

Osborn's wife, Winifred Ann Merchant, died in 1896, and sometime after that, Aaron moved to a 360-acre farm in Kansas with his daughter, Lena, and her husband, Will Thorp. There he lived out his final years and was buried in the Weston cemetery.

Any information on Aaron, Sara Lewis, or the "Paw Paw" militia would be appreciated.—**W.A. Osborn, P.O. Box 7571, Klamath Falls, OR 97602.**

July 1987

Flinn

I am looking for information on a Jack Flinn, said to be born in Ireland. He married Julia Grounds Richardson in Iowa. Julia had four children: Mary Richardson, Elizabeth Richardson, Sant Richardson, and Katie Richardson.

Julia and Jack had one son, Sidney B. Flinn, born January 20, 1869, in Iowa. Jack and his family moved to California sometime after Sidney's birth. It is said that Jack went to California to mine for gold.

Julia left Jack and went to Nolan County, Texas, sometime in the 1880s. Jack remarried and had other children.

I would appreciate any information on Jack Flinn because he is my great-great-grandfather.—**Shonna Lawhorn, 501 Walnut, Sweetwater, TX 79556.**

Herrin

My great-grandfather Isaac Francis Herrin was said to have settled in Boerne, Kendall County, Texas, before the Great Rebellion. His tombstone in Patton Cemetery at Boerne reveals he was born on October 25, 1833, and died on October 10, 1887. He was first married to a lady named Elizabeth who was born June 8, 1834, and died May 18, 1875, after having seven children.

In 1874, Isaac married Annie B. Cupps, daughter of Fred Cupps. Annie was born on March 17, 1848, in Quincy, Illinois, and died in Boerne, Texas, on August 21, 1932. Isaac and Annie had five children, all born in Boerne. Annie's parents were said to have owned the old Menger Hotel in San Antonio, Texas, and disowned her because she married a man of Irish blood.

Isaac and Annie had owned more than six hundred acres of land in Boerne, long fought over by heirs after Annie's death. Annie was said to have had a half-brother named Frank Moore, who lived by the Blanco River.

I would like to hear from anyone having information in regards to this family or their history.—**David Cheesman, 1805**

Readers letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to above is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

A Pioneer Woman's Letter's

LETTERS FROM HONEYHILL: A WOMAN'S VIEW OF HOME-STEADING, 1914-1931. By Cecilia Hennel Hendricks, edited by Cecilia Hendricks Wahl. Pruett Publishing Company, 2928 Pearl Street, Boulder, CO 80301. \$22.95, clothbound.

Cecilia Hendricks did not bump along rutted trails in a Conestoga wagon or fearfully watch for hostile Indians while making the trip west in 1913. She was a pioneer, nonetheless, as she moved with her new husband to his homestead in northern Wyoming.

The United States Reclamation Service had opened an irrigation project in the Shoshone Valley and offered homesteads to bring the barren acres into good farm production. The land was cheap and John Hendricks, a Spanish American War veteran, believed he could become a financial success by raising bees and selling honey.

Cecilia Hennel was a professor at Indiana University, Bloomington, when she and Hendricks were married. During their train ride to the western homestead, they stopped in Chicago long enough to buy an Underwood typewriter. Cecilia used it to write letters almost daily to her parents for the next seventeen years. They saved her letters, thousands of them, and her daughter has compiled them into this book.

Arranged in chronological order, the letters reveal much about Cecilia. She was a practical, sensitive person, who grew to love Wyoming. The letters also record the history of these years, as she was a keen observer and an accurate reporter of events. She describes the first automobile in the neighborhood, their prized Victrola and first battery radio, how they got electricity, the first airplane, changing styles in clothing, and political events.

Although Cecilia didn't write as often when postage soared to three cents a letter, she continued to send her parents descriptions of life in Wyoming.

"September 14, 1917: This morning the clouds lifted a while . . . and you should have seen the new white snow on the mountains to the west and north. Bear Tooth has a new sprinkling, but the tall mountains over in the Park and the tall ones to the southwest were dazzling. Even Cedar Mountain, the one

west of Cody . . . had a new white bonnet . . .

"August 21, 1919: If you had been here yesterday you would have seen the queerest weather we ever had. There are big forest fires somewhere and the air is thick with smoke . . . The air was a queer green color all day, like twilight. The crickets sang all day and the bees did not fly or hum at all . . .

"July 25, 1923: The Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney art exhibit (in Cody) . . . has been shown only in three places heretofore . . . New York, Paris and Chicago . . . since Mrs. Whitney is making the Buffalo Bill statue for Cody she decided to put the exhibit there this summer . . .

"November 8, 1929: At the quilting party Mrs. Gillett got to telling about what happened once when she went east for a visit, leaving Mr. G. and their five sons at home. The boys ranged in age from 8 to 20 years . . . A week after she left one of them broke his arm . . . The house caught fire three times . . . once was when the boys (9 and 11 years old) lighted a lamp and set it on a chair beside their bed so they could read. It was a very hot night and they went to bed without the formality of a nightie, there being no mother around to see they observed the proprieties . . . They awoke to find . . . the room on fire and chased to the neighbors for help . . . The neighbors were just returning from the chautauqua, so the boys shouted their news to them and started back toward their house . . . The two little boys had a slight start and they kept ahead of the car all the way down the road the quarter of a mile . . . absolutely naked . . . with the full glare of the headlights on them all the way."

By 1931 the Great Depression was in full force. The financial situation was so bad the Kendricks were "up against it" and their neighbors were losing their farms for taxes. Cecilia managed to get a teaching job in the English department at Indiana University. She had to leave John and their beloved Honeyhill and returned with their three children to Bloomington, Indiana. There she helped care for her aging father, saw their children get an education, and sent money to John to pay bills and taxes to save Honeyhill.

Anyone who has lived through the Depression will appreciate the heart-break in the final pages of this book. It

does not have a happy ending, but it is a true story and one that should be read.—Willah Weddon, Stockbridge, Michigan.

The South Platte Trail

DESTINATION: DENVER CITY. THE SOUTH PLATTE TRAIL. By Doris Monahan. Swallow Press/Ohio University Press, Athens, Ohio 45701. 1985. \$29.95 clothbound, \$14.95 paperbound.

Destination: Denver City is a good example of thorough and detailed research. Doris Monahan shows a remarkable knowledge of the historic environment surrounding the Colorado Gold Rush and a dedicated attention to the smallest details.

In general, the twelve chapters deal with the people and the events of the South Platte trail during the ten-year period between 1857 and 1867. Monahan explains how events like the incursions of fur trappers, Indian buffalo hunts, and the gold rush affected the area to the point where newly-established settlements scattered along the trail created a need for communication and transportation links, military protection, and a news service.

Every aspect of life on the South Platte Trail during this period has been analyzed to its core, whether it concerns the treatment of animal skins, the geological characteristics of the trail, or the habits, physical features, and even the nicknames of the people involved. The general framework of the book is good, and well-linked to the clear and accurate footnotes. Each chapter leads smoothly into the next and the twenty-five pages of old photos, drawings and maps add a pleasant pause during the course of reading.

Destination: Denver City will be consulted primarily as a resource for details, prominent names of the period, or family background. However, it is far from being pleasant reading. The accurate and detailed research is unable to translate itself into a fluent, readable essay. Throughout the book, names, places, and facts alternate quickly and unceasingly, leaving the reader perplexed about how much he will be able to remember and how much is worth remembering. It is a condensed essay in which some of the chapters could have been diluted into a less

crowded, more pleasant volume. It also seems to be mainly dedicated to the select few who are already familiar with the region and its history and know what to expect from these pages.

In spite of the several fascinating episodes of frontier life described, the work lacks the vivid imagery which is the key to any literary success. But because the book is well-researched, largely from primary sources, it represents a valid document in the history of the South Platte Trail.—**Lorenza Marcin, Colorado Springs, Colorado.**

Bovine Genealogy

THE TEXAS LONGHORN: RELIC OF THE PAST, ASSET FOR THE FUTURE. By Don Worcester. Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, TX 77843-4354. \$12.95 clothbound.

Don Worcester, a noted historian and author of books about the American West, proposes an iconoclastic theory in this brief monograph: the Texas Longhorn, he says, is not just a descendant of the Spanish, or Criollo, cattle

but owes many of its characteristics, including unusual horn growth, to another source—the Bakewell Longhorn, England's first improved breed of cattle. Worcester supports his hypothesis with extensive research documenting the importation of English cattle into the southeastern states in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and their subsequent introduction into Texas in the years between statehood and the Civil War.

Having traced carefully the Longhorn's English line of descent, Worcester gives equal time to the Criollo in a chapter full of anecdotal descriptions of the dominant wild cattle of Texas. The mixing of those wild or Spanish cattle with the Anglo stock resulted in the present breed of Longhorns, according to Worcester.

The value of this slim book—number eight in a series of essays on the American West—lies as much in its stories as its theory concerning the Longhorn's origins. Worcester has uncovered a wealth of examples, complete with names and dates, that enliven the history of the breed. For example, a Texas rancher imported some Short-

horns and had them hauled by wagon from the port in New Orleans. When his breeding experiment failed, another rancher said wryly, "A man has no business with cows that can't light out and walk from New Orleans."

But Longhorns fell into disfavor in spite of their well-known characteristics of disease-free survival and their acknowledged rescue of Texas from financial chaos following the Civil War. Worcester chronicles their demise—brought about by careless breeding, imported Shorthorns, and the barbed wire fence—and the resurgence of the breed due to farsighted men like Emil Marks and Graves Peeler. Today, says Worcester, America's first home-grown beef breed, risen phoenix-like from the ashes of oblivion, still has contributions to make.

In this concise study, Worcester gives a thorough and easily grasped history of the cattle which captured the imagination of Westerners. It's no wonder the Longhorn has become the symbol of Texas.—**Judy Alter, Fort Worth, Texas.**



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Wild Old Days

After many years of retirement from the hobo trail, I once decided to rejoin the knights of the road and enjoy some carefree travel over the old cinder trail. I wondered if I would find any of my old friends, whose company I used to enjoy while living in the hobo jungle.

I boarded a passenger train in Billings, Montana, and rode the blinds into Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. I went into a jungle there and stayed a week.

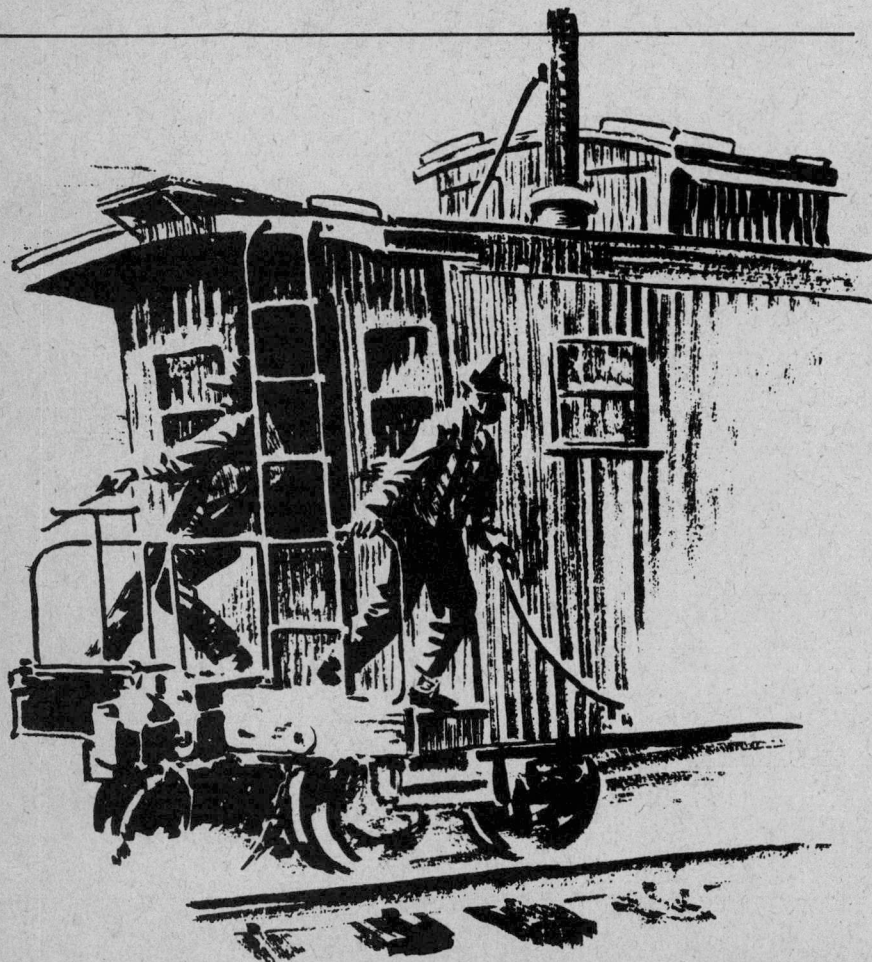
An old black man that I had traveled with years before was there. His hair had turned snow white. He was seventy-five years old, and he told me that he had been hoboing for fifty years. I had first met him when I was a young kid riding in the shade on a vinegar car on



By GUY BAILEY

Illustrated by AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

Hood River Blackie Remembered



the Nickle Plate Railroad in Ohio. He had taught me many things about riding the rails, and he had told me to be sure to write to my mother every week.

There in Idaho, he told me he was on his way to Seattle. After spending his whole life as a hobo, he was going into an old folks' home.

When I left Coeur d'Alene, I went to the yards and climbed into a boxcar headed for Wenatchee, Washington. Several of the fellows at the hobo camp there were waiting to pick Bartlett pears. I helped replenish the mulligan pot and enjoyed my stay for a few days. Times had changed a lot since the old days when we rode the trains pulled by steam engines. One thing, we didn't have to eat cinders.

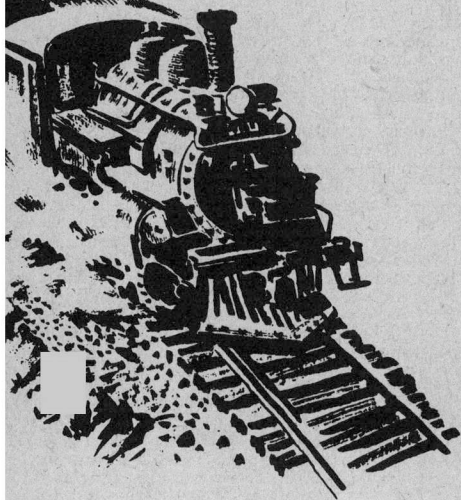
I left Wenatchee and headed for the Yakima Valley a hundred and fifty miles south. The 'bos had a good camp there and were ready to start working on the pear crop. The second day I was there, we had a great surprise. Hood River Blackie walked into camp. I had never met Blackie, but some of the other boys had. They introduced me to him, and he told us of many of his experiences.

One I will never forget: years before, he had been on a freight train in Montana when a bad rail put ten cars down the thirty-foot bank into the river. When everything came to a stop, Blackie found himself in the river in an upside down boxcar.

Blackie wasn't hurt—just shook up. He could hear someone hollering for help, and he knew that there had been

True West

A Well-known
Hobo's Story
Reminds His Pals
that Hoboing
Wasn't All
Fun



some hobos in a gondola car behind him. When he got out of his car and went to help, he found a young fellow about twenty years old lying in the cold water. The corner of the boxcar was on his leg. Blackie held up the young hobo's head and called for help.

The train crew, the conductor, and the brakeman came, but there was no way possible to rescue the boy. The brakeman suggested cutting his leg off at the knee with a jackknife. He would surely bleed to death; he was already losing blood in the water. Blackie held the boy up out of the water for another half-hour, but he finally died.

When Blackie got through telling his story, tears were running down his cheeks. It reminded me that hoboing isn't all fun.

I left the valley and never saw Hood River Blackie again. But I have always remembered him as a great man. Everyone who ever met him loved him.

Hood River Blackie was a great hobo.



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Call.

SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1891—SIXTEEN PAGES.

SAN FRANCISCO

IN EARLY TIMES.

When the Metropolis of California Was Known as Yerba Buena.

One of the Traditions of the Indians in Regard
to the Golden State—A Correspondent's
Views of the Bay City.

Just think of General Vallejo telling some American tourists when standing in the court-yard of the Palace Hotel, that in earlier times he lassoed a bear with his riata, or rope, just where they were all standing, writes a San Francisco correspondent to the Cincinnati Enquirer. That was in the days of long ago, when this city was called by the dignified name of Yerba Buena, and, as the General remarked, it was a little better than a forest of wild beasts.

As late as 1839 the name was retained, and the inhabitants were chiefly Indians. In 1833 a Boston bark visited the Coast, it was called the Volunteer. Thomas Shaw was the captain, J. C. Jones the owner and supercargo. Jones went to the Sandwich Islands in about 1820 or 1821, and became United States Consul. From there he often made voyages, going to Boston, returning to the islands, and then visiting other points. In 1833 he came to the harbor of San Francisco, anchoring in the cove known as Yerba Buena or Loma Alta Cove. Loma Alta is known to the residents here as Telegraph Hill and Yerba Buena was San Francisco proper. W. H. Davis was one of the party and had come to this city in 1831, seventeen years before the gold discovery at the old Sutter mill. From him we learn that Captain Shaw prided himself on having the fastest boat on the water, but as the test had never been made it was still a matter of opinion with the captain, for the English vessel, the *Arecucha*, was known and acceded by all the captains, save Shaw of the Volunteer, to be the very fastest on the Coast. On this trip, when fully twenty-five miles from the bay, being becalmed and compelled to lie to on account of a dense fog,

IMAGINE SHAW'S DELIGHT

When at about noon the fog vanished, and very near by was the celebrated English boat *Arecucha*, becalmed, also. Here,

thought the captain, is the longed for opportunity. It was evident the one idea had taken possession of the English captain too, for both boats were preparing for a race. It was very exciting, both vessels doing their best. For a time the *Arecucha* was ahead, but slowly the Volunteer was gaining on her. When almost abreast Captain Shaw shouted through a speaking trumpet: "How do you do, Captain Wilson?" Wafted back over the waters came the reply: "I am very well, thank you, Captain Shaw. You are gaining on me fast." Not only did they gain on them, but anchored fully a quarter of an hour before its rival, and beating her record of being the fastest boat on the Coast. Both boats were flying their national colors when racing. In the evening the defeated captain came aboard of the victorious bark and spent several hours talking over the race and drinking many glasses of something stronger than water. The kindest feeling prevailed, but each captain was intensely proud of his own nationality.

At the military post all the soldiers were native Californians, and Captain M. G. Vallejo, afterward General Vallejo, was in command. Castle Point was also under his command. It was well garrisoned and had the Spanish name of *Punta del Castillo*. The trade was at that time water trade, the currency being hides, tallow, sea and land otter, beaver skins, etc.

AT THE DOLORES MISSION,

In 1833, there were fully 2000 Indians, well fed, well clothed, learning to be industrious and becoming Christianized. Among them were some good masons, shoemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths and shipwrights. All spoke Spanish, and many could both read and write. At the head of this mission was Padre Quijas, who had thousands of horses and mares, 10,000 head of cattle, besides vast numbers of sheep. The Padre was very sociable and entertained his guests with native California wine (red), manufactured at the Santa Clara and San Jose missions, and which was considered very fine. Rich in stock as the Dolores Mission was, it was poor, very poor, when compared with the two above mentioned.

I quote from an old resident, who says in 1833 there was "not a single inhabitant of what is now known as the city or county of San Francisco outside of the Presidio and the Mission."

The first merchant of Yerba Buena and Monterey was Nathan Spear of Boston. The goods were shipped from point to point by little schooners.

In 1839 Captain John Sutter was making excursions and examining the country, searching for a suitable place to settle. He was desirous of obtaining large grants from the Mexican Government. He finally came to what is now Sacramento City, and there, with his Swiss mechanics and several others, he planted his brass cannon and had all his arms ready for defense against the 700 or 800 Indians that had met him in their tule canoes on his arrival. The precaution was unnecessary, for they gave no trouble. However, he thought it

WISE TO BUILD A FORT

In case of any hostility or any trouble of the Department of California. Captain

Sutter was a native of Switzerland, and an accomplished, cultivated gentleman and delightful companion.

The Russian Fur Company held a lease from the Mexican Government, and under this lease they were shooting from their boats the sea otters, which were not only in San Francisco Bay, but both north and south of it. Their skill in killing these animals was so great that they nearly exterminated them. After skinning them the hides were shipped to St. Petersburg, Russia. About 1841 John A. Sutter purchased everything the Russian Fur Company had for the sum of \$50,000. He was to pay in wheat, stock, soap and furs, and five years were given him to cancel his indebtedness, and it was done in the time named. All about Sacramento, in that great valley, he raised his acres of wheat.

Fourth of July was first celebrated here in 1839 by a few Americans. They invited their friends, and in patriotic style kept the national holiday.

There is a curious tradition among the Indians in regard to the Golden Gate, as it is called, or entrance into the bay. An old servant of Captain Richardson named Monica related it to a party of gentlemen in 1833 when he was 80 years old, very vigorous and still a good boatman, his work being to convey goods by boat to the different points. This man said his ancestors had handed down the story from a very remote period. It was as follows: In the long ago there was only a mountain where now is the famous Golden Gate. The natural outlet for the waters was through the Santa Clara Valley across the plains to the Bay of Monterey, and by a mighty convulsion of nature the mountains were in part uprooted and the entrance from the bay to the ocean made, which is now the only passage to sea, and through which all ships must pass, and is called

THE GOLDEN GATE.

As seashells have been brought to the surface from the depth of 100 feet in many places where this natural outlet was said to exist, it seems to be proof that it is not altogether imagination. A scientific Frenchman hearing the story was very much interested, and spent much time making observations, and finally expressed himself as being of the opinion, from the geological evidences and indications, that the story was founded on fact.

In the very center of the business portion of this city, about Kearny and Washington streets, was a lake of salt water, and influenced by the tide, being fed by a little creek with water from the bay. As the city built up this became a troublesome thing with muddy banks, and finally it was determined to bridge over the creek. When it was done the people came from all directions to see the wonderful structure, for they were getting progressive, and took very soon to public improvements. Then jumping and wading daily was getting to be too primitive.

Captain Hinckley, the Alcalde, who was the first to see the necessity of having the bridge, and to whom it was due, had a survey of Yerba Buena made, the streets located and named. This was the first thing of the kind ever done here, and that was

True West

when the Mexican Government had full control.

If any one supposes gold was first discovered at Sutter's Mill, he or she is greatly in the dark. As early as 1840, in Los Angeles County, up the San Fernando Valley, a party of Sonora Mexicans made the first find. Being familiar with their own placer mines, they took out a good deal of dust. It is estimated that in two years fully \$100,000 had been taken out. The mining was continued, but with very small results, till the great gold fever broke out all over the land on the Sacramento discovery, which was in 1848.

YET TWO PADRES

Had known of the existence of the precious metal as early as 1843 and '44, but kept the news secret to prevent—what actually did take place—an inpouring of people from everywhere. The gold and precious pieces of stone filled with gold had from time to time been brought to these Padres by the Indians. The Fathers would ascertain the locality and get all the information they could, and then tell these poor creatures if they "uttered a word about it the wrath of God would be visited upon them." Poor, trusting, superstitious creatures, blinded by law and authority, their discovery was of no profit to them, their knowledge of no use to the world.

A grist-mill was needed, so all the way from Baltimore was the machinery brought. A two-story frame building was put up on Clay street, near Kearny. The miller was Daniel Sil, and he had six mules at a time grinding this grist, and kept twenty, all told, for the relief of the others. He daily turned out about twenty to twenty-five barrels of flour. The primitive way—and to this day many Spanish and Mexicans will have no other—is to use a metate, or large flat stone, mounted on three unequal legs, which lets the stone incline sharply. The operator uses a hand-stone and crushes the grain between the two, which falls in a dish below at the lowest end. The women do this work and not only grind corn and wheat, but chili, or the dry and sweet red peppers, which form the seasoning of nearly all their dishes. Even cocoa was prepared by them, as they are very fond of it.

THE LAST PIONEER RELIC,

A building, is now being torn down. It was the first four-story brick building ever erected in the city. It is on Sansone street, and built about 1850. The rear end was only a short distance from deep water at that time, and goods from vessels coming in from China were trucked directly into this warehouse—all the bricks, timber, lime and nails; in fact, nearly everything that came around the Horn from Boston. No one seeing it now would ever dream it was a water-front warehouse of importance. The last Governor under Mexican rule was that charming, courtly gentleman, generous to a fault, beloved by all and finally robbed of all his wealth by not understanding the American ways and laws, yet uncomplaining in his dire poverty—Governor Pio Pico.

When the new American flag first floated over the old Monterey Custom house, July, 1846, the old Mexican was laid aside. Then Commodore Sloat was military commander; then R. C. Stockton, then J. C. Fremont, military Governor in 1846, followed by Generals Kearney and Mason. It was under General Riley's regime that the State was formed, and the election took place September 13, 1849, when the newly elected Governor, Peter Burnett, came into office. Thus this great State was fairly launched on her course. From 1849 to 1891, only about forty-two years, and they seem short to accomplish all that has been done—the desert land grown with fruit and flowers, irrigated by energetic people, who expect to make fruitful every unproductive acre that can have water piped upon it; the sandlots of Yerba Buena covered with some of the largest and finest buildings in the world—houses of stone ten stories high in this land where earthquakes sometimes come, but when difficulties come they seem to be met as quickly.

AS THEY PRESENT THEMSELVES.

Here, too, on coarse, gravelly soil, bunches of grapes of enormous size and weight are grown, one I saw yesterday weighing fourteen pounds, and some have weighed nineteen; seven and a half pounds is not an un-

July 1897

common weight. But tell these things to the average Eastern person in a whisper, and I see them look unutterable things, and afterward hear the m speaking of the wonderful growth of the imagination, as well as fruits, trees and flowers, and have every fact heavily discounted, till even the grasshopper becomes a burden; then, not daring to tell one-half the truth, you subside. I did want to tell of an Ohio man picking 1800 buds and blossoms off one running rose and, getting tired of counting, did not know how many were finally taken from the bush that morning, and I did not want to tell how for three mornings a wagon-load of rosebuds alone were cut from a small yard in Pomona and sent to the flower festival, and how I remarked, as others had, "Well, no flowers have been cut in that yard for the rose festival," when Miss Marita Thomas remarked, "A wagon-load every morning for three mornings, that is all."

If I could have you see this young city, which in summer time merits the name of windy as much as Chicago ever did, and go up Market street, which is sometimes as crowded as Broadway, you would wonder whether it was possible for any other city so many miles from the seat of Government to have accomplished all that has been done here. No other American city resembles New York as this does, and still the foreign element and peculiar ways of many people make you think more often of Paris than any other place. I think it is the most

INDEPENDENT PLACE KNOWN.

Living is as cheap here as elsewhere, room rent higher in proportion than other places. In many of the very best houses you rent a room and have housekeeping privileges—that is, the use of the kitchen to cook for yourself, or have your coal-oil or gasoline stove. It is expected you will ask for housekeeping privileges as much as a parlor—in fact more, and for a single person to do so as well as a person of family taking a flat.

In San Francisco go to a fine house, ask to rent a room with housekeeping privileges and then prepare to run—if you are not remarkably courageous. Board and room can be had as low as \$1 per day at thoroughly respectable places in private families. Rooms alone at fashionable hotels from \$1 up per day. In fact, if you desire to live on the European plan get a fine room at the hotel and excellent meals are to be had at the very lowest rates within a block or two of any of them. More than a fourth of the people live in this way, doing away with housekeeping and paying from \$20 to \$40 for the cook alone, not saying anything about the other servants, for a cook will do nothing but cook in this part of the Union. A servant for general housework is not known here.

I did want to write of the park, the drives, the thousand and one interesting things that go to make this city a pleasant place to reside in at all seasons, particularly in winter, when the winds do not blow every afternoon and the sand does not come down from the surrounding hills with such force as to make you wear your eyes a la squint to keep from making small sand lots of them or go deaf from the quantity of artificial deposit acquired on a promenade. One thing the wind does do is to make the most exquisite foot-gear fashionable. The shoe-stores keep a line of exquisite goods. The size of the children's feet is something remarkable, and in the majority of the ladies, too, for that matter, something tremendous; but you forget the size when you see the high insteps and beautiful modeling and exquisite boots.

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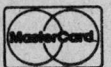
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Sep. 9	Dec. 1987	Nov. 1 - Dec. 1
Oct. 9	Jan. 1988	Dec. 1 - Jan. 1
Nov. 9	Feb. 1988	Jan. 1 - Feb. 1
Dec. 9	Mar. 1988	Feb. 1 - Mar. 1
Jan. 9	Apr. 1988	Mar. 1 - Apr. 1
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Mar. 9	June 1988	May 1 - June 1

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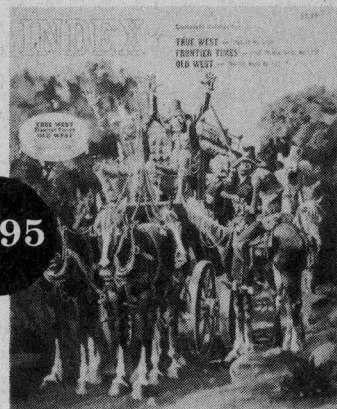
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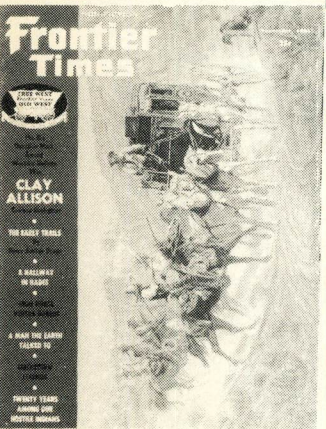
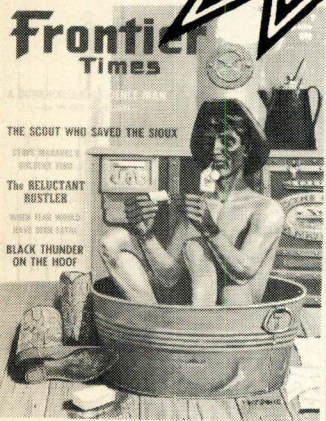
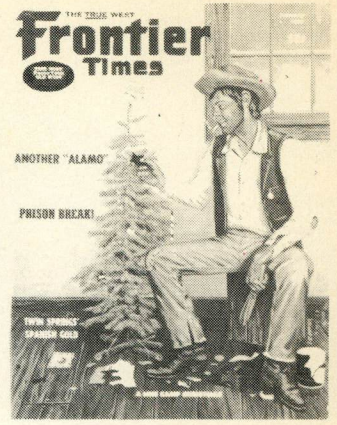
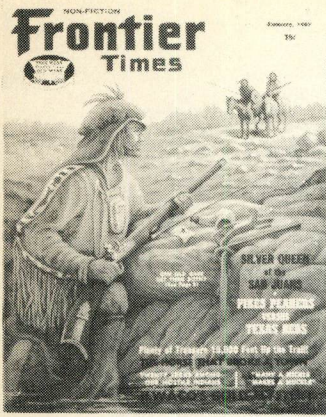
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