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J. GOODMAN

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Plaque marking supposed but probably incorrect location of the Pozos de San Juan de Dios. Courtesy of the author.

# Francisco Garcés in the Mojave Desert, 1776

*by Raymund F. Wood*

At Marl Springs, at about the 4,000 foot elevation, some twelve miles west of the Providence Mountains in the California Mojave Desert, there is a rather unusual bronze plaque. Though somewhat vandalized by gunfire, it is still quite legible, and it reads in part (with capital letters throughout) "POZOS DE SAN JUAN DE DIOS On March 8, 1776, Father Francisco Garcés, O.F.M... rested here and named these waterholes 'St. John of God Springs'..." The plaque was placed there in 1972 by the Hospitaller Brothers of St. John of God of Apple Valley, California.

It is the purpose of the present writer to demonstrate that it is quite improbable that Father Garcés was ever at Marl Springs at

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# THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

## JULY 2000 MEETING

Former sheriff and current book review editor Abraham Hoffman presented the Corral with an overview of Los Angeles, the city of many peoples.

*Photograph by Froylan Tiscareño*

July Meeting Speaker Abraham Hoffman

Hoffman, who received his doctorate from UCLA, is a noted author and lecturer on Los Angeles, especially about water and ethnic composition. Although retired from the Los Angeles Unified School District, he still teaches in the Los Angeles Community Colleges.

From the first forty-four settlers among whom were Indians, Blacks, Metizos, and Mulattos, the city has been a mixture of ethnic groups. Until the 1860s the predominant

*(Continued on page 15)*

that time or any other.

The evidence for this statement rests entirely on Garcés' own carefully-kept diary. There are two basic English translations of this diary. One was made by Elliott Coues and published with very extensive footnotes in 1900 under the title *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer* ... The second is a translation edited by John Galvin and published by Howell North-Books in San Francisco in 1967. I will use the Galvin text except where I have occasionally indicated that I am also using Coues' version.

Who was this Spanish pioneer, Francisco Hermenegildo Garcés (1738-1781), and why is his trail across the Mojave Desert of such interest? The reason is that he was the first non-Indian to cross the Mojave Desert and enter the coastal portion of Alta California by this route; he was the first to discover the Mojave River; and he was the first to try to open a road all the way from Mission San Luis Obispo in Alta California to the long-established capital of New Mexico at Santa Fe—the "Villa Real."

Although an excellent diarist, Garcés was not primarily an explorer; he was, first of all, a missionary and his primary objective was the conversion of the various Indian peoples of the desert from paganism to Christianity. He was officially attached to the Second Anza Expedition of 1775-76, but, in January 1776, he obtained permission to go off on his own missionary expedition. He made friends with the natives wherever he went and particularly with the "Jamajab" (Mojave) nation. While staying with them for a few days in February 1776, he took note of their robust stature and friendly and honest nature. He also noticed that some of the women wore beads or other decorations made of blue abalone shell and asked where they obtained them. He was told that their young men often made trips across the desert, as far as the western seacoast, and traded their dried products, maize, pumpkins (gourds), and the like for the shells.

Garcés decided that he too would go to the coast if the friendly Jamajabs would offer him a couple of young men to guide him. The chief readily agreed, and early in March 1776, Garcés, his companion Sebastián Taraval (a Baja California native who had already been attached to the 1774 Anza Expedition), and three Indian lads set out for the coast. They left the Colorado River close to where the Piute Wash flows into it, a couple of miles below the area where Fort Mojave would later be built.

We now take up Garcés' journal in some detail. The entry for March 4 reads: "I departed [from the river] on a course southwest, and in two leagues and a half arrived at some wells which I named Pozos de San Casimiro." (It was the feast day of St Casimir; Garcés, like other Franciscan missionaries, often named a natural feature, or an Indian *rancheria*, for the saint of the day). In reference to his two and a half leagues, I am taking it for granted that the league, as used by both Father Garcés and Father Font, as well as by later U.S. surveyors, was the common Mexican league of 5000 *varas*, equal to about 2.633 statute miles. His two and a half leagues would therefore be about 6.7 miles and would bring him around the south end of the Dead Mountains to what is today called Sacramento Springs, still in the watershed of Piute Wash, near where Klinefelter station or siding on the Santa Fe tracks is marked today.

The question arises at once: why did the Mojave guides take Garcés across the desert *southwest* from the river instead of turning *northwest* towards the well-known, ever-flowing Piute Spring? Today's anthropologists who have studied petroglyphs and other evidence of aboriginal life in the desert supply us with an answer. Essentially there were two routes: a lower, southern route and a higher, northern one, so indicated by the very few places where the Providence Mountains and their northern extension the New York Mountains could be crossed. The southern route was somewhat warmer in the cold months; the northern was somewhat cooler in the heat of summer.

The time of the year was, for Garcés and his guides, only one of two features in the decision. The other was that of pasturage

for the mounts. For it is certain that both Garcés and Sebastián were mounted on horses, and there was "a mule" also. In the spring months, all along the southern route there would be washes and marshy ground (*vegas*), where if water was not actually flowing, it could be obtained by a brief stint at digging. The Indian guides knew this, and knew just which areas or streams were most likely to provide forage for the animals and potable water for the party.

Next day, March 5, Garcés' guides led him a bit northwest, aiming for the flat and well watered plains north of today's Sacramento Mountains. He probably would have crossed the Santa Fe tracks somewhere between Homer and Bannock stations, before going "west by a quarter west-southwest," making a total of eight leagues for the day (21 miles), and encamping "where there were holes of excellent water, but it was not very plentiful." This would have been about seven miles northwest of Goffs (which he would have passed on his left), and due south of Vontrigger Spring.

The following day, March 6, he went five leagues west, crossing Watson Wash, Woods Wash, Black Canyon Wash, and other small watercourses running south from the New York Mountains. After five leagues due west he went "three leagues west-southwest through flat and grassy country," thereby keeping the Colton Hills on his right. He says that he then "came to a mountain range (the Providence Mountains) with small pines; I called it the Sierra de Santa Coleta, " whose feast it was that day. He continues: "The watering place has but little yield and is high up. " This fits well with the location of Foshay Spring. "Pasturage is ample and good, " he writes. Here he was surprised to meet with other Mojave Indians, carrying back to their homes some abalone shells from the Pacific coast, clear evidence to Garcés that he was on the main trail between river and coast. Though he does not say just where he camped that night, it must have been in Foshay Pass, some of the night perhaps spent in talking with these Jamajabs, for Garcés never forgot that he was primarily a missioner and only secondarily an explorer.

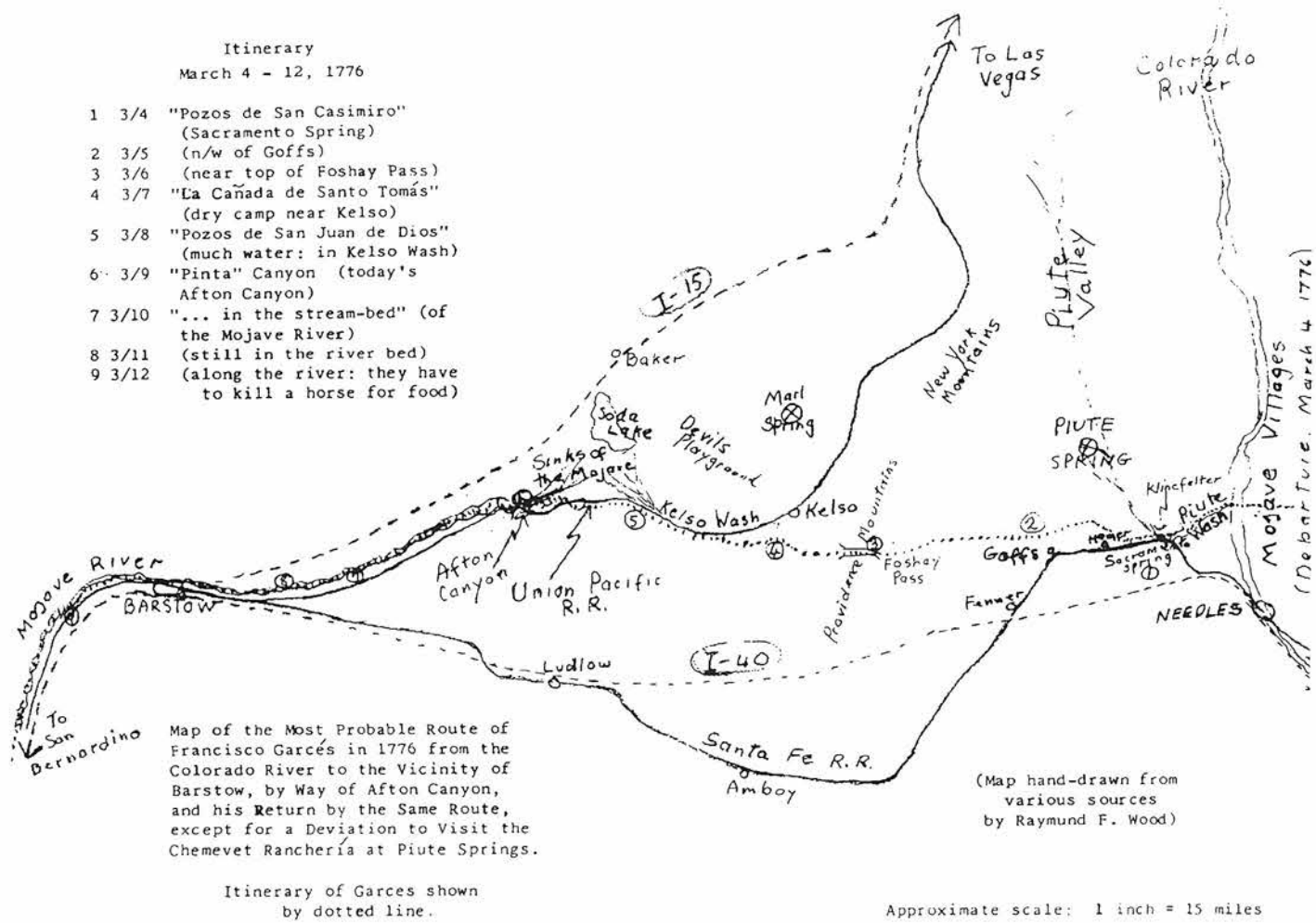
On March 7 Garcés writes: "In the afternoon I crossed the mountain range by a good pass (a "good gap" in Coues' translation), and entered a small valley with sandy knolls." (Coues here uses the Spanish word *médano*, meaning a sand dune). Garcés continues: "I called it the Cañada de Santo Tomás," for St. Thomas Aquinas, Doctor of the Church, whose feast it was that day.

Garcés continues with his diary: "Having travelled four leagues west- northwest, though I would have done better to follow the valley, as it had the firmest ground, I halted. At my stopping place there was herbage but no water. " In writing about this portion of Garcés' trip, in the Historical Society of Southern California's *Annual* (1927), Dix Van Dyke says:

> *The gap [used by Garcés] is a pass in the Providence Mountains, and the sand hills are the northeast edge of the Devil's Playground. The canyada* (sic) *is merely a sandy wash that meanders through the sand hills and carries storm water from the Providence Mountains towards Soda Lake. I traversed the same canyada in an automobile, for the reason that, like Garcés, we found the footing firmer than it was on the sands.*

This was most likely Winston Wash, flowing down from the vicinity of Foshay Pass and ending in Kelso Wash, just east of the present Flynn station on the U.P. tracks, but Garcés must have made his halt just short of the junction of these two washes, for he says there was pasturage but no water.

By March 8, when according to the plaque referred to earlier he was at Marl Springs, Garcés left his dry camp on the edge of the Devil's Playground, and went west-southwest six leagues. Going down Winton Wash he soon picked up the broad Kelso Wash, running to the west between the rugged Bristol Mountains on the south and the sandy and inhospitable terrain of the Devil's Playground on the north. Kelso Wash, like nearly all streams in the desert, is intermittent. It flows only when heavy rains cause runoff from the nearby mountains.




Map of the Most Probable Route of Francisco Garcés in 1776 from the Colorado River to the Vicinity of Barstow, by Way of Afton Canyon, and his Return by the Same Route, except for a Deviation to Visit the Chemevet Rancheria at Piute Springs.

Itinerary of Garces shown by dotted line.

(Map hand-drawn from various sources by Raymund F. Wood)

Approximate scale: 1 inch = 15 miles

Even so, it is a moist river bed during most spring months, and it leads directly to Afton Canyon, where the Mojave River flows eastward before it disappears into its own Sinks of the Mojave, south of Soda Lake. The Indian guides knew this, so that no matter how they floundered about in the sand dunes after coming out of Foshay Pass, they knew that once they reached Kelso Wash they would soon arrive at Afton's fresh-flowing, potable water. Meanwhile, in the wash itself, they might have to dig a bit.

So they proceeded from somewhere near Flynn station, passing the future work stations along the tracks called Kerens, Glasgow, and Sands, where today there are access roads to the Devil's Playground. They covered about six leagues, according to Garcés' diary. Here, perhaps just beyond Sands, he "came to some water holes with an abundant supply; I named them after San Juan de Dios. Pasturage was sufficient." Obviously he did not have to dig this time to get water from these *pozos*.

The Saint John of God so honored by Garcés on his feast day was not a Franciscan saint but a sixteenth-century Portuguese soldier who, repenting of a somewhat riotous life in various armies, turned to a life of good deeds, visiting and feeding the sick and the poor. Around 1539 he founded the Order of Brothers Hospitallers. He was canonized in 1690, and he has become the patron saint of all nurses and hospital workers.

Garcés reached Afton Canyon the next day, his last in the Mojave Desert proper. Here he made the very significant discovery ( though of course known to the natives from time immemorial) of a large river flowing towards him from some unknown mountainous source. The water was "brackish, " though Coues says "saltish, " but only as it flowed out onto the plain. Upstream it was potable. He named it the "Arroyo de Los Mártires." Half a century later another explorer, Jedediah Smith, would call it the "Inconstant River" from its habit of running underground now and then.

Garcés followed the Arroyo upstream, crossing the San Bernardino Mountains, and arrived at San Gabriel on March 24. From there he tried to reach Mission San Luis Obispo, but only got as far as Tulare County, before returning to his favorite Jamajabs. His diary relates that he "returned the same way as far as the Pozos de San Juan de Dios, " reaching that spot on May 22. He went through the Sierra de Santa Coleta on May 25, and finally reached the Mojave villages on May 30.

From a perusal of the above paragraphs, fortified with frequent reference to detailed maps, it is hard to see how any person could come to any conclusion other than the obvious one — that the famous Pozos de San Juan de Dios were located somewhere along the intermittent streambed of Kelso Wash, about twenty airline miles southwest of Marl Springs, and at an elevation of only about 1,800 feet.

There is still the problem of trying to discover how later historians and others, such as the good Brothers who erected the plaque, have become so deceived. Much of the blame lies with Elliott Coues himself; Coues consistently mixes into his narrative of Garcés' journey his own trip in October 1865 along what was to become the Mojave Road (at that time referred to as the Government Road). On page 235, for example, he gives details of the trip, meticulously including the mileage from Beaver Lake to Fort Piute, though in the next paragraph he admits that Garcés did not go that way. But he constantly implies that Garcés' route was only a few miles away from his. He puts the Pozos de San Casimiro (Sacramento Spring) "a few miles" south of Fort Piute. Actually it is seventeen miles. Then he writes on page 236, "Now Garcés is coming along his trail but little south of my road and nearly parallel therewith." This makes it very easy for him to imply that Garcés crossed the Providence Mountains by way of Cedar Canyon, as Coues himself did. But Cedar Canyon is about sixteen miles north of Foshay Pass.

On page 258 Coues finally admits his dilemma. Either he is wrong, or Garcés is wrong. He writes: "...Garcés' mileages of the

7th, 8th, and 9th are not so adjustable that we can positively identify his Pozos de San Juan de Dios with Marl Springs, but if he was not there on the 8th *there is no named place that I know of where he could have found abundant water and grass* (Italics mine.)

The above is arrant nonsense. First, there is no reason to "adjust" Garcés' mileages, nor is there any authority to do so. It is only necessary to accept his leagues (or miles) at their face value, as well as his clear compass directions from camp to camp, to ascertain just where he was on any given day, and it doesn't help to mix Coues' estimates of distances on his own trip nearly ninety years later with those of Garcés. Second, Coues says that he knows of no named place where Garcés could have found water. But in 1776 there was no place anywhere in that area that was named, aside from those bestowed by Garcés himself. The problem is not to *assume* that the place he named was at today's Marl Springs and try to fit his mileage to the theory but to try to find out, from Garcés' text itself precisely where these "wells" that he named were located.

This brings me to the final point, the matter of nomenclature. In each case — San Casimiro, San Juan de Dios, and San Felipe Neri (on his return trip) — Garcés uses the term *pozo*, rather than *fuente, aguaje*, or any other word to describe a flowing spring. *Pozo* is from Latin *puteus*, meaning literally a ditch, and secondarily a well, something one has to dig. His constant use of this word along the sometimes marshy southern route across the desert contrasts with his usage of *aguaje* (a spring, water flowing from a rocky area) only twice while crossing and recrossing the desert. Once was when he camped high up in Foshay Pass in the rocky Providence Mountains and found a spring there; the other time was when he visited the Chemevet tribe at Piute Spring on his return trip. Piute Spring was indeed an *aguaje*. One did not need to dig to obtain water there. All other named locations of water were in marshy ground, and he called them *pozos*.

So the famous Wells of St. John of God turn out to be, not the Marl Springs of today, in the Marl Mountains, but rather some unidentified holes in the ground, along the riverbed of Kelso Wash, somewhere between today's Sands Station and Crucero, beside the right-of-way of the Union Pacific Railroad. The airline distance to Marl Springs is about 20 miles.

### Bibliographical Comment

When I was writing the article "Francisco Garcés: Explorer of Southern California" subsequently published in *Southern California Quarterly* in 1969, the bronze plaque at Marl Springs was not placed there until three years later. In my article, therefore, I was merely suggesting that perhaps Foshay Pass was the one that Garcés took, and I was little concerned to prove it. But in May 1994, I was invited to accompany a 4-wheel-drive caravan along the Mojave Road, and I saw for the first time the bronze confirmation of what I believe to be an historical error. So I set about to demonstrate, by careful examination of Garcés' texts, and by accurate determination of his compass directions and of his leagueage, that he could not have been at Marl Springs, at an elevation of about 4,000 feet, on March 8, 1776. Instead, I placed his Wells of St. John of God, as accurately as I could, in their proper locality, about twenty miles to the southwest, and at an elevation of only 1,800 feet.

The single most useful map for the whole area of Garcés' route is the one published by the Automobile Club of Southern California, "San Bernardino County." The Bureau of Land Management maps in the Desert Access Guide series, Nos. 13, 12, and 8 are the most useful. The U.S.G.S. also puts out a series, the most useful being named Needles, Amboy, and Newberry Springs. These may normally be found in map stores or libraries.

The two available texts of Garcés' diary are Elliott Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer: the Diary and Itinerary of Francisco Garcés...* (New York: Francis P. Harper, 1900), 608 pp. two volumes. This is a massive work, and scholars owe Coues a debt of gratitude for his valuable footnotes and explanations.

Marl Springs today. There is an upper and lower spring. Note that water has been piped from the spring off to the right of the photo, and runs into the cistern for cattle to drink. The amount of natural flow may be estimated from the wide swath of brush at center of photo. Courtesy author.

Even so, his account of Garcés in the Mojave Desert is flawed. The other text is *A Record of Travel in Arizona and California, 1775-1776—Fr. Francisco Garcés: A New Translation by John Galvin* (San Francisco, John Howel-Books), 113 pp., maps, illus., index. This is a handsome work, but its explanatory notes are minimal, especially when compared to Coues' edition.

Later publications include Dix Van Dyke,"A Modern Interpretation of the Garcés Route," in *Annual Publication* Historical Society of Southern California, XIII (1927): 353-359. This is disappointingly vague, failing to give a name to the "gap" by which Garcés exited the Providence Mountains.

Another disappointing contribution is that of an unpublished Master's thesis (later developed into a doctoral dissertation) by Scott J. Maughan, "Opening a Road to California" (University of Utah, 1950). The author seems to have been influenced by Coues and comes to no definite conclusions as to Garcés' route.

My own contribution, mentioned above, is "Francisco Garcés, Explorer of Southern California," *Southern California Quarterly*, LI (September 1969): 185-207. Arguments favoring Foshay Pass are in note 10, p. 207. Also there is the essay by Arda Haenszel, doyenne of San Bernardino historians, entitled "Father Garcés in Foshay Pass," in Denis Casebier's *East Mojave Heritage Trail: Rocky Ridge to Fenner, pp. 270-72.* Arda is, like myself, convinced that Garcés took the southern route.

# Edward Rose: Maverick Mountain Man

by Willis Blenkinsop

In a land where mere survival was sufficient evidence of success, Edward Rose lived in affluence.

During one of the great periods of his life when he lived with the Crow Indians, he was almost literally the master of all he surveyed—and there was much to survey. Absaroka, the Crow domain, extended across the immense region comprising present-day Sheridan County, Wyoming; and Big Horn and Rosebud counties of Montana. As one of the principal chieftains of Absaroka, Rose had his choice of the best clothing, horses, weapons and women. He had power. And his fame was not confined to that abundant land south of the Yellowstone. It extended into the land of the Sioux, the Mandans, the Minetarees, Arikaras, Poncas and Omahas. He had an uncanny sense of presence, and he knew precisely how to use it. With his powerful frame, sinister countenance and haughty bearing, he commanded both fear and respect.

One of Rose's peers, Jim Beckwourth, has said that it is difficult for an Indian to become a white man, but a white man easily learns to live like an Indian. Rose not only found it easy; he virtually became one. His was the dark hair and skin of an Indian. His whim was dress. He adopted the dress of his Indian friends, covering himself with native finery. And it was the best, for Crow-made clothes and personal adornment were preferred by all the Plains tribes. Plumes, beads and bells glistened and jingled when he moved. His children, as he came to regard his Crow consorts, stretched their arms upward when greeting him to signify that he was as high as it was possible for a man to be. He exchanged his favorite rifle for an Indian wife and became an expert with bow and arrow.[1] But in the role he was destined to play, his most potent weapon was his aptitude for language.

How did this notorious renegade, aside from his unique skill with language, achieve such popularity? Again, he found it easy. As a young man he had learned the simple expedient of stealing from one man to enhance his position with another. The only difficulty was that throughout his life he deserted one alliance after another until finally he was driven to honesty. It was too late. He had used up the best years of his life as well as the confidence of his friends, both white and Indian.

Yet, unscrupulous as this case-hardened rascal was, he did influence the course of western history in a very real way. Far-reaching decisions in critical situations were based upon his service as guide and interpreter. Many notable military officers, explorers and fur trade entrepreneurs relied upon his prodigious knowledge of a harsh land and its unpredictable natives. Surely no more colorful or reckless character ever roamed the trans-Mississippi wilderness.

Sullen, moody and often mysterious, Rose was an enigma. Even the exact dates of his birth and death are shrouded in uncertainty. The son of a white trader and a half-breed Cherokee-Negro woman, Rose grew up near Louisville, Kentucky. At about age eighteen he made his way to New Orleans as a deck hand on a keelboat. There his penchant for robbery and his savage readiness for a fight laid the cornerstone for his later reputation as a "celebrated outlaw."[2] Here, too, he may have received the severe cut across his nose that gave him the nickname of *Nez Coupé* or Cut Nose.

Returning upriver to St. Louis in 1806, the lure of complete freedom in a remote and lawless land drew him into the fur trade. In the spring of 1807 he joined Manuel Lisa's expedition to the Bighorn River where a fort and trading post were to be established. Rose's ability to extricate himself from any precarious situation as well as his all-round

usefulness was soon evident and on this premise Lisa sent him to spend the winter trading among the Crow Indians, adequately supplied, of course, with trade goods and presents. Although it was Rose's first sojourn among the Crows, he soon realized the power a man could wield with a bolt or two of bright cloth, a few iron kettles, some trinkets and a small supply of tobacco. He exploited his realization to the fullest with Lisa's merchandise.

Upon his return to the fort, Lisa called upon him to account for the disposition of his trade goods and to produce the expected harvest of furs. Regardless of what Rose reported it soon became the spark that touched off a violent melee in which fifteen men finally subdued Rose while Lisa departed in haste for St. Louis. Gathering up what trade goods he could brow-beat out of the remaining employees, Rose returned to his friends, the Crows.

The squaws, young and old, welcomed him. The old men smiled knowingly. Most of the young braves sought his favor. Those who didn't were soon impressed by a demonstration of his ferocious abandon in a hand-to-hand fight. Captain Reuben Holmes describes it like this:

> *A war party of Minnetarees were forted up in a rocky outcrop well sheltered from Crow attack. Reluctant to charge such an impregnable position, the Crows hung back. Rose quickly took charge. "You are dogs," said he, "that dare not bite until the wolf shows his teeth. You would run from a dead badger in the prairie. Pull open your shirts!" continued he, "and let me see if you are not all squaws. Follow me ..."*
>
> *The Minnetarees answered with a volley of arrows and bullets. Five of the foremost Crows fell dead. The remainder retreated. With a scornful smile that branded his Crow companions as cowards, Rose turned away in apparent distain. Soon, instead of blaming Rose for his ill-considered bravado, they began bickering and reproaching each other. Rose stood aloof. He knew that at this juncture he could not afford to jeopardize his exalted position with them.*
>
> *So, snatching two shields from one of his warriors and armed with only an ax and a knife, he leaped to the attack alone. Simultaneously, three bullets struck his shields. He appeared dead as he fell backward. Then, as though imbued with some magic power, he rose and vaulted over the rocky breastworks. Paralyzed by the shock of such audacity, the Minnetarees were easy prey for Rose, now enraged with the full heat of battle. Initially, three Minnetarees fell in as many blows from his battle ax, two more succumbed later. In their triumph, the Crows changed Rose's name from* Nez Coupé *to* Cheeho-carte *(The Five Scalps).*[3]

By this feat Rose attained even greater eminence than he had ever known, and while other Mountain Men waded hip-deep setting traps in icy streams or faced starvation in the grip of winter, the "ferocious character with steel nerves and nine lives"[4] enjoyed a warm tipi, plenty of food and admiring companions, both male and female. Many of them were sure he was some kind of diety or at least an apostle of the Great Spirit.

Precisely how long Rose remained with the Crows on this visit is not known, but apparently it was most of the time until the spring of 1809 when Andrew Henry found him living in one of the Arikara villages on the Missouri. Bound for the beaver-rich waters of the Northwest, Henry hired Rose as interpreter to the Crows, whose land he intended to cross. As usual, Rose made himself extremely useful for the sole purpose of gaining his employer's confidence. When he had, and when he had also accumulated a considerable supply of Henry's trade goods, he decided once more to remain with his Crow friends.

During these first years with Lisa and and Henry, Rose appears to have set something of a life pattern for himself with similar performance, results and reaction in each case. For each of his employers he was ap-

parently an excellent hunter, guide and interpreter, but before he finished applying his special blend of skullduggery and perfidy, they were invariably glad to be rid of him.

Whether by luck or sagacity, the notable Astorian, Wilson Price Hunt, found a way to eliminate Rose and at the same time keep everyone reasonably happy. In June 1811, Hunt had found Rose again at the Arikara villages. Lack of field experience and a full load of responsibility weighed heavily upon Hunt and early in his renowned westering he became suspicious of Rose. Rumors of robbery and desertion—all attributed to Rose—forced Hunt into his own best solution.

Fearing that Rose might desert with enough of his men seriously to cripple the expedition, Hunt suggested to Rose on September 2nd that he leave and join his Crow friends. Moreover he added a *douceur* in the form of half a year's pay, a horse, three beaver traps and other sundry supplies. Apparently stunned by such open-handed liberality on the part of his employer and utter lack of opposition, Rose's "brow cleared up and appeared more cheerful; he left off his sullen, sulking habits, and made no further attempts to tamper with the faith of his comrades."[5] In his diary Hunt further described Rose (How succinct can the exigencies of the wilderness force a diarist to be?) as "a very bad fellow full of daring." It is very probable, however, that before they parted company, Rose mapped Hunt's passage through the Big Horn Range where generations yet unborn would follow on the tide of western expansion.

A year later in 1812 Rose is listed with other Mountain Men in account with the Missouri Fur Company,[6] Lisa's expedition of that year.

By this time he had deceived and antagonized so many people that his former ties were wearing thin. Accordingly, he descended the Missouri to the Omaha village and there married a chief's daughter by whom he had two children. Using his customary generosity with the presents he had finagled from unsuspecting traders, he was soon established again in his exalted position with the best of everything the Omahas could provide. There was only one drawback: the village was near a trading post[7] where by his natural guile he could obtain whiskey. Strongly influenced by its availability and the lack of excitement in the village, he became a heavy drinker. Drunk, his innate violence and love of a fight for its own sake, plunged him deeper and deeper into trouble. Finally he became so troublesome to traders and Omahas alike that he was put in chains and sent to St. Louis. This, in all probability, is the basis for acid-tongued Joshua Pilcher's remark when in 1823 he referred to Rose as "a celebrated outlaw who left this country in chains some ten years ago."[8]

He was soon released, however, and after returning from a visit to the scenes of his youthful escapades in New Orleans, he lived with the Crows much of the time for the next eight or ten years. He could not have remained with them later than 1820, however, for it was then that he established his longest residence with the Arikaras on the Missouri.

Edward Rose not only lived for several years with the Arikaras; their two adjacent villages a few miles above the mouth of the Grand River in today's Corson County, South Dakota, were frequently the place where he made contact with traders and explorers coming up the Missouri. It was here in 1809, it will be recalled, that he met and joined Andrew Henry; Hunt in 1811. Here too, in 1823, he was one of the key figures in William H. Ashley's disastrous defeat at the hands of the Arikaras and Colonel Leavenworth's punitive military campaign. Many other publications describe these two events in documented detail.

Suffice it to say, then, that as an old resident among the Arikaras and interpreter for Ashley, Rose suspected trouble. Ashley ignored Rose's advice and as a result was forced to retreat many miles downriver. Ashley apparently held no grudge against Rose. On the contrary, he recommended him for the rank of ensign in Leavenworth's military force when it moved in a month later.

Leavenworth's campaign was not without some comic overtones. At one juncture Rose told the colonel that the Arikara squaws were readying the villages for evacuation during the coming night. As had Ashley, Leavenworth rejected Rose's warning. The next morning there was no enemy to fight. Overall, the campaign was something less than satisfactory.[9] It incurred the bitter disappointment as well as the contempt of Leavenworth's Sioux allies, it lost the respect of all of the Upper Missouri tribes for white men and, along with Ashley's defeat, virtually closed the river route to fur country for some time.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, these depressing events, Leavenworth evidently held Rose's service in high esteem. Reporting to General Henry Atkinson, he said:

> *I had not found any one willing to go into those villages except a man by the name of Rose, who had the nominal rank of ensign in General Ashley's volunteers. He appeared to be a brave and enterprising man, and was well acquainted with those Indians. He resided about three years with them; understood their language, and they were much attached to him. He was with General Ashley when he was attacked. The Indians at that time called to him to take care of himself, before they fired upon General Ashley's party. This was all I knew of the man. I have since heard that he was not of good character. Everything he told us, however, was fully corroborated. He was perfectly willing to go into their villages, and did go in several times.*[10]

Abandoning the traditional water route, Ashley dispatched his trusted lieutenant and "confidential young man," Jedediah Strong Smith, to seek a land passage directly to the interior West. By this time Rose had beaten such a wellworn path between Absaroka (the Big Horn Basin) and the Arikara villages that he was the obvious choice as guide and interpreter for Smith's expedition. After a journey of agonizing hardship through the Black Hills and the badlands of present-day South Dakota, Smith sent Rose ahead to Absaroka for food and replacements for their brokendown horses. The Crows willingly provided lodging and food for Smith and his men during this winter of 1823-24 in their camp near today's Dubois, Wyoming. But Rose had to be consulted on all occasions; his word was law and he recited it in elevated tones upon the slightest provocation.[11] The Crows would do nothing without the approval of their mighty *Chee-ho-carte*. And as usual, since he was the only one who could speak the Crow language, the price of his approval raised hob with Jed Smith's supply of presents and trade goods.

Although this first Ashley brigade fared well in the Crow encampment, it was with profound relief that Smith saw the first signs of spring and the possibility of release from Rose's iron grip on the language barrier. In desperation, one of Smith's men, James Clyman, contrived a partial solution. His remarkable diary explains:

> *...I spread out a buffalo robe and covered it with sand, and made it in heaps to represent the different mountains, (we were then encamped at the lower point of the Wind River Mountains) and from our sand map with the help of the Crows, finally got the idea that we could go to Green River called by them Seeds-ka-day.*[12]

By this crude but effective means the Crows may have been telling Clyman and Smith of Union Pass as Rose probably did for Hunt in 1811. In any event, Smith left the Crow camp and began compressing a staggering amount of western history into the few remaining years of his life.

However liberal and exasperating he was with Smith's goods and whatever his new motive, Rose at this point decided to gain some wealth by his own honest effort. Alone and with only two horses and a minimum of equipment, he undertook a trapping expedition of his own. All went well until his return trip. Then, as though in retribution for his past misdeeds, a band of Blackfeet raided his camp and took every one of his three

packs of beaver. While following the thieves to recover his furs and equipment, he had the misfortune to be discovered by them before he could turn back. Assuming the vandals were some of the younger Crows who had become agitated with his high-handed conduct in their tribe, Rose called to them in Crow. One of them answered in kind.

During the next several day's travel Rose recognized his captors as Blackfeet He began cracking jokes injuring his old friends to gain new ones. Not without good reason; his life hung in the balance. But as in all human relations, primitive or otherwise, stealing is soon recognized for what it is. Accordingly, one day while Rose was lost in the thought that perhaps he might soon find as great favor among the Blackfeet as he had among the Crows, the Indian who had answered Rose's first greeting stood before him and slowly pronounced the name, *Chee-ho-carte!*

For once, Rose lost control of his nerves. He sprang to his feet in alarm, but he knew he had been caught in a snare of his own making. But as Blackfeet had been known to do on certain other occasions, they did not murder him on the spot. They gave him a chance to run for his life and after a life-and-death game of hide and seek, Rose finally eluded his enemies by hiding in a "raft" of driftwood floating in the river. When at last the Blackfeet gave him up as drowned, he swam to shore where he made a crude canoe. He survived the balance of his journey to the Mandan villages by floating stealthily past unfriendly camps at night (and now the unfriendlies were becoming quite numerous) and eating carrion from which he had chased the wolves away. It was a bitter lesson for the man who had known such high living at the expense of others and one which, in the light of subsequent events, confirmed his conviction that honesty is not the best policy.

At the termination of this only recorded attempt at honest living, Rose met General Henry Atkinson and Major O'Fallon at the Mandan villages. They had recently come up the river to effect peace among the tribes of the Upper Missouri and to promote better relations between Indians and traders. Rose again served as interpreter. Atkinson mentions him frequently, much of his comment to Rose's credit. But wherever Rose was, there was violence.

While the "big talk" was in progress, some of the more knowing Crows slipped away to the unguarded cannon and stopped up the touch holes with dirt. Shortly afterward, through some misunderstanding, Major O'Fallon snapped a pistol in the face of one of the braves and then knocked him down with the butt end. The Crows, confident that the cannon would be useless, rose to the occasion in a furious tumult. In an unexpected fit of sympathy as a white man, Rose broke the stock of his gun over the head of a Crow warrior and swung the barrel about with such savage pleasure that the whole throng dispersed. There was no further trouble and despite his stand against the Crows, Rose lived with them again. [13]

There is no record as to when or how long he lived with the Crows after Atkinson's peace expedition expired without adding anything of consequence to public relations in Indian country. The last that is known of him is when Zenas Leonard saw him with the Crows in 1832 and again in 1834.

At the latter time, Leonard was an eye witness to a scene of carnage similar to Rose's encounter with the Minnetarees in 1807. This time the battle was between the Crows and their traditional enemies, the Blackfeet. This time greater numbers of both tribes were involved. This time the "old Negro," as Leonard referred to him, was more violent than ever in his exhortations and as quick as ever to lead the charge. The final butchery was "enough to sicken the stoutest heart. " [14]

Violent, significant and veiled in uncertainty to his last day, Edward Rose beat an opulent living from a reluctant wilderness. The Crows say the Minnetarees killed him; the Minnetarees say the Crows killed him. Zenas Leonard says he saw him as late as

1834, but may have been incorrect in his date. The most likely conclusion is that he died on the frozen Yellowstone late in the winter of 1832. The authority for this is a letter dated July 26, 1833, from John F. A. Sanford to General William Clark stating that a war party of Arikaras killed Rose and two other notable Mountain Men.[15]

Mountain peaks and passes, forests and deserts, lakes and rivers abound in the land that Rose and his contemporaries mapped in their minds for future generations. Their names virtually delineate the geography of the West. Ironically the name of Edward Rose is preserved only in an obscure notation on old Missouri steamboat itineraries directing the attention of passengers as they pass the mouth of the Milk River to the solitary epitaph which reads, "Rose's Grave."

## Notes on Edward Rose

1. Holmes, Capt. Reuben, *Glimpses of the Past,* Missouri Historical Society, Vol. V, 1-3: 27.

2. Letter written by Joshua Pilcher in 1823, quoted in Chittenden, Hiram, *History of the Fur Trade of the Far West II* p. 685.

3. Holmes, pp. 12 - 18.

4. DeVoto, Bernard, *Across the Wide Missouri,* p. 428.

5. Stuart, Robert, *Narratives - Discovery of the Oregon Trail,* p. 284-5.

6. Books of The Missouri Fur Company, Kansas Historical Society.

7. Holmes, p. 40.

8. See note #2.

9. Letter, Joshua Pilcher to Major O'Fallon, August 23, 1823.

10. Official Report of General Henry Atkinson, Oct. 23, 1823.

11. Keemle, Col. Charles - "Reminiscences" St. Louis *Beacon* and the *Weekly; Reveille,* July 24 & 28, 1848.

12. Morgan, Dale L., *The West of William H. Ashley,* p.79.

13. Holmes, p. 53-4.

14. Leonard, Zenas, *The Adventures of Zenas Leonard Fur Trader,* p. 145-49.

15. National Archives.

This article originally appeared in Leroy A. Hafen, ed. *Mountain Men and Fur Trappers of the Far West,* 10 vols. (Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1965-1972) reprinted with permission of the Arthur H. Clark Company, Spokane.

*Monthly Roundup (continued from page 2)*
language in the community was Spanish, even though the city contained French, Germans, and Americans in addition to the Native Americans and Californios.

The city continued to grow slowly but steadily until the 1880s when competition between the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe Railroads led to extremely low fares—fares so low it was almost cheaper to go than stay home. It was during this period that Southern California became known as Iowa's sea shore.

The city continued its rapid growth until 1920 when it numbered 600,000 and 1930 when it was over 1,000,000. The city remained mostly Anglo with large influxes of Mexicans avoiding the Revolution and many other ethnic groups.

The Depression and War years saw greater influxes of people. New groups were added to the mixture—Dust Bowlers, others looking for work, and, during the War years, more Blacks.

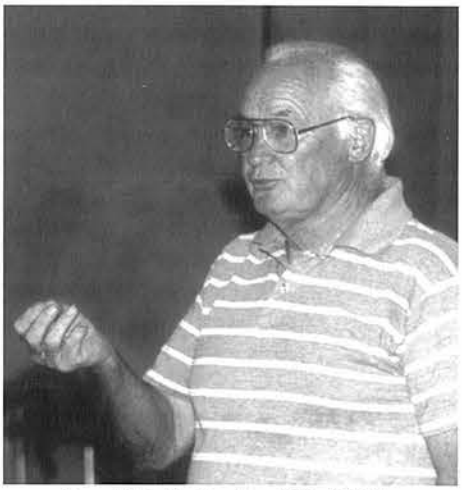
Changes in the immigration laws after World War II encouraged other groups to migrate. While there have been Asians—Japanese, Chinese, Indians and Filipinos—since the 1850s, they were joined by different ethnic groups from the Far and Near East.

Each group has contributed to the complexity of the city, they brought in new foods, clothes, and languages. While at first each group wishing to be able to obtain accustomed foods, have language and other support, tended to congregate in certain sections of the community, later they started moving into other areas. proving that "we are all part of the city, not apart from it."

## AUGUST 2000 MEETING

Clifford Walker entertained the Corral with vignettes of California's bootlegging past. Walker, after 20 years of research, recently published, *One Eye Closed, The Other Red: The California Bootlegging Years.* He is also the founder of the Mojave River Valley Museum and the author of *Back Door to California: The Story of the Mojave River Trail.*

Prohibition was part of the general reform movement which brought about direct election of Senators and women's suffrage. Many elements went into its passage: a general desire for reform; anti-crime movements; stopping child abuse; and an anti-foreigner movement.



*Photograph by Frank Q. Newton*

August Meeting Speaker Clifford Walker

Prohibition ran into the American character which eventually led to its demise and helped devise ways to avoid it. The American character, partly formed by the Westward Movement, includes two outstanding but conflicting characteristics. The average American is law abiding and generally is against anyone who violates the law; on the other hand, he opposes any law that interferes with his personal freedom. The law itself contained a major loophole—it was illegal to manufacture, transport, or sell alcoholic beverages, but it was not illegal to purchase them.

Many gave excuses for bootlegging or looking the other way to avoid arresting friends, neighbors, or relatives. One excuse was, "I had to make liquor; the water was so bad you had to distill it."

During his research, most were very open about their experiences, including his Grandfather who was arrested in the 1920s. Only three people refused to be interviewed about their adventures—one was his uncle, David.

Many tales of the period involved animals, cars, boats, even airplanes. Many operators tried to make their product as pure as possible including filtering it through various

items. One method used horse blankets; one connoisseur claimed he could tell on what type of horse the blanket had been used.

# Corral Chips

After extensive investigation (Book Review Editor Abe Hoffman finally unpacked all the boxes from his move) it was determined that the author of the delightful review of *Wanted Dead or Alive: The American West in Popular Culture* was Wrangler Boss **GARY TURNER**.

Associate **SID GALLY** recently spoke to the Ojai Valley Museum about the history of the Oak Glen Cottages, founded in the 1870s and acquired by his grandparents in the 1880s. The talk was illustrated by photographs taken and printed by his grandmother. Her camera, an 1880s Eastman, was on display.

**ED PARKER** died recently.

**NEW FEATURE:** Any member who is looking for a Brand Book to add to his collection, or who has one or more to sell may advertise in the Corral Chips. Just send your name, address and what you want to buy or sell to the Publications Editor, and it will be published for one issue.

Our first request is for a Brand Book 3. If you have one, contact Paul Rippens, 1314 Calle Cecelia, San Dimas, CA 91773-4436, 626-915-2032.

California's bootlegging days may not have been as violent or as organized as the mobs in the east, but they were entertaining.

## Directory Changes

Change in Status to Associate
FROYLAN TISCAREÑO

## New Members

STEPHEN L. ECCLES
1482 Winston Court
Upland, CA 91786

RONALD R. HALLAM
2352 Cumberland Road
San Marino, CA 91108

LEWIS B. McCAMMON
105 No. Cordova Street
Alhambra. CA 91801 -2708

MICHAEL PATRUS
805 No. Olive Avenue
Alhambra, CA 91801-1344

ED RODGERS
3635 Hampton Road
Pasadena, CA 91107

## Address Changes

ARTHUR H. CLARK
2929 So. Waterford Drive, Apt. 413
Spokane, WA 99203

TODD PETERSON
25 Wheeler Avenue, #A
Arcadia, CA 91006

Photograph by Frank Q. Newton

Neal Harlow at 50th Anniversary Fandago.

# NEAL HARLOW
## 1908-2000

Charter member Neal Harlow passed away on July 13, 2000, at his home in Los Angeles. He was born in Columbus, Indiana, on June 11, 1908. A few years later, his parents started their gradual migration west which resulted in him attending school in Shelby, Nebraska, Pueblo, Colorado, Stockton, California, and graduating from the high school in Riverdale. His college education was as varied. He started in Fresno State College (now Fresno State University), transferred to Santa Ana Junior College and finally UCLA where he earned his BE and teaching credential in Fine Arts.

After apprenticing in pharmacy, picking fruit, cutting meat, painting signs, and playing in a jazz band, he decided to become a librarian. He earned a Certificate in Librarianship at UC, Berkeley, and many years later his MLS from the same institution.

Although most of his professional life was spent in the library field, he was first at the Bancroft Library, California State Library, head of UCLA Library Department of Special Collections and later Assistant Librarian, University of British Columbia, and Dean and Professor of the Graduate School of Library Service at Rutgers. While a librarian, he was very active in professional organizations including the editorship of the *California Library Journal.* In recognition for his writings on library education and service to the profession, he was awarded an honorary doctorate by Moravian College in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Although employed as a librarian, his real love was history. Starting with his Master's Thesis, *Maps of San Francisco Bay from the Spanish Discovery in 1769 to the American Occupation,* he produced three volumes of maps relative to California. The other two titles are: *Maps and Surveys of the Pueblo Lands of Los Angeles* and *Maps of the Pueblo Lands of San Diego, 1602-1874.* His definitive study *California Conquered: War and Peace on the Pacific, 1846-1850,* is considered by many to be the finest one volume work on California history. His final work, of a joint effort with his friend August Fruge, a translated and edited edition of DuHaut-Cilly's *A Voyage to California, The Sandwich Islands and Around the World in the Years 1826-1829* was called by a San Diego reviewer "a handsome book, the sort you pick up for a glance and are still reading an hour later."

Among his many honors he was elected a fellow of the Historical Society of Southern California in 1989. His death is a great loss to the historical and bibliographic fields of California.

Photograph by Kenneth Pauley

Sheriff Mike Gallucci opening program

# Fandango 2000

The Corral held its California Fandango, or Spring social event, on Saturday, June 10, at the Workman-Temple Homestead Museum in the City of Commerce.

During the social hour, the Corral members were able to tour *La Casa Neuva,* a 1920s Spanish Colonial Revival Style home, which contains the museum which is noted for its architectural crafts, exquisite stained glass windows, and the tile works created by Workman's grandson, Walter Temple and his wife Laura.

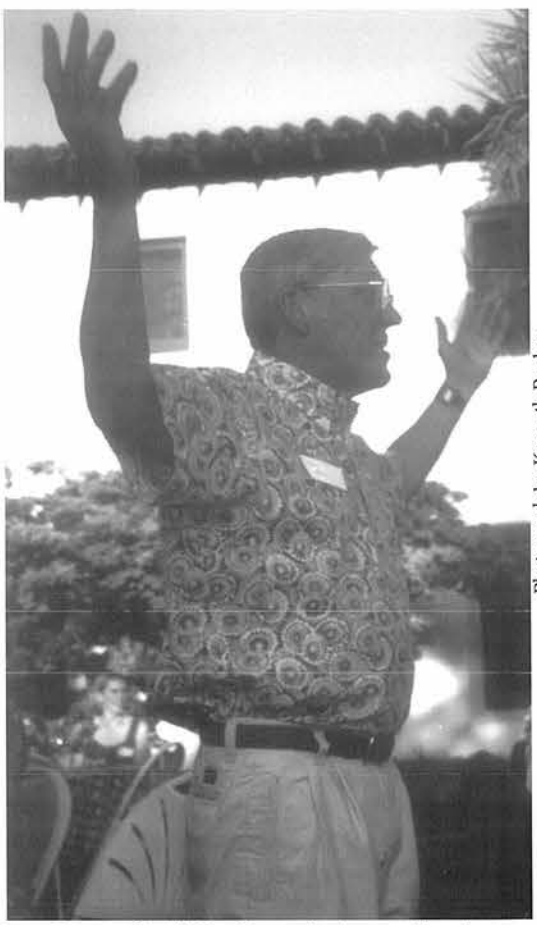
Other tours included visiting *El Campo Santo,* established in the 1850s and is one of Southern California's oldest private cemeteries. During the late 1910s, the Temple Family added a mausoleum for the remains of the family and friends. Also interred there is Pio Pico, the last governor of Mexican California and his wife, Maria Ignacia Alvarado.

Before dinner, Sheriff Mike Gallucci learned that Wrangler Boss, Gary Turner and his wife, Vickie, were involved in an accident. Gary had a whiplash and other injuries, but his wife suffered serious injuries. There was serious damage to her neck vertebra but fortunately no damage to the spinal cord. Gary, in his own inimitable way told Sheriff Gallucci that if he wanted the table decorations, gifts, etc, he could come pick them up from along the freeway.

The Corral enjoyed an excellent catered dinner in the picturesque garden area while being entertained by the Lobo Rangers featuring music of the Old West.

Sheriff Gallucci extends his thanks to all who helped set up and clean up after the event. We all give our thanks to our very efficient bar team, Dick Thomas and his wife Glenda.

—Raymond Peter



Photograph by Kenneth Pauley

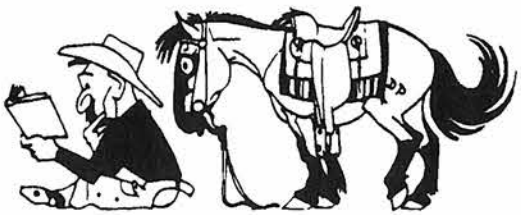
Former Sheriff Tom Bent sedately receiving the announcement he is to be made an honorary member.

Photograph by Kenneth Pauley

Lobo Rangers entertain the members.

Photograph by Kenneth Pauley

Members waiting for dinner at a table in one of the gardens.



# DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

*Books must be read as deliberately and reservedly as they are written.*

—Henry David Thoreau

A VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA, THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YEARS 1826-1829, by Auguste Duhaut-Cilly. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999. 254 pp. Illustrations, Selected Bibliography, Index. Cloth, $29.95. Order from University of California Press, 2120 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, CA 94720, (510) 642-4701.

While not as well known as some of the other early travelers to California, Duhaut-Cilly was an astute observer and diligently recorded his experiences and observations. Also, he was in California at a very opportune time while the missions were still at their heyday. He had other advantages. His poorly chosen trading stock did not sell, so he was forced to remain much longer than most; he was one the few who visited south of Monterey; he spoke Spanish as well as French and English; and he was Catholic which meant the *Californios* would discuss topics with him that they would be reluctant to talk about with English or Americans.

One reason this work is relatively unknown is there was no English version until 1929, and that was was incomplete and literally translated which made it difficult to read. Even Bancroft had only an Italian edition.

Unlike most visitors, DuHaut-Cilly spent some time in the Pueblo de los Angeles. His description of traveling there from San Pedro Bay would be a partial explanation for the lack of visitors. He discovered the pueblo to be a settlement of 82 houses which he estimated had 1,000 inhabitants including 200 Indian servants. He found the people to be more lively and enterprising that the presidio settlers, from which he drew the conclusion that agriculture is more conducive to happiness and industry than military life.

His observations on the rest of the voyage were as astute as those on California. This reviewer found the remarks on 1828 surfers in Hawaii especially intriguing.

Duhaut-Cilly's observations, comments and evaluations make this work an absolute requirement for everyone interested in California or the nineteenth century Hispanic empire. August Frugé and Neal Harlow deserve our gratitude for their excellent translation and editing.

Robert W. Blew

A GOLDEN STATE: *Mining and Economic Development in Gold Rush California*, edited by James J. Rawls and Richard J. Orsi. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999. 313 pp. Color plates, illustrations, tables, notes, index. Cloth, $50; paper, $24.95. Order from University of California Press, 2120 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, CA 94720, (510) 642-4247.

This book is the second in a series of four volumes being published by the California Historical Society and the University of California Press to celebrate the sesquicentennial anniversary of the California Gold Rush. As with its predecessor, the articles in the book appeared in a special issue of the society's quarterly publication, *California History* (Winter 1998/99 issue). The thirteen contributors demonstrate not only their general knowledge of California history but also their specialized interests. As a result, the book provides a well-rounded assessment of Gold Rush California, from capital investment to the economic significance of the Gold Rush on a global scale. The articles are well researched and written; moreover, con-

tributors offer fresh perspectives on their topics, and the endnotes show extensive use of primary and secondary sources.

James J. Rawls, who coedited the book/issue with *California History* editor Richard Orsi, leads off with a survey of the historical importance of the California Gold Rush and its economic, political, and social impact on the national and world scene. Because of the gold discovery, thousands of people from many countries came to California, and if they failed to find gold they nonetheless found a wide range of economic opportunities in the new state. Ronald Limbaugh traces the development of mining as a California industry, describing the vast array of devices and machinery used to extract gold, including placer, hydraulic, and hardrock mining methods. The Gold Rush spawned a professional class of engineers, geologists, and metallurgists whose efforts for the industry lasted well into the next century. Maureen A. Jung explores the development of corporate enterprises during the Gold Rush, seeing capitalistic elements forming even before prospectors arrived in California, as they created associations and companies to raise capital, file claims, and exploit their findings systematically.

If the Gold Rush generated capitalist investment, it also formed a laboring class. Daniel Cornford describes the realities of digging for gold, the hard labor comparable in effort to ditch digging. As the mining industry grew, it transformed prospectors from individual goldseekers into a proletarian class of workers. Raymond F. Dasmann assesses the negative impact of the Gold Rush on the California environment, noting not only the usual culprit (hydraulic mining), but the replacement of native plants and animals with exotic plant imports and livestock. Fortunately, notes Dasmann, the limited duration of the Gold Rush helped spare the state from "barren diggings instead of its mountain forests and golden hills." Still, it was a close call. Donald J. Pisani analyzes the shaping of law caused by the Gold Rush as laws needed to be passed dealing with such new questions as whether government land should be sold to miners or to let them prospect without fees, and of course laws dealing with water rights and use.

In other contributions, Duane Smith discusses the influence of the California Gold Rush on subsequent mining rushes in the West and to other nations. Experience gained in California helped bring about gold and silver strikes in other areas, from Alaska to Australia. Anthony Kirk describes the work of artists, both professional and amateur, who painted and drew their experience to provide a later generation with their visual appreciation of Gold Rush life. David J. St. Clair surveys the growth of industry during and after the era, finding that the new state enjoyed a wide range of enterprises from the earliest days. He lists flour mills, sugar refineries, and manufacturing from beer to upholstery as examples of successful efforts to meet growing consumer demands. Larry Schweikert and Lynne Pierson Doti trace the development of California banking in the Gold Rush era.

Miners and everyone else had to eat, and Lawrence Jelinek examines agricultural development and the change from a pastoral economy to the production of wheat, wine, and citrus. A.C.W. Bethel surveys the development of transportation networks to and within Gold Rush California, going well beyond the well-known routes of goldseekers to describe pack trains, wagon roads, bridge construction, and ferry operations. Gerald D. Nash concludes the book with an assessment of the global impact of the California Gold Rush. The idea of an isthmian canal, the influx of investment capital, and the increase of gold in circulation influenced the world in its time and the generations that followed.

These thumbnail descriptions do little justice to the fine work of the contributors, whose articles average about twenty pages each, plus endnotes. Each article is also illustrated with contemporary drawings and photographs, and a center section offers fifteen color plates. Members of the California Historical Society already have this book/issue on their shelves; the University

of California Press's publication of it makes it available—and essential—for anyone interested in the latest research and publications on one of the most fascinating topics in national and world history.

—Abraham Hoffman

HOW THE CANYON BECAME GRAND: *A Short History* by Stephen J. Pyne. New York: Viking Press, 1998. 199 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Sources, Index. Cloth, $24.95. Order from Viking Press, 375 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10014, (212) 366-2000.

The genesis of Pyne's book was an academic thesis and reads like one. My love of the Grand Canyon and other areas of the colorful Southwest is second only to California's beauties, therefore, I eagerly sought this book as a part of my Southwest collection. However, reading it was somewhat of a disappointment. Pyne's book is difficult to read. Three of the promotional quotes on the book jacket include the word "intellectual." Therein lies the book's problem with this reviewer. I found it too "intellectual" for my limited mind. Take this sentence from page 64; "Simply substitute fluvial erosion, in the one case, and 'contraction' in the other for Spencer's struggle for existence to discover that Dutton and Fischer approximated the famous Spencerian epitome of evolution as a progression from incoherent homogeneity to increasingly coherent heterogeneity."

Realizing that the previous sentence is taken out of its context, it still is rather difficult to understand and there are many other passages this reviewer found difficult to understand.

Pyne's thesis is that the man's perception of the Grand Canyon has changed as man's imagination has changed through the years. For example, to the early Spanish, it was a place to be avoided as it impeded exploration and travel. Later it was a focus for exploration and adventure. Its beauty was later interpreted by famous artists, then came hoards of tourists pulled to the great chasm through advertising. Later, the canyon became a focus of environmental battles.

The appendix is most interesting with several graphs, each explained by the author as visual support for his textual argument. The dust jacket contains high praise for Pyne's work from such as Tony Hillerman, David Lavender and Mike Davis. With that in mind, one might give it a try despite this reviewer's less than enthusiastic review.

—Willis Osborne

THE NEW WESTERN HISTORY: *The Territory Ahead,* edited by Forrest G. Robinson. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1997. 218 pp. Notes, Bibliography, Index. Cloth $40.00, Paper, $17.95. Order from University of Arizona Press, 1230 No. Park Avenue, Tucson, AZ 85719, (800) 426-3797.

This collection of essays by scholars from other disciplines is an attempt to evaluate the New Western Historians on their own terms; in most cases they are found wanting. Also the essay points out new areas of investigation or points that have been missed or misinterpreted.

The most damning conclusion is that New Westerners are not so new. Many of the ideas they express go back for many years, in some cases before they were born. Another issue is their rejection of many authors, notably Wallace Stegner, who presaged the movement.

Among the suggested areas for investigation are fiction, literature by women, women not as victims, racial categories and popular culture.

Much of the discussion centers on William Cronon, Patricia Nelson Limerick, Richard White, and Donald Worster. Other authors are discussed and evaluated but "the Gang of Four" are the major focus.

One theme found in most of the articles is that the New Western Historians are as one-sided and biased as the ones they are rejecting. Working from a preconceived idea, they ignore ideas that fail to support their

thesis (just like all of us).

One weakness of the work is some of the authors have adopted the language of the New Western Historians which make parts of the work incomprehensible to the uninitiated.

This volume should be in libraries and will be of interest to persons studying the historiography of the West. However, this reviewer feels that most will not find it of interest.

—Robert W. Blew



EYEWITNESSES TO THE AMERICAN WEST, edited by David Colbert. New York: Viking Press, 1998. 495 pp. Selected Bibliography, Notes, Index. Cloth, $26.95. Order from Viking Press/Penguin Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10014.

This book, an outgrowth of the author's well-received *Eyewitnesses to America*, recalls events from the diaries, letters, memoirs and reports of those who were either participants or eyewitnesses. Stretching from the Aztec empire to the digital frontier, it reproduces accounts from a variety of printed and manuscript sources.

Understandably there are numerous surprises in each of the 155 entries. Among other features are accounts by the first European to see the Pacific Ocean, the founder of Texas and the man responsible for the Silicon Valley's prominence. Many had immigrated west after failing at businesses or other activities in the east. The initial skirmishes of the Civil War, women's suffrage and even Social Security are a few of the many social innovations that occurred first in the west where new communities required a fresh approach to law and established institutions had little relevance.

Some of the story-tellers like George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Davey Crockett, Sam Houston and the travelers Oscar Wilde and Rudyard Kipling are well known, while many others are obscure figures who happened to be at the right place at the right time or were simply good at story-telling. More than half the book deals with the 20th century and includes compelling commentaries from writers like Dorothea Lange on her famous photo of a migrant farm worker, Charlie Chaplin on how he created "The Little Tramp" and Lucille Ball on the development of Television City. Colbert insightfully links the pieces together, highlights ongoing themes and places events in perspective.

The historical value of anthologies can be argued both ways. Indeed it is useful to have a single volume where the more pertinent accounts and observations of an event or an era are gathered into one readily available and handy source. But the downside is that researchers are left with mostly obsolete information which, in the case of the present book, can be up to 480 years old. A case in point, and there are many others, is Senator Thomas Walsh's article about Edward L. Doheny which is taken from the July, 1924 issue of *Forum*. The recent publication of Margaret Leslie Davis' book, the *Dark Side of Fortune* sheds fresh perspective on Mr. Doheny and argues, quite creditably, to wholly new conclusions based on evidence unearthed only in the past two years.

Having walked on both sides of the anthology street, I must admit that they do indeed serve a useful place but, always with a *caveat*. In any event, this masterfully presented volume brings together conquistadors and missionaries, venture capitalists and new age therapists to create a most entertaining kaleidoscope of American history.

Msgr. Francis J. Weber

CALIFORNIA IMPRESSIONISTS by Susan Landauer. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996. 102 pp. Illustrations, Selected Bibliography. Cloth $39.95; paper, $19.95. Order from University of California Press, 2120 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, CA 94720 (510) 643-0682.

This work is the catalog for an exhibit at the Georgia Museum of Art, sponsored by that institution, the Irvine Museum, and the

Atlanta Committe for the Olympic Games/Cultural Olympiad in 1996.

Donald Keyes, Curator, Georgia Museum of Art, states the "exhibition nor catalog are not meant to be a survey of Impressionism in California and as a result are not comprehensive." However, most will find this work informative and enjoyable. The background material is concise and accurate, and the illustrations (most in color) are clear and large enough to study and develop an appreciation.

Impressionism arrived late to Southern California. The school had passed from the scene in Europe and most of the United States. In spite of its late arrival it remained for a long period and became the most representative art of Southern California (it never seemed to click in Northern California). Many of the practitioners centered in the Arroyo Seco area and Laguna Beach. Like most art schools, it passed and even the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, at that time the greatest repository of of this style, auctioned off its collection with the notation the works were "no longer shown."

This little gem is a must for all serious art students, but all will enjoy its short survey and excellent reproduction of over fifty of the works. One of the most useful bits of information in the work is a survey of collections of California Impressionists.

—Robert W. Blew

## Briefly Noted

A comprehensive reader in Mexican-American history, *En Acquel Entonces* ["In Those Years Gone By"]: *Readings in Mexican American History*, edited by Manuel G. Gonzales and Cynthia M. Gonzales, this anthology offers an interesting contrast to efforts of three decades ago when Mexican American/Chicano history first emerged as a field of research. At that time articles came mainly from sociological studies that were often embarrassingly dated. This book includes readings by historians that were published mainly in scholarly journals from the 1970s to 1990s. They are taken from such publications as *California History, Journal of the West,* and *Social Science Quarterly*—a clear indication of the health and richness of this field of study. Cloth, $39.95; paper, $19.95. Order from Indiana University Press, 601 North Morton Street, Bloomington, IN 47404-3797, (800) 855-4203.

—Abraham Hoffman

## And Other Things

The Research Center of the Autry Museum of Western Heritage collects a wide range of primary and secondary materials documenting the history of the trans-Mississippi West, including books, manuscripts, photographs, maps, sound recordings, music scores, and visual ephemera such as letter sheets, posters, lobby cards, programs, and advertisements. Our resources support the museum's curatorial, programming, and publication activities, and are particularly strong in the mass-produced imagery that has advertised the American West worldwide. The Center also houses the institutional archives. For a more detailed description of the Research Center's collections and services, visit the Autry Museum web site: www.autry-museum. org/research

The Research Center actively encourages use of the collection by the research community. Apply online or download an application from the Autry Museum web site: www.autry-museum.org/research. You may also request an application by phone, fax or mail (attention: Manager, Research Services). Access to the online public catalog is currently available via modem by dialing: (323) 913-5848. The research staff will respond to inquiries by telephone, fax, mail, or e-mail. Please feel free to contact us with your information needs.

—Marva Felchlin
Manager, Research Services