DESERT TRACKS

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December 2006

Rushing for Gold Via the Southern Overland Route, Part 2

by John W. Robinson

(*Continued from the June 2006 issue of Desert Tracks.*)

Jonathan Trumbull Warner, owner of Warner's Ranch, was a tall, wiry man with a friendly character. Born in Connecticut in 1807, he traveled to St. Louis at the age of twenty-three. Here he was hired by the trapping partnership of Smith, Jackson, and Sublette and accompanied the partnership's first caravan to Santa Fe in 1831. After Jedediah Smith's death the partnership was dissolved. Warner signed on with the new firm of Jackson, Waldo, and Young and left for California with David Jackson's trapping party, reaching Los Angeles in 1831. He remained in Southern California the rest of his long life. Warner became a Mexican citizen and changed his name to Juan José Warner. J. J. Warner, as he was commonly known, became a prominent Los Angeles businessman and ranchero. To his many Californio friends, he was known simply as *Juan Largo* (Big John). In 1837 he married Anita Gale, daughter of an English sea captain. Warner applied for a land grant titled *Valle de San José* in 1844, and in December of that year California Governor Manuel Micheltorena issued Warner a grant of "the extent of six square leagues, a little more or less." *Juan Largo* and his family moved from Los Angeles to *Valle de San José* sometime in 1845. They first occupied a small adobe structure

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Warner's Ranch. *courtesy John Robinson*

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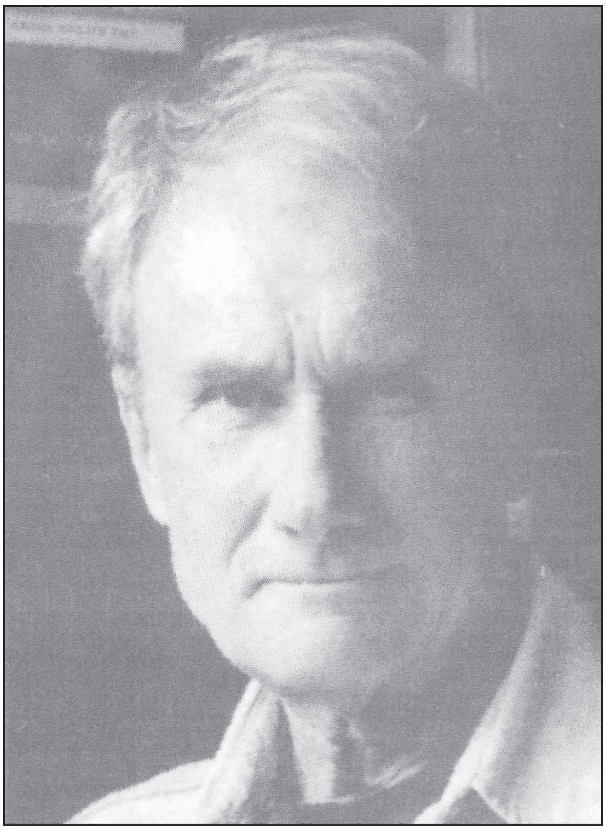


In Memory of J.S. Holliday

J.S. Holliday, foremost scholar of the California Gold Rush, and author of *The World Rushed In: The California Gold Rush Experience* and *Rush for Riches: Gold Fever and the Making of California*, died August 31, 2006, in his home in Carmel, California.

In the late 1940's, when J.S. Holliday graduated with a bachelor's degree in history from Yale University, a rare book dealer showed him the diary of William Swain, a young farmer from western New York who traveled to California in 1849. It was one of the most inclusive and complete diaries describing travel over the Oregon-California Trail. He began what became his major project, to prepare the diary for publication. In the process, he read almost every journal, diary and history of the Gold Rush experience. He incorporated this material, as well as letters to and from Swain and his people in New York, alongside Swain's diary entries, in a manner that brings to life the journey west, the gold field experience, and the return home to the east.

Holliday was exceedingly meticulous in preparing work for publication, and the project lasted nearly thirty years. In the process of writing *The World Rushed In,* he earned his PhD in history from Berkeley, worked as the assistant director of the Bancroft Library, taught history at San Francisco State, became the founding director of the Oakland Museum and was the executive director of the California Historical Society. At the museum, he made efforts to involve ethnic communities in museum governance, and at the historical society, he championed exhibits on the Japanese-American wartime experience. Both efforts led to considerable controversy. *The World Rushed In* was finally published in 1981.

A more recent major project involved his participation in the organization of the exhibit, "Gold Fever! The Lure and Legacy of the California Gold Rush," which showed at the Oakland Museum in 1998. He wrote the exhibit catalogue, *Rush for Riches*, which became a major statement about the effect of the Gold Rush on the development of California.

We were very fortunate to be able to interview Holliday in March 2006 at his home in Carmel, CA. We were ushered into the parlor by a tall, handsome man, with a booming voice. Plein air pictures by his wife, the artist Belinda Vidor Jones of Carmel, graced the wall. Throughout the interview, Holliday gave clearly stated, well-researched opinions that did not avoid controversy. He called the shots as he saw them, with great humor and little regard for convention. For example, he commented: "The Spanish and the Mexicans did a singularly incompetent job of managing, running, organizing California. In 1849, there wasn't a single bridge, not one. There wasn't a mile of road--there were only trails. There were no four-wheeled vehicles in California. No four-wheeled vehicles in the middle of the 19th century! You had people living in mud, with dirt floors. You had no two-story buildings. No monuments, no hospitals, none of the progress that signifies the middle of the 19th century."

Holliday is survived by his wife, as well as by three children (T.A. Holliday, William Jaquelin Holliday and Martha Brett Holliday) and three granddaughters.

Deborah and Jon Lawrence

Finding the Butterfield Trail East of Apache Pass

by Tracy DeVault

About twenty-five years ago, when I became interested in southwestern history, I took my first trip through Apache Pass and visited the many historic sites there. I remember thinking that there probably is more history concentrated in this short corridor than anywhere else in Arizona.

Since that first visit to Apache Pass, I learned that the route of the Butterfield Trail east from Apache Pass goes down through Siphon Canyon across the open expanse of desert to the northeast and into New Mexico through Doubtful Canyon. During the intervening years I have made dozens of trips to New Mexico and beyond via Interstate 10. Every time I travel the stretch from Bowie to San Simon I am reminded that the route of the Butterfield Trail must have crossed I-10 somewhere in this area.

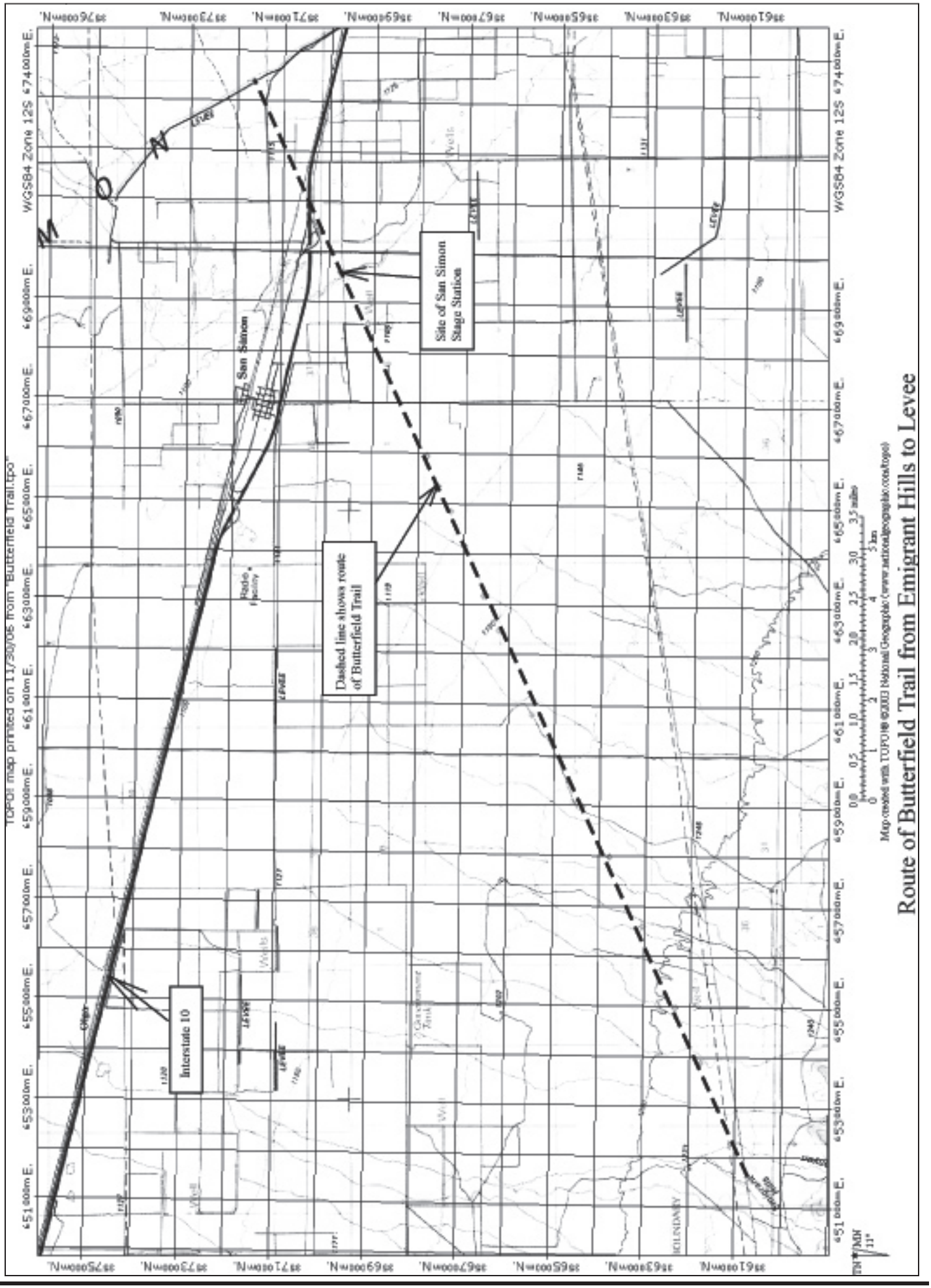
Over the years I have poured over maps, books and anything else I can get my hands on for clues as to the route of the Butterfield Trail. The most important piece of information needed for our mapping project was the exact location of the San Simon Stage Station; it is about half way between Apache Pass and Doubtful Canyon and is the only landmark between these two points. Early accounts all say that the station is located on the east bank of the San Simon River.

As it turns out, several well-researched references that attempt to give more precise information as to the location of the station have it in the wrong place. The earliest and best book on the Butterfield Trail is the book by Roscoe and Margaret Conkling. However, there is an error, probably a typo, in their report of the location of the San Simon Station, putting it in an impossible place. Two newer books, one by Gerald T. Ahnert published in 1973 and a second by Dan Talbot published in 1992, both place the San Simon Station on the east bank of the San Simon River north of I-10. Both books say that nothing remains of the station today.

During her research of emigrant trails in the area, Rose Ann Tompkins found an early GLO Survey that showed the location of a stage station on the east bank of the San Simon River about three-quarters of a mile south of I-10. Last spring the Trail Turtles learned from Larry Ludwig, the head ranger at Fort Bowie, that this was indeed the location of Butterfield's San Simon Station and, at least until a few years ago, many artifacts were still in and around the station site. One of the things that may have misled Ahnert and Talbot is that modern topographic maps show a "pack trail" leading southwest from Doubtful Canyon towards the town of San Simon. This trail ends before reaching the town limits; however, if you extend the trail to the San Simon River, it would cross the river above I-10. Last spring we walked the "pack" trail over its entire length. It appears to have been made by an early road grader and we found no evidence that wagons ever used this route. [For the report of the Spring 2006 mapping trip, see *Desert Tracks*, June 2006.]

This fall, everything seemed to come together. First we learned that the Butterfield Trail does not head directly northeast from the mouth of Siphon Canyon towards Doubtful Canyon. Instead, it follows an earlier road to the southeast. (In past years SWOCTA mapped this earlier route as far as Rattlesnake Point.) Then, at a group of low hills called Emigrant Hills, the Butterfield Trail turns north through the hills and then heads in almost a straight line towards the mouth of Doubtful Canyon. The San Simon Station site lies exactly on this line. On Saturday, November 18, Larry Ludwig and his friend Quentin Gilliam showed us a section of the trail that they had located on an earlier outing. We were able to follow and map this segment quite a ways in both directions. On Monday, we used the satellite images that Rose Ann had prepared to locate portions of the trail between the San Simon Stage Station and the segment we had worked on Saturday.

The map shows the route of the trail from Emigrant Hills to a levee northeast of the stage station. All the waypoints fall on a straight line. In this open area there was little reason to deviate from the most direct route. Extending the line northeast from the levee, it runs parallel to and about 800 meters south of the "pack" trail mentioned earlier. It remains for a future outing to investigate this segment of the trail.



Route of Butterfield Trail from Emigrant Hills to Levee

Fort Bowie to the San Simon Stage Station: The SWOCTA Mapping Trip November 2006

by Richard Greene

Our leader this trip was Tracy DeVault; other Trail Turtles in attendance were Rose Ann Tompkins, Neal and Marion Johns (and Felicia, their Husky), Cam Wade, Ken and Pat White, Judy DeVault, Marie and Richard Greene, and Larry Ludwig. We met at the Fort Bowie handicap parking lot on Thursday, November 16…that is everybody except the Greenes. After 20 years of service, the transmission of the Greene's truck gave out near Willcox. The vehicle was towed there to its final resting place. The Greenes spent the night in Willcox; the others met at Fort Bowie for an opening night celebration of food and mapping scheduling.

Friday, November 17

The group assembled at the Fort Bowie kiosk in Bowie. About 10:00 a.m., Larry Ludwig, head ranger at Fort Bowie, arrived to go with us to find the San Simon Stage Station and the trail from San Simon to Fort Bowie. Larry is a SWOCTA member and somebody we have come to know personally during years of mapping the area. He has been a great help in steering us in the right directions. Tracy and Judy left to check out a parking area (the San Simon exit, the second from Bowie) and over the radio Judy guided us to the spot as Tracy was already out looking for the station.

When Larry had seen the site of the station a few years ago there were four-foot-high adobe walls and many artifacts and "historic trash." We had a probable location on our aerial maps of the area. We all headed out. Our first good trail sign was at a depression by a grove of trees where we found rust on rocks. However, the trail signs disappeared as we walked through sand and scattered bushes, some head-high and in a few places quite dense. There was no sign of trail in the sand. Were it not for the aerials we would not have found the mound and all that is left of the station. There are no remaining adobe walls and no artifacts, and the little bit of "trash" we found was disappointing. We had been expecting so much more. It was Larry's opinion that the site had been worked over since his last visit.

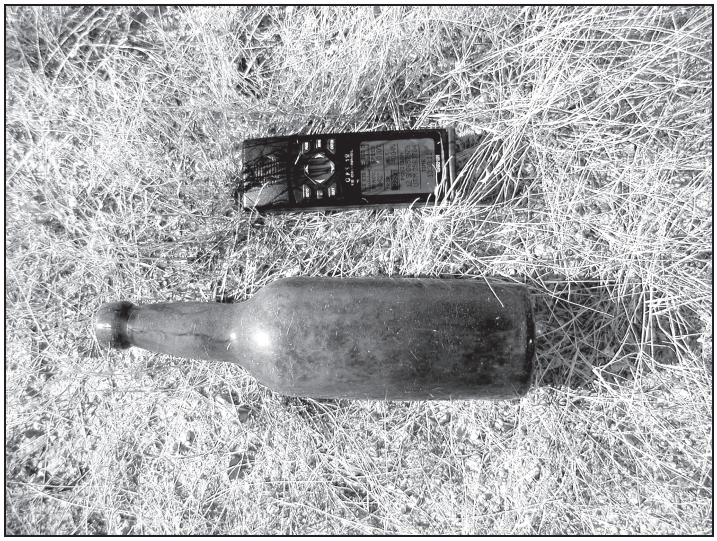
Using the aerials, Tracy, Neal, Richard, Ken and Pat crossed the wide, sandy wash of the dry San Simon River and headed west towards the landmark of Helen's Dome at Fort Bowie. There was no trace of the trail for the half mile further on from the station.

We returned to Fort Bowie at 3:30 p.m. Larry offered us his office to work in to get out of the cold and early evening darkness. That evening after dinner, we pored over our aerials for the next day.

Saturday, November 18

It was a nice day again – even though the sun was intense, we had moderate temperatures. We met

The ruins of Stein's Stage Station, with Stein's Peak in the background.
photo by Tracy DeVault



Beer bottle, circa 1880. *photo by Tracy DeVault*

Quentin Gilliam and his two children from Silver City, NM, at Larry's house in the flats below Fort Bowie. Quentin knows the trails in this area. We studied Quentin's and our own maps and then drove to the starting point where the trail crossed a dirt road. We broke into two groups. Quentin, Larry, Neal, Richard and Tracy headed east toward the San Simon Station and found good trail: lots of rust on rocks, swales and cuts across washes. Quentin used a metal detector and found artifacts along the trail: a button, chain links, and cartridge cases. Richard found an intact beer bottle made around the 1880s. Quentin and Larry left about 2 p.m. Tracy and Richard hiked on until 3:00 p.m. to a corral/stock tank. With Marie providing a vehicle shuttle, Ken, Pat and Rose Ann headed west towards Fort Bowie and also found good trail. Two light green bottles (broken) were found in different locations. The embossing on both bottoms was the same. During the day, Quentin's two children played near the vehicles around Marion, Marie and Judy, who hid quarters for the kids to find with their metal detectors. Rose Ann picked Tracy and Richard up at the corral and brought them back on the rutted dirt road to Judy waiting in a van. We got back to the Fort Bowie parking lot by 5:00 p.m.

Sunday, November 19

There was a meteor shower projected to peak at 4:30 a.m., but nobody mentioned getting up to see it. It was another nice day, but it got windy about noon and led to a chilly evening. We said goodby to Neal and Marion who were headed back to do some work on the Mojave Road. We drove to Stein's (an old railroad ghost town) and on to Stein's Stage Station.

From the dirt road we could see the three-to-five foot rock walls about 50 yards away within the shadow of Steins Peak. It's in the middle of nowhere, even though there is a ranch building about a quarter mile down the road. We could not find the stage trail around the station, but we didn't devote much time to the effort. It was a good place to photograph. We thought we might be in trouble on private property.

On the way back we stopped to photograph the flooded playa. There had obviously been a lot of rain because road crews were out along I-10 fixing embankments from the still flooded areas. There were wide lakes stretching for many acres on both sides of the highway.

We got to Lordsburg, NM, about 1:00 p.m. We found that the ghost town of Shakespeare was only open one weekend a month and this was not that weekend. Most of us went back to the Fort Bowie parking lot, agreeing to meet at the San Simon Truck Stop at 9:00 a.m. Tomorrow was going to be our last day and we wanted to complete the final section between Fort Bowie and the San Simon Stage station. From 6-9:00

Steel military trouser button, circa 1880. *photo by Tracy Devault*

Larry Ludwig (left) and Tracy DeVault (right) standing on the ruins of the San Simon Stage Station looking toward Apache Pass. *photo by Cam Wade*

p.m., we worked on the aerials and topos, looking for road access to the points we would start and finish at. We kept our fingers crossed that the roads on the topos were viable options.

Monday, November 20

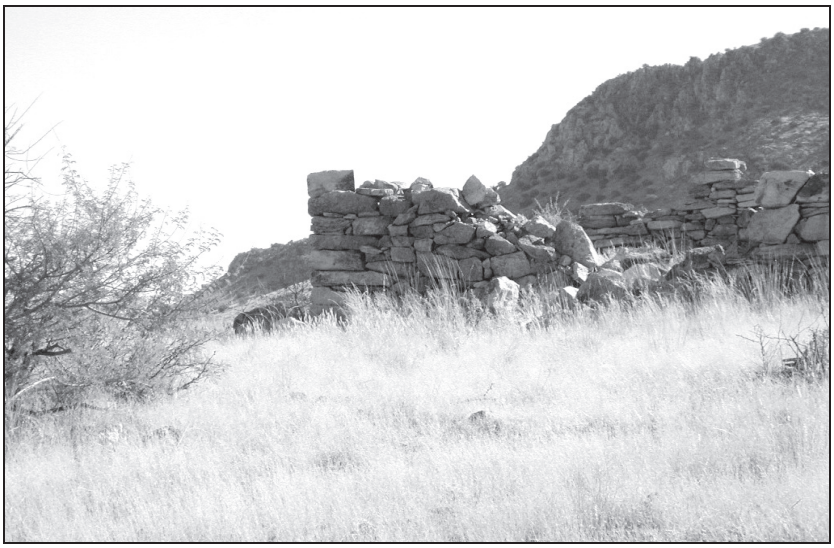
By 7:15 a.m. we were on our way. We felt lucky when the dirt roads shown on the topos allowed us to drive the vehicles close to the two starting points and the meeting place where the hikers would end up. Rose Ann drove Tracy and Richard as close to their starting point as she could get – a rough, badly eroded dirt road ended at a fence. Tracy and Richard then walked to their starting point 1.6 miles away. Rose Ann then took Ken and Pat to their starting point.

Tracy and Richard used aerial maps and waypoints to keep on the track of the trail. While the vegetation and depressions suggested they were following the aerial trace, it was only when Tracy would say "we are at a junction of routes" that we would find some good rust on rocks. Otherwise there was little evidence. The trail followed a long visible line of trees and heavy brush. It became a wide, sandy, deep-cut wash through a shelf of rock in some places, but there were no artifacts and little to see. Obviously, years of erosion had swept away the original tracks. Tracy and Richard met up with Ken and Pat and together they walked the half mile to the vehicles. Ken and Pat had experienced the same trail condit ions.

We were finished with mapping. Most of us went on to Fort Bowie and settled in for the evening. All were going home tomorrow.

Tuesday, November 21

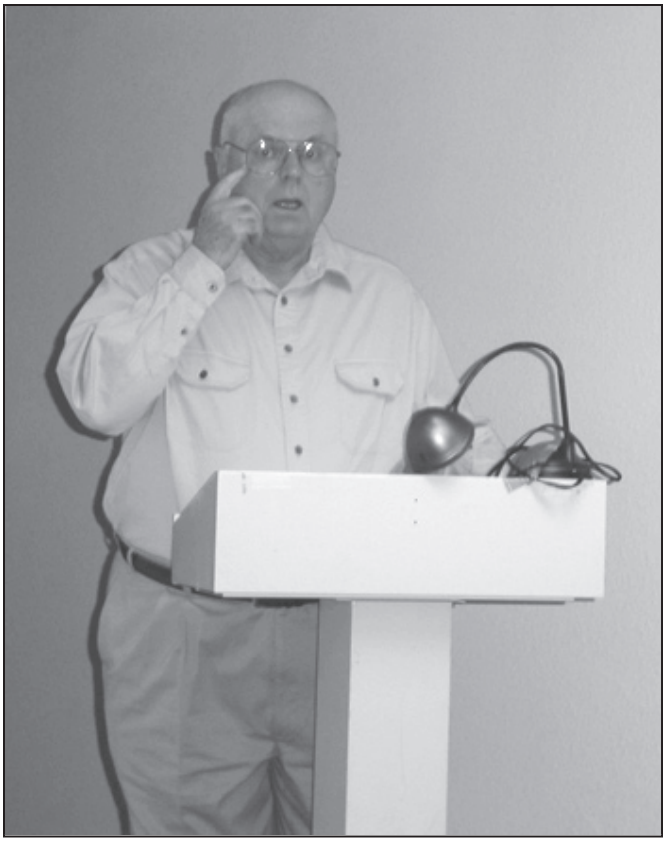
We were packed and on our way at 7:15 a.m. We passed Larry and a worker on the way out and waved our farewells. Larry certainly made our trip easier. Rose Ann was able to relax a little more on this trip. Leadership has its responsibilities, and our new leader, Tracy, is more than up to the task.



Stein's Stage Station *photo by Ken White*

The Oatman Story
A talk by Brian McGinty

[**Editors' note:** Brian McGinty gave the following extemporaneous talk at the Yuma Crossing Days celebration in Yuma, AZ, on February 25, 2006. We recorded, transcribed and edited the talk, which we think is an excellent introduction to the Oatman story. Those interested in further information on the Oatmans should consult McGinty's book *The Oatman Massacre: A Tale of Desert Captivity and Survival* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2005), which we reviewed in the Spring 2005 issue of *Desert Tracks*. ***Deborah and Jon Lawrence***]



Brian McGinty speaking at Yuma Crossing
photo by Jon Lawrence

Today I want to talk about the Oatman story. Some of you may know it very well, and some of you may not. It isn't harmful to review it, and this is a very appropriate topic for Yuma Crossing Days, because Yuma was the place the Oatmans were headed for. They didn't make it because the Indians interfered with their trip.

When the Oatmans set out for California, they were traveling with James Colin Brewster, a dissident Mormon. Yuma had been identified in Brewster's prophesies as the Mormon gathering place, "Cedonia," the "Land of Bashan," the "earthly paradise" at the confluence of the Gila and Colorado Rivers. Brewster was an interesting man. He was known, among other things, as the "Boy Prophet." He was born in 1826 in western New York, near Buffalo. When he was still a boy he began to have visions and make prophecies, and many of these were based on the "lost books" of Esdras, an ancient Israelite prophet. In a vision, Brewster was told that it was the will of God that he transcribe and publish these stories from Esdras. He did so, and some of his transcriptions are still available in very rare collections in libraries. As his transcribing progressed, Brewster received the message that the gathering place of the Mormons was to be at the confluence of the Gila and Colorado Rivers. Now these visions began in the 1830s and continued through the 1840s. At that time, the boundaries that exist today between California, Arizona, and New Mexico didn't exist. California and New Mexico were provinces of Mexico, with rather vague boundaries between them that met somewhere in Arizona, no one knew exactly where. So in some of these prophecies the New Jerusalem was said to be in eastern California.

In these prophesies the region was given various names. One of the most common was the "Land of Bashan." Brewster told the Mormons who were willing to listen to him that they would be going to the new place of gathering in the "Land of Bashan." The Colorado River was identified in some of these as the River Bashan. None of these people, certainly not Brewster, had ever been out to the West. Although Brewster claimed to have learned about Bashan through revelation, some skeptics believed that he had learned about the region by reading travel narratives written by Americans who had explored along the Santa Fe Trail and as far as New Mexico, but had based their narratives mostly on the reports of

other people or on speculation. There had been some published works describing the area around Brewster's appointed place of gathering as an "earthly paradise," loaded with trees and vegetation, with plenty of rainfall and abundant water, and with no native inhabitants who would provide any interference. Whereas, of course, rainfall in this region is very low, it is a very dry area, and in the summer time it gets to be very hot. And in historic times, there were lots of Indians here. The area along the Colorado was populated with a variety of tribes.

Last night when I spoke to the Westerners, one of the ladies asked, "What was the difference between the Brewsterites and the other Mormons?" The principal difference is that while most of the Mormons accepted the leadership of Brigham Young, the Brewsterites did not. In addition to that, it was one of Colin Brewster's teachings that there could be many prophets in the church, and although this meant there were many prophecies, not all prophets were true prophets. According to Brewster, if a prophesied event came to pass, it could be taken as proof that the prophet was a true prophet. The main body of the Mormons believed that there was one prophet at a time and only he could speak for God.

A church had been formed in Brewster's name in 1848, following the death of the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith. Joseph Smith was martyred or assassinated in Carthage, Illinois, in 1844. About that time the Oatman family left their home in La Harpe, in western Illinois--the town is still there today--and went to south-central Pennsylvania, near the town of Greencastle, where they joined another dissident Mormon group under Sidney Rigdon. They spent several months there, until they became unhappy with Rigdon. They returned to Illinois, this time to Whiteside County in the northern part of the state. The area that they lived in is today between Fulton and Morrison, Illinois.

Brewster, "the Boy Prophet," was only twenty-one years old when a group of his followers traveled to Kirtland, Ohio, in 1848 to organize their church. Kirtland is the location of the first Mormon temple built by Joseph Smith. But the main body of Mormons had lost control of the temple, and it had been for some time in the hands of other dissident Mormons. The followers of Brewster, called Brewsterites, began to publish a monthly journal called the *Olive Branch*. The only complete file of this journal that I'm aware of is in the Huntington Library in California. It has a lot of information about what was going on in the church, who the members were, and what they believed.

On Monday, May 6, 1850, the Oatmans left Whiteside County for the "Land of Bashan." They traveled with the other Brewsterites. By this time the main body of Mormons had already left Illinois and gone to Utah.

The Brewsterites' wagon train consisted of between 85 and 93 members. The records are in disagreement on the exact number. They had about 200 head of cattle, a lot of wagons, and some horses. They set out from Independence, Missouri, in August 1850. Their plan was to follow the Santa Fe Trail to New Mexico and then cross the mountains into what is now Arizona. In those days the territory here wasn't called "Arizona." The name "Arizona" was formally established in 1863 when the first organization of the Arizona Territory was made during the Civil War. Before that, this was part of New Mexico territory. But the territory south of the Gila River, which includes the land we are standing on today, was part of Mexico. This was still Mexican territory; it was added to the United States with the Gadsden Purchase of 1853-4, along with the territory which is now the southern part of Arizona.

As the Brewsterites traveled along the Santa Fe Trail, there were disagreements. The first arguments began in Kansas. The disputes intensified as they arrived in Las Vegas, New Mexico, in the northeastern corner of New Mexico. The emigrants stopped there, and their dissension grew so bad that they decided to divide the party in two. James Colin Brewster was in one group, whose members decided that they had better wait a while before they continued on to Bashan. It was late in the year by this time. They didn't want to cross the mountains because of the severity of the winter. They decided to stay in New Mexico and replenish their stores and their animals and go on later. The Oatmans were in the other group. This party determined to go

on. On October 9, 1850, the Oatman party, which numbered about fifty emigrants, headed for the Rio Grande. When they got to the vicinity of Socorro, New Mexico, they stopped for nine days to make money by cutting hay for the army. Then they headed farther south and then towards the west. Now deep into Mexican territory, they had a run-in with Chiricahua Apaches in the neighborhood of what is today Lordsburg and Silver City. They lost a number of their animals and became very frightened. The Oatmans decided that they had better speed up and get the wagon train on the road, so to speak. So Roys Oatman began to drive the wagons as fast as he could. As a result the wagons became separated, and the other families had a difficult time keeping up. They went through the Mexican towns of Santa Cruz and Tubac, and finally arrived in Tucson on January 8, 1851.

At that time, Tucson was also a Mexican town. Several hundred Mexicans lived there. It was in the middle of a drought. I was able to determine that this was a severe drought with the aid of researchers at the Laboratory of Tree-Ring Research in Tucson, which has a record of rainfall in all the years of the historic Southwest. The winter of 1850-51 was one of the most severe droughts on record. Everybody was having a hard time finding food, including the Indians and the Mexicans. The Oatman party stopped in Tucson, where they had hoped to purchase food and supplies, but the Mexicans said that their storehouses were empty. They suggested that if the emigrants wanted to stop, they could plant a garden and raise some food for themselves. Some of the families thought this was a good idea. "We don't know what lies ahead. We don't know what dangers might be on the trail. Perhaps we might run afoul of some Indians. Perhaps we might not have any food." So they said, "Yes, we will stay here for a while in Tucson." But the Oatmans and two other families, the Wilders and the Kellys, said, "No, we are not going to stop. We are going to push on."

So the three families left Tucson and headed north. And north of Tucson were the Pima and Maricopa villages, scattered along the Gila River. They stopped there, where they were able to find water in what were called the Maricopa Wells, deep holes that had been dug in the ground by Lt. Colonel Philip St. George Cooke and the Mormon Battalion in 1846, and which were a good source of water. And the Indians there were as helpful to them as they could be, but they, too, were suffering from the drought, so they didn't have very much food to spare. On February 7, Mrs. Wilder gave birth to a child. Not surprisingly, the Wilders and the Kellys decided that they had better stay there and not go on. It was too dangerous. They didn't know if there was any food out there. It was a barren desert. They didn't know what the Indians were going to be like.

Although Mrs. Oatman was pregnant and due to deliver in about a week or two from that time, the Oatmans decided to go on alone–one family traveling west through the desert–one wagon, a few animals, a mother, father, and seven children. They traveled for a week before they got into the vicinity of what is today Gila Bend and were able again to find the river. In those days it was necessary for people traveling through the West to follow the course of the rivers as closely as they could, because their animals needed water every day and there would be grass and other things they could eat along the way. It was not possible to just head out across the middle of the desert. On the 15th of February, the Oatmans were traveling along the Gila River. It was very hard going because of the sandy soil, and the animals were very weak from lack of food and water. They met an American scientist by the name of John Lawrence Le Conte, who was traveling along the river. He had been in Yuma, at what was then called Camp Yuma. This was before it was re-designated as a fort. Although he was only twenty-five years old, he had something of a reputation as an explorer and entomologist. He was traveling with a Mexican guide, known only as "Juan the Sonorian [sic]." He met the Oatmans and saw that they were in a very difficult condition. Their animals were very weak. They were very vulnerable. They introduced themselves. Dr. Le Conte went on to Tucson, and when he returned, the Oatmans were still there, but they were in an even worse condition–their animals were struggling and their food supplies were low. And Roys Oatman said to him, "I would like to have some help from the soldiers in Yuma. Would you please take a letter to Major Heintzelman, the commander of Camp Yuma?" Dr. Le Conte said yes,

he would do that. Dr. Le Conte and his guide took the letter, left the Oatmans and disappeared down the trail toward Yuma. The letter today is in the Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley. It is an interesting artifact that was saved and passed from one hand to another, and eventually it got to that great library.

The day after Le Conte left the Oatmans, his horses were stolen by Indians, so he and his guide were left without any horses. They were still over sixty miles from Camp Yuma. Before Le Conte started walking toward Camp Yuma, he attached a note to a tree, warning Oatman of his run-in with the Indians. From the point at which he left the Oatmans along the river, it took Le Conte seven days to get to Yuma.

Two days after Dr. Le Conte's horses were stolen, on February 18, 1851, the Oatmans had to drive their covered wagon up a steep cliff adjoining the Gila River. You can see these cliffs at various points along the trail. Because their animals were so weak and the wagon was so heavy, they had to take everything out of the wagon and push the vehicle up the cliff. Then they had to walk back down and carry all of their provisions to the top and then reload them in the wagon. It took them all day to do that. Along about dusk they had finished the job. They were gathered around their wagon, eating a late afternoon meal of bean soup and bread. They had very little food left. They turned around and looked behind them and saw a party of Indians walking toward them. According to the best estimates of the eldest son, Lorenzo, who later spoke about this, there were about seventeen Indians.

Now we don't know what the identity of these Indians was. One of the big mysteries of the Oatman story is "who were these Indians?" The Oatman massacre site is just at the southern edge of the Yavapai territory, a long distance away from the Tonto Apache territory. However, Olive and Lorenzo were later emphatic in identifying of the Indians as Tonto Apaches. But that may well have been a misidentification, because many of the travelers coming through this part of Arizona in those days thought that all the Indians they saw on the trail were Apaches. However, there were lots of other Indians who were misidentified as Apaches, most commonly the Yavapais. I'm inclined to think that the Indians the Oatmans encountered were Yavapai, and there is some good evidence for that, but the evidence is not conclusive. There are some scholars who dispute this, and they believe that they were Tonto Apaches.

The Indians asked the Oatmans for tobacco and food, which the family offered them. And then without warning the Indians set upon them with clubs. In a very short period of time, six of the nine members of the family were killed. The oldest son, Lorenzo, was badly bloodied and left for dead, but was able to survive.

The Indians took two of the girls, thirteen-year-old Olive Oatman and her eight-year-old sister, Mary Ann, and led them away to a village. Now where was that village? This is another mystery of the story. If they were Tonto Apaches, they would have had to take them over successive strings of mountains to central Arizona, way beyond Phoenix and in the direction of Camp Verde on the Verde River, which was the nearest Tonto Apache territory in those days. If, however, they were Western Yavapais, or Tolkepayas, they had villages that were much closer and more accessible. The nearest substantial Tolkepaya village in those days was a place called Wiltaika. It was located about sixty miles north from the attack site.

The girls were taken by their captors, kept for a year, and then traded to the Mohaves. Now the Mohaves lived in the Mohave Valley, which is on the Colorado River. It is the area on the Colorado River, stretching approximately from today's town of Needles to Laughlin. And there were a number of villages up there. During the time that the girls lived in the Mohave Valley, a drought struck. The Mohave agriculture depended on the flow of the Colorado River. Before the Colorado River was dammed, it was a very wild river. Some years it was absolutely full and brimming with water. But if it was a drought year, the Mohaves didn't have enough food. During one of those drought-induced famines, Mary Ann Oatman died of starvation. There were a lot of Indians who died in the same famine. They tried to keep themselves alive by going up into the mountains and gathering berries, nuts, fruits, birds' eggs, and whatever else they

could get to keep themselves alive. Although Mary Ann didn't make it, Olive survived.

Olive lived in the house of one of the Mojave chiefs. Now that's another interesting story. Which chief? In the book that Royal Stratton later wrote of the captivity, the chief was identified by a variety of names: "Espaniola," "Aespaniola," "Espaniole," Espanesay," and "Aspenosay." Olive lived in a village where the town of Needles is today. But the site of the house that she lived in was later washed away by the river, so the house and the site are gone, as is the burial site of Mary Ann. By the way, the Indians cremated their dead. The Indians wanted to cremate Mary Ann, but Olive prevailed on them to allow her sister to be buried. The burial site has not been located, and it has very likely been washed away by the river.

During the time that Olive lived in the Mohave Valley, she was tattooed. Later on she claimed that her tattoos were slave marks and that the Mohaves tattooed her in that fashion so that if she ever tried to escape, other Indians would recognize her as Mohave and return her. But this was probably not the case because, in fact, tattooing was very pervasive among all of the Mohaves. I have some pictures in my book made by the German artist Möllhausen, who was in the valley in 1854 during the very time that the Oatman girls lived there, showing the very extensive tattooing that was evident on the Mohaves. Further, the tattoos had a cultural and religious significance. A Mohave believed that if he died without a tattoo, he would not gain access to the Mohave equivalent of heaven. Instead, he would go down a "rat hole." And since tattooing did involve a certain amount of pain, Mohaves often had an aversion to it. But if they felt that death was approaching, they would be tattooed. Girls and young women were very commonly tattooed in puberty but not before. Olive turned fifteen during the first year she was in the Mohave Valley, and Mary Ann may well have entered puberty during the time she lived with the Mohaves. Olive had tattoos on her face and also on her arms. In pictures of her, you don't see the arm tattoos because of the sleeves of her dresses, but in some of the pictures, the tattoos on her chin are very noticeable.

In the meantime, Lorenzo, who had been left for dead at the massacre site, was able to crawl back in the direction of Maricopa Wells, where the other white people were. He encountered two Pimas along the trail. They recognized him from the time he had spent among them, and gave him some food. Eventually one of the white families came along in their wagon, saw him there on the trail and said, "My God, Lorenzo, what happened to you?" He told them about the massacre, and they decided that they had better turn back to the Pima and Maricopa villages and not try to go on to Yuma until they could find some other traveling companions to accompany them across the desert.

Some of them did go ahead to the massacre site, where they found the ruined wagon and the remains of the victims of the massacre—there were six of them. They tried to bury them, but the ground was very hard and rocky, and they were not able to dig in the soil. The best they could do was pile the bones together and cover them with rock. There were lots of volcanic rocks on the ground, so they made a big mound there.

Lorenzo eventually made it to Yuma. It took him five weeks after the massacre to get there. In Yuma, he was attended by the post surgeon, Henry Stuart Hewit. Camp Yuma had to be abandoned about that time because of lack of provisions. The provisions came from San Diego, mainly by water around the tip of Baja California. They weren't able to provision the troops properly, so the camp was ordered to be abandoned until supply lines could be established. When Camp Yuma was abandoned, the fifteen-year-old Lorenzo went with Dr. Hewit, first to San Diego and then to San Francisco. He worked for a while in San Francisco. Then he went into the California gold mines, but he was unsuccessful at finding gold. Eventually he came back down to Southern California near El Monte, where some of the other Brewsterites had settled. They befriended him, and he did some farming there. He tried to enlist the help of the governor of California and the United States Congress to organize a hunt for his sisters, because he believed that Olive and Mary Ann were probably still living. Some of the men in Southern California helped him organize a search party. They did go towards the east at one point, but they were not able to find anything.

In 1855 and 1856, word got out to the soldiers in Yuma and to some of the Mexicans who lived in the vicinity that there was a white girl living among the Mojaves, and an effort was made to get her to come out and come to Yuma. An Indian from the Quechan tribe by the name of Francisco had offered to help, to try to go to the Mohave Valley and find the white girl who was supposedly living there and get her back. He went there, found that she was there, and tried to obtain custody of her. She was Olive Oatman. There was a long series of negotiations with the tribal council. The Indians did not want Olive to go back. Now when the Mohave first said, "No, we are not going to give her up," the Quechan Indian informed them that the soldiers at Fort Yuma would come up and kill every man, woman and child in the Mohave Valley if they didn't surrender her, and they had the men and the means to do that. And the Indians probably believed that they would actually do such a thing. So they decided that Olive could go back.

There is a question whether Olive wanted to go back. She did not express any preference at that time. Later on, she let it be known that she did want to go back, but at that particular time she didn't show any particular inclination to do so. She had been there for four years. She was eighteen and a half years old. She may by that time have married a Mohave. She may have had a Mohave child or children. This is a mystery of the story that cannot be answered definitely one way or the other. But the indications are very strong that she did. She told one of her friends when she got back that she had married a Mohave. And she had a lot of bad dreams, nightmares, and periods of depression later on. Much of this may be attributed to the awful experience that she went through at the massacre site itself, but it may also be attributable to the fact that she had left behind a family in the Mohave Valley and that she was forced to give them up.

Olive came back with a party of Mohaves and the Quechan Indian. They traveled south from the Mohave Valley along the Colorado River. They walked part of the way and they swam part of the way. Olive had become a very good swimmer during the time she lived in the Mohave Valley, because the river there is the most pervasive geographical feature of the region. The travelers crossed from one side of the river to the other, and finally arrived here where we are today. When Olive first got to the ground we are standing on, she was wearing only a grass skirt. When Olive saw a white man approaching, she threw herself down on the ground in modesty. She would not get up until a dress was provided, which she quickly donned. Then the party crossed the river and entered Yuma.

Olive arrived at the Yuma Crossing on February 22, 1856, one hundred and fifty years ago this last Wednesday. It is sometimes said that this was Olive's "return to Yuma," but of course, she had never been here before. She had set out with the rest of her family to come to Yuma, but she was interrupted. The interruption lasted five years and four days. It was exactly five years and four days after the massacre that she finally got to Yuma.

Lorenzo was working in the woods outside El Monte, in Southern California, when news came to him that Olive was at Yuma. He came over from El Monte to Yuma, and met Olive there. They looked at each other and were absolutely dumbfounded. She had not spoken any English for over five years. She had forgotten how, but she was fluent in Mohave.

Now that is the basic story of what happened to Olive Oatman up until the time she arrived at Yuma on February 22, 1856. But there is a lot of story that happens after that, which I will briefly sketch.

Lorenzo and Olive were eventually able to communicate with their family members about what had happened to their family. They went to San Diego and then to El Monte, where they stayed with their friends the Thompsons, one of the families in the Brewsterite party. The Thompsons took care of them for a while, and then Harvey B. Oatman, a nephew of Roys Oatman and a first cousin of Olive and Lorenzo, came from the Rogue River country in Oregon to assume their care. He had read about Olive in Oregon newspaper articles, and he decided that he had a familial responsibility. He said, "I am the nearest relative, and I want to take them to live with me in Oregon." So they went together. They went to San Francisco, and then up the Sacramento River to

Red Bluff, where they took a stagecoach to the Rogue River Valley in southern Oregon.

It was while Olive and Lorenzo were living in Oregon that they met a charismatic minister by the name of Royal Byron Stratton, pastor of the Methodist church in Yreka, California, very close to the Oregon border. Stratton agreed that he would help them write a book about their experiences. The book is called *Captivity of the Oatman Girls*. It was published in San Francisco in 1857, and it immediately became a best seller. So many copies of the book were sold that they realized enough money for Olive and Lorenzo to come back to California and enroll at the University of Santa Clara, where Reverend Stratton was on the board of the trustees. They had had practically no education before that time.

The book was a very sensationalistic account of the Oatman story, and it revealed a deep anti-Indian bias. Much of it was in the words of Olive and Lorenzo, but it evidences the writing ability of a very literate person, namely Reverend Stratton. Conforming to the familiar style of the "Indian captivity narrative," a popular form of literature in the early United States, Stratton depicted the Indians in very negative terms. He colored Olive and Lorenzo's words, saying that the Indians had treated the girls very badly and that they threatened to kill them if they tried to escape. Despite its factual lapses, the book was a success. It was melodramatic, and people liked to read it. And, frankly, a lot of people in those days had very negative views of the Indians, and this played into their prejudices. They thought that this was the way the Indians would have treated their captives. A play was made out of it, and presented in San Francisco and Sacramento. A member of the Booth family, famous for John Wilkes Booth, starred in the presentation of what they called *The Oatman Family*.

Reverend Stratton decided that they would be much more successful if they took their "act" from San Francisco to New York. And so in 1857, he took his family and Lorenzo and Olive east. They went by boat, crossing the Isthmus of Panama, and arrived in New York where a new edition of the book was printed. Again it became a best seller. At this time they decided to start giving lectures, talking about the experiences the Oatman family had gone through, particularly the experiences of the Oatman girls during the time they were with the Indians. Reverend Stratton gave the first of the lectures, as far as I have been able to determine, in Manhattan, in the Methodist Trinity Episcopal Church. Olive turned out to be quite a talented lecturer, and she went on doing this by herself for a period of seven years. She traveled widely through the Northeast. She traveled as far west as Indiana. She gave her lectures mostly in Methodist churches. At that time it was nearly unprecedented for a woman to speak in public. There was a gender bias against it. And there was a very strong bias against women speaking in churches. But there were exceptions to that. Some of the abolitionist women were able to speak on abolitionist issues in the church because it was for a very good moral purpose. And in the case of Olive Oatman, she was talking about a kind of moral issue, so she was tolerated, but it was rather unprecedented. For seven years, she basically made her living by giving lectures and selling copies of her book.

One incident that I think is very telling occurred when Olive was in New York in 1864. This was during the time that she was traveling around the northeastern states lecturing. She read in the newspaper that a Mohave chief was coming to New York. He was going to stay at the Metropolitan Hotel. If you read the Stratton book, you will learn that Olive had a terrible time living with the Mohaves. They treated her cruelly. She lived in fear all of the time. She wanted to get away, but she couldn't. She was treated as a slave. She said that the tattoos that were put on her chin were slave marks. Well, if this were the case, what do you think she would do when she read in the newspaper that a Mohave chief was coming to town to the Metropolitan Hotel?

Olive went to the Metropolitan Hotel to meet the chief. She found that he wasn't the chief she had lived with in the Mohave Valley. He was one of the other chiefs who lived there at the same time, and his name was Irataba. Olive and Irataba met, and they extended their hands in the "sacred clasp" of friendship. They talked about the Mohaves and the experiences she

had there. Olive asked about the daughter of the chief she had known so well. "How is the chief's daughter? She was such a good friend of mine when I was there." Now I think that this incident tells you a good deal about what really happened to Olive during the time she lived with the Mohaves. She was not treated cruelly. She was not treated as a slave. She never had never any real expectation at that point that she would ever see white people again. As far as she knew, all the rest of her family was dead. She didn't know that Lorenzo had survived. She knew that her mother, father, and brothers and sisters had been killed. She had become Mohave. She spoke the Mohave language, wore Mohave tattoos, and dressed like a Mohave. She may have married a Mohave and had children. I think that incident in the Metropolitan Hotel, which Olive mentioned in her lectures, is a telling one.

During the course of the lectures, Olive met a man in Michigan by the name of John Brant Fairchild. He was an interesting man in his own right. He and his brothers had driven cattle into California. You remember some of the old John Wayne movies where they drove the cattle along the trails? Well, there were people who drove cattle from Texas, not only north into Kansas, but also west to California. During the Gold Rush, there was a great demand for beef in California. And so the Fairchild brothers drove a herd of cattle from Texas into Southern California. I believe it was in 1849. In the vicinity of Silver City or Lordsburg, they were attacked by Chiricahua Apaches, and John Fairchild's brother Rodney was killed. So John had a similar experience to Olive in that he had lost a family member to an Indian attack.

Fairchild and Olive became acquainted, fell in love, and were married in the First Baptist Church of Rochester, New York, on November 9, 1865. Olive was twenty-eight years old. They lived for a while in Michigan, and then they moved to Sherman, Texas, which is a few miles north of Dallas, close to the Red River. John Fairchild by that time was a prosperous man. He was listed in the city directories as a "capitalist." The Fairchilds had a beautiful home. In Sherman, Olive lived a rather secluded life. On her rare trips from her house, Olive wore a hat and a dark veil in an attempt to conceal her tattoos, and she used powders and cosmetics to conceal them. She was very self conscious about this. She and John Fairchild had no children of their own, but they did adopt one child, Mamie. When she had visitors, John Fairchild made it a rule that no one was to ask Olive any questions about the Indians. Protective of his wife, he tried to find all of the copies he could of Royal Stratton's book and destroy them.

Olive did make some trips out of Sherman. She went as far north as Ontario near Niagara Falls to spend some time in a sanitarium. She had severe emotional and physical problems. There are some letters in which she describes problems with headaches, pain in her eyes, extreme nervousness, and the tremendous loss that she felt because she had lost her mother. After all, at the age of thirteen, she had become an orphan.

Olive lived in Sherman until her death on March 21, 1903, at the age of sixty-five. John Fairchild had a large granite monument prepared for his wife in Sherman's West Hill Cemetery. Interestingly, he enclosed her coffin in iron to prevent the Mohaves from "reclaiming" her body.

Before my book was published, there was no book that you could go to in order to find out about Olive Oatman's tale of captivity and survival, a story that I consider to be fascinating. I like to research stories that plow new ground. If there is a fascinating story that somebody wrote a book about five or ten years ago, and if it's a good book, it doesn't interest me because somebody has already done it. What I like to do is find a good story that hasn't already been done, maybe because it would take too much time or because you have to be persistent or you would have to do a lot of travel or spend several days in a very dull and uninteresting library someplace a long way away from home. That's the kind of stuff I like to do.

In the course of researching this book, I traveled as far as Middletown, Vermont, where Roys Oatman was born in 1809, to Sherman, Texas, to Illinois where some relatives of the Oatmans still live, to Bowling Green, Ohio, where some valuable documents are, to the Beinecke Library at Yale University in Connecticut, which has some original photos of Olive

and Lorenzo Oatman. I traveled to the Rogue River country in Oregon and to Salt Lake City. I went down the Santa Fe Trail, and I visited the massacre site several times. On one occasion, I got stuck in the road near the massacre site and had to have a tractor trailer pull my vehicle out of the dust. (In Arizona, you don't get stuck in mud—you get stuck in dust.) I went to Yuma, of course, several times, and to Tucson, where there are some very interesting materials related to the Oatman story. It is an interesting body of research. And fortunately since the book has come out, I have had the good fortune of being contacted by some additional researchers who have some new details on the story that I didn't have originally. I heard from a researcher in Southern California who has done some good work on what happened to James Colin Brewster after his movement collapsed in the wake of the Oatman massacre. I heard from an archeological researcher who has researched archeological traces of some of the Indian trails that lead up from the massacre site and that might have been followed by the Oatman girls on their way to their captors' village. It is an interesting subject and an important part of the history of the West, and it does relate very much to the history of Yuma.

If there are any questions, I'd be happy to answer them.

Audience: What is the outline of what happened to Brewster? Brewster was in Las Vegas, New Mexico, when the Oatmans left.

BMcG: After the group split into two parties, Brewster eventually went to the area of Socorro, New Mexico, where he established a settlement called Colonia. He and his party were there when the census taker came through for the 1850 census. And they were all recorded in this census. From there, I don't know what happened. The researcher that I mentioned doesn't know exactly what happened to Brewster, whether he eventually made it to California or not. I've done a lot of research trying to find any trace of Brewster in California, and I have found none. His trail picks up again when he fought in the Civil War. He became a Civil War veteran. He lived for many years in a Civil War veterans' home and eventually died in 1909. What happened to him from the time he was near Socorro, New Mexico, in the colony he established, until the Civil War is still something of a mystery.

Member of Audience: Is the massacre site accessible from Painted Rocks?

BMcG: It is, but you have to know where you are going, and you should have a four-wheel drive. By the way, the massacre site and the burial site are separated by less than a mile, but there is a rather long road between them. The massacre site is on top of a cliff, and the burial site is down in what they call Oatman Flat in the bed of the river. In those days there was a lot of water in the river because it hadn't been dammed. Now you'll probably not find much water.

Interestingly, the massacre site is in Yuma County and the burial site is actually located in Maricopa County. I looked up the records in Phoenix and discovered that the burial site is owned by the Daughters of the American Revolution. And they acquired the land from Congress for the specific purpose of putting up the plaque, but I don't think they have much to do with it now.

Member of Audience: How does the town of Oatman fit into this?

BMcG: It doesn't have anything to do with it, except that the town was named in honor of the Oatman family. Yesterday one of the ladies at the Westerners informed me that the man who named the town was reading the Stratton book about the Oatmans. But there is no good historical evidence that it really had anything else to do with the Oatman family. Of course, Olive Oatman may have been near there. The town is in the mountains which overlook the Mohave Valley, where Olive lived for four years. But there is a lot of misinformation on Oatman. Oftentimes, articles will tie the town of Oatman to the Oatman family, and there is no good

connection between the two. Similarly, you will read in many books and magazines that the Apaches attacked the family, without any discussion that it might have been another Indian tribe.

Member of Audience: You said that Olive's body was encased in iron. What have you discovered in your research regarding the fears John Fairchild had for his wife? Could he be shielding himself from embarrassment regarding his wife's past? Was he simply trying to protect her?

BMcG: There has been some psychological discussion about that, but I think that a lot of it is speculative. John Fairchild was very protective of her, probably very devoted to her. Independently, to the best of my knowledge, there is no information on Fairchild himself. We know him only because he was married to Olive Oatman. Beyond that, he would have been completely forgotten.

Member of Audience: Are there any Oatman descendants still in Oregon?

BMcG: Not that I have been in contact with. There were some in recent years who still lived in Oregon. In Red Cloud, Nebraska, some people in the museum have traced descendants of Lorenzo Oatman, and there was one man they were in contact with within the last ten years, but they then lost touch with him. I think he lived in Southern California, but I'm not certain. One of Lorenzo's sons eventually settled in Los Angeles, but died maybe fifty years ago. Olive Oatman had no direct descendants as far as we know. Now there were reports, and these are detailed in my book, of people who claimed to be her children. One of them lived near Oatman, and another lived in Phoenix. A couple of others who were rumored to be Olive's children lived in Austin, Nevada.

There is a book by Doris Clark called *The Oatman Story*. I met Doris at the burial site one day. She is a relative of the Oatmans. She is a descendant of one of Olive Oatman's aunts who was loyal to Brigham Young and went to live in Utah. I think Doris lives in Las Vegas; she will be here tomorrow to go to the massacre site. She has interesting information in her book, which is more genealogical, not analytical in the way mine is, but she has a lot of information about the family. It is a Xeroxed, 8 by 10 format book.

Member of Audience: My mother was an Oatman. She lived in Portland. I have a box that is in storage right now that, when my grandpa died, he gave to her. When she passed away, I got it. It has a whole bunch of material on the massacre.

DAR marker from Oatman Flats *photo by Ken White*

BMcG: Well, they undoubtedly were related if they were interested in the massacre. Some of the Oatmans who lived near Jacksonville and the area of Ashland later moved to Portland. That could have been your family. Unfortunately, my interest in the Oatman story peaked when the book was published, because is nothing I can really add to it at this point. But there are other people who are still researching the story, and they might be quite interested in your information. You might consider going to the Oregon Historical Society and asking them if they might like to have this, or maybe contact a university library. Then it will be available to anybody who wants to do research and it won't be lost. Because if you have something in your garage or basement, someday somebody might think, "Well, this is just a bunch of junk. Let's throw this away." I wish I had met you before I published the book.

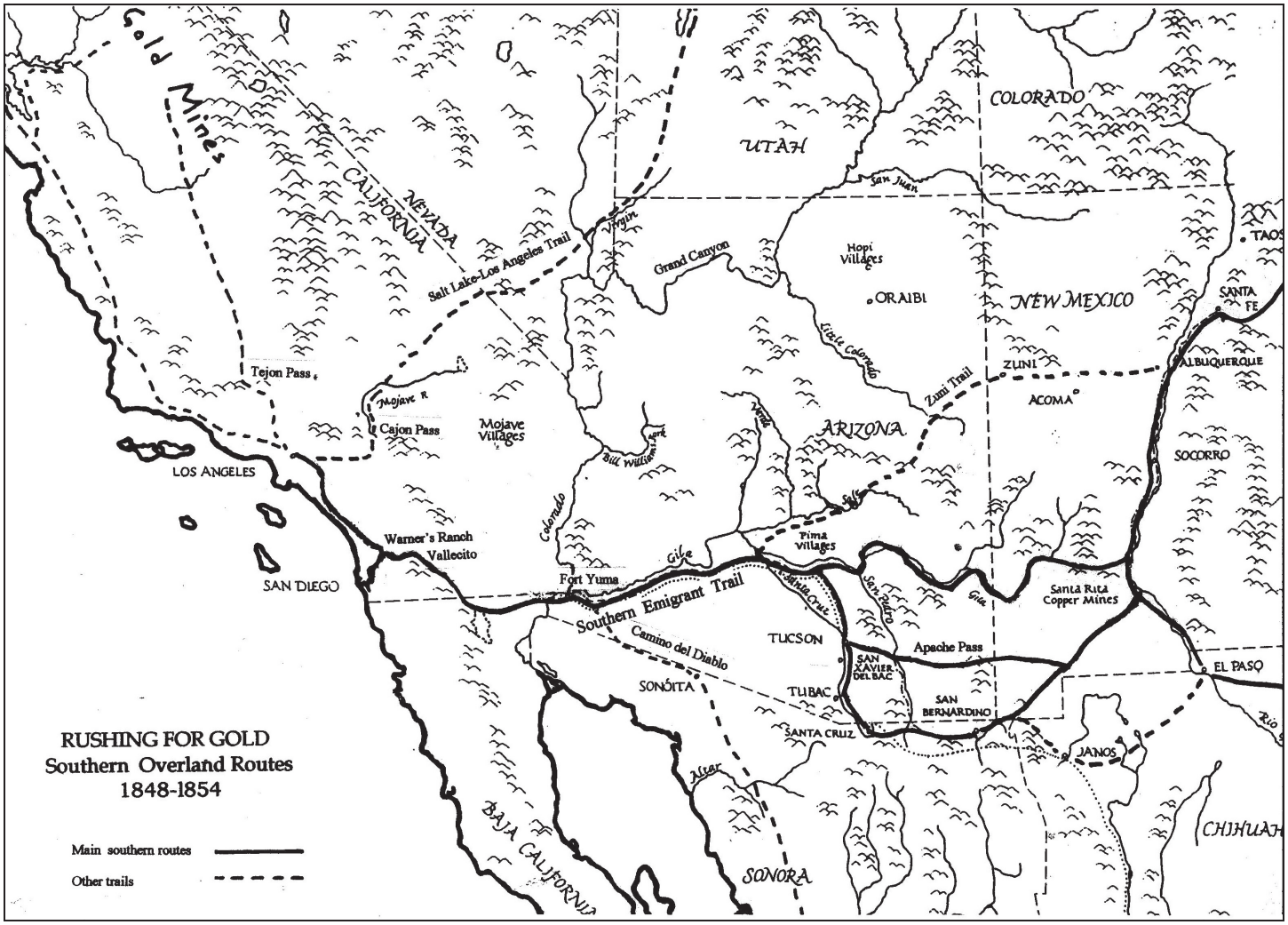
close to the Indian village of *Kupa*, until Warner could complete a larger adobe ranch house, located on a slight rise at the southern end of the valley, near the historic "fork in the road" where the southern overland trail diverged into two branches, one north to Temecula and Los Angeles, the other to San Diego. Within a few years, Warner's Ranch became an important stopping and resting point for those traveling the southern emigrant route to California.[38]

Benjamin Hayes, a lawyer and newspaper man and for many years a circuit judge for Los Angeles County, has left us the best description of Warner and his ranch, the Cupeños of *Agua Caliente*, and the hot springs during the gold rush era:

> We went over to Warner's. A tall man, dressed a la California, short blue jacket, trousers broad at the bottom of legs, half California, half sailor, I thought. When we entered he was seated at breakfast, which had probably put him in his best humor; quite talkative: said he would let us have milk tomorrow morning, and at some inconvenience to himself, sugar and salt... His reception was very polite, and we formed a favorable impression of him. His house is thatched with *tule*, long, divided into two large rooms, with a shed in front, before which were stretched out several hides, pinned down, in the process of being dressed for market. Several Indians about, also some white men he had hired. His beef was hanging up before the door we entered in the shade; killed this morning...
>
> His house is on one of the beautiful, high rolling hills, without vegetation other than bunch grass ...It is at the point precisely where the main road branches, one to San Diego, the other to Los Angeles, convenient for the supply of emigrants. He says he will find something to trade to the emigrants, as they come up; none shall starve. Several sold their pistols to him, for food, several who started with plenty of money.
>
> I see little sign of cultivation in the neighborhood, though he calls the place a farm. Our object being to camp a few days on good grass, to recruit, we selected a spot 2 miles from Warner's in the neighborhood of the hot spring [Agua Caliente]. Mr. Warner sent an Indian to guide us thither..., The Indian village is near where where we can get supplies... Walked over one and a half miles to the village. As I entered, the Indians were flocking to a large house, the largest and that of their Captain, as one of them told me. They all speak Spanish. The house, etc., belonged formerly to the Mission of San Luis Rey which long maintained an establishment here. There were several good vineyards around it once and one still remains. Some women I noticed were good-looking; an Indian told me all were Christianas.
>
> I went to the store. It is kept by an American, by the name of Marshall; it is pretty well stocked with articles suited to this market. The goods come from San Francisco.
>
> Visited the hot spring, following down the cold water creek that leads to it from the store. Some women were washing clothes in it, others, and muchachos, were paddling about in it. They have thrown up the rocks and sand, making a large pool, in which 30 may bathe conveniently, if they choose: one of the women threw her frock over her shoulders, as I approached. Some of the huts are commodious, one perhaps 25 feet long. The Captain's, and other houses are of adobe, and the Captain's has a large corral formed by a high adobe wall.[39]

William Chamberlin, whose party camped near Agua Caliente in August 1849, described the people of the Cupeno village as "...a crossed race of Indians, Californians, and Mexicans. They speak the Spanish language, imitate the Mexicans in dress, and are all very much addicted to gambling." Nearby, he noticed "a large company of Sonorans, engaged in jerking beef to last them home." They showed him gold they were taking home from the mines. Chamberlin and his party spent several days here, "certainly a beautiful and romantic spot."[40]

From Valle de San José, most of the forty-niners followed the road to Los Angeles, a well-traveled trail, passable for wagons, known as the "Los Angeles-Sonora Road" since the 1830's. The road headed northwest, closely paralleling today's State Highway 79, through chaparral-coated hills and oak-shaded valleys plentiful with grass and water. Many of the forty-niners camped at Aguanga, then known as *El Corralito* (The Little Corral), where water and grass were particularly abundant. Turning west, the road



reached Rancho Temecula, a cattle ranch tended by Indians for absentee owner Felix Valdes. Resuming its northwest course, the road to Los Angeles passed Laguna Grande, or "Big Lagoon," described by Chamberlin as, "...a beautiful lake some 12 miles in circumference covered with wildfowls, and a vast herd of fine cattle grazing on the shore."[41] Today we know it as Lake Elsinore. Beyond, the verdant Temescal Valley was traversed to Rancho La Sierra, owned by grantee Bernardo Yorba, with thousands of cattle grazing on the rich grasslands—today's city of Corona. The road forded the Santa Ana River and continued to Isaac Williams' Rancho Santa Ana del Chino, where most of the forty-niners paused for a day or two.

Chino Ranch was frequently mentioned in emigrant diaries and letters as the most prominent stopping place between Warner's Ranch and Los Angeles. Williams, a fur trapper who had come to California with David Jackson, Ewing Young, and Kit Carson in 1831, had acquired a 48,000-acre rancho through his marriage to Maria Lugo, only daughter of the important Californio land owner Antonio Maria Lugo. Lugo and Williams were jointly granted 35,000 acres in 1841; Lugo gave his share of the property to Williams, who proceeded to buy adjacent lands, making Santa Ana del Chino one of the largest ranches in Southern California. Some 35,000 head of cattle and 1,500 horses and mules grazed peacefully on the hilly grasslands. "The almost incredible number of cattle that range these hills and valleys, their size and condition, prove that this portion of California, at least, is one of the finest grazing countries in the world," wrote Chamberlin.[42] Williams was a friendly host to the multitude of forty-niners who paused at his ranch, selling them beef and other staples at moderate prices.

From Chino Ranch, the road turned west, passed John Rowland and William Workman's *Rancho de la Puente*, forded the San Gabriel and Los Angeles Rivers, and reached Los Angeles, a dusty town of mostly adobe buildings populated largely by Spanish-speaking people. There were several stores run by transplanted Yankee merchants where the forty-niners could load up on supplies before heading north to the mines.

Emigrants bound for San Diego took the left (west) fork in *Valle de San Jose* and wound their way through a number of hills and valleys, passing through ranches Santa Ysabel and Santa Maria (Ramona Valley) to the San Diego River, then down the watercourse to San Diego. The trail was made more easily passable for wagons in September 1849 by soldiers of the Boundary Commission and became known as the Couts-Whipple Wagon Road.[43]

Traffic on the main Southern Emigrant Trail continued to be heavy through 1850, although it was somewhat hampered by Indian troubles at Yuma Crossing of the Colorado. As previously mentioned, Lieutenant Cave J. Couts and his army escort for the U.S. Boundary Commission set up a temporary rope ferry at Yuma Crossing in October 1849, much to the distaste of the Quechans, who had previously swam animals and provisions across. The U.S. Boundary Commission and its escort departed in December 1849, and the operation of the rope ferry was taken over for a short time by the Mexican Boundary Commission, then abandoned. With an eye on the lucrative business possibilities of ferry service, Dr. Able B. Lincoln, a Mexican War veteran, cut timber from a spot well up the Gila and floated it down river to the crossing site, where he built a scow. Lincoln began his ferry service in January 1850. In a letter to his parents in April 1850, Lincoln wrote,

> I have been here some three months, during which time 1 have crossed over 20,000 Mexicans, all bound for the mines, and I am still carrying some 100 per day. During the three months I have been here I have taken in over $60,000. My price, $1 per man, horse or mule $2, the pack $1, pack saddle 50 cents, saddle 25 cents.[44]

Lincoln's profits attracted the attention of John Glanton, ex-Texas Ranger, bounty hunter, and a somewhat disreputable character. Glanton is said to have "muscled in" as Lincoln's partner, offering protection against the unhappy Quechans in return. Twelve well-armed men, mostly army deserters, were employed to operate and guard the ferry.

Meanwhile, the Quechans started their own ferry service a short distance down river, hiring an American named Callaghan to run it. A few days later Callaghan was murdered and the Indian ferry was cut loose to drift down river. There is a strong possibility that Glanton or some of his men committed the crime; the Quechans believed so and planned revenge. In late April 1850, several hundred Quechans attacked the Lincoln-Glanton ferry, killing both proprietors and nine other men, and burning the scow.

News of this second "Yuma Massacre" caused a sensation in Los Angeles and San Diego. A state militia force of 142 armed men was organized under the command of "General" Joseph C. Morehead in June 1850. In August, the hottest month of the year, Morehead's undisciplined "army" left Warner's Ranch and followed the Southern Emigrant Trail to Yuma Crossing, where they engaged in several indecisive skirmishes with the Quechans. Morehead's militia returned to Los Angeles and was disbanded when two companies of regular army troops reached Yuma Crossing in November 1850.

With recurring trouble on the lower Colorado, the army decided to establish a military post there. In early October 1850 Brevet Major Samuel P. Heintzelman departed San Diego with three companies of the 2nd U.S. Infantry. One company was left at Vallecito, where a commissary depot was set up. Heintzelman and his two remaining companies reached the Colorado in mid-October and set up a temporary post on the California side, a half mile below the Gila-Colorado junction. The post was named Camp Yuma. First Lieutenant Edward R. Murray was left in charge of the new camp, garrisoned by three officers and forty enlisted men, while Heintzelman went to explore forage sites along the desert route as far as the San Felipe Valley. Heintzelman returned to Camp

Yuma in early November. Between November 25 and December 2, 1850, the post was relocated on the hilltop opposite the mouth of the Gila, on the California side of the Colorado.[45]

A chronic shortage of provisions plagued the new army post. In April 1851 Heintzelman reported to his superiors that the camp had but one barrel of flour and was entirely out of beans, rice and coffee. The problem became so acute that Heintzelman abandoned Camp Yuma on June 5, 1851, and moved the garrison back to Santa Ysabel, some thirty miles northeast of San Diego.

Lieutenant Thomas Sweeney took command of a detail of six men assigned to guard the Colorado ferry crossing, several miles down river from Camp Yuma. Sweeny's small force built a crude stockade called Camp Independence. They were unable to control Quechan depredations. In November 1851 a party of sheepmen were attacked at the crossing and four of them were killed. Several hundred Indians, said to be Quechans with a few Cocopa allies, threatened Camp Independence. Sweeney and his detachment are said to have held them off with a twelve-pound howitzer placed in position to rake the most likely point of attack. Sweeney then abandoned the isolated post and moved his detail back to San Diego.

The army was determined to make Camp Yuma a secure military post and protect the ferry crossing from recalcitrant Quechans. A strong force of infantry and dragoons left San Diego for the Colorado River in mid-February 1852. Brevet Major Heintzelman and four companies of the 2nd U.S. Infantry reoccupied Camp Yuma on February 29. Brevet Major Edward Fitzgerald and two companies of the 1st U.S. Dragoons took station at the ferry crossing on February 28. However, the Quechans were not intimidated by the military presence. This was proved when the dragoons crossed the river and moved twenty-two miles up the Gila to a location known as "Hay Camp." Here, on March 5, 1852, they were attacked by a strong party of Quechans; five dragoons were killed and one seriously wounded.[46]

The supply problem was eased by the arrival, several miles down river from the post, of the schooner *Sierra Nevada* with provisions. Henceforth, until 1858, Fort Yuma—as it came to be called in June 1852— would be provisioned by both land and sea. Shallow-draft steamers from San Diego, and later from San Pedro, rounded Cabo San Lucas, ascended the Gulf of California, and penetrated the tricky Colorado River delta. The fort was supplied by wagon from the Los Angeles Quartermaster Depot from 1858 to 1861. The commissary depot at Vallecito, set up by the army in October 1850 as previously stated, was operated by civilians under army contract after December of that year. Throughout most of the 1850s, regular military traffic used the Southern Emigrant Trail from San Diego to Fort Yuma, and later from Los Angeles to the fort.

Even before Fort Yuma was permanently garrisoned in February 1852, the lucrative business of ferrying emigrants and stockmen across the Colorado River drew new entrepreneurs to Yuma Crossing. George A. Johnson and Benjamin Hartshorn built a 35-foot scow, employed fourteen heavily armed men as guards, and commenced ferry service in August 1850. Louis Jaeger, a German emigrant, took over the ferry service in the fall of 1850 and did a brisk business from the start. Jaeger claimed that his ferry carried 40,000 persons, both Anglo and Mexican, across in 1850-1851—probably an exaggeration. Exaggeration or not, there is no question that thousands were still using the Southern Emigrant Trail in the early 1850s. Jaeger was wounded and his ferry burned by the Quechans in November 1851, but this caused only a brief impediment to ferry service. The doughty German hauled lumber over the trail from San Diego and quickly rebuilt his ferry. Jaeger's ferry remained in service until the arrival of the Southern Pacific Railroad in 1877.[47]

There was also Indian trouble at the western end of the Southern Emigrant Trail. Antonio Garra, chief of the Cupeños of Agua Caliente, was very unhappy about the taxes his people were being forced to pay and concerned about the increasing number of emigrants and new settlers passing through what he considered Indian territory. To stop the incursion of whites, Garra

chose the path of resistance. He actively sought an armed uprising of native peoples from the Colorado River to the San Joaquin Valley. Garra was able to persuade only the Los Coyotes band of Cahuillas, living in Coyote Canyon north of Borrego Valley, to join his revolt. The uprising, known to history as the Garra Revolt, began shortly after midnight on November 21, 1851. Garra's son led the attack on Americans sleeping in Kupa, killing four of them. Chapuli, chief of the Los Coyotes Cahuillas, led a small force of Cupeños and Los Coyotes to Warner's Ranch. Warner himself had been warned by a friendly Cupeño that a raid was pending; he had sent his family to San Diego. Awakened by loud yelling outside his ranchouse, he grabbed a rifle, dashed to the barn, saddled his horse, and made a daring escape. His house and barn were looted and burned, and his cattle were driven off.[48] After the attack, the renegade Cupeños and Cahuillas fled to the Los Coyote village in Coyote Canyon. Despite Garra's urging, the main bands of Cahuillas and the Luiseños refused to join the uprising, dooming the Cupeño chieftan's effort to form a united Indian front. Both the army and the state militia were hot on the rebels' tail. Desperate for support, Garra agreed to meet Juan Antonio, the most powerful of the Cahuilla chiefs. But instead of joining with Garra, Juan Antonio seized the rebel chieftain and his family, escorted them to San Timoteo Canyon near San Bernardino, and turned them over to General Joshua Bean of the California State Militia. With Antonio Garra's capture, his followers were dispersed and the revolt was over.

The white man's form of justice was swift and brutal. Four Indian sub-chiefs allegedly involved in the Warner's Ranch raid were executed by the State Militia in Coyote Canyon on Christmas Day, 1851. The chiefs were forced to dig their own graves before being shot by a firing squad. In January 1852 Antonio Garra, his son, and several of his followers were tried by military tribunal in San Diego, found guilty, and sentenced to death. Garra was proud to the end. "Gentlemen, I ask your pardon for all my offenses and expect yours in return," the *San Diego Herald* (January 17,1852) quoted him as saying. Blindfolded, kneeling at the head of his grave, the bold Cupeño chief was shot in the head. Bill Marshall, the American who had been Warner's employee, was found guilty of complicity—he allegedly had forewarning of the revolt and encouraged it—and was sentenced to death by hanging. The Garra Revolt marked the end of organized Indian resistance in southern California, although isolated incidents of native hostility to white incursion continued to occur.[50]

Despite the Garra Revolt and problems along the lower Colorado, gold seekers and emigrants continued to travel the Southern Emigrant Trail by the tens of thousands during the 1850's. Exceeding the number of human travelers were great herds of livestock, primarily cattle and sheep. The Gold Rush created an almost insatiable demand for beef and mutton. By the early 1850's prices paid per head of cattle rose from $8 to $25, and even as high as $40. One report had miners paying an astronomical $135 per head! At first, most of the livestock driven north was supplied by southern California rancheros, who for a few years reaped enormous profits from the trade. By 1852, great herds of cattle from Texas and sheep from New Mexico and Sonora were being driven over the Southern Emigrant Trail to California, then north to the mines. Counting the cattle and sheep driven to the Mother Lode country over all the trails, historian Robert Glass Cleland wrote that, "The traffic was comparable to the great cattle drives over the Bozeman Trail of Montana or the Abilene Trail of Kansas."[51]

By 1854 Texas cattle ranchers, lured by the opportunity to realize handsome profits, were driving tens of thousands of stomping, snorting, and bawling animals over the Southern Emigrant Trail to the California mines. Quoting from the log of James G. Bell,

> The longhorn furnished his own transportation to market. He marched with the free stride of a horse, cut down rocky trails with hoofs of flint, and crossed long desert stretches without a drink of water... Perhaps of all the trails the Texans blazed, no other traversed such a forbidding land. From end to end it was a trail of dangers and uncertainties, long dry drives that set cattle mad with thirst..., alkaline lakes that poisoned and killed thirsting herds, *malpais* ridges that cut hoofs to the quick, and the eternal threat of loss to white and Indian thieves.[52]

During the peak year of 1854, over 61,400 head of cattle trekked via this southern route to California. The herds ranged in size from 600 to 1,000, sometimes higher. Losses were high, especially over the arid, scorching desert from the Colorado crossing to Carrizo Creek; it was not uncommon for a herd to be reduced to half or more of its original numbers by the time the weary animals reached the market. The path across the desert was soon littered with the rotting carcasses of cattle, sheep, and a few horses.[53]

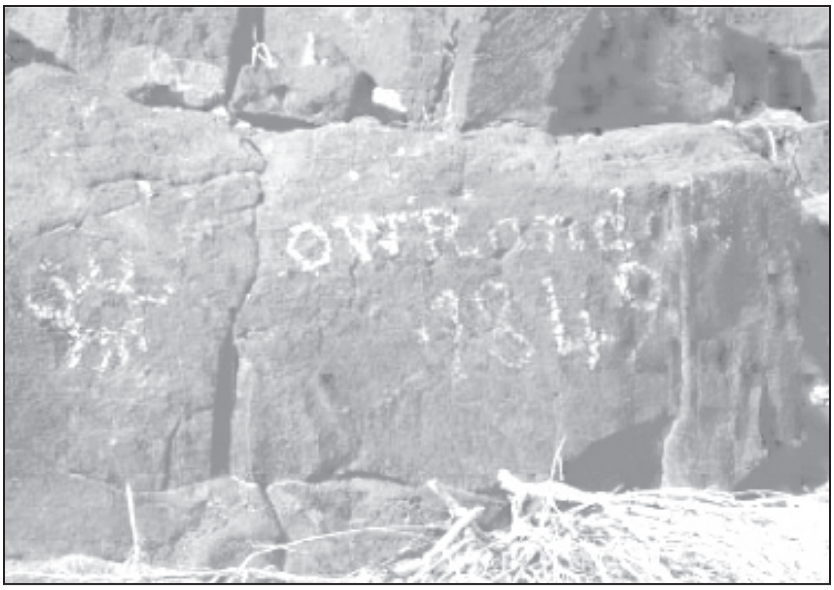
In pure numbers, more sheep than cattle "hoofed it" west over the Southern Emigrant Trail. As early as the fall of 1850 the transport of sheep was in full swing. In November of that year, a flock of 4,000 from Mexico were reported to be devouring most of the grass at Vallecito. In 1852, some 40,000 sheep were driven from New Mexico to California, where they were said to sell at a dollar apiece. That same year, Colonel W. W. Hollister drove 6,000 sheep from Illinois via New Mexico to California. Only 3,000 of the wooly animals survived the fifteen-month trip. And still they came. In 1853 some 135,000 sheep were driven via the southern route to California from places as far away as Texas and Chihuahua; by 1856 that number had risen to almost 200,000.[54] The sheep suffered greatly from these brutal long-distance drives; their rotting carcasses littered the desert trail. The *San Diego Herald* (January 24,1852) reported that,
"Carisa [sic] Creek is literally a 'Golgotha.' The carcasses of over fifteen hundred sheep mingle with the bones of horses, mules, and oxen-these interspaced occasionally with a human skeleton." Hundreds, perhaps thousands of the unfortunate animals were abandoned in the desert by their thirst-crazed herders, or driven off near the Colorado crossing by Quechans. Still, many tens of thousands made it to the California settlements to be shorn of their wool or end up on some miner's dinner table.

Gold rush traffic, both human and animal, lessened after 1854. Although emigrants and cattle continued to reach California via the southern overland route well into the 1870s, John Butterfield's Overland Mail Company followed its well-worn tracks in 1858-1860, and the Army used it during the Civil War years, flush times were over. The final demise of the historic desert and mountain pathway came when the Southern Pacific Railroad reached Yuma in 1877, and continued laying track eastward to complete a second transcontinental railroad in 1882.

End Notes (continued from Part 1)

38. J.J. Warner, "Reminiscences of Early California, 1831-1846," Annual Publication, Historical Society of Southern California, 1907-1908, p. 178; Joseph J. Hill, *The History of Warner's Ranch and Its Environs.* (Los Angeles: privately printed, 1927); Lorrin L. Morrison, *Warner: The Man and the Ranch.* (Los Angeles: Lorrin L. Morrison, 1962).
39. Benjamin Hayes, *Pioneer Notes from the Diaries of Judge Benjamin Hayes, 1849-1875*, ed. by Marjorie Tisdale Wolcott (Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929), pp. 49-53.
40. Chamberlin diary, p. 51.
41. Ibid., p. 52.
42. Ibid.
43. Ellis, p. 29.
44. David D. Martin, *Yuma Crossing.* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1954), pp. 140-141.
45. Fort Yuma Post Returns, U.S. National Archives, Washington, D.C., courtesy of George Stammerjohan, former historian for the California Department of Parks and Recreation. Of particular value is M617, Roll 1488. Martin, *Yuma Crossing*, cited above, and all other popular accounts involving Fort Yuma, are in serious error; none of them utilized material from the National Archives.
46. Ibid.; see also 2nd U.S. Infantry and 1st U.S. Dragoons Regimental Returns, M665, Roll 18 and M744, Roll 4, courtesy of George Stammerjohan.
47. Martin, pp. 153-158. See also Arthur Woodward, *Feud on the Colorado.* Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1955), pp. 20-30.
48. George Harwood Phillips, *Chiefs and Challengers: Indian Resistance and Cooperation in Southern California.* Berkeley: University of California Press, 1975), pp. 61-70. Phillips is in error regarding Major Heintzelman's part in the executions of the Los Coyotes Band of Cahuillas in Coyote Canyon on Christmas Day. Heintzelman had no authority to execute Indians other than those killed in combat. The executions were carried out by California Militia members. Courtesy of George Stammerjohan.
49. Ibid., pp. 76-79.
50. Ibid., p. 94.
51. Robert Glass Cleland, *The Cattle on a Thousand Hills.* (San Marino: The Huntington Library, 1964), p. 104.
52. J. Everts Haley (ed.), "A Log of the Texas-California Cattle Trail, 1854, James G. Bell." *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXV, No. 3, January 1932, pp. 208-209.
53. Phil Brigandi, "The Livestock Industry on the Anza-Borrego Desert." A report prepared for the Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, 1995, p. 29.
54. Ibid, pp. 36-38.

History of O. W. Randall



O W Randall inscription near the Oatman massacre site
photo by Rose Ann Tompkins

[**Editors' Note:** In the January 2004 issue of *Desert Tracks*, the Trail Turtles described finding an inscription "O W Randall 1849" in the vicinity of the Oatman massacre site, and wondered whether information on Randall could be found. Later, Rose Ann Tompkins received a communication from Dave Stanton of Mesa, Arizona, who has been exploring the emigrant trail on the lower Gila for a number of years and who has seen the inscription. Stanton had tracked down Randall to Nacogdoches, Texas, and had obtained information on Randall and his family from the Nacogdoches Genealogical Society (P.O. Box 4634, SFA Station, Nacogdoches, TX 75962). The following is a summary of an article on Randall published in *Nacogdoches County Families* (Nacogdoches: N.G.S., 1984, currently out of print).]

Osborn Woods Randall was born in Lee, New Hampshire, on March 14, 1811. He was the sixth of eight children born to John and Elizabeth Randall. O.W. left New England, moving to Nacogdoches, Texas, arriving in May 1835. He served in a volunteer company in the Texas army, raised by Captain James Smith of Tennessee; the volunteers provided their own arms and horses. After an expected attack on Nacogdoches by Mexican residents and local Indians failed to materialize, the company moved to join the main army under Sam Houston. After some delay, they joined Houston's army in late April 1836, missing the battle of San Jacinto. Following this, Randall served as a courier until his discharge. He returned to Nacogdoches in July, 1836. He received 320 acres of land in southern Nocogdoches County for his services to the Texas army.

Randall ran a dry goods store in Nacogdoches from 1835-1842. Over the years, he was involved in farming, and was described as a merchant and a physician. He dealt actively in the purchase and sale of land, and was involved in litigation, having power of attorney for several people. He spoke fluent Spanish.

He married Mary Ann (Polly) Bailey in February 1842; Polly, who was from Tennessee, was fifteen at the time of the wedding. The couple had eight children, born between 1843 and 1857.

Old family stories suggest that Randall took two trips to California. His return to Nacogdoches in 1851 from one such trip was recorded in the diary of Adolphus Sterne. Apparently he brought back a baking powder can filled with gold nuggets that he later buried in a peach orchard; this can was never found after his death.

A tragedy in O.W.'s life was that at one point Polly left him and took the children, but later she returned. Osborn, who had a strong Christian faith, was distressed that Polly "had no knowledge of the Bible." His beloved sister Dolly repeatedly urged him to return to New England and to "come and bring those dear children," but he never did so.

O.W. Randall was buried in the Pleasant Hill Cemetery, north of Nacogdoches. His tombstone states his death as December 26, 1874, but burial records state that he died on December 26, 1885.

Captives and Cousins: Slavery, Kinship, and Community in the Southwest Borderlands.
James F. Brooks. Chapel Hill: North Carolina University Press, 2002.
ISBN 0807853828.419 pages.
Photos, maps, chronology, tables, index.
Paperback, $24.95.

As part of the cultural legacy of both the indigenous and colonizing peoples of the Southwest Borderlands, human captive exchange underlay the region's barter economy during the Spanish colonial era until the end of the nineteenth century. Cross-cultural and retaliatory cycles of capturing and trading in humans—predominantly women and children—helped support both the movement and settlement of people in the area as the practice inscribed its violent roots in their cultures. In *Captives & Cousins*, James F. Brooks uncovers a nexus of complex relationships between captives and captors that enmeshed kin affinities with sexual and economic exploitation. Examining the evolution and effects of these human exchange networks, Brook locates them in relation to the geographical cultures and resources of the plains, ranges, mountains, and valleys of the Southwest Borderlands.

While Brooks provides maps of the area's Spanish settlements, tribal territories, pueblos, Navajo migrations, Comanchero cattle trails, and Kiowa, Apache, and Comanche raiding trails, his study informally refers to trails and does not always name them. Brooks occasionally discusses the effects of some major trails, such as the arrival of American-allied traders with the 1821 opening of the St. Louis to Chihuahua Trail, or the advent of trade with California and Asia through the Old Spanish Trail after 1830. However, most trails are not named or described in the study, but are left to be inferred by trail scholars as they read the histories of the geographical regions through which the trails pass. Interweaving folklore and individual stories with archeological and documentary evidence, Brooks gives us a history of the southwestern slave trade that relied on, avoided, or generated various trails.

For readers interested in a nuanced look at the economic, political, class, gendered, ethnic, and social complexities of the Southwest Borderlands' cross-cultural networks of slavery, *Captives & Cousins* provides an understanding of "distributions of power at all levels of the various societies in the colonial Southwest." Originating from similar patriarchal notions of the honor in controlling and distributing women and the shame in poverty, Brooks asserts that the taking of slaves in battle and trading them as commodities was a tactic familiar to both the indigenous peoples of the Southwest Borderlands and the Europeans who colonized the area. Brooks provides evidence that suggests this slave trading network reached as far north as Oregon and as far south as Cuba.

In his geographic overview, Brooks begins with the plains. He shows that the raiding and trading networks across the Southwest grasslands resulted in a broad distribution of Indian slaves between pueblo farmers such as the Hopi, semi-sedentary Navajos, and nomadic buffalo-hunting Indian tribes such as the Apaches and Comanches. Spanish colonists acquired Indian slaves in battle and trade, while Indian tribes raided the Spanish and each other in retribution, trading some of their captives as commodities. Brooks argues that the labor value—in addition to status—captives provided created a great incentive to continue the raids and trades on all sides. As growing markets demanded more buffalo hides, more labor was needed to tan them. As Spanish households and enterprises prospered, more labor was required to run them. And as Catholic missions expanded, the desire for cheap labor increased. In a move making the local slave trade customary, the Spanish established *rescates*, market events for purchasing slaves. Spanish Catholic orders "rescued" for religious conversion many slaves who then spent their lives paying back the "favor" laboring at mission farms and ranches. Similarly, some members of the Catholic lay brotherhood acquired family servants through Catholic godparenthood practices that required the lifelong service and gratitude of their "wards."

According to Brooks, both the Spanish colonists and the various Indian tribes and divisions distinguished

multi-level status positions for their slaves, which were complicated by the acknowledgement of both fictive and actual kinship ties. Both Spanish and Indian captors practiced ritual "adoption" of some of their slaves. Many women taken as wives by Indians, or taken by the Spanish and used sexually, sometimes as concubines and occasionally as brides, produced children. Often such captives were installed in homes and families to augment losses, and their relationships and offspring created kinship ties to their captors, which often included expectations to proffer elder care and receive occasional (paltry) inheritances. Some slaves were ransomed back to their original home and family groups, but not all given the opportunity chose to return to their previous lives. For some the guarantee of food and shelter weighted their decision; for others the longest and thus most familiar cultural experience garnered loyalty, and some remained with their captors out of the shame of a reduced status. Yet others leveraged their cross-cultural capital in trade negotiations between various groups, often very lucratively.

The redistribution of wealth that captive exchanges facilitated concomitantly created inequalities which drove even more raiding. Describing the plains hunters' adjustment to low yield periods of establishing farming settlements and trading centers, Brooks moves his discussion from the plains to the grazing pastures and farming valleys. He notes that ethnographic surveys "reveal that 73 percent of pastoral societies include some form of slavery in their social organization." For Indians, access to wealth depended on capital resources such as horses, cattle, sheep, cheap labor, family shares of pasturage traditionally endowed through marriage, and free time to learn and practice prized skills such as weaving. As those resources were controlled by elite members of tribes, "getting ahead" for many poorer Indians was a difficult and sometimes hopeless process. Uneven accumulations of larger herds of livestock, greater areas of farmland, and better opportunities to produce marketable items created sharp divisions of labor and class bifurcation within tribal groups. Tensions formed between the few rich ranchers and many poor herders, the few land owners and more numerous tenant farmers. As a result, Navajo livestock raiders, *ladrones*, rode out to the plains to counter the imbalance of wealth through theft. Other low-status Indians migrated to the eastern mountains, where they capitalized on their cultural knowledge and gateway position as negotiators of trade.

Brooks shows that the Spanish underwent the same desires and divisions that produced cattle rustlers who swooped in to raid herds and *ciboleros*—Spanish buffalo hunters—who systematically killed bison to meet market demand. Concerned with the many "freelance" and untaxed methods of illicit trade, various local Governors' repeatedly attempted to regulate trade between cultures. These efforts went mostly ignored and met with revolt, remarkably once by a coalition of Indians and Spanish citizens. In trying to protect their local custom, Spanish colonists even defied certain edicts from Spain. As the Southwest Borderlands' captive exchange system evolved through political upheavals, its paradoxical combination of cultural ties and economic importance was eventually sublimated into ritual ceremony under pressure from American westward expansion and capitalism. Brooks notes how the U.S. abolition movement's attempts to buy slaves' freedom ironically kept the slave trade alive by feeding the market forces so much longer. He also labors to show the unacknowledged and reciprocal commodification of human subjects by both indigenous and colonizing peoples, who revealed such interests through legal documents. In some cases wills deeded slaves and property to slaves connected through family ties. Beyond the economics of the system, the kinship affinities kept the system lingering long after it was legally abolished. Finally, Brooks mourns the lost opportunity for positive use of the unique kinship affinities and cross-cultural capital that was destroyed in the American push toward assimilation and individual versus communal experience.

Captives & Cousins is sensitive to the cruel fates and exploitation of many captives in the bureaucratic, ruthless and violent colonial efforts to establish dominance in the Southwest Borderlands, as well as the indigenous peoples' equally violent and brutal response to economic opportunities within the mutual system of captive exchange. But Brooks also offers a geographically organized reading of power relations that uncovers many surprising avenues for

differentiated power flows. The story of the Spanish colonization efforts of the Southwest Borderlands offers an opportunity to re-examine overly simplistic binary notions of one-dimensional native resistance to hermetic European expansion and discover the amazing innovation, connection, and influence that some of the most vulnerable subjects, as well as some of the most privileged brokers, of colonization created while negotiating from their multiple cultural positions. Brooks' work is very thoroughly researched and includes many very thorough and detailed footnotes that offer starting places for further study and put into a global historical context the story of economic and cultural exchanges in a system that brought a variety of peoples "closer and closer apart."

Danna Voth

From the Editors

In this issue, Tracy DeVault, the new leader of the Trail Turtles, gives background for the recent mapping trip along the Butterfield Trail in the Fort Bowie/New Mexico border region and Richard Greene gives an enthusiastic day-by-day account of the trip. The Trail Turtles' mapping often shows that older books on the trail—in this case, those by the Conklings, by Dan Talbot and by Gerald Ahnert—sometimes contain errors in locating the trail and trail sites.

Perhaps this is just as well. We recently obtained a pamphlet by Gerald T. Ahnert, entitled *Arizona: Treasure Hunters Guide to Butterfield Stage Stations, 1857-1879*, a xerox of a typed manuscript copyrighted in 1990 and distributed by Jerry's Treasure Den in Syracuse, New York. Following a brief two-page introduction, the book consists of a series of reproductions of topo maps, starting 13 miles east of Yuma and ending in the Stein's Peak area. There are four pages of photos, three of which show artifacts found at trail sites, and which are presumably now in Ahnert's private collection. Despite a small disclaimer, "Before searching a site, you should check if it is protected," the book is explicitly designed for treasure hunters, equipped with metal detectors: "The treasure hunter has to put himself in a place where there is treasure. One of the best places to search is an old stage station." In addition to old stage stations, the author recommends sections of the old trail, which "can be as productive as the stage stations to the treasure hunter." A second pamphlet, *Southern California: Treasure Hunters Guide to Butterfield Stage Stations, 1857-1879*, copyrighted 1992, and also distributed by Jerry's Treasure Den, covers the Butterfield Trail from Yuma Crossing to El Monte, CA. It contains more text than the arizona guide, giving considerable history of the trail and the trail sites; the maps are hand drawn and considerably easier to read than the topos in the Arizona guidebook. Furthermore, the disclaimer that treasure hunters must understand the laws before searching is much more forceful.

Preservation and protection of trail remnants and trail sites is one of the most pressing concerns of the Oregon-California Trail Association. This includes educating the public concerning not just the letter of antiquities laws, but also the spirit. Although it obviously is not realistic to prevent "treasure hunting," the ideal should be that the few remaining physical traces of our western historic heritage should be in the hands of trained archeologists and placed in museums, rather than in private collections.

We include the conclusion of John Robinson's article on the Gold Rush trails through Southern California. We remind the reader that his recently published book, *Gateways to Southern California*, reviewed in the June 2006 issue of *Desert Tracks*, is an invaluable source book on the history of the historic trails in Southern California. We also present a transcript of a talk given by Brian McGinty on the Oatman story, which is an excellent introduction to the subject as well as to his book, *The Oatman Massacre*. We include a review by Danna Voth, a graduate student at California State University, Fullerton, of a book on Indian slavery in the old Southwest; we presented this review in the fall issue of *Spanish Traces*, the publication of the Old Spanish Trail Association (OSTA), but we felt that SWOCTA members who are not members of the OSTA would also be interested.

Deborah and Jon Lawrence

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Upcoming Conferences

Old Spanish Trail Association Conference
June 7-9, 2007
Barstow, California
www.oldspanishtrail.org

Oregon California Trails Association Convention
August 7-11, 2007
Gering-Scotts Bluff, Nebraska
www.octa-trails.org

DESERT TRACKS

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