WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

SUMMER 2021 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 303

Figure 1: *This 1967 Rick Griffin poster for the Avalon Ballroom combines California's rustic and radical musical traditions. Here, a prospector (Gary Turner, is that you?) is panning not for gold, but for psychedelic "inspiration" at the corner of Van Ness Ave. and Sutter St., San Francisco. B. Dillon collection.*

Music of the West

Edited by John Dillon

The American West is a melting pot of peoples and ideas, and this diversity can easily be seen—or rather, *heard*—in the history of our music. California is home to blues, country, folk, pop, rock, swing, and everything in between. In this special issue of *The Branding Iron*, four members of our Corral share history lessons, personal stories, and poems dedicated to our musical heritage.

(*Continued on Page 3*)

The Branding Iron

Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners

Published Quarterly

Winter – Spring – Summer – Fall

For subscription information: Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners, P. O. Box 1891, San Gabriel, CA 91778
www.lawesterners.org

The Branding Iron is always seeking articles of up to around 20 pages dealing with every phase of the history of the Old West and California. Contributions from both members and friends are always welcome.

www.lawesterners.org

See our web site for all the Branding Irons, photos, Corral meetings and so much more!

Editor's Corner . . .

Summer 2021 has come to a close, and with the new season comes a new issue of *The Branding Iron*. This special, themed edition is dedicated to the musical heritage of the West—and that doesn't just mean Country-Western! Former Sheriff Brian Dillon leads us off with a history of the Hawaiian ukulele's Mexican-Californian origins, and also shares a more personal account of the blues scene in late 1960s NorCal. Terry Terrel describes his experience as a high school saxophone player in the 1940s, and Living Legend Abe Hoffman shares memories of rock, radio, and records in 1950s L.A. Our Corral's resident bard, Gary Turner, rounds things out with a trio of poems.

If you missed our online presentation for Summer, check out the summary by Arkaz Vardanyan, as well as his book review for your consideration. Brian Dillon likewise shares a book review, and closes the issue with an obituary for Dr. Richard G. Doyle.

Many thanks to our contributors who make *The Branding Iron* possible. Please get in touch if you would like contribute too.

Happy Trails!

John Dillon
John.Dervin.Dillon@gmail.com

Figure 2 (Left): *Back side of a* jaranga**,** *the most distinctive kind of Mexican and Central American small guitar, ancestral to the Hawaiian ukulele. Its body is made from the "shell" (actually the skin) of a nine-banded armadillo. Called* guitarritas, jaranas, jarangas, *or* charangas**,** *they were played throughout Pacific South America, Central America, Mexico, and as far north as what are now Texas, New Mexico, and southern Arizona. They date as early as the 16th century in some places, and are still played today by traditional musicians. This example is from present-day Guatemala. Less exotic versions, made and played in 18th and 19th-century Mexican California, had wood bodies. Internet photo, in the public domain.* ***Figure 3 (Right):*** *Our family's Kamaka koa wood ukulele, Model 700, a descendant of the Mexican and Central American* jaranga *like the one at left. It was played in Honolulu grammar school music classes more than 60 years ago. B. Dillon photo.*

Paniolos and Jumping Fleas: Mexican California's Gifts to Hawaii

Brian Dervin Dillon

Introduction

Almost exactly 60 years ago, I was an enthusiastic 8-year-old student of the ukulele. My father was teaching history at the University of Hawaii, Manoa, and we lived on campus in old, WWII-vintage military housing. My ukulele teacher was a big, lovable Native Hawaiian woman who taught me (the only *Haole*) and a handful of other kids—Hawaiian, Chinese, and Japanese—to plunk along with her in the afternoon. And after dinner we were welcomed back to her house for *ad-hoc* jam sessions where she and her musician friends honed their licks. Now guitars and a stand-up bass were added to the ukuleles, and all of the singing and conversation was in Hawaiian. My teacher and her friends made their living as entertainers down at Waikiki. One regular who came to play for us was the late, great Palani Vaughn (1944-2016).[1] I was not unique, for almost every kid in Hawaii in the late 1950s and early '60s took ukulele lessons as part of the regular, grammar school, curriculum. My Hawaii-born wife,

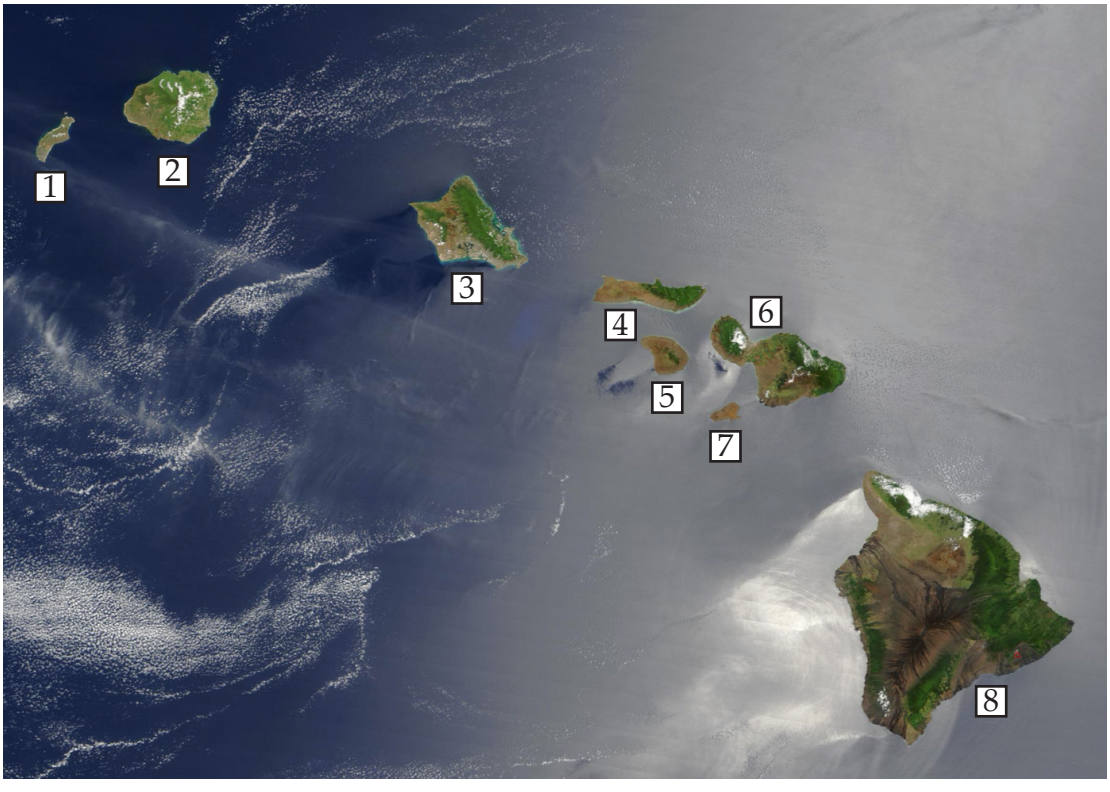


Figure 4: *The eight main Hawaiian Islands, from left to right, Niihau (1), Kauai (2), Oahu (3), Molokai (4), Lanai (5), Maui (6), Kahoolawe (7), and Hawaii (8), the "Big Island." Beef cattle were first introduced to the Big Island in 1793 from Spanish colonial California, and then to the other four major islands (Maui, Molokai, Oahu, and Kauai) only ten years later. Also in 1803 the very first horses were brought to Hawaii, once again, from Spanish colonial California. By 1815 wild cattle had become so numerous on the Big Island that the very first "cattle boss" was commissioned by the Hawaiian monarchy. A few years later vaqueros were brought over from California, now the northernmost province of newly-independent Mexico. They showed the Hawaiians how to ride, rope, and rodeo. These AmerIndian and* Mestizo *vaqueros all spoke Spanish, so the Hawaiians called them* Paniolos*, after their language,* Español*. Shortly afterwards those Native Hawaiians who had learned to run cattle from the Californios began to call themselves* Paniolos *as well. Satellite image courtesy of NASA.*

for example, did so with her Kamaka ukulele (Figure 3), which had been bought brand-new for about $20.00.

The "Portuguese" Ukulele Origin Myth

Pick up almost any recent book on Hawaiian music, or watch almost any recent video on that same subject, and you will be told that the most distinctive Hawaiian musical instrument, the *ukulele* (Hawaiian for "jumping flea"-after the high, trebelly sound it makes) was brought to the Islands by three Portuguese immigrants in 1879.[2] These three musical heroes, according to popular mythology, taught the Native Hawaiians to play this "brand-new" instrument and also to sing "European-style" during the final two decades of the 19th century, just in time for the American annexation of the Hawaiian Islands in 1898.[3]

This is a nice story, repeated throughout the length and breadth of Hawaii, especially by people with Portuguese surnames,[4] but 100% untrue. It is incorrect *chronologically*, *geographically*, *ethnographically*, and *musicologically*. The ukulele was a gift from Mexican California, Hawaii's nearest neighbor, fifty years *before* the Portuguese trio stepped off the boat. The Portuguese did indeed bring

Figure 5: *Idealized rendering of a* vaquero *at work in Mexican California, by a much later,* Gringo *artist. California cowboy culture was exported part and parcel to Hawaii in the 1820s and '30s, from a place where it was the dominant life-way, to islands where nothing like it had ever existed before. The* Californio vaqueros *brought not just their cattle, horses, saddles, and Spanish-language terms for every element of this brand-new way of life, but they took their music and their musical instruments to Hawaii as well. One of the latter became the ukulele, played first by Hawaiian cowboys, or* Paniolos. *Painting by James Walker (1818-1889), "Charros at Roundup," 1877, internet image courtesy of the Laguna Art Museum, Laguna Beach, California.*

their own miniature guitar (nick-named the *machete*) with them to Hawaii in 1879, and then began making them for sale as early as the 1880s, but both the *people* and their *instrument* were Johnny-come-lately's. There is no doubt that the late-arriving Portuguese *popularized* the ukulele, nor that they might have been the first to *mass-produce* it. But any historian or archaeologist or, for that matter, any patent attorney will tell you that *popularizing* and *mass-producing* something are not the same as *inventing* it. The present study is an exercise in *forensic ethnomusicology,* or, in the vernacular, *myth-busting.* It demolishes long-standing musical *fakelore* and sets the record straight. Most importantly, it gives credit where credit is due—in fact, long *overdue*—not to Portugal, but Mexican California.

Guitarras and *Guitarritas*

The musical instrument that was ancestral to the ukulele had already arrived fifty years earlier and Native Hawaiian musicians and singers had been playing their own version of "European" music for at least two human generations *before* the three putative Portuguese "fathers of the ukulele" came to the Hawaiian Islands. Hawaiian musicians became masters of both the full-sized *guitarra* and the smaller *guitarrita,* both of which were Spanish,[5] not Portuguese inventions. Guitars had been exported from Spain to Central Mexico perhaps as early as 300 years *before* the arrival of the Portuguese in Hawaii in 1879. Then they traveled northwards to Mexican California as early as

Figure 6: *The fifteen different instruments used in an old-fashioned "string orchestra" in present-day Veracruz, Mexico. No fewer than six different* guitarrita *configurations exist alongside standard guitars, multi-stringed and four-string* guitarrones, *violins, and the big harp in the back. Similar "string orchestras" were common throughout Spanish Colonial Mexico during the late 17th and throughout the 18th centuries. They persisted after Mexican Independence in 1821, even as far north as California, from whence the* guitarrita *moved west to the Hawaiian Islands, in company with its big brother, the standard guitar. Internet image in the public domain.*

the 1770s, again, fully a hundred years *before* the putative Portuguese "inventors" of the small guitar that became the ukulele ever set foot in Hawaii.

The small guitar (*guitarrita*) was known as the *jarana, jaranga,* or *charanga* throughout all of Pacific Latin America as early as the 17th century. The diminutive *guitarrita* was just one of many guitar variants in common use in Mexican California, Hawaii's nearest neighbor across the water,[6] and it was likewise just one gift amongst many bestowed upon the Hawaiians by *Californio vaqueros.* Hawaiians began playing the small guitar from California (universally known as the *ukulele* today) before the *grandfathers* of the first three Portuguese who supposedly "first brought" that instrument to the Hawaiian Islands had even been *born.*

The instrument that became the ukulele arrived in Hawaii perhaps as early as the 1820s, and was certainly established by the end of the 1830s. The little four-string came as part and parcel of a behavioral, economic, dietary, and musical infusion, *vaquerismo* ("cowboy culture") that was characteristic of Mexican California, and the Native Hawaiians embraced this cultural infusion immediately and enthusiastically. The *Californio vaqueros* not only brought cow ponies, beef cattle, lassos, lariats, saddles, tack, sombreros, boots, spurs, and every aspect of cowboy technology, the product of more than 300 years of previous development in the New World, but they also brought *big guitars,* for playing around the campfire after work, and *little guitars,* which could be played on horseback or even in outrigger canoes. And so the Hawaiians learned to ride, learned to herd cattle, and they also learned to sing and to play guitars both large and small. They were taught by the *Mestizo* and AmerIndian cowboys from Mexican California who arrived with all of their skills, including *musicianship,* intact.

Everything the *Californios* brought with them was new and wonderful: the Hawaiians called these *vaqueros* from Mexican California *paniolos,*[7] not because they were Spanish *people,* but because they all spoke the Spanish *language.*[8] Each word for every last aspect of cattle ranching (Figure 5) was communicated to the Hawaiian apprentice cowboys in Spanish. Within a few years Hawaiian cowboys were proudly calling themselves *paniolos,* not because they had learned to speak Spanish (apart from terms like *riata, rodeo, remuda,* etc.)[9] but because they were proud of the skills they had learned from the Spanish-speaking *Californios.*

And these *paniolos,* when they sang, either from the saddle, or around the campfire after work, they sang Hawaiian lyrics, but used melodies, scales, and instruments introduced from Mexican California. The instruments they played were not just the little, tenor *guitarrita* but also its big-brother, full-sized six-string guitars brought by those same *vaqueros.* The *Californios,* for their part, were simply continuing the Spanish-Mexican musical tradition that had been exported to California a half-century earlier, in the 1770s.

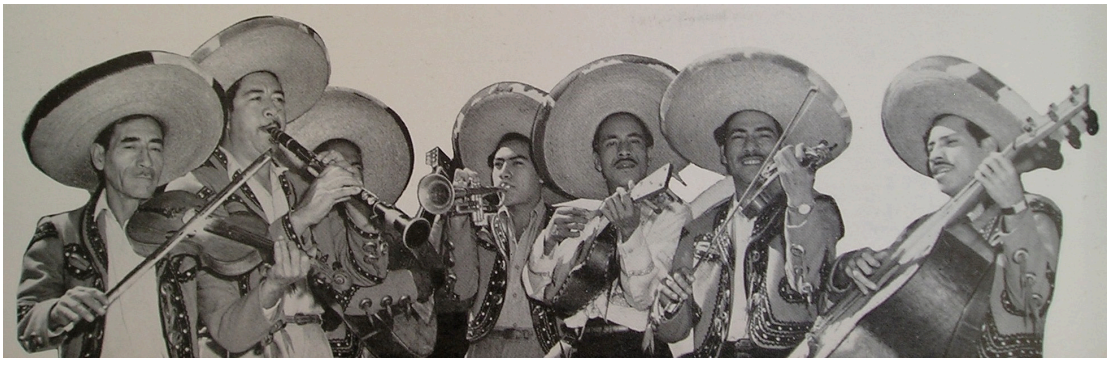


Figure 7: *A typical Mariachi* conjunto *where brass (4th from left) and woodwinds (2nd from left) have been added to the old stringed, standbys, violins (far left and 2nd from right), standard-sized six-string guitar (3rd from left), the six-string bass* guitarrón *(far right), and the little* guitarrita *(3rd from right), the direct ancestor of the Hawaiian ukulele. Photo circa 1940, internet image in the public domain.*

There were no stringed instruments in the Hawaiian Islands before European contact. The earliest ones that the Native Hawaiians were exposed to were probably violins, played by British sailors accompanying the Cook and Vancouver exploratory voyages of 1778-1793. Guitars of any kind, both large and small, so characteristic of the Spanish musical tradition, were considered exotic and alien in Great Britain and, by extension, aboard British sailing vessels until comparatively late in the following century. But in South and Central America, as well as Spanish Colonial Mexico, a very wide range of stringed instruments was common.

By the early 19th century, bands or *conjuntos* took the form of "string orchestras" with different-sized guitars (Figure 6), producing different tones at many points on the scale, employed alongside each other. In addition to violins and large, stand-up harps, the three main guitar variants were the standard, six-string *guitarra,* virtually identical to that of today, the deep-bodied *guitarrón* on which was played the bass line, and then the little *guitarrita,* often with only four strings, just like the modern ukulele, upon which the lead melody was played.

From the 1770s through the 1850s in California, the biggest and best string *conjuntos*, albeit only a few in comparison with the much more densely-populated south, had this wide range of instruments. And, regardless of what the "big bands" were doing, *vaqueros* continued to favor the guitar and the much more portable *guitarrita.*

Things changed in the 1860s, however, with the introduction of an entirely new form of music: Mariachi, the legacy of the French occupation of Mexico. Now higher-decibel horns and woodwinds were added to the much earlier and lower-decibel stringed-instruments, and the bulky, unwieldy, harp was discarded (Figure 7). Mariachi music only arrived in California long after the Mexican period was over, and the *AngloAmericanos* had made it part of the United States. As the new Mariachi music gained popularity, the old "strings only" orchestras preceding it went the way of the dodo in all but a very few parts of Mexico and Central America.

Only in Veracruz, on the Gulf Coast, did the old string bands still reign supreme after Mariachi music had conquered the rest of Mexico. These "old fashioned" *conjuntos* are still an important focus of local pride in "old time music," played on "old time instruments" even today. Traditional Veracruz *conjuntos* still employ the full range of stringed instruments that used to be found throughout Pacific Latin America, from Chile in the south, to California in the north. Selected from that same range of instruments was the *guitarrita* which was taken westwards as a gift from Mexican California to the Hawaiian cowboys, the *paniolos,* almost two hundred years ago.

Figure 8: *Yes, Virginia, Hawaiian cowboys are different... For at least 140 years,* paniolos *were accustomed to not just herding, roping, and branding beef cattle on dry land, but also doing amphibious cowboying offshore. Unique to Hawaii within all 50 states were shoreline corrals, where cattle were driven knee-deep into salt water, and then swum out at the end of the* paniolo's *lasso (at right) to the cattle boats just offshore. There they were winched aboard, one at a time, via underbelly slings. Photo of Kailua Kona taken in the early 1930s. The two-pump Standard Oil gas station just beyond the corral is obscured by horses. Courtesy of the Hawaii State Department of Accounting and General Services, Paniolo Online Photograph Exhibition, PP-13-7-031.*

Pigs, Dogs, Cows, and Horses

The Hawaiian Islands were most likely the penultimate place on earth to be settled by human beings, perhaps as early as 500 or 600 A.D., or as late as 1000 to 1100 A.D.[10] The only animal domesticates the Polynesians brought with them were the dog and the pig. Both were of a size that could be easily carried in the giant, double-hulled canoes that traversed thousands of miles of open ocean to reach the Hawaiian Islands. Both animals were important elements in the Hawaiian diet, and many early 19th-century Yankee missionaries commented unfavorably on the Hawaiian predilection for dog meat.

The first cattle in the Hawaiian Islands were brought by George Vancouver in 1793, and presented to King Kamehameha I on the Big Island. Many historians, especially English ones, take pains to point out that these earliest cattle were introduced by a *British* Naval Officer, but few mention where Vancouver got them in the first place: Spanish colonial California.[11] Ten years later, in 1803, the very first horses were put ashore in Hawaii. Before too long, the King, and other members of the *Alii* (nobility) were all mounted. Once again, too few historians remember to note that these *caballos* also came from Spanish

Figure 9: *Portuguese-made ukuleles at the pre-eminent store selling this instrument on the Iberian Peninsula, in Porto, Portugal. This emporium was named "Garage and Stage" by its owner, as a nod to both professional musicians and those playing in "garage bands." After a long discussion with him in Spanish, he conceded that the first ukulele in Hawaii was imported from Mexican California, not Portugal. But I agreed that today the Portuguese make the very best ukuleles (and, perhaps the* only *ones) in all of Europe. B. Dillon photo, 2019.*

colonial California, Hawaii's *vecino*. Most people know the old story, that Vancouver persuaded King Kamehameha to put a ten-year moratorium on culling out any cattle from the first small herd of California *vacas*. Without any natural or human predators the cattle ran wild and multiplied on the Big Island and also eventually on Oahu, Maui, Molokai, and Niihau until they became both a nuisance to farmers (by destroying their crops) and an actual hazard to humans (by charging, goring, or trampling them).

So in 1815 the king commissioned the very first Hawaiian "Cattle Boss," Yankee-born John Palmer Parker (1790-1868). Parker's primary function was to kill as many wild cattle on the Big Island as necessary to keep the more aggressive ones away from the terrified islanders. Cattle had entered the Native Hawaiian psyche so much that by 1825 at least some were tattooing images of cows on their foreheads and cheeks.[12] But human-bovine interaction was certainly not all positive. As late as 1834 the famous Scottish botanist, Dr. David Douglas, after whom the Douglas Fir was named, was killed by a wild bull on the Big Island.[13]

Parker married one of Kamehameha's granddaughters. Their descendants developed the Parker Ranch, which became the largest cattle operation on any Pacific Island. But Parker was a Yankee, not a cowboy. He could shoot cattle, but he couldn't herd them. By the 1820s, not only were missionaries coming to Hawaii from the American East Coast, but an ever-increasing number of whaling ships were laying over in Hawaiian ports, especially Honolulu and Lahaina. Their hundreds, then thousands of sailors were hungry for fresh provisions. None of them had a taste for dog meat, so a growing demand for beef developed.

Figure 10: *The showroom of the Kamaka Ukulele Factory in Honolulu, Hawaii with Fred Kamaka Sr., the second generation of his family making ukuleles, at center. The Kamaka brothers made our own family ukulele (Figure 3) 60 years ago. A portrait of Sam Kamaka Sr., Fred's father, who founded the company in 1916, is at upper right, and a "gag" ukulele with a cigar-box body is on the table-top in foreground. The Kamaka family is now proudly carrying the ukulele into its third century of existence in Hawaii. JoAnne Mow photo, July, 2013.*

Native Hawaiians had been working in the California hide trade since the time of Mexican Independence from Spain in 1821. The same vessels that carried the California cowhides back to Boston for conversion into shoe-leather also made regular round-trips between Mexican California and the Hawaiian Islands.[14] Hawaiians had been living in California for more than a decade, interacting with the best *vaqueros* on the face of the earth. So it was only logical that when expert cattlemen were needed in Hawaii they would come from Mexican California.

King Kamehameha III in 1832 formally requested that *vaqueros* be sent from Mexican California to his island kingdom, to teach his own loyal subjects how to do cattle ranching the correct way.[15] Before too long, as the old story goes, California cowboys were marrying the little sisters of the Hawaiian guys they were teaching *vaquerismo* to, while at the same time some of their wives' uncles and male cousins, who were muscling cowhides across the water in Mexican California, were marrying the little sisters of the AmerIndian cowboys who now made their home in the Islands.

The first "formal" levy of *Californio vaqueros*, at least a dozen men, came not only to the Big Island, but also to Oahu, Maui, and Molokai. The names, or at least nicknames, of three of them, were recorded: Ramón, Lozado (often garbed as Luzada), and "Kossuth," a humorous nick-name connoting the Hungarian mounted lancers of Napoleonic War fame.[16] Art Halloran, a retired U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service biologist, has made a study of the original, wild herds of California cattle that multiplied and adapted so well to the Hawaiian Islands. He has mustered compelling evidence that they were selected for their black coloration, and were a longhorn variant, not unlike the remnant mainland American group now famous as "Texas longhorns."[17]

By the time of the California Gold Rush, *paniolos* were herding cattle on all of the largest of the Hawaiian Islands, and fresh beef had become a universal and welcome addition to the Hawaiian diet. The Hawaiian cow-

boys became as skilled as any others on the American mainland—more skilled, in fact, because they had to develop an island-specific adaptation: amphibious cattle herding (Figure 8). As Honolulu changed from a small town to the first true city in the Kingdom of Hawaii, it also became the No. 1 consumer of beef, and the No. 1 transshipment point for beef cattle "on the hoof." So the paniolos now not only herded cattle on dry land, they herded them into shoreline pens, then took them out to sea at the end of a lasso, one at a time, so that they could be winched aboard the inter-island cattle boats. These were the equivalent of the railhead termini of mainland cattle drives.[18] And thus was born the old *paniolo* joke, about one Hawaiian cowboy trying to sell another one his "second-string" cow pony, whose punchline is: "Yes, O.K., he's strong, good-natured, and nimble...but just how good a *swimmer* is your horse?"

Conclusion

Why is the old, incorrect, story of the supposed "Portuguese" invention of the ukulele so firmly embedded in Hawaiian folklore? Simple: the wrong version of popular history is what people accept because they have not yet heard the correct one. Equally importantly, not all Hawaiians nor Hawaiian musicians have been fooled by the "Portuguese" ukulele origin myth. The late, great, ukulele virtuoso Kahauanu Lake (1931-2011) for example, was one Hawaiian musician who not only knew his history, but gave musical credit where it was due, instead of just repeating the old, incorrect, myth. Nearly fifty years ago, he said:

> …We were all one family connected with Parker Ranch on the the Big Island. The music of Hawaii…comes from the Big Island, centered around cowboys, ranchers, and so forth…At four years old, I tried to play an ukulele, and I haven't stopped since.[19]

Notes

1. ***Plunking Away on My Ukulele in 1962:*** B. Dillon 2017: 16.
2. ***The Putative 1879 Portuguese "Fathers of the Ukulele":*** Augusto Días, José do Espirito Santo, and Manuel Nunes are usually identified as the three "Fathers of the Ukulele" in Hawaii. They arrived with the "second boatload" of Portuguese immigrants in 1879 (Feher 1969: 398; Felix, et al, 1980; Martin, Lee and MacDonald 1987: 95). Much later Nunes' factory mass-produced ukuleles, especially after the turn of the century, and capitalized on the ukulele fad on the American mainland which hit its peak amongst college kids during the "roaring twenties." So it seems obvious that the "Portuguese origin myth" of the ukulele was in large measure an *ex post facto* marketing ploy.
3. ***The American Annexation of Hawaii:*** Although Great Britain, through Captain Cook, had both "claimed and named" the Hawaiian Islands as early as 1778, only the Limeys took this seriously. By the 1820s American Protestant missionaries greatly out-numbered the very few Britishers ashore in Hawaii, and were doing their best to make English the dominant written language of government and business, not just of religion. The Great Mahele of 1852, pushed through by the missionaries and their offspring, forced the Hawaiians to grant land ownership to *Haoles* (white people) for the first time, and then the "Bayonet Constitution" of 1887, forced upon King Kalakaua by the descendants of the original missionaries, made the Native Hawaiians minority landowners in their own country. Six years later, in 1893, the descendants of the original American missionaries deposed Queen Lilioukalani. They declared the Hawaiian Republic, in obvious imitation of the Texas Republic of 1836 and the California Republic of 1846. These *Haoles* immediately petitioned the American government to annex Hawaii, and make it a U.S. Territory. This action was refused for six years until the Spanish-American war broke out in 1898, and President McKinley, almost as an afterthought, finally annexed the Islands. They had suddenly become the

most important mid-Pacific stepping stone to where Americans were fighting in the Philippines. My paternal grandfather enlisted in all-Irish Company A of the 1st California Volunteer Infantry at the San Francisco Presidio, and boarded the S.S. *City of Peking* in May of 1898. Shortly afterwards, he went ashore in Honolulu, only weeks *before* annexation. He and all of the other "California boys" were welcomed by the Hawaiian population. They stayed for only a few days, then moved on to Manila. The second group of American troops to disembark, the New York Volunteers, who came *after* annexation, treated the nonwhite Hawaiian population like a conquered people, initiating an anti-military enmity that has lasted to the present day (Dillon, Dillon, and Dillon 2015: 16, 26).

4. ***Portuguese in Hawaii:*** Just as "Polish jokes" are common in the American Midwest, and "Irish Jokes" are common in Great Britain, so are "Portuguese Jokes" in Hawaii, where the late-arriving, third-wave (*after* the supposedly much smarter Chinese and Japanese) Portuguese immigrants are lampooned for getting everything wrong, for being gullible, simple, and naive. Hawaii's favorite native-born comedian, Frank De Lima, himself of partial Portuguese extraction, has made a life-long career by telling "Portagee jokes" up on stage, on TV, and in videos and CDs. A typical De Lima joke is: Q: *How do you get a one-armed Portagee down out of a tree?* A: *Wave at him.* Some might conclude that the story of late-arriving Portuguese immigrants to Hawaii "inventing the ukulele" is just one more goofy "Portagee joke" worthy of Frank De Lima's comedy routine.
5. ***Birth and Development of the Guitar and the Guitarrita:*** Wilkinson, 2014: 20-23; Dillon, 2019: 28, 74.
6. ***California, Hawaii's Nearest Neighbor:*** Dillon, Dillon, and Dillon 2014: 36.
7. ***Paniolos:*** Contrary to what Demke (1988) mis-heard or misunderstood in a public lecture by my old friend the late Miguel Mathes thirty-three years ago, these people were *not Spaniards,* they simply *spoke Spanish.* When the *vaqueros* from Mexican California taught the Hawaiians to rope, ride, and rodeo, they used the Spanish terms for everything from cattle (*vacas*) to unbroken horses (*mesteños*-"mustangs") to guitars (*guitarras*). In teaching their Hawaiian apprentices, they made them repeat the new technical terms back to them, demanding that they say them in Spanish—"give it back to me in Spanish"—*repítame en Español.* So cowboy culture, no less than the new vocabulary attending it, became the province of the *paniolos.* This Hawaiian garbling is often assumed by monolingual English speakers as "proof" that the earliest *vaqueros* in Hawaii were *Spaniards,* rather than *Californios,* which is 100% incorrect. As I have stated in the classroom and in print for more than 40 years (B. Dillon 2021: 10) just because someone *speaks* Spanish, this doesn't make them a *Spaniard,* racially, culturally, or nationally. Very few of the *vaqueros* in Mexican California were *puro blanco* descendants of *Peninsulares.* The vast majority (80% at least) were either *Mestizo* (Spanish and Indian), AmerIndian, *Mulato* (Spanish and Black), or *Zambo* (AmerIndian and Black). This is an anthropological fact just as unfamiliar to as many California historians as it is to Hawaiian ones. Gordon Van Vleck, the President of the California Cattlemen's Association, unlike Demke, "got it right" in his identification of AmerIndian, not Caucasian, *vaqueros* in California: "California Indians were trained to herd, pasture, breed and improve the cattle [imported from Mexico proper]…They did such a good job at riding that they soon surpassed the [very few] Spanish Vaqueros…" (Van Vleck 1963: 1). For more on the racial composition of *vaqueros* in Mexican California see Mora (1949), Florez and Dillon (2020: 6, 10-11) and B. Dillon (2021: 89-97).
8. ***Spanish, the Language, not the People:*** Not only linguistically and geographically-challenged historians confuse Spanish-*speakers* with "Spanish" *people,* or Spaniards. Around 40 years ago I interviewed my closest Native Hawaiian relative, who told me that she had an early 19th-century "Spanish" ancestor, Juan Pelio. When I quizzed her gently on this point, she said "well, at least he "*spoke Spanish.*" An entire generation later, continued quizzing of her son, my Calabash Cousin and good buddy Jan Hanohano Dill, revealed that Juan Pelio was absolutely, positively,

not a Spaniard (meaning a Caucasian from Spain), but a Spanish-speaking Chilean.

9. ***Garbling Spanish Vaquero Terms:*** The Native Hawaiians were not the only people garbling Spanish terms related to ranching and cattle-raising. Too many present-day viewers of Horse Operas on both the big screen and the small have forgotten that North American cowboy terms like buckaroo (*vaquero*), lariat (*la reata*), calaboose (*calabozo*) etc. are simply garblings—misspellings and mispronunciations—of old Spanish words dating, in some cases, more than a thousand years back to the Andalusian origins of all the New World cattle-raising traditions.
10. ***"Penultimate" Hawaii:*** Only Easter Island, and possibly New Zealand, were settled later, both by courageous Polynesian sailors, venturing across the largest of the world's oceans from the same south Pacific homeland that Hawaii had been colonized from a few centuries earlier.
11. ***California Cattle and Horses Sent to Hawaii:*** Halloran (1972: 2) specifies the point of origin of Vancouver's cattle as Señor Quandra's Monterey, California, *rancho.* The best recent summary of these pre-*paniolo* bovine and equine introductions is by Wolman and Smith (2019: 7-34, 38).
12. ***Hawaiians with Cow Tattoos:*** Dampier (1971: 46).
13. ***Douglas Killed by a Wild Bull on the Big Island:*** R. Dillon, n.d.; Halloran (1972: 5).
14. ***Hawaiians in Mexican California:*** R. Dillon and B. Dillon, 2021.
15. ***King Kamehameha III Requests Vaqueros from Mexican California:*** Wolman and Smith (2019: 35-39).
16. ***Kossuth:*** This nick-name suggests neither that this *vaquero* was a Hungarian, nor that he had any connection to the later Hungarian patriot Louis Kossuth, only that he was skilled as a horseman.
17. ***Hawaiian Longhorns:*** Halloran 1972. One set of mounted horns in the Bishop Museum span 73 3/8 inches from tip to tip, much longer than all but a very few of their only modern rivals, the Texas Longhorns.
18. ***Cattle Boats:*** were the primary means of inexpensively getting not just cattle, but people, from one island to another. From the 1870s up through the 1930s poor people on the outer islands could seldom afford to pay the passage on the inter-island steamers that ever-increasing numbers of tourists did. So once all the bovine passengers had been winched aboard the inter-island cattle boats, impoverished Hawaiian and Chinese human passengers, paying bottom dollar to "get off the rock" and head for the big city, Honolulu, were taken aboard. All of my Chinese relatives from both the Big Island and from Kauai (Dillon, Dillon and Dillon 2015: 11-16) who moved to Oahu in the 1920s came on cattle boats.
19. ***Hawaiian Musician Kahauanu Lake Gets it Right:*** Kasher and Burlingame, 1978: 155-156.

References Cited

Dampier, Robert

1971 *To the Sandwich Islands on H.M.S. Blonde [1826].* University Press of Hawaii, Honolulu.

Demke, Siegfried G.

1988 Abstract of a lecture to the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners by W. Michael Mathes, "Vaqueros, Arrieros and Paniolos, the Cowboy from Spain to Hawaii." *The Branding Iron,* No. 174, Winter: 2, 19.

Dillon, Brian Dervin

2017 1967, Year of the Hippie. *California Territorial Quarterly,* No. 110, Summer: 6-41.

2019 California Musical Traditions, 1542-1923. in *Brand Book 23, Life, Leisure, and Entertainment in the Old West:* 21-83, Joseph Cavallo, Ed. Westerners International, Los Angeles Corral, Los Angeles, CA.

2021 *Early Chapters in Southern California History.* Keepsake 54, Westerners International, Los Angeles Corral, Los Angeles, CA.

Dillon, Brian Dervin, Richard H. Dillon, and John D. Y. Dillon
2014 Gum Shan vs Tan Heung Shan: 19th Century Chinese in California and Hawaii, Part 1. *California Territorial Quarterly*, No. 100, Winter: 6-47.

Dillon, Richard H.
2003 *Hawaii's Wild West.* True West, April: 105.
n.d. *Volcano Island.* Unpublished typescript in B. Dillon's possession.

Dillon, Richard H. and Brian Dervin Dillon
2021 Invisible People and Vanished History: California's Early Hawaiians. *The Branding Iron,* No. 301, Winter: 1, 3-15.

Ellis, William
1979 *Journal of William Ellis, Narrative of a Tour of Hawaii, or Owyhee: with remarks on the History, Traditions, Manners, Customs, and Language of the Inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands* [1825]. Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, VT.

Feher, Joseph, Edward Joesting and O.A. Bushnell
1969 *Hawaii: A Pictorial History.* Bernice P. Bishop Museum Special Publication No. 58, Honolulu, HI.

Felix, John H., Leslie Nunes, and Peter F. Senecal
1980 *The Ukulele: A Portuguese Gift to Hawaii.* Leslie K. Nunes, Publisher, Honolulu, HI.

Florez, Andrew Jr., and Brian Dervin Dillon
2020 Ernie Marquez, *Californio. The Branding Iron,* No. 300, Fall: 3-11.

Halloran, Art
1972 *The Hawaiian Longhorn Story.* Petroglyph Press, Hilo, HI.

Jordan, Terry G.
1993 *North American Cattle-Ranching Frontiers: Origins, Diffusion, and Differentiation.* University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque.

Kahananui, Dorothy
1965 *Influences on Hawaiian Music.* The Kamehameha Schools 75th Anniversary Lectures, Honolulu, HI.

Kanahele, George, ed.
1979 *Hawaiian Music and Musicians: An Illustrated History.* University of Hawaii Press, Honolulu.

Kasher, Robert Kamohalu and Burt Burlingame
1978 *Da Kine Sound: Conversations with the People who Create Hawaiian Music, Volume 1.* Mary Poole-Burlingame, Ed., Press Pacifica, Kailua, HI.

Martin, L. J., Clarence Lee, and Carol Macdonald
1987 *Na Paniolo o Hawai'i: A Traveling Exhibition Celebrating Paniolo Folk Arts and the History of Ranching in Hawai'i.* Hawaii State Foundation on Culture and the Arts, Honolulu Academy of Arts.

Mora, Jo
1949 *Californios: The Saga of the Hard-Riding Vaqueros, Americas First Cowboys.* Doubleday & Company, Garden City, NY.

Van Vleck, Gordon
1963 History of the Cattle Business in California. *The Branding Iron,* No. 65, June: 1, 3-7.

Wilkinson, Philip
2014 *The History of Music in Fifty Instruments.* Firefly Books, Buffalo, NY.

Wolman, David and Julian Smith
2019 *Aloha Rodeo: Three Hawaiian Cowboys, The World's Greatest Rodeo, and a Hidden History of the American West.* William Morrow, Harper Collins, NY.

Mississippi Blue Yodeler

Gary Turner

I.

I sat at the bar alone that night
drinking a shot of rye
I didn't want to talk or fight
just wanted the time to pass bye
So I closed my eyes and relaxed a bit
and let my mind wander free
Slumped on the stool, took another hit
then something came over me
I felt relaxed and so serene
a fine feeling came inside
Experiencing a realm that I'd never seen
it was all such a great inner ride
I was wide-awake and ever alert
and felt so much alive
It's strange how the brain does work
when having a natural high
Then a stranger sat down next to me
I thought I'd seen him before
Said he was an old western music devotee
Need to know this man some more
He spoke in a soft Southern drawl
I knew he weren't from here
Then ended a sentence with the word y'all
I knew I had nothing to fear
So we started talkin' 'bout times past
you know, "The Good Old Days"
The next hour went bye so fast
and I was surely amazed.

II.

We sat there talkin' and drinkin'
through the thick smoky haze
I just know him I was a thinkin'
and looked him square in the face
Then I began reelin'
for I remembered the time and place
Speakin' to me was a man dead and gone
from a different era or time
He had died in the '30's recording a song
a famous railroad rhyme
But how could this be and why was he here
My brain began to swirl
And then in his eye I saw a tear
and heard "My Carolina Sunshine Girl"
A guitar just appeared in his hand
and he yodeled a country song
He slowly walked to the near bandstand
and suddenly there was a throng
People came and surrounded him
as he sang "Waitin' For A Train"
Everyone just moved right in
to hear every word and refrain
He had blue eyes and a genuine smile
and an old time twang in his voice
He looked you straight, nothing to beguile
pure yodeling was his choice
And there he was right in front of me
singing an old country song
The Blue Yodeler from Mississippi
A cry in his voice now long gone
It was Jimmie Rogers the man himself
singin' and playin' like old
A conductors hat with songs top shelf
his voice was pure country gold.

III.

A train whistle blew a mournful cry
that told of hard times past
Of hobos and bulls and on the fly
sure wish this night would last
"Hobo Bill's Last Ride" was picked with ease
and brought a tear to my eye
That special blues sound sure did please
a genius was nearby
"In the Jailhouse Now" is still sung today
and "T For Texas" rings true
Honest songs from the heart can convey
feelings and warmth through and through
He sang for an hour maybe two
wish he'd been there all night
His writings were just too darn few
but he was the real shining light
For he was Western music's start
the father of all that's today
His talent just set him way apart
The first country star of his day
He made a special sound that was ever true
the words all clear and concise
And wrote about the life he knew
Ballin' the Jack, gamblin' and dice

There was always a yodel in his song
a very special style
A clear picked guitar that moved along
an easy manner with a broad smile
Yes, he was the man heard on every station
in the North and especially the South
He was known quite well throughout the nation
small homes and the White House
For he picked and traveled dusty trails
a gifted musician was his fame
Walked and rode the Southern rails
and Jimmie Rogers was his name.

IV.

Ernest Tubb picked up a guitar
and copied Rogers' style and look
He sang in every Texas bar
and in every fight he partook
The old "Texas Troubadour" did imitate
his sound the best he could
Tho' he gained fame and was first rate
the test of time he stood
But Jimmie Rogers was known by all
and died at the height of his fame
Gene Autry was inspired and got the call
as he yodeled and staked his claim
But Gene was destined to be bigger than life
and Hollywood called his name
Tho' it was Jimmie Rogers that did entice
him to join the music game
Hank Snow could sing a deep sad song
and wrote many a verse about trains
And his "Big Eight Wheeler" sure did move along
but he never gained Jimmie's fame
Roy Rogers was not his kin
but he learned to yodel too
And in his movies he'd always win
and sing to the skies so blue
Merle Haggard was the best of his day
and for his mentor an album was made
"Same Train, a Different Time" showed where his roots lay
and he really made the grade
So many stars and so many songs
and Jimmie inspired them all
Can't list them all for it's too long
we're thankful they got the call
The curse of genius is that they die too young
like Lennon, Elvis, and MJ
Each was such a favorite son
and each really shined in their day
But Jimmie Rogers was the first star
who sang into every heart
And he was the one who went so far
and gave country music its start.

V.

And then it was over I guess I woke up
the folk in the bar were gone
I sat there alone but I was struck
with what had just gone on
For out in the heavens a train whistle blew
a sound I had heard before
And in my heart I just knew
angels awaited the encore
And the Mississippi Yodeler did not disappoint
his yodel was folksy and pure
For he was the first, the starting point
a great, great singer for sure
As I left the bar I raised my glass
to the best there was in his time
And thanked the Lord that his songs did last
simple words and yodeling rhymes
He captured the soul of our nation
when times were lean and hard
And made us proud this Southern native son
who traveled in a boxcar
Jimmie Rogers was his name
and his songs are still sung today
A life cut short with so much fame
he will never be far away
For the Southern boy who wants to sing
just yodel an old railroad song
And soon it will be happening
and it won't be very long
If you sound just a little like a plain country boy
with a slight Southern drawl
Then sit back, pick, and just enjoy
for soon you're ten feet tall
Then smile and sing like Jimmie did
and entertain those around
Sing from the heart and live and let live
For you may have that certain sound
The sound that will last throughout the years
the sound that reaches the soul
The sound that will bring to your eyes real tears
the sound that makes you whole.

Did he Say, "Alfalfa Eater?"

Terry Terrel

You and I, dear reader, shall place ourselves in early September in the year of 1944. This chronicle resurrects and restores my memory of a few days from the mid-1940s of the last century. I suspect a few history-starved youngsters think that date was close to Columbus' arrival, but it wasn't. To further establish this ancient reality, WWII was still one year away from concluding, and it had nothing to do with Honest Abe freeing the slaves. Yet to some of us, this date was but a small piece of yesteryear.

I was 14 years old and a high school freshman, looking forward to the adventure of higher education. The roadway on which I was traveling was Avenue I, East, and we were headed to a little one-horse desert town called Lancaster in the Antelope Valley, California. The destination of this ol' school bus was the Antelope Valley Joint Union High School.

The old 1930s school bus was long of fang, and it struggled mightily with every passing mile. Some believed the buses were long because of the school's name. The real reason was because this school district was the largest in the country. It reached as far east as Boron, west to Gorman, north beyond Mojave, and south to Mint Canyon. This large district of hundreds, if not thousands of square miles, contained only about 350 scattered high school students, and even included those condemned to two years of junior college.

The school buses wandered back and forth from ranch to ranch, and through the little towns on an assigned route. The bus drivers lived at the end of their route. Many routes were well over a couple of hours from the school. I was assigned to the Boron bus which required a quarter-mile hike south on 60th East to Avenue I.[1] After boarding the bus my 6-mile ride to school was nothing compared to that of most of my fellow students.

The only class I can remember with any accuracy was beginning band. This was next to the last class of the day. My desire was to be a trumpet player in the high school band. This dream was inspired by the chart-topping bandleader Harry James. Being a world-famous music man and married to Betty Grable at the same time was very impressive.

Mrs. Adelaide Kinnamon gave us a brief outline of what we could expect from band class. A few already had their instruments, no doubt handed down through their families. She stated there were a number of instruments available in the back room which could be borrowed if we did not already have one. She announced the name of each instrument and students interested in playing them raised their hands. When she uttered the word "trumpet," 90% of the boys and a few girls held up their hands. She then stated she had but four trumpets available.

Numbers were drawn to establish the order in which each student could visit the instrument room. By the time it was my turn, there was not a trumpet in sight. After perusing the various open instrument cases, I selected a medium-sized saxophone. It had a bright silver finish with rods and finger pads all over the surface. It appeared to be very complicated but looked beautiful.

My knowledge of the saxophone was nil. Later I learned that the sax section was the major driving force in Glen Miller's band. Having just discovered *In the Mood*, I was very pleased with my selection. All of the necessary paperwork for borrowing the instrument was completed. I took my sax home that first evening and assembled it enough to blurt out a few sounds. Some were similar to the noise our milk cow Daisy made when announcing to any bull within ear-shot that she was in estrus and hot to trot! That first year went well in all classes and very well in beginning band class. Halfway through it my mother purchased for me a used E-flat alto saxophone. By then she believed I would continue with my music.

During the summer of 1945, I followed the teacher's advice to practice so I would

not "lose my lip." By September, most of us in our sophomore year were now advanced music students and members of the 39-piece high school "big band." I thought I was hot stuff. Some of us were disappointed that we did not play any Hit Parade swing music. High school bands at the time only played marches. Most of the marches were written by some guy named J. P. Sousa. We played at assemblies, football and basketball games, as well as other events.

A few of my classmates and I were on the football and/or the basketball teams. This automatically made us part of the audience. Our band sounded very good. I did not play basketball, as I was too short, but I got in free as a band member. Our volunteer band group was small, but we sounded big in the gymnasium. When approaching the entrance door, I would remove my sax from the case and carry it openly. My girlfriend carried my case and got in free as well. I know what some of you are thinking, but this was 75 plus years ago and I don't give a tinker's didly what you think now. So there!

Modesto High School

In late April, 1947, I was just seventeen and in my junior year. My parents closed escrow on our 60th E. Ranch and purchased another ranch on Beckwith Road west of Modesto, California, up in the Central Valley. This plan was thrown into chaos when my sister Dorothy didn't want to move until her semester was finished. I likewise wanted to participate in the Twenty-Thirty Relays track-meet at Ventura on the upcoming Saturday. Mom and Dad were scheduled to leave on the preceding Thursday with all of our belongings, but as usual Mom fixed everything. Dot moved to her friend, Jo Alice's ranch, while I crashed at my friend Ron's ranch for three nights. Our track team did not do well against the larger schools in our conference. I had a busy weekend bidding goodbye to all of my friends and to one girlfriend in particular.

The next Monday morning I checked myself out of high school and started the drive on Highway 99 north. I arrived about 4:00pm to Mom's delight and relief. She had been worried about her little boy and his wanderings in his '34 Plymouth Coupe DeLux.[2] Dear ol' Dad greeted me warmly and suggested I change my clothes because we were going to receive irrigation water around 6:00pm. When your turn for water came, the ditch tender in the employ of the Modesto Irrigation District (MID) gave you water—and lots of it! We flood-irrigated two acres at a time and covered 40 acres in about 10 hours. I got no sleep that night.

I checked into Modesto High School on Wednesday morning. After my entry interview and class assignments, I located the classrooms in spite of all of the construction. The campus looked like a mistake. After a few classes I realized I was 2 to 3 weeks behind in almost all of the subjects.

Prof Mancini

The last class of the day was band, located across one of the streets in a separate building. I entered the building and handed the conductor my paperwork. He was standing by the podium with baton in hand, and asked me a question. I didn't understand him because of his heavy Italian accent. I must have looked as dumb as a bag of rocks. Finally, the third time I understood he was asking what instrument I played. I told him the alto sax. His face grimaced as he handed me my check-in paper and pointed to a gentleman standing a short distance to his left. This man accepted my paperwork, pointed to a chair, and told me to sit and not say or do anything until he told me to. By then a large band had entered, adjusted their music stands, and were sitting reasonably quietly.

The conductor gave some instructions, none of which I could understand, raised his baton, and on the down stroke the band started to play. It was an absolutely outstanding start as each instrument began at the same instant and with the proper volume. This was the sharpest, cleanest, and in-tune band I had ever encountered. It was leagues ahead of my previous, much more casual Lancaster school band.

But after about twenty seconds, the con-

ductor started yelling and waving his arms, banging his baton on his music stand. He spoke a few loud sentences of corrections. Did he say, "alfalfa eaters?" I was starting to catch a word now and then. He gave the downbeat and the band started again. This little sequence happened about three or four times until somebody or something in the band did the proper thing, but I couldn't hear any difference. I began to believe this Italian conductor had just got off of the boat. However, the band members calmly accepted all of his behavior as normal. I did see a few front row clarinet players duck behind their music stands when he struck his music stand with the baton.

At the conclusion of the class I was convinced that the hundred-plus band members were professionals and the conductor was a maniac. How could this be a high school band? I must have stumbled into a circus somehow. That entire evening, I was exceedingly worried that my musical education of the last few years was not adequate to fit into this aggregation. There must be an intermediate band here somewhere.

The next morning in math class I observed a classmate who sat in the first chair position of the saxophone group. His name was Mike, and I was able to ask a few quick questions about the magnificent band and the immigrant conductor before and after class. He informed me that Mr. Frank Mancini, otherwise known as "Prof," (Figure 11) had won a band competition of the eleven Western states way back in 1928. The Modesto High School Band was so superior, it had been removed from the competition, given special awards, and not invited back because no other band could compete.

But the year I moved to Modesto, the old guard of the committee who supervised this competition had been replaced and the Modesto High School Band was once again invited to participate. The competition was that Friday, the next day, in Stockton, wherever that was. And no, Mike assured me Mr. Mancini was not a nut case. He just got a little excited when someone did not deliver their best. And yes, he used "alfalfa eaters" to imply that their mistakes were made by livestock, not musicians.

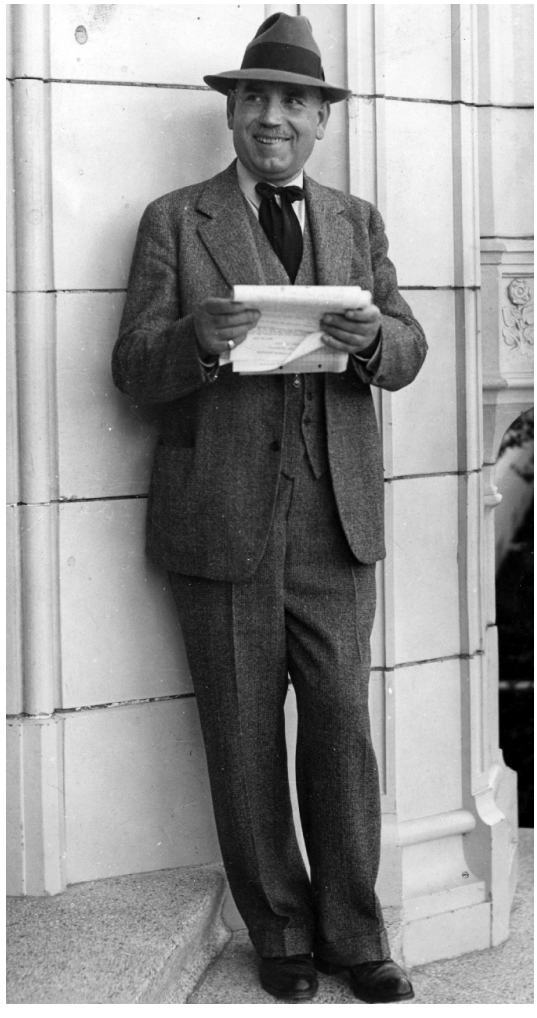


Figure 11: *"Prof" Frank Mancini, the director of the Modesto High School Band and author Terry Terrel's ferocious music teacher, in the late 1940s. This photo of Mancini probably dates from the 1930s or '40s. Image courtesy of and copyrighted by historicmodesto.com, and used here for non-commercial Fair Use purposes under Section 107 of the U.S. Copyright Act.*

Again, in band class that afternoon I was told to sit in the chair, say nothing and return to the band building at 11 a.m. the next morning. That day's band class must have concluded many weeks of preparation for the three pieces of music needed for the competition. And, I still could not understand much of what Prof Mancini was saying.

That Friday, I was checked out of my afternoon classes and assembled in the mu-

sic hall along with the other one hundred and thirteen members of the Modesto High School Band. We boarded the buses and were followed by two small trucks loaded with our instruments. Our musical caravan started north to Stockton. While traveling in the bus, I was able to talk to Mike about the Prof, the importance of the competition, the band's history, and himself. The other band members were talking, laughing and behaving like all bus-riding kids do. We were all in our school clothes. These conversations and our saxophone association established Mike as my first friend in this new corner of the world called Modesto. We developed many mutual interests and were together when time permitted.

Upon arrival in Stockton, one of the teachers, Paul Copeland, told me to find a seat at the front of the auditorium, do nothing, and return to our bus fifteen minutes after the Modesto High School Band's presentation. The audience was small, and no doubt consisted of the family, friends and neighbors of the performing bands. I arrived in-between performances and took a seat about halfway down in the center. The auditorium was huge, as was the stage.

After a few minutes, the first band was introduced. The curtains opened and the conductor bowed, turned with baton in hand and led his band through their three numbers. Each selection was greeted with enthusiastic applause by the small audience. Two more bands performed the same routine. All band members were in uniform and seated on folding chairs. I was impressed with the performances, as those bands were much superior to my little old Lancaster school band. The next pause between bands seemed to take a long time, and I could hear chairs being moved on stage behind the curtains.

The Modesto High School Band was introduced and the curtains opened. On stage sat 113 musical masters, each at attention with their instruments. They were dressed in dark gray uniforms, trimmed in red and yellow piping with not a wrinkle to be seen. Under each chair was placed their cap with a yellow and red feathered plume 6 inches high, which added color to the stage and hid the chair legs. They sat there for almost a minute without movement.

The audience broke into a short applause as Prof Mancini strode onto stage from stage right. He was dressed in an all-white Tuxedo with the coat unbuttoned. The only other piece of color, if black can be called a color, was a silk scarf tied as a bow under his chin with one of the ends streaming over a shoulder. In his right hand he held a larger-than-usual white baton. He reached stage center in front of his own large white music stand, then turned toward the audience and gave a sweeping bow. The audience was unable to resist giving the Prof a rousing round of applause.

Mancini promptly turned to the band, holding his baton high with arms outstretched. Not a band member moved. After a few seconds he tapped his music stand with his baton. Each band member snapped into playing position. Prof again paused for a moment, then he whipped down his baton for the down beat and the music started just as it had two days before. I had never seen or heard any band play like this. The music was grand and I was absolutely spellbound, as were most of the members of the audience. Later, when I was able to regain my wits, I wondered if the group of judges were as impressed with the Modesto High School Band's show as I was. Unless, of course, they had suffered heart attacks viewing that unbelievable intro and performance.

The band played their three numbers with professional excellence. The first was a march, the second a classical piece, and I unfortunately can't remember the third. The audience was very impressed. They, as I, gave long applause between each selection. At the conclusion of the third piece, the band again snapped to attention. With a sweeping bow from the Prof, the curtains closed. I sat there for a little while longer to absorb what I had just witnessed.

While walking back to the bus, I remembered a few comments Mike said during the ride to the competition. Legend had it that Prof played first clarinet in one of John Philip Sousa's (Figure 13) last touring bands. It was no wonder that he was now a master show-

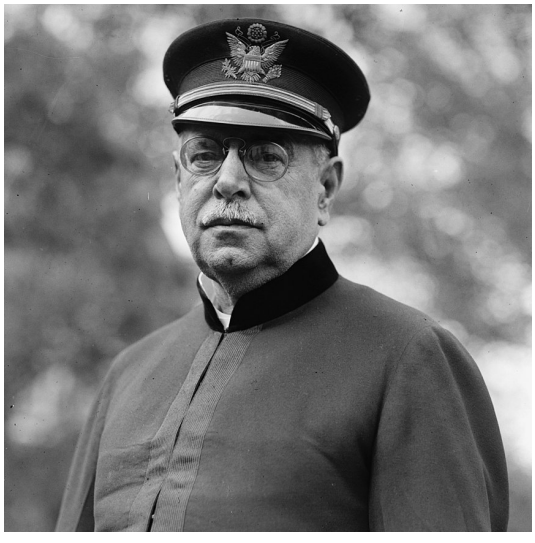


Figure 12 (Left): *A younger Frank Mancini, sometime during the 1910s or 1920s. At this time, he would have played clarinet in one of John Philip Sousa's marching bands. Image courtesy of historicmodesto.com, and used here under Fair Use law.* ***Figure 13 (Right):*** *John Philip Sousa, world-famous American marching band conductor and composer of classic marches like "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Image dated to 1922, and from the public domain.*

man. Sousa's band had toured the Central Valley, and Prof later decided to settle there and grow wine grapes as his family had done for generations in Italy. He returned with his wife, purchased property, and went into the grape business. He needed to give a few music lessons until the grapes started to produce, and the rest was history.

I was informed by Mr. Copeland to bring my instrument to the Monday band practice and sit in the fourth saxophone chair. I told Mike I was a little terrified and unsure if I could cut it. He tried to assure me that everything would be okay. Monday arrived and I struggled through most of my classes after hours of trying to catch-up over the weekend. Finally, it was time for music class. Should I show up? Would I be tossed out by the Prof? I took my seat and thought of everything I had seen, absorbed, and tried to grasp. I was not sure I should even be there. I took the newly added fourth sax chair and was on the edge of barfing into the bell of my saxophone.

Prof Mancini took his position on the conductor's podium, sat in his chair, opened a folder, and removed some papers. He looked over the band from side to side without so much as a smile. The band was dead quiet. He then, in his heavy Italian accent, reported that the Modesto High School Band, all 113 of them, had again been removed from competition and given special awards. Everyone applauded, not only for themselves, but also for their fearless leader who had forced and inspired them to put forth their absolute best.

When the band calmed down, Prof added that one of the five judges had made a critical comment. Prof turned to his left and glared at the alto sax three, plus me. He quoted the judge, saying the saxophone section sounded a little muddy on one number. He looked at us like we had the plague, but I felt a little relieved. I had a chance—I could play as muddily as the next E-flat alto player! Anyway, I hadn't been involved, as I had been sidelined in the audience. I was as pure as an angel's dream.

Mike had mentioned the Prof hated the saxophone because he viewed it as a bastard creation. The saxophone was invented in the 1840s by a Belgian-turned-French instrument maker named Adolphe Sax, who wished to combine the smoothness of a reed instrument with the power of the brass. Rumors had it that if you played a saxophone in a swing band in those days, you should not show up at Mancini's high school band practice. The

Prof hated modern music. I could not understand his attitude back then in the 1940s, but I can now! The girl to my right in chair three (I cannot remember her name) and I played the second part to everything. Until I played in this group, I didn't know there was a second part to marches. The Lancaster band was so small there were hardly enough members to even fill the first part.

When school was out in June, Mike told me that the Prof had a summer band. This was the Stanislaus County Boys Band, complete with green uniforms. Despite the name, there were a few girls in it as well. The band met once a week on Monday evenings. We received a new piece or two of music to add to our repertoire and rehearsed any music we would need later that week in a performance.

The band was paid to escort a dressed-in-white "princess" of some sort in Portuguese Catholic parades. The parade left the meeting area and went a few blocks to the church, into which everyone entered except the band. We waited about an hour and then escorted the princess and everyone else back to the meeting place. Boiled beef and cabbage were served, and usually there was a carnival for afternoon fun. Over the summer there were six to eight little towns which had this same ceremony on a different Sunday.

Conclusion

We gave a one-hour concert at the 1947 California State Fair in exchange for free admittance. We sat close to the entrance, in the sun, in full uniforms including coats. Later we were told that our personal sacrifice, in the sun, was to add music to the fair. We also performed a half a dozen Thursday evening concerts in Graceada Park in Modesto. Later, the city built an amphitheater stage with seating and named it the Mancini Bowl.

During my senior year in 1948, Prof moved me to sax chair three. Under his guidance I reached perfection, at least as close as I could, and was able to contribute to Modesto's miracle music outfit. I learned to have the greatest respect for the Prof despite his strictness and impenetrable accent. I was eventually able to understand about ninety percent of his verbal instructions. That seemed about average for all band members.

And, I did my best to avoid being called an "alfalfa eater."

Notes

1. ***Boron, California School Bus:*** This bus route had been established for decades. Each day a different male student was assigned to rise and shine and light the wood fire thirty minutes before the bus was to leave. There was a ring of 6-to-8-inch round stones close to the fire. When it was time to leave on a cold dark morning, the driver arrived and started the engine. A small number of students arrived wrapped in blankets from head to toe. Each took a stone which had been warmed by the fire. On board the bus they picked a bench seat. Some sat upright while others lay down. Each wrapped their heated stone in the blanket as a foot warmer. With their little pillows, they tried to get a couple of hours of sleep on the ride to school. By the time I boarded, the girls were removing their curlers, applying makeup, combing their hair, etc. The rocks were returned to the fire pit each evening. This was the way it was in this little corner of the Antelope Valley in 1944.
2. ***1934 Plymouth Coupe DeLux:*** For the story of Terry Terrel's first car, see the article "Yea Verily, in the Beginning there was *Shehasta*" in *Branding Iron* 299: 11-15.
3. ***"Prof" Frank Mancini, 1886-1964:*** The school rumors that Frank "Prof" Mancini was a protégé of John Philip Sousa were true. Mancini played with Sousa's band at the Panama-Pacific World Exposition held in San Francisco in 1915. He later settled in Modesto in 1921, likening the Central Valley to his native Italy. The Stanislaus County Boys Band lives on today as the Modesto Band ("MoBand") of Stanislaus County, which plays at Mancini Bowl in Graceada Park. For his leadership of Modesto High School's award-winning band, in 1994 Mancini was posthumously inducted into the National Band Association's Hall of Fame at Troy State University, Alabama. Mancini donated his ranch to the city after his death in 1964. It was named Mancini Park in his honor.

Hank

Gary Turner

Hank Williams' my man, the Drifting Cowboys my band
But the days of those songs are long gone.
Country music was pure and those songs did endure
I can always listen to Hank's songs.

There was truth in those lines, just one of the signs
That music was honest and real.
With rap and hip hop, so disgust'n is pop
Old country can't compete or appeal.

For the new generation lacks depth and preparation
Loud, crude, and vulgar the lines.
They do not tell a story, just filth, in-your-face fury
So primitive and dirty the rhymes.

We need to go back 'cause today's music does lack
The words to which all can relate.
A melody which rings true, that brings a good feeling too
Stop all this music of hate.

Bring back songs you can sing, maybe some Bob Wills "hollering"
Write the music that will uplift and enhance
The two-step is easy, just shuffle, not sleazy
Play the Tennessee Waltz, hold someone close, and dance.

Let's play up the past and write songs that will last
At least fifty to one hundred years.
Today's music is noise and has none of the joys
That bring out the smiles and cheers.

So, here's a toast to old Hank, (when he was not in the tank)
For, "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry"
I just stole his line 'cause I'm not feeling so fine
I'm lonesome for the songs that make me sigh.

I like that old country sound, that ain't much around
Merle Haggard had a cry in his voice.
He sang of hard times and of his little prison rhymes
His music for sure is my choice.

"Your Cheatin' Heart" still lives and the message still gives
A truth of everyday life.
For we've all known some one, who thought he was done
When a pal walked off with his wife.

Old Hank had been there and he'd done his share
Of drinkin' and honky-tonkin' around.
With a voice that was clear as his sound did endear
He had the purest of country sound.

I could list all his songs but this poem would be too long
He captured the essence of life.
Not that crap of today, it should be all thrown away
His words stuck in your heart like a knife.

I know that times change and music does rearrange
with the younger generation, or youth.
But how sad is today, my music gets not a play
What happened to relevance and truth?

Our cities do burn and there is much scorn
for the old traditional ways.
Music reflects all societies defects
Hope we are in for better days.

I hope the young will see what they've done
stop the music that fosters hate.
Music from the heart, that will be a good start
we can't just sit back and wait.

So play a Hank Williams song and it will not be long
'till a good feeling overwhelms the soul.
"I Saw the Light," and it does make things right
This music will again makes us whole.

Figure 14: *Wallichs Music City, at the northwest corner of Sunset and Vine in Hollywood, in the late 1940s. Note Capitol Records on the second floor, at right. Capitol Records relocated to its now-iconic cylindrical headquarters building in 1956. Public domain internet photo.*

Popular Music and the Rise of Rock and Roll in Los Angeles in the 1950s

Abe Hoffman

As with other kids growing up in Los Angeles in the 1940s, my first exposure to popular music was on the radio. *Your Hit Parade* offered the "ten top tunes of the week" as played in juke boxes across the country. A hit song could be on the program for weeks and even months. So, as kids, it was easy to memorize the lyrics of these hit songs. The entire family listened to *Your Hit Parade* and other, similar music programs, so there really was no music aimed at a specific audience such as teenagers. The music was pretty mainstream, with lots of love ballads by Billy Eckstein ("My Foolish Heart"), Jo Stafford ("You Belong to Me"), and Rosemary Clooney ("Hey There," later sung by Sammy Davis, Jr.).

The problem with this family-oriented musical fare was that it was designed to offend no one and had become pretty stale by the early 1950s. This "popular" music genre pretty much excluded country/western music (*Grand Ole Opry* offered singers on its weekly program) except for the occasional crossover hit, and songs with African American singers were limited to "race music" on specific radio stations (in Los Angeles, KRKD and later, KGFJ). Some teenagers did discover Hunter Hancock, a white disc jockey playing "race" music on KRKD. But the mainstream radio was still putting out such fare as Patti Page singing "How Much is that Doggie in the Window?"

And then came rock and roll, a mutated variant of rhythm and blues, rockabilly, jazz, and western music. My initial exposure to the transition of R&B to Rock and Roll came at the invitation of Ernie Ikuta, a street-wise kid who lived on my block. Ernie had a couple of records he wanted me to hear. He played "Gee" by the Crows and "Sh'Boom" by the Chords. Listening to these records, I realized this was something new. I was present at the birth of the American *teenager*, a middle-class member of popular culture that would put an end to *Your Hit Parade* and its namesake magazine within a few years. Youtube has clips of the Chords and the Crows doing their Do Wop R&B hits, the Chords with more than 9.7 million viewers and the Crows with over 300,000. I also became an ardent fan of Joe Houston's incredible (and suggestive) "All

Night Long." His amazing saxophone solo still sends a chill down my spine.

I also learned during the 1950s that Los Angeles was a great place to hear the music and buy the records because they were sung by the original artists, not the "cover' records the major record companies were putting out. Hearing the Chords do "Sh'Boom" wasn't the same as the Crew Cuts singing it as a cover song for Mercury Records. If you lived in Los Angeles you heard the Chords, but if you lived in, say, Des Moines, Iowa, you got the Crew Cuts. This was like comparing a chocolate fudge sundae with whipped cream, nuts, and a cherry on top, to a scoop of vanilla ice cream. Same thing for Pat Boone covering Fats Domino's classic "Ain't that a Shame" or Little Richards' "Tutti Frutti," when Boone didn't even know what the lyrics meant, as he admitted in an interview. Before long Danny and the Juniors proclaimed "Rock and Roll is Here to Stay" (969,000 views on Youtube), Chuck Berry proclaimed "Hail, Hail Rock and Roll" in his hit song "No Particular Place to Go" (2.4 million views), and Bill Haley and the Comets marked time with "Rock Around the Clock," a national anthem of Rock and Roll (2 million views). This 1954 song went off the charts the following year as the intro music to the movie *Blackboard Jungle*.

I had a brush with fame in the 1950s, though I wouldn't learn about it until much later. One of my classmates at Roosevelt High, Bobby Reyes, was an especially talented musician, especially on the saxophone. In 1960 he joined a made-up group, the Hollywood Argyles, to record a novelty song, "Alley Oop" (282,000 views on Youtube), and went on as Bobby Rey to a highly successful career. He was a pioneer in what became known as Chicano Rock, a genre that scored such hits as Thee Midniters' [sic] "Whittier Boulevard" and "Land of a Thousand Dances," and The Champs' one-word hit, "Tequila." Richie Valens was arguably the first major Mexican American Rock star with "Donna," "La Bamba," and other hits; his death in a plane crash in 1959 ended a promising career.

As a teenager, my favorite place to visit in Hollywood was Wallichs' Music City (Figure 14) at Sunset and Vine, the ancestor of record stores such as Tower Records, Best Buy, and others that transitioned from 78 to 45 rpm and LP records to cassettes to eight-track to CDs to DVDs to streaming and YouTube.

Music City dated to 1940 when Glenn Wallichs opened the store, after operating a small chain of radio shops and two recording studios. He turned Music City over to his brother Clyde in 1946. Unlike other stores, Music City had booths where a potential buyer could listen to a record before buying it. The store also sold television sets, sheet music, and musical instruments. It had a Mutual Ticket Agency that sold tickets for plays and concerts and other entertainment venues, sparing people the hassle of going to the box office.

Music City advertised on all the AM radio stations that played "popular" music, a genre that included ballads, rock and roll, country/western, and novelty songs such as "Witch Doctor" (#1 on Billboard and 5.7 million viewers on Youtube) and "Purple People Eater" (15 million views). The records were sealed in cellophane except for the demos that you took to a booth to play. Display racks made it easy for customers to look through the records.

It was impossible for anyone in Los Angeles listening to the radio in the 1950s to forget the jingle "It's Music City, Sunset and Vine!" Clyde Wallichs persuaded singers like Dean Martin to be on the radio ad, crooning "It's Music City, Sunset and Vine," to the tune of "Rockabye Baby, on the Treetop." You can hear part of the jingle on Youtube by typing "Canned heat—It's Music City."

Glenn Wallichs co-founded Capitol Records with its office above the Music City store. Before the company moved to its iconic building on Hollywood Boulevard it wasn't unusual to see such recording artists as Nat King Cole, Judy Garland, and others in the older store, coming in or leaving meetings upstairs and signing autographs for fans.

By the 1970s Music City's competitors such as Wherehouse and Licorice Pizza were cutting into the store's clientele. Teenagers didn't need to go to Hollywood when music stores were located in nearby malls and shopping centers. In 1978 Music City closed

Figure 15: *John Dolphin (left) and Billie Holiday (center) at Dolphin's of Hollywood. Public domain internet photo.*

its doors. The building was torn down and replaced by a Walgreen's Pharmacy.

Music City was in Hollywood, but Dolphin's of Hollywood was as far away from Sunset and Vine as anyone can get. Located at Vernon and Central in South L.A., the store was founded by John Dolphin (Figure 15) in 1948. He also created several record companies that specialized in R&B, helping Black singers and groups get a start by playing their records on his radio show where two white disc jockeys, Hunter Hancock and Dick Hugg, did their programs at the store. Hugg, known as Huggy Boy, was a D.J. into the late hours. He reminded listeners he was broadcasting from the store at Vernon and Central and sometimes repeating the address by saying "Vernon and Central, Central and Vernon," over and over again.

Visitors to the store could chat with Huggy Boy while the records played. In the years preceding the Watts Riot, white customers had no problem going to Dolphin's of Hollywood and buying the records of Black singers instead of the cover versions with White singers promoted by the major record companies. The shows on KRKD effectively brought Black music to White listeners; KRLA also featured music by African American and Chicano singers and groups.

Tragically, John Dolphin was murdered on February 1, 1958, when Percy Ivy, a frustrated singer eluded by fame, shot him in his office in front of several witnesses. John Dolphin was gone, but his wife continued running the store for many years. His grandson, Janelle Dolphin, co-wrote "Recorded in Hollywood—The Musical," that had successful runs in 2015 and 2016, the latter at the Kirk Douglas Theatre. In 2016, the intersection of Vernon and Central was named "Dolphin's of Hollywood Square" in Dolphin's honor.

There's much more to tell of Los Angeles' music industry. Books and articles about it abound, and Wikipedia offers numerous biographies, descriptions of singers, orchestras, bands, and the business of promoting music. The present recollection is just a sampling of what I enjoyed more than sixty years ago.

Author's Note: I listed the Youtube videos in this article because they provide proof that the singers and groups of more than sixty years ago are still remembered and have been rediscovered by younger generations.

Los Angeles Corral Keepsakes:
A Special Benefit of Membership!

In anticipation of our 75th Anniversary Celebration in October, 2021, the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners International has published *three* special commemorative Keepsakes! These will be given gratis to all Corral members, and to all others who attend our 75th Anniversary/3rd Annual WI Gather.

KEEPSAKE 52: *The Ten Most Important California Mission Books.* By Msgr. Francis J. Weber.

KEEPSAKE 53: *An Actor's Life: William S. Hart, 1864-1946.* By Abraham Hoffman.

KEEPSAKE 54: *Early Chapters in Southern California History.* By Brian Dervin Dillon.

Ode to the Pioneers

Gary Turner

I.

We went dancin' last night at the Longhorn Saloon
with the girls and a friend or two.
Walked through the haze to the far side of the room,
stopped by a table to view.
For straight across from us was the band for the night,
they had just arrived for their set.
They were all dressed country and looked quite a sight,
they sure played the part, you bet.
So we grabbed a stool near the hardwood dance floor,
sat down as the waitress stepped up.
Ordered our drinks, straight whiskey, lite Coors,
one coke, tonic water, one cup.
Then with a smile Bish toasted the night
and longnecks were raised on high.
With our dusters on hooks, our hats cocked just right,
we downed, first, the pure shots of rye.
Followed by beer, one swig at a time,
the smoke of the bar grew thick.
'Twasn't too long, everyone felt so fine,
mellow feelings and thoughts came so quick.
We conversed and laughed as the band took the stage,
tuned up their fiddle and guitars.
Another round was ordered, our wit was quite sage,
and the vocalist began a few bars
of an old Hank Williams song, "Your Cheatin' Heart."
Us old timers cheered at the tune.
We knew we were off to a fantastic start
with the next song, "Kentucky Moon."
But something was lacking, the next song did ring,
it was good but not great at all.
The harmony 'twas there as they all joined to sing
that classic song, "Cattle Call."
But it wasn't the same, the sound was not right,
the yodeling could not compare.
The group sang to their best but try as they might,
they weren't Roy and the Pioneers.
But the Longhorn band was doing its best
and I'm wrong to try and compare.
For nothin's as good as those songs of the West
from the original Sons of the Pioneers.

II.

Now there was a group that could write songs and play
the guitar, the bass, all the strings.
They had fun, were poetic, and worked night and day,
and were best at harmonizing.
As the years have gone by, many groups can sing songs,
some: Vocalist Group of the Year.
But none quite match up or have lasted as long
as the Sons of the Pioneers.
In decades past, there's been many a group
that could sing and sell records for sure.
Their entertainment is great and the profits recoup
as their sound and their records endure.
But none have the tone, the style, or the class
of that group formed so long ago.
They surely can't write with the realistic old dash,
with that same warm inner glow
that came with the sound of the old Pioneers,
so mellow and true and sincere.
Anyone can listen, just stop now and hear
their message, their voice, it's so clear.
For Alabama is great and their records are fine,
the Statlers are equal of course.
Kentucky Headhunters are tops, what sound, what rhyme,
the Texas Rose Band has no remorse.
Brooks and Dunn win country music awards,
it seems like every year.
They sing with pride and hit all their high chords,
the crowds do certainly cheer.
For the songs they sing and the music they make
is far above average, just hear...
But they can't compare in sound, for God's sake,
to the Sons of the Pioneers.
So as we danced, drank beer and recalled
the big names in country sound.
There was no disagreement, the best group of all,
one stood the highest ground.
For sheer harmony, richness and style,

ahead of their time by years.
They had all the others beat by a mile,
the Sons of the Pioneers.
But where were they from and when did they start?
How did they become the best?
Where did they get that special sound from the heart?
Who began these boys on their quest?
'Twas Doc knew the answers, for he knew them all
by name and by tone of their voice.
So he reminisced, with one more long neck on call,
speaking slowly his eyes they grew moist.

III.

It was back in the early thirties I'm told,
by some who are older than I.
That a young man named Leonard whose voice was pure gold,
came to L.A. on the fly.
With little more than a buck or two
and an old brown six-string guitar.
A squint in his eye and a black hat brand new,
and a broken down rattle-trap car.
There was nothin' doin' in Ohio for sure,
California beckoned all.
To begin a new life was the only cure,
to answer a much higher call.
The call was for freedom, a new start on life,
the Golden State, answer to dreams.
Just leave the old farm, the hard work and strife,
the right decision was made, it sure seems.
But riches don't happen to fall from the sky;
frustration and hard work were part
of his efforts to reach his goals that were high,
and create a new life, a new start.
An odd job was worked, one here and one there,
but times were tough for all.
So at night he'd pick up his guitar with care,
and sing to himself and the wall.
But a voice like his, it had to be heard,
he was too good to just sing at home.
He could write songs and yodel just like a bird,
weren't long...he wasn't alone.
For there were many men who could pick guitar
and sing a good hillbilly song.
But most would never become a great star
and now are forgotten and gone.
But some had the grit and the talent was there
to be noticed from all the rest.
Some had the genius which is always so rare,
and they were always at their best.
A chance meeting of three special men one night
was really the start of it all.
They knew they could sing but wages were slight,
and the Depression took its toll.
For each had to work and help pay the rent,
as living was hard on all.
What little each had was too often spent,
They waited three years for "the call."

IV.

Somewhere in the depths of one's soul there's a seed,
creating that special thought.
The mind who penned "Tumbling Tumbleweeds"
could not foresee what he wrought.
For there existed another sense I am told
within genius, they're only a few.
A spiritualness with the past, oh so bold,
with the desert, the cowboy, he knew.
Bob Nolan could sing and write a great song.
He could ride and rope a horse too.
Understanding the ways of the West, now near gone,
lonely feelings of past were made new.
The sadness, the passing of old western times
written in music and verse.
His melodies more than just notes and fine rhymes,
his writing realistic and terse.
Said young Leonard Slye to Tim Spencer one day,
"Let's get Bob Nolan to sing
the songs that we love; we'll do 'em our way."
Wasn't long till they were practicing.
Their harmonizing style which slowly took shape,
a new western sound was born.
From the prairie life which they could not escape,
and the cowboy, so lonesome, so forlorn.
Now the Pioneer Trio was lookin' for work,
they could pick well and carry a tune.
For all of 'em was always on the alert
to make pocket change they'd sure croon.
At a bar or a party or on radio too,
they never made much on their own.
As a threesome, together, soon they just knew,
as a group they were better than one.
Tho' each had his own particular sound,
they respected each others style.
And soon they were tops, the best singers around,

'tis no wonder they had time to smile.
On L.A. radio this group sang their stuff,
then added Hugh and Carl Farr.
The rich mellow tones on "The Last Round-up"
was the start of their rising star.
"Tumbling Tumbleweeds" was a fantastic song,
and it sounds just as good today.
"Cool Water" the next big hit to come along
made their time and hard work pay.
The Sons of the Pioneers were really hot,
and they were much in demand.
Their sound and their songs were requested and sought,
this group was now in command.
Their singing was wanted in movies, of course,
as Hollywood made its call.
They could sing ballads in jail or on a horse,
this group was at ease with it all.
They did a few back up songs with Gene Autry,
and a Charles Starrett film.
A cowboy singer was added, Pat Brady,
as Leonard left for a new realm.
Of course he returned throughout the years
as a reigning movie star.
And the group he helped start, The Sons of the Pioneers,
traveled in film just as far.
Roy Rogers was King of the Cowboys, you see,
and Leonard Slye a name of the past.
Roy and the pioneers sang frequently,
and their friendship was to last
throughout the years, Republic films and the fairs;
their fame continued to grow.
It showed in their songs, the style, the care,
their sound is unique, we know.

V.

Doc suddenly stopped as a lump filled his throat,
one tear appeared in his eye.
His thoughts hit upon a melancholy note,
and he raised his drink on high.
For off in the distance he heard them still,
he captured their sound in his mind.
Their looks, their voices, their style, so real,
further words he could not find.
But he managed a toast to the group he loved best,
to good times and bygone days.
To Roy, Tim and Bob and to all of the rest,
and one shot for old Gabby Hayes.
Then speaking above all the noise in the bar,
everyone stopped to hear
this man who would toast a group gone so far,
The Sons of the Pioneers.
"For it is a fact well known today
that there is none to compare.
And anyone who still listens will honestly say
the best are the Pioneers."
As Doc finished his toast, downed his glass on high,
the waitress stepped up with a beer.
The band played "Ghost Riders in the Sky"
to honor the Pioneers.
And buying a round for the table that night
Everyone let out a cheer.
Not for the drinks, they knew Doc was right, but for
The Sons of the Pioneers.

DRUM ROLL, PLEASE...
Los Angeles Corral Winners of the 2020 Westerners International Competitions

FIRST PLACE, Co-Founders Award for BEST BOOK of 2020:

Brian Dervin Dillon, for *Aloha, Amigos! Los Angeles Corral Brand Book 24.*

FIRST PLACE, Fred Olds COWBOY POETRY AWARD:

Tim Heflin, for "Round-Heeled Women," and "The Saga of Hank Vaughan (1849-1893)," *Los Angeles Corral Keepsake No. 51.*

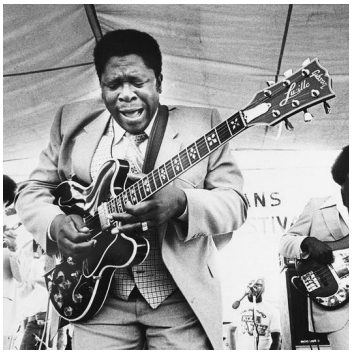
SECOND PLACE, Fred Olds COWBOY POETRY AWARD:

Gary Turner, for "Ode to Toilet Paper," "Wash My Hands," and "The Last Card." *Los Angeles Corral Keepsake No. 51.*

All Three Awards Are For Publications of the Los Angeles Corral!

Our good friend Dr. Bonney MacDonald, Westerners International Chair, wrote:

> *We had a record number of submissions this year, and the competition across the categories was formidable...we send you hearty congratulations...you had tough competition...THANK YOU!*



The Three Kings of the Blues. ***Figure 16 (Left):*** *B.B. King.* ***Figure 17 (Center):*** *Albert King.* ***Figure 18 (Right):*** *Freddy King. All three photos are publicity stills, in the public domain.*

The Home of the Blues

Brian Dervin Dillon

Introduction

The *Blues* were born in the Mississippi Delta immediately after the Civil War. They were the naughty alternative to Gospel music, and a 100% Black American invention. Bluesmen at first accompanied themselves on the old, antebellum banjo, but shifted to the guitar during the Reconstruction years. The Blues not only preceded, but also gave birth to, the two musical genres today most closely linked with American culture worldwide. The elder child of the Blues was *Jazz*: its infancy was in the 1890s. By the mid-1920s American Jazz had conquered the entire world.[1] It was played by Black American musicians just about everywhere in the U.S.A., and also by imitators from Bombay to Berlin.

Even as Jazz qualified America for a spot atop musical Mount Olympus, its lesser-known but still virile parent continued to evolve. Blues innovators *Howlin' Wolf* (1910-1976 *aka* Chester Arthur Burnett) and *Muddy Waters* (1913-1983 *aka* McKinley Morganfield) both left the Mississippi Delta for Chicago in the early Postwar period. The torch was passed to them from earlier generations of *acoustic* Blues greats like *Leadbelly* (1888-1949 *aka* Huddie Ledbetter). Now Wolf and Waters *electrified* the Blues, and made the electric guitar its dominant instrument. And then, only a single human generation after the Blues begat Jazz, our most *true-Blues* American form of musical expression fathered a second baby. The first *Rock* record was cut in 1949, and by 1955-56 the music called *Rhythm & Blues* in its infancy had left the nest and was flying solo as *Rock 'n Roll*.[2] The Blues did not wither as Jazz became middle-aged, and Rock 'n Roll reached a troubled adolescence. By the dawn of the halcyon decade of the 1960s, the Blues were growing ever stronger alongside Jazz and Rock 'n Roll, increasing in popularity simultaneously with both its offspring.

The Hippie cultural and musical florescence developed in San Francisco, California[3], exactly a century after the birth of the Blues in the Mississippi Delta. All of us San Francisco Hippies were music-mad, our lives focused upon the live concerts that seemed to be everywhere between 1966 and 1970. We grooved on Rock n' Roll, Soul Music, Western Swing, even Progressive Jazz, but kept a special place in our hearts for the Paterfamilias of them all: *the Blues.*

By the late 1960s the Bluesmen most beloved by tens of thousands of us San Francisco Hippies were the *Three Kings,* B.B.[4], Albert[5], and Freddie[6]. Like their Nativity namesakes, all three came bearing gifts. To San Francisco, California, these *Three Kings* brought, not gold, frankincense and myrrh,

but music. They blessed us with *the Blues*, the purest and most honest form of American musical expression.

For five years, beginning in 1966, I was one of the youngest (aged 12 to 17) die-hard Blues fans at the epicenter of the Hippie world.[7] I saw and heard all three *Blues Kings* separately up on stage at the Fillmore Auditorium, Winterland, and the Fillmore West. Sometimes I even *saw two* of them on the same bill.[8] But I never saw *all three of them together* at the same show.

My younger brother Dave insists that around fifty years ago, as a teenager, he went to a San Francisco Bay Area concert where all three *Kings of the Blues* played on the same stage. For their finale, all three played side-by-side. Was my little brother recalling a *Three Kings* show that I somehow missed, or was it mis-recollection, just one more example of the old Hippie saying, "If you can *remember* the 'sixties, then you weren't there?" Or, perhaps, did this concert *not* take place in the late '60s at all, but in the early 1970s?

The Three Kings of the Blues

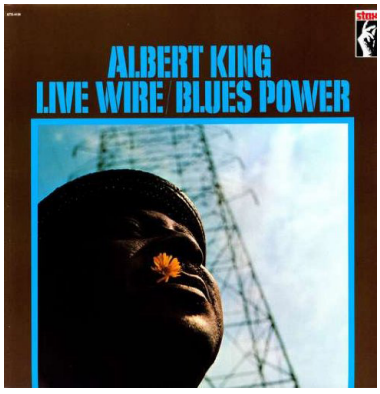
Riley B. King (1925-2015) was born in the cotton fields of the Mississippi Delta, near Itta Bena, Mississippi. His father left the family when he was only 4, and then his mother died five years later when he was 9. Riley worked in the fields as a child and teenager near Indianola, Mississippi, where he learned to sing, Gospel-style, in church. As he grew older, he graduated from the hoe to the tractor. Riley moved to Memphis, Tennessee, where his cousin, Bukka White, the famous Bluesman, weaned him away from church music, and taught him the Blues. Drafted in 1943, King served a hitch in the segregated U.S. Army. After being cut loose from the service, Bluesman Sonny Boy Williamson encouraged him and got him a job playing and singing on the radio. Riley B. King was first known as the *Beale Street Blues Boy* over the airwaves. This stage name eventually got shortened to *Blues Boy King*, then finally and permanently, to *B.B.*

B.B. King cut his first record in 1949, and by 1951 was up on stage with Memphis Blues and proto-rock musicians like Ike Turner. On the chitlin' circuit, by the mid-1950s B.B. was playing up to 300 shows per year, and for 50 years he played at least 250 shows annually. B.B. was a Blues Messiah, taking his music to audiences all across the country. He became a favorite of us San Francisco Hippies after playing at Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditorium in 1967. B.B. was, by far, the hardest-working Bluesman of all time. He also had the good fortune to live longer than most others. He played and sang professionally longer than just about any other performer, almost 70 consecutive years, and was still up on stage well into his 80s. But after his 80th birthday, he decided that he would live longer if he cut back on performing, so for his final decade he limited himself to "only" 100 live shows per year.

B.B. King's Gibson ES-345 hollow-body twin pickup guitar was famous around the world. He named it *Lucille* after a 1949 fight in an Arkansas dancehall over a girl of that name that accidentally sparked a conflagration. B.B. recklessly rushed past the two men fighting over the real-life *Lucille* into the burning building to rescue his guitar, at risk to life and limb. From that point on, for the next 65 years, he called every one of his guitars *Lucille.* The final one accompanied B.B. King to the graveyard, strapped to a riderless mule (Figure 19).

B.B. King was the only Bluesman to be honored by three different American Presidents. In 1990 George H. W. Bush presented him with the National Medal of the Arts at the White House. Sixteen years later, in 2006 George W. Bush awarded B.B. King the Presidential Medal of Freedom. Finally, in 2012 B.B. King played at the White House in a concert hosted by Barack Obama. And, as if this were not enough, in 1997 B.B. King visited the Vatican and made a gift of one of his *Lucille* guitars to Pope John Paul II. The *King of the Blues* also has the unique honor of a museum devoted to him: the B.B. King Museum in Indianola, Mississippi, celebrates his remarkable life.

Kind, gentle, humble, generous, modest, and immensely talented, B.B. King was the best international ambassador the Blues ever



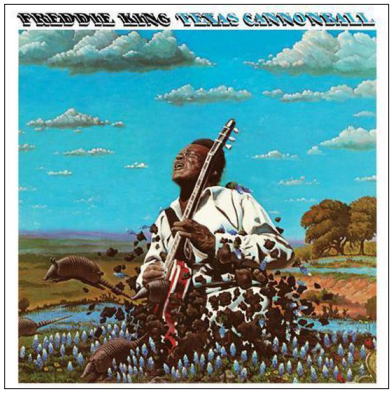


Figure 19 (Left): *B.B. King's famous electric guitar Lucille, strapped to a riderless mule, accompanies him, his fingers finally stilled, to his final resting place after his 2015 funeral.* ***Figure 20 (Center):*** *Albert King's Live Wire Blues Power album, recorded at the Fillmore Auditorium, San Francisco, in 1968.* ***Figure 21 (Right):*** *One of Freddy King's best-loved albums is his (1972) Texas Cannonball, on whose cover he is shown erupting from the sacred soil of Texas, scattering Texas bluebells as armadillos go airborne. All three images in the public domain.*

had. Four generations of Blues fans had the privilege of watching and hearing him play, his youngest fans, millennials or "generation Xers," only knowing him as the grey-headed, grandfatherly figure seated onstage, not the energetic performer of previous decades. Riley B. "B.B." King died on May 14, 2015. He lived 20+ years longer than Albert King did, and and almost 50 years longer than Freddy King. B.B.'s passing prompted a eulogy by President Barack Obama, who said: "The Blues has lost its King, and America has lost a legend...No one did more to spread the gospel of the Blues."

Albert King (1923-1992), one of 13 children, was born Albert Nelson near Indianola Mississippi. Like B.B. King, he grew up picking cotton in the Mississippi Delta as a child, but later moved to Arkansas. He took the stage name "King" in 1953 in shameless imitation of his better-known rival B.B. King. Albert King personified the old joke that, "A myth is simply a lie, agreed upon," for he sometimes claimed to have been a half-brother of B.B. King, and at other times a cousin.

Albert cut his first record in 1953 at the urging of blues great Muddy Waters. B.B. and Freddie King were both big men, but Albert King was a giant, 6'4" tall and at times pushing 300 pounds. Like Jimi Hendrix, he was left-handed, so his guitars were strung "upside-down." As a result, they were unplayable by all right-handed guitarists. He performed around St. Louis during the late 1950s, sometimes with Ike Turner, and often shared the stage with Chuck Berry. Albert King's first hit came in 1961, but his career did not catch fire until he moved to Memphis and signed with Stax Records: they released his killer album *Born Under a Bad Sign* in 1967. On some of his best tracks he was backed by the Stax/Volt sessions band, with Booker T. on organ and/or piano, Steve Cropper playing rhythm guitar, Duck Dunn on electric bass, and the Memphis Horns providing supersonic backup to his own razor-sharp lead guitar licks.

Unlike so many of his white-bread imitators, Albert King always believed that less was more, playing just a few perfect notes as the melodic lead for most of his songs, rather than trying to cram too many notes into any lead passage. Albert King became the darling of British blues acolytes like John Mayall, and by 1968 Eric Clapton's "supergroup" *Cream* made his songs famous worldwide. Yet even as his lime-juicer imitators were popularizing him, Albert King brought down the house at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco. His performances there were released as an LP *Live Wire/Blues Power* (Figure 20) that same year of 1968, cementing his popularity with all of us California Hippies. Many years later, in 1990, two more live albums from his

June, 1968, Fillmore Auditorium performances were released: *Wednesday Night in San Francisco*, and *Thursday Night in San Francisco.*

Albert King's trademark guitar was a distinctive 1959 Gibson Flying V solid-body (Figure 17), which looked like a rocket ship about to blast off into the stratosphere. Once again, in imitation of B.B. King, he named this guitar *Lucy* (not *Lucille*). Audiences and music critics unfamiliar with the Blues might confuse Albert King with one of the "other two Kings" but would never mistake his space-age guitar for that of any other artist.

Freddie King (1934-1976), the youngest of the *Three Kings,* unfortunately also had the shortest career. Texas-born, Freddie took up the guitar at age six. He moved to Chicago as a teenager and began playing Electric Blues in the early 1950s. Freddie King cut his first record in 1956: his first hit was *Hide Away* in 1961. Throughout the early '60s he worked the chitlin' circuit, sometimes playing on the same bill as James Brown, Sam Cooke, and Jackie Wilson. One of the then-anonymous backup musicians he shared the stage with was pre-Hippie Jimi Hendrix. By the late 1960s many of his songs were becoming crossover classics, and he was booked more and more by Rock, instead of chitlin' circuit, promoters. One of Freddie King's least-known albums (*Freddy King, Fillmore West, 9 3 70*) was recorded live in San Francisco at one of his Bill Graham shows.

Freddie King played a wide range of guitars, including, early on, the old rocker's standby, the Gibson Les Paul solid-body. For most of his later recordings and concerts, however, he played a hollow-body Gibson ES-345 similar to B.B. King's *Lucille.* A collaboration with Okie Rocker Leon Russel firmly established him as one of the favorite Bluesmen of all of us long-haired Hippies. His popularity increased during the early 1970s, as a very welcome antidote to the disco malaise then sweeping the country. He played more dates per year than any other performer, except B.B. King, averaging 300 live shows annually during his final decade.

Freddie King's success also proved that you didn't have to be from Mississippi to be a *True-Blues Superstar.* One of his best-loved albums is his 1972 *Texas Cannonball* LP. Its cover shows him erupting from the sacred soil of Texas, scattering bluebells as armadillos, spooked from their burrows, go airborne (Figure 21). He also was never happier than when playing at the *Armadillo World Headquarters* in Austin, Texas.

Freddie King was a heavy drinker and smoker all his short life. The stress of touring led to stomach ulcers, which he "self-medicated" with booze and cigarettes: both helped kill him at age 42 in 1976, long before his time. On September 3, 1993, Texas Governor Ann Richards proclaimed it *Freddie King Day*, an honor previously accorded to other heroic musical native sons of the Lone Star State: Bob Wills for Western Swing, and Buddy Holly for Rock 'n Roll.

All *Three Kings,* B.B., Albert, and Freddie, were talented songwriters and singers. Each used his voice as an independent instrument, never singing over his guitar work, nor playing notes or chords that drowned out their vocals. Each had his songs and guitar licks copied by White Rock 'n Rollers both in America and in Europe year after year. In 1967 Freddie King became the first of the *Three Kings* to cross the Atlantic to bring enlightenment to a Blues-starved Europe. His live performances thrilled Euro-rockers and put many of them in touch with the roots of their music for the very first time. Two years later, in 1969, B.B. King also toured Europe, then returned two years later in 1971 to cut a studio album (*B.B. King in London*). In 1969 Albert King followed Freddie and B.B. to England. All *Three Kings* separately played to U.K. audiences eager for the *real thing* after so many years of listening to home-grown imitators (Beatles, Rolling Stones, Animals, John Mayall, etc.) of Black American Blues, Rhythm & Blues, and Rock 'n Roll.

Conclusion

To my everlasting regret, I never went to a *Three Kings* concert in San Francisco. I don't remember hearing about one way back when Johnson, then Nixon, was in the White House. If a *Three Kings* concert had actually been scheduled, and I was in-country at the

time, I would have moved heaven and earth to be present at such a once-in-a-lifetime Blues extravaganza. So could my brother's *Three Kings* concert have been one of the same ones I went to, but with, after the passage of a half-century, his memory playing tricks on him? Was he confusing only *two* Kings with *three?* Pressing my brother for a date, location, and venue for his putative *Three Kings Concert* still results only in head-scratching, not information that could solve this mystery.

Brother Dave did, however, recently contact two of his age-mates who also swore on a stack of bibles that they too, attended the same *Three Kings Concert.* All three old buddies remember it as taking place at Winterland, in San Francisco. If so, then it couldn't have been a Bill Graham show, but might have been booked by a lesser-known impresario, or even exported whole-hog from the old, ancestral, Oakland chitlin' circuit. And, like the deer and the antelope, after much *rumination,* I have whittled down the possible chronological "window" for any such concert. I spent the entire summer of 1973 in Mexico, and those of 1974 and 1975 in Guatemala, first studying, then doing, archaeology. So had the *Three Kings Concert* taken place at Winterland at any time during those three summers, I would have been more than a thousand miles south of the border, and blissfully ignorant of it.

For all of us graying baby-boomers still *Lost in the 'Sixties,* the "senior moments" come more frequently, and last longer, all the time. Despite the fervent and continued protestations of my younger brother, until he shows me a poster, handbill, or canceled ticket for his *Three Kings* concert, with its date and location specified, I must conclude that the jury is still "out" as to whether or not it ever took place.

Was it reality, or Blues mythology? And if it actually happened in San Francisco, with all *Three Kings of the Blues* up on the same stage the same night, why didn't it trigger a repeat of the epic 1906 earthquake that very nearly destroyed the City by the Bay? A Blues-powered earthquake during the Summer of 1973, '74, or '75 might even have been greater than the 1906 one, completely off the Richter scale, strong enough to break San Francisco away from the rest of California once and for all. And once separated, why didn't San Francisco continue westwards, until coming to rest as its own island halfway to Hawaii, to be known for ever after as the *Home of the Blues?*

Acknowledgements

I am eternally grateful for the wonderful contribution to American music and culture so generously given by B.B., Albert, and Freddie King, all three of whom, at different times, live and in person, shared brief glimpses of their genius with me two lifetimes ago in the *Home of the Blues,* aka San Francisco. Many thanks to my little brother Dave, whose mention of a *Three Kings Concert* long ago and far away triggered the present screed. Thanks also to Matthew Boxt, Ed Riegler, and my son John Dillon for wrestling once again with *Deathless Dillon Prose* in draft form, and helping me convert it into something like declarative English.

Notes

1. ***The Blues Begets Jazz:*** Dillon 2019: 64-72.
2. ***The Blues Begets Rock n Roll:*** Dillon 2017a: 12, 39-40; 2019: 62-65.
3. ***Hippie San Francisco:*** Dillon 2017a, 2017b.
4. ***B.B. King Plays in the San Francisco Bay Area:*** B.B. first performed in the Bay Area at the Civic Auditorium in Oakland in 1954, exactly sixty years before his final appearance in 2014 at the Warfield Theater in San Francisco. His first appearance before a big crowd of appreciative Hippies was at Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditorium on February 26, 1967. B.B. came back at the end of the year to play three more nights there and at Winterland on December 7-9, 1967. He played at the Fillmore again the following year, on June 6, 1968. B.B. played at Bill Graham's new San Francisco venue the Fillmore West at the end of the year, on December 13, 1968, and again on July 8-10, 1969. Early the following year, on January 15-18, 1970, he returned to Bill Graham's Fillmore West. He played there again on

February 4-7, 1971. B.B. played across the Bay in Oakland, at the Showcase on January 17, 1972, and that same week in Berkeley at Ruthie's Inn, for two nights on January 19-20, 1972. B.B. ended the year at Winterland in San Francisco, on December 16, 1972. He was back in Berkeley early the next year, at the Community Theater, on February 23, 1973. B.B. King played at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco on January 20-22, 1976, and returned later that same year to play there again on May 27, 1976.

5. ***Albert King Plays in the San Francisco Bay Area:*** Albert first played at the Fillmore Auditorium on April 25-27, 1968, then returned two months later to play there again on June 25-27, 1968. After the old Fillmore closed down, Bill Graham opened his new venue, the Fillmore West, and Albert King played there in San Francisco on September 19-20, 1968. He played there again on January 22-25, 1970, only one week after B.B. King had been up on that same stage. Albert King played across the Bay at the Keystone in Berkeley, on August 6-7, 1976. He returned to San Francisco early the following year, to play at the Old Waldorf on February 4-5, 1977, and then that same month back at the Keystone in Berkeley, and also down in Palo Alto. But by this time Freddie King was unfortunately dead, obviating any possibility of a "Three Kings" billing at any venue.
6. ***Freddie King Plays in the San Francisco Bay Area:*** Freddie played at the Fillmore West in San Francisco on July 9-14, 1968, and again there on September 3, 1970. In the East Bay he played at Mandrake's in Berkeley on January 6-7, 1971, and at the Berkeley Community Theater on June 24, 1971. He played at the Resurrection Cabaret in San Francisco on June 2-3, 1972, and was back in Berkeley at the Keystone on April 17-18, 1973, and again the following year, on May 24-26, 1974. Freddy King's final performances in the Bay Area were at the Great American Music Hall, San Francisco, on March 3-5, 1976.
7. ***Blues Disciples:*** Years before I began, at age 12, to hitch-hike over the Golden Gate Bridge every weekend to worship at San Francisco music shrines like the Fillmore Auditorium and the Avalon Ballroom, I was already a Blues disciple and purist. I felt that the "Folk Music" the Kingston Trio and Peter, Paul and Mary played for rich, buttoned-down, lily-White college kids in the early 1960s was insipid and pretentious. This was because I was already devoted to the real deal, *the Blues.* At age 9 I imitated my hero, Leadbelly's, 12-string playing on my own 6-string, and at age 10, in 1963, I was one of fewer than 50 listeners in the audience when Mississippi John Hurt played on the U.C. Berkeley campus, outside, on the grass, behind Kroeber Hall, next to the Music Building.
8. ***Two out of Three Kings Play on the Same Stage:*** Two of the *Three Kings,* B.B. and Albert, played at Bill Graham's Fillmore West on May 21-24, 1970. The following year, a different *Two Kings* combination, Albert and Freddie, also played at the Fillmore West in San Francisco for four consecutive nights, June 3-6, 1971. And next year, on February 4-5, 1972, yet another configuration of two of the three Kings, this time B.B. and Freddie, played at Winterland in San Francisco. Two years later still, B.B. and Freddie reprised that concert at the same venue on May 11, 1974.

References Cited

Dillon, Brian Dervin

2017a 1967, The Year of the Hippie, Part 1. *California Territorial Quarterly,* No. 110, Spring: 6-41.

2017b 1967, The Year of the Hippie, Part 2. *California Territorial Quarterly,* No. 111, Summer: 6-34.

2019 *California Musical Traditions, 1542-1923.* In Brand Book 23: 21-83, Westerners International, Los Angeles Corral, California.

Monthly Roundup . . .

August 14, 2021

Brian D. Dillon

Californian history wouldn't be complete without consideration of its Chinese element. Former L.A. Corral of Westerners Sheriff Brian D. Dillon brought the Tsung Tsin Association of Honolulu, Hawaii an online presentation on Chinese-American history with a focus on Chinese immigration to Hawaii. The first part in a two-part presentation, Dillon's exposition examined the differences between Californian Chinese history and Hawaiian Chinese history and distinguished between the Hakka and Punti (Cantonese) peoples through their different languages, skills, and settlement patterns. Hawaii and California received Chinese immigrants differently, with Dillon demonstrating Hawaii as more of a "sanctuary" from the persecution and poverty of South China than the hostile "purgatory" of California. In this first part of the series, Dillon also discussed the Hakka's culture, history in South China, and contributions to Hawaii. It is important to separate different concepts like race, ethnicity, culture, and national identity because naive historians often combine them due to unfamiliarity or for the sake of brevity. Instead, Dillon chose to honor the complexity in his genealogical tree and talk about it without cutting corners.

Dillon gave advice on how to conduct Chinese-American genealogical research, and he used his own in-laws and biographical research as examples. He included a list of sources useful to researchers or curious family members, and what "pitfalls" to look out for, such as forged documents and false names. Dillon especially supports such methods of research as collecting government documents and personal letters, deciphering headstones, and recording oral history. Although he warned that oral history interviewing can be challenging, it is also one of the most rewarding of all research methods

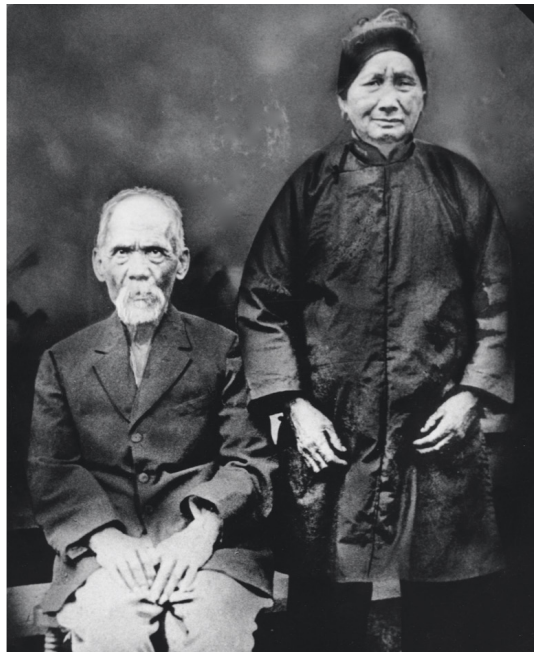


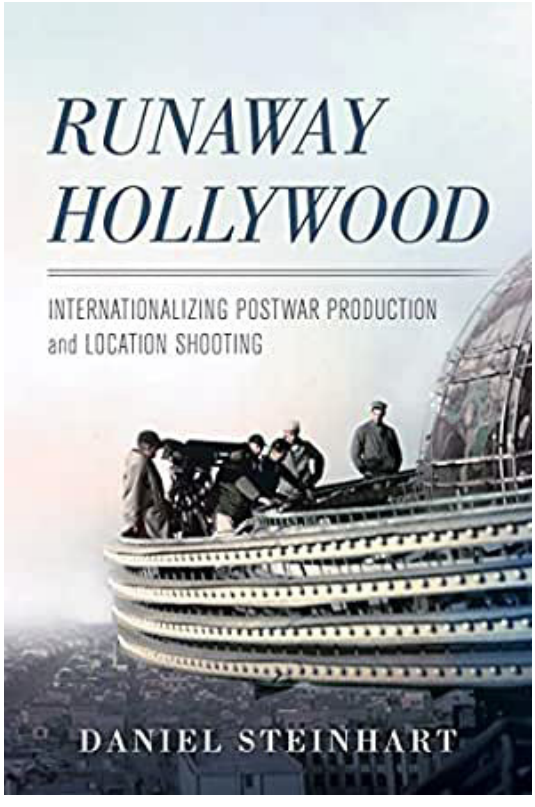
Figure 22: *The Fungs, first-generation Hakka immigrants to Hawaii and the great-great-grandparents of* Branding Iron *editor John Dillon. Dillon collection photo.*

After discussing genealogical research, Dr. Dillon described various Hakka and Punti historical figures. He included a section on ancestors from his wife's side of the family to illustrate issues like the exile of suspected *Mai Pake* (Hansen's disease) sufferers to Kalaupapa, and the poverty his great-grandparents-in-law (Figure 22) experienced in Hawaii. While these privations may sound dire to us today, the Hakka found a better life and a place in society in Hawaii, away from the violence and starvation in 19th-century South China. The Hakka motivations for emigration and the reception received in Hawaii contrasted markedly with those of the Punti in Gold Rush California. That, however, would be the topic of the second part of Dillon's online presentation on the Chinese-American experience.

— Arkaz Vardanyan

Down the Western Book Trail . . .

RUNAWAY HOLLYWOOD: Internationalizing Postwar Production and Location Shooting, by Daniel Steinhart, Oakland: University of California Press, 2019. 282 pp. Appendix, Notes, Index. Paperback, $29.95.



Writing in the historical field requires the author to decide how to portray the past. Academics tend to explain their research methods in great detail. As a major part of American cultural history, Hollywood productions deserve the same amount of exposition. Daniel Steinhart uncovers the interaction between postwar Hollywood and foreign film industries in his book *Runaway Hollywood*. He discusses how the movie industry adapted to political and economic shifts to produce films for international appeal while maintaining its distinct character; this meant filming in other countries. Juggling social conflict and labor issues, weighing naturalism versus efficiency, and dealing with limited finances and equipment all contributed to making art through adversity. *Runaway Hollywood* tackles a phenomenon of transculturalism through globalization of the American studio, expanding it beyond Southern California into the international market.

Steinhart extensively investigates the production history of Hollywood through case studies of various films. He also clarifies the intricate differences between American and European film production, and charts the evolution of cinematography techniques. *Runaway Hollywood*'s powerfully-written prologue evokes Steinhart's nostalgia as a well-traveled researcher. His lengthy introduction shows just how much preparation and care went into presenting the history, and there is no doubt that he is an expert on the topic. Unfortunately, Steinhart's prologue builds up a level of excitement for the rest of the book which he does not deliver. Several technical problems arise in the delivery of his analysis.

Although Steinhart's writing is full of enlightening detail, the text stretches out for so long as to become tedious. The author lacks efficiency of language, evidenced by his tendency to apply multiple layers of emphasis to a single word or concept, droning on in a repetitive manner. This results in too much "fluff" padding out each chapter. After the poignant prologue, the monotony starts immediately in the introduction and continues throughout the analysis of runaway Hollywood production history. Curbing some of the author's writing quirks could have shortened the book to make for a stronger read. Shakespearean proverbs are old hat, but brevity being "the soul of wit" plays into why *Runaway Hollywood* can be difficult to read; not because of *confusing* language—the text is comprehensible enough—but because of *tiresome* language.

Readers wanting to get an in-depth view of postwar Hollywood history would find this book's mission statement promising. Otherwise, it can be a slog to get through.

As a piece of American Western history, it branches out far from our part of the world in an intriguing way, but the extent to which the author repeats himself across three parts may not be worth the read for some. *Runaway Hollywood*, again, promises a lot to its readers, but a common issue in well-researched texts by academics like Steinhart tends to be writing style. Even if a book contains the most valuable information, these gems are lost under layers of the writer's excitement to bury them in words. Longer books can have their merits, but when a book feels three times as long as its actual page count, something went wrong in the copy editing phase.

— Arkaz Vardanyan

ICE AND OIL: The Life and Legacy of Dan Murphy, California's Unlikely Titan, by Joseph Francis Ryan, Angel City Press, 2020. 310 pages, bibliography, illustrations, notes, index. $26.95, via Amazon.com.

California historians, and more than a few dedicated readers of history and biography, know that non-fiction is eminently more entertaining than fiction. A well-written life-story of someone hitherto unfamiliar can also be just as satisfying as it may be edifying, for we can always identify with a real person much more easily than a fictional character. Joseph Francis Ryan's brand-new biography of Dan Murphy is just such a book. Compared to the Huntingtons and Dohenys of recent Southern California history, Murphy is almost unknown, yet his story is no less compelling than those of other, more familiar titans of commerce and development.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1858, Irish Catholic Daniel Murphy, one of eight children, came to Los Angeles, California when he was twenty years old. He arrived just as Southern California was being transformed from its Spanish-speaking, cattle-growing, lightly-populated roots, into an English-speaking agricultural and commercial Mecca, where railroads and petroleum were the coming thing. Dan Murphy had a varied and adventurous life, from working as the brakeman on an Arizona train line, to successfully prospecting and mining in the Southwestern desert, to even pointing out the precise location of where Boulder Dam should be built, fifty years before construction was completed at the very spot he selected.

Himself part of the world-wide post-famine Irish diaspora, Murphy had great sympathy for the American Indians of the Southwest and Desert California. He developed close personal contacts with the Mojave Indians on the California side of the Colorado River as the very young (only 25 years old) founder of the town of Needles. When he built his Murphy Water, Ice and Power Company there, in one of the hottest, driest parts of the country, he made certain that Mojave Indians were preferentially hired.

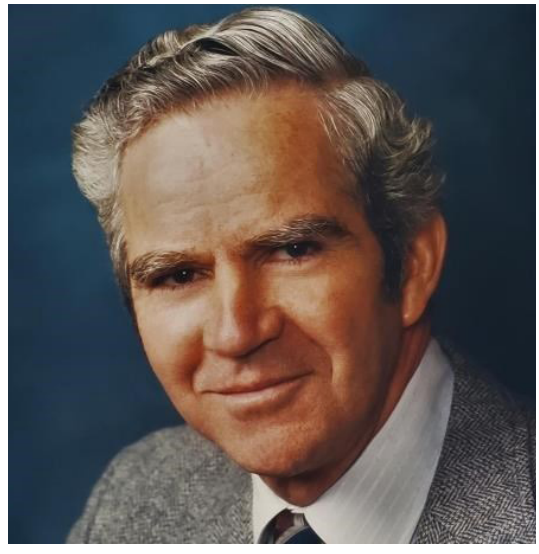
Murphy's business interests grew throughout the late 19th and early 20th centuries. He became an oil tycoon, developing the Brea Canyon field, which made him a millionaire many times over. He also built a cement plant just in time for Los Angeles to experience a building boom, creating an almost inexhaustible demand for this essential building material. No mere robber baron, unlike so many of his peers, Murphy was a philanthropist who gave bucketloads of cash to worthy causes, including local and international religious establishments, to historic preservation efforts and artistic development in Southern California.

Author Joseph Francis Ryan spent more than a decade researching his protagonist Dan Murphy and has written a very readable, entertaining, and educational biography of him. Through Ryan's work, and no less through the high quality production values we have come to expect from Angel City Press, a new name must now be added to the Olympian roster of Southern California heroes. Before the publication of *Ice and Oil,* Dan Murphy was little known, even in Southern California, where his contributions were so substantial. Joseph Francis Ryan has brought him out of the shadows, to take his rightful place amongst the first rank of local historical figures. Highly recommended.

— Brian Dervin Dillon

In Memoriam, Dr. Richard G. Doyle
September 8, 1925-July 8, 2021

Richard George Doyle (Dick to his many friends) was born in Waldorf, Minnesota. Immediately after graduating from high school in 1943, he joined the U.S. Navy. Enrolled in the V-12 pilot training program, he attended Millsaps College and the University of Oklahoma, earning his commission in 1945 and serving as a Lieutenant in California. Dick then earned a B.A. in Psychology from the College of St. Thomas in Minnesota. Recalled to active duty during the Korean War, he later obtained an M.A. degree in Psychology from Loyola University of Chicago. Dick Doyle completed his medical training at Loyola in 1958 and did his residency at the Cook County Hospital. He married Theo Nina Morner, who would be his wife for 64 happy years.



The Doyles moved to California in 1963. Dick joined the Facey Medical Group in San Fernando, California, where he practiced internal medicine for 32 years, and became closely associated with Holy Cross Hospital of Mission Hills. Dr. Doyle was a faithful parishioner at Mission San Fernando, Rey de España, for more than fifty years. He also served on the board of the Mission's Archival Center, where he encouraged its founder and director, his good friend Msgr. Francis J. Weber, in his scholarly efforts. Dick was an active member and past President of the San Fernando Valley Historical Society, and a member and loyal supporter of the Los Angeles Corral, Westerners International. Nobody bought more books at our book auctions than Dick Doyle, and his cheerful attitude and big smile at our monthly roundups were constant and uplifting. Dr. Doyle's life-long friend and fellow Westerner Msgr. Weber wrote:

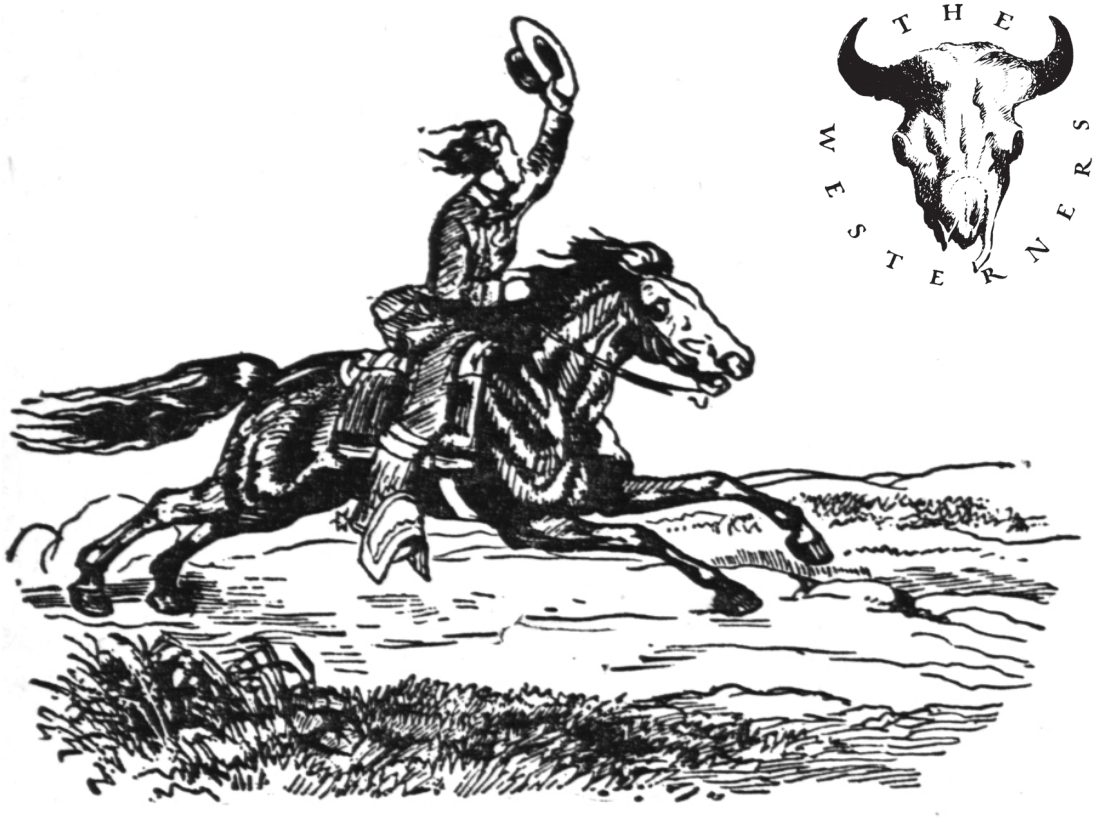
> Richard Doyle moved among his family and patients as a gracious, courageous, and forceful friend... in 1963…after looking around for a physician...Dr. Frederich Facey, founder of the nearby Clinic bearing his name… suggested Doyle whom he described as "the best we have to offer."…I can personally testify that the lights in Doyle's office at Facey were the first to go on in the morning, and the last to be extinguished at night...In all my sixty-plus years of priesthood only two persons have impressed me for practicing what is known as "heroic sanctity"…worthy of papal recognition. Richard was one of those individuals...a truly exceptional and honest man of great spiritual accomplishments…whose companionship, friendliness and loyalty pervaded the atmosphere of his presence.

Because of his skill as a *medico* and his deep devotion as a Catholic, Dr. Doyle was honored as the local on-call physician for the Pope during John Paul II's visit to Mission San Fernando in 1987. His dual dedication to the body and to the spirit earned him the Vatican's Benemerenti Medal in 2010 for exceptional service to the Church. Dick is survived by his wife Theo and their four children, and by seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Dr. Dick Doyle was a proud member of the Los Angeles Corral, and all of his many Westerners friends and admirers will miss him greatly.

— Brian Dervin Dillon

THE COUNT-DOWN HAS BEGUN FOR THE

Los Angeles Corral 75th Anniversary and Westerners International 3rd Annual Gather!



Friday, October 8 & Saturday, October 9, 2021

Join all of your Westerner friends at San Fernando Mission, Hot Rod Night at Bob's Big Boy, the Autry Museum, and the Hacienda Turner to celebrate the END OF THE PANDEMIC! **Sign up NOW** for two days of educational entertainment, music, dancing, dining, drinking, the biggest Western book auction in the U.S. of A., eskimo wrestling, shovel racing, best cowboy hat and boots competition, ugliest pickup truck competition, prestidigitation, and the W.I. Annual Awards Ceremony!

$95.00 per person for both days, if you send your check in **NOW.** Friday catered lunch, Saturday catered dinner, and FREE BAR BOTH DAYS included.

$100.00 per person at the door, if not pre-registered. (Fifty have signed up already!)

Send your check, made out to ***Westerners, Los Angeles Corral,*** and your name(s) to:

75th Anniversary Wranglers, 16007 Lemarsh Street, North Hills, CA 91343