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Figure 1: *Far from the nearest towns, Western loggers competed against each other by log-rolling in millponds next to sawmills. Public domain internet photo.*

Western Sports, Organized and *Dis*organized

Edited by John D. Dillon

1890s historian Frederick Jackson Turner characterized Americans as a restless people, always chasing an ever-shifting Western frontier—first the Appalachians, then the Mississippi, and finally the Pacific. This wanderlust, he argued, came from Americans' individuality, daring, and pioneer spirit. Perhaps a less romantic, alternative explanation for Turner's "Frontier Thesis" is *boredom*.

Americans have shown amazing ingenuity in finding new ways to waste time... er, *relax* through spirited competition. Some Western sports that emerged were organized team activities like baseball, and became "national pastimes." Other sports were individual—and indeed *disorganized*—but the likes of cowtipping had no less American a cultural pedigree. For all things sports, read on in this special themed issue of *The Branding Iron!*

(*Continued on Page 3*)

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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.

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Editor's Corner . . .

Batter up for this special Spring 2022 edition of *The Branding Iron!* This themed issue is all about sports, whether played by teams or individuals. Featured here are history articles and personal reminiscences by Frank Brito, Paul Clark, Brian Dillon, Abraham Hoffman, Jim Olds, and the Turner clan, covering everything from baseball, to broad-jumping, to cardboard sliding, and more!

Westerners meetings were put on hiatus at the beginning of the year due to the COVID Omicron-variant surge, but Spring saw the resumption of our Roundups. If you happened to miss any of these meetings, you can experience them vicariously through the summaries written by student fellow Alan Griffin.

If new reading material is what you are after (sports-related or otherwise), then check out the book reviews by Abe Hoffman and Geraldine Knatz.

Many thanks to our contributors, who help to make *The Branding Iron* possible. As editor, I can't do it without you! If you would like to submit something for publishing consideration, please feel free to get in touch.

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Figure 2: *"Sioux Playing Ball." 1843 oil painting by Charles Deas. Public domain internet image.*

American Indian Sports

Abraham Hoffman

The Indian people of North America enjoyed a wide variety of recreational activities that we might call sporting events. Tribes totally unrelated in language and culture played essentially the same games. These fell into two categories: athletic and chance. Games of chance included what we would today call dice, and guessing games. Athletic games involved the use of ball, arrows, sticks, or woven hoops. Whatever the game's purpose, they always required skill and dexterity.

As with their neighbors to the south, some North American tribal games were based on a religious ceremony of some kind, such as to cure sickness, enhance fertility of plants and animals, or to produce rain. Gaming implements—balls, dice, sticks—were offered on religious altars and used as a motif in decorating headdresses, masks, and other ceremonial paraphernalia. The ball, whether made of clay, wood, deer hide stuffed with hair, or stone, was sometimes considered "sacred." Its roundness might symbolize the earth, sun, or moon. As such, players never touched it with their hands.

Indian children played many games, usually imitative of adult sports, but also some familiar to children today, such as spinning tops and tag. The child's version of an adult game lacked the ceremonial importance of the adult version (an interesting point when one notes how critics today lament regimentation of children's games in various "little league' activities). Children of the Plains tribes played a game of trying

to steal meat off drying racks and carrying it away to have a feast. Adults considered this good practice for learning how to steal horses from an enemy camp; but it is not known what happened to a child who was caught in the meat-heisting act.

As with Mesoamerican peoples, North American Indians were heavy betters, placing wagers on both athletic and chance games. The Hurons used a large wooden bowl, into which a player put five or six fruit stones or pits, or flattened balls colored black on one side and white or yellow on the other. These were rolled out like dice, and on the turn of the stones the Indians placed their bets, wagering everything from their moccasins to their lives. The best-known Indian game, lacrosse, was played from Canada to Florida, with minor regional variations, the most important being that Northern tribes played with one stick and Southern tribes with two. For woodland Indian peoples, lacrosse was by far the game of choice. They called it *baqqataway.*

The obviously French name of lacrosse, according to the most commonly accepted version, originated with Jesuit Father Pierre Francois Xavier de Charlevoix, who came to Quebec in 1705 and saw Algonquin Indians playing the game. Father Pierre saw the hooked stick used by the players, and it reminded him of a Bishop's crosier, a pastoral staff somewhat similar to the game stick. So, he called it "la crosse," and eventually the two words merged into one.

Ironically, the Christian cross represents faith, peace, and good will, but the Indians played lacrosse as a substitute, rehearsal, and training for war. In its purest form, as many as five hundred players on a side played a game with minimal rules. Anyone who wanted to get into the game could do so, although chiefs tried to keep the sides roughly equal. Whole villages often played each other.

Lacrosse could and did become a bloody encounter. Men played almost naked, or with feathers headdresses and "war" paint. Women helped build team spirit by running up and down the sidelines and whipping the men with switches, a practice that would not be tolerated by cheerleaders today.

Tripping and fouling were quite common, as were serious injuries and fatalities. Anything was permitted to score a goal—pushing, pulling, butting, and biting. Players often used their sticks to clobber opponents, trying to knock out as many players on the other team as possible.

The idea of lacrosse was deceptively simple: get possession of the ball made of deerskin stuffed with hair, and move it to the other team's goal by running with it, or throwing it, using the sticks. The game demanded skill, speed, and endurance. One goal equaled one point, and scores might run up to 100 before the game ended.

Boundaries were as vague as the number of players on a team. Broad posts or two poles set at varying distances served as the goal. Indian medicine men sometimes served as living goals, and on occasion would wander around the field. As a result of such ambiguity, goal lines could be shifted considerably throughout a game. Games lasted several hours, from mid-morning to late afternoon, with no break. Betting was very heavy; and tribes might even wager rights to their hunting grounds.

The Indians could have taught modern college quite a bit about pep rallies. Before a big game, they held ceremonial dances, with fasting, anointing, and praying. Young girls gave men tokens of affection before a game. During the contest itself, a few medicine men acted as umpires amid the mayhem, refereeing by praying and asking the gods to give them impartiality. Their task was made all the more difficult by overeager spectators who would get involved if the game spilled over into the sidelines as it often did.

Lacrosse was probably the only sport in the world that was a ruse for an Indian attack which took place shortly after the end of the French and Indian War. As a result of the Treaty of Paris of 1763, Canada became a British possession. The Ottawa tribe under Chief Pontiac hated the British and were very unhappy over being treated badly and cheated by fur traders. They resented the arrival of settlers taking over their lands and cutting down trees.

Pontiac got the idea of using a lacrosse

game to declare war on the British. He conspired with Ojibway leaders to stage a lacrosse game on June 4, 1763, in celebration of the birthday of King George III. The tribes gathered just outside Fort Michilimackinac for the big game. At the start of the game the gates of the fort had been closed, but the soldiers and traders inside wanted a better view of the game, so the gates were opened. Out they went, standing in groups and watching the teams chase the ball. These ringside spots would prove fatal to the bystanders.

The English may have received a warning of Pontiac's plot, but if so, they ignored it. Major George Etherington, commander of the fort, thought the warnings were baseless. They also ignored Indian women wrapped in thick blankets on a warm June day, probably around 75 degrees.

After about an hour of play, the Indians dropped their lacrosse sticks, ran to the women who opened their blankets and started issuing tomahawks and other weapons. The Ottawa men then gained entry to the fort and killed everyone they could find. Around 25 soldiers were killed, and a dozen soldiers and traders were taken captive, some to be killed later. Survivors included Major Etherington and Alexander Henry, a fur trader; their accounts of the attack provide the information about what had happened. History records the event as an Indian massacre (if white men had won such a victory, it would have been recorded as a battle, the perspective given by the eventual winners).

Despite Pontiac's use of *baqqataway* in winning such a decisive victory, white settlers liked the game of lacrosse, and Indians often gave exhibitions of the game. To make this feasible, the size of the field had to be limited, and some rules were introduced to cut down on the violence. Europeans soon wanted to play the game themselves, especially in Canada, where in 1867 it was adopted as the national game.

Eventually the white man "civilized" the game to the point where even Indians came to follow the white man's rules. A touring group of French Canadians and Iroquois played a game before Queen Victoria who observed,

> I watched a game of la crosse played by a team of 14 Canadians and 13 Iroquois Indians. The Indians who had most curious names, came up, headed by their chief, a very tall man, and read a long address in the Iroquois language…. They were very strangely painted and some were very dark. They wore coloured feathers on their heads….I gave both Canadians and Indians, each, one of my autographs….The game was very pretty to watch.

This exhibition game was played on June 26, 1876—coincidentally, one day after Lt. Col. George A. Custer played on a losing team at the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Lacrosse had its ultimate acceptance when the game was decreed suitable for schoolgirls. An English headmistress liked it for its values of "obedience, courage, and unselfishness for the sake of the side—a player who attempts to keep the ball instead of passing it, being absolutely useless….The game of lacrosse well played is a beautiful sight, the actions of the players being so full of grace and dignity."

Some Indian tribes still continue the game, though hardly like the good old days. Choctaws, playing the southern version with two sticks, hold championship matches in Mississippi, while Oklahoma tribes still keep up the tradition at annual meetings.

Other Indian games varied with the region. Plains tribes played horse games after domesticating the animals, the simplest one being to sneak into another tribe's camp, steal a horse or horses, and ride it away for the glory, or to revenge a similar attack by the other tribe. The motive for stealing horses was not economic, since horses were not needed by tribes that already had plenty. The game's action was in the risk.

Counting coup developed as a horse game variation, the idea of touching an enemy without necessarily killing him, an action that brought glory and esteem. Touching was usually done with coup sticks, but the greatest honor went to someone who touched an enemy with bare hands.

A wide variety of arrow games was

played in different areas. In the usual version, a player threw an arrow into the air by hand, while others tried to throw their arrows so it would land across the first one. In another arrow game, competitors shot their arrows for distance and accuracy, or to see how many arrows an archer could shoot into the air at one time.

Other games included hoop and pole games in which a rolling hoop along the ground served as a target for arrows and spears. It's interesting to note that in the Southwest, tribes played a form resembling today's football as players kicked a small wooden or stone ball around a long course.

Indian games were a direct and natural outgrowth of Indian culture itself. In their purest forms, the games had no white influence. When modifications did occur, as with lacrosse, it then was no longer an Indian game, but something else—a white man's version. Historically, Indians borrowed few games from whites, although they did adopt playing cards. Both whites and indigenous people did share an interest in foot races, as did societies around the world.

Behind some Indian games was the ceremony, a ritual purpose of which the game was a part. As part of the ceremony of life, players developed skills that made it possible to hunt and fish successfully. Hunting and fishing were not *sports* for Indians, and games to train and prepare a young man to be a hunter or warrior were an essential part of everyday Indian life.

Beyond the games of dexterity, Indians enjoyed a wide variety of chance and guessing games. They liked to bet and bet heavily on all kinds of contests. This characteristic made Native Americans unfortunately vulnerable to immigrating Europeans who could see this interest as a weakness to be exploited.

This article is a revised version of an article that appeared in the *National Tombstone Epitaph*, May 1987 issue.

Mumbly-Peg

Brian Dervin Dillon

I grew up in a Northern California house full of edged weapons. Swords from Civil War ancestors and German bayonets from World War I and II captured by my father and grandfather hung on our walls. Nazi presentation SS and SA "short swords" with acid-etched inscriptions on their blades, taken away from their rightful owners by my combat veteran father in 1945, lurked upstairs in an olive drab footlocker. When we chopped wood in our back yard we used bolos captured from Igorot warriors in the Philippines by my grandfather in 1898-99 instead of the single-bladed axes and hatchets used by our neighbors.

And then, of course, there were also *knives.* As kids we all had knife collections, and usually never left home without at least one folding knife in a front pocket or a small (3 to 6 inch blade) sheath knife on our belts. At school, sheath knives were forbidden as "too provocative" but nobody ever did a "pat down" to see if we were carrying pocket knives. At least half the boys and even some girls in my late 1950s grammar school carried folding pocket knives to school every day, and everybody played what we called *mumbly-peg.*

We played mumbly-peg in vacant lots or on our front lawns after school, but also sometimes at school during our lunch break when there were no teachers nor playground supervisors around to interrupt our competitions. The modern-day dictionary definition of *mumbly-peg* (sometimes also called *mumblety-peg, mumbledy-peg, mumble the peg,* etc.) bears little semblance to the Northern California game I played 60-plus years ago. In its most basic form, mumbly-peg simply involves knife-throwing at horizontal (on the ground) or vertical (on a wall or a post) targets.

Its earliest form *way out west* was played in 18th-century California by Spanish-speaking

Figure 3: *The perfect knife for mumbly-peg. My Uncle Gene Dillon's 1942 Marble sheath knife with six-inch bowie-style blade. Uncle Gene carried this knife during his WWII U.S. Navy service then gave it to his younger brother, my father, shortly afterwards. Gene Dillon cross-hatched the knife's bone handle for a more positive grip, and reinforced the sheath with multiple copper rivets and a second, upper, element as a guard against loss over the side while in small boats. Aftermarket copper rivets, added to stock sheaths on shipboard, are also characteristic of the fighting knives privately purchased by U.S. Marines during the early part of WWII before the USMC-issued Ka-bar knife became standard later in the war. At right is the reverse of the sheath, showing my Uncle's name cut into the leather at bottom. My Dad passed this knife to me around sixty years ago. I carried it in the early 1960s and threw it at moving targets while playing mumbly-peg. Dillon photos.*

soldiers, colonists, and *vaqueros* who came north from Mexico. They brought the practice with them after more than two centuries of incubation in the Central Mexican highlands, long after it had been introduced by Spanish soldiers in 1519. The Anglo-American version of the game, dating back to the 16th century in the British Isles, was played all over Northern California as early as the Gold Rush and then by miners and loggers in the gold and logging camps throughout the American West. Bored American soldiers also played mumbly-peg while off-duty during the Mexican and Spanish-American Wars, WWI, WWII, Korea, and Vietnam. So did Boy Scouts from the time the scouting movement began in America in 1910, until the sport was almost universally banned in the late 1970s as "too dangerous."

Indeed, the most dangerous variant of the game is now illegal in most jurisdictions and is not advisable even for very accurate knife-throwers. This was where two contestants faced off against each other, their legs widely spread, and threw knives as close to their own or their opponent's shoes as they could without hitting flesh and bone. After each successful throw, you moved your feet

closer together, limiting the distance bit by bit, making unintentional wounding ever more likely. The first contestant to "give up" lost the competition, unless, of course, one or the other had already thrown his knife into his own or the other guy's foot.

I stayed away from idiots who played this very stupid version of the game. Instead, apples and oranges, pulled from brown-bag lunches carefully packed by Mom, were the favored targets for knife-throwing competitions on my grammar school playground, at least until aluminum cans made their appearance in 1958. The earliest of these were put out by the Coors beer company. This brand was preferred by the adult Dillons so we mumbly-peg *aficionados* had a "target-rich environment" at home. If you rolled the can away from you, it was comparatively easy to hit within the first six to eight feet of travel, provide it did not "hop." More challenging was having your younger brother roll your aluminum can target from side-to-side around six feet in front of you. Soda pop makers lagged behind the beer industry, and it wasn't until 1965 that Coke, Pepsi, and other soft drinks came in aluminum cans.

Playing mumbly-peg with any knife quickly dulled its blade, even after only a few throws. So, you either lived with a dull knife, or carried a small hone stone with you and constantly re-sharpened your blade. Despite what some have written *pocket knives* are best for *whittling*, while *sheath-knives* are best for *throwing*.[1] Folding pocket knives are ill-suited for mumbly-peg unless they have locking blades, and even then you invariably weaken that lock by throwing the knife into the ground.[2] And, unless you have a very thin, lightweight handle, the typical pocket-knife, with a handle greatly outweighing its blade, will "tumble" when thrown. It won't travel point-forward, as will any sheath knife whose blade outweighs its handle.

I have carried a knife every day for the past sixty-plus years.[3] By the time I was ten years old I had built five tree houses in different locations in the woods surrounding my small home town using scrap lumber scavenged from the burn piles at local construction sites. Leaving home on any summer day to "make the rounds" of my tree houses without a knife or two was as unthinkable as heading out the door with no pants on. I played mumbly-peg twenty feet above the forest duff layer in my tree-houses, throwing my blade into their wooden floors. I also practiced knife-throwing horizontally at the neighboring tree-trunks supporting my aeries, and vertically from my tree-houses down to targets far below me on the forest floor.

Many years later, in the mid-1970s, I also learned to throw machetes. As a Maya archaeologist in Central America I carried a machete every day. Some were mass-produced, others hand-made. These latter were hacksawed out of old truck leaf-springs, then beaten and filed down into the correct shape. My most constant and useful companion was a two-dollar, 27-inch Collins (5-inch handle plus 22-inch blade) perfect for my own "reach" since its tip would just touch the ground when held in my right hand. Every Maya Indian in backwoods Guatemala can throw a machete: they have practiced doing so since childhood. My Maya workmen and friends on my archaeological projects taught me to do so as well. At close distances, we threw at rolling can or fruit targets, but also end-over-end at longer distances of up to about 25 feet.

My favorite Uncle Jack Dillon (1915-2001), as a kid in the 1920s made dozens of knives in the basement of our old family home in Sausalito, California. He used old files as blanks, grinding them down with a hand-cranked grinding wheel, then honing their blades to razor sharpness on a series of progressively finer-grit hone stones. He made their handles from stacked latigo leather roundels, glued one atop another and trimmed to fit his own hand. All of them were perfectly-balanced for mumbly-peg, and some were passed to me decades after being so lovingly made. I practiced throwing these heirlooms at moving targets hour after hour way back when Eisenhower, then Kennedy, was in the White House. I still have one of these knives that my Uncle Jack made and then carried much later in WWII. The final version of its pommel was clear plastic,

from the shattered nose window of a U.S. Army Air Force bomber, added in 1945.

At age 11 while camping with the Boy Scouts in Marin County, California, I was "called onto the carpet" by my Scoutmaster. A fellow Scout had "ratted me out" for blowing off small homemade bombs I had made from powder decanted from live .308 M14 rounds I had scavenged. This ammunition had been abandoned as a "weight saving" option by G.I.s who had earlier used the same area we were camped on for war games. I tried to talk my way out of trouble by claiming that the little M-80-sized explosives in my shirt pocket were only "smoke bombs." My very wise and tolerant Scoutmaster, who grew up in rural Hawaii and was no stranger to homemade fireworks, was having none of it. "Toss one onto the fire" he told me, pointing at the campfire in front of us, so I did. Predictably, it went off with a very loud bang, and showered the surrounding tents with glowing embers. After I had doused the dozens of resulting small fires, my Scoutmaster said: "Pretty good *smoke bombs*…now hand 'em over."

On a later campout, in Eldorado County, California, now bereft of explosives, I was playing mumbly-peg, entertaining visiting Scouts from an urban troop, populated by city kids. I was throwing my knife (Figure 3) and splitting rolling apples in two, until told to stop by their Scoutmaster. Within his own troop knives were, apparently, considered unusual and dangerous, familiar perhaps only from the *West Side Story* movie of a couple of years earlier. I sheathed my knife and was marched off to stand tall on the carpet *once again* before my own, long-suffering, Scoutmaster. As the muttering and grumbling urban-dweller departed, my soft-spoken, Native Hawaiian Scoutmaster asked me to demonstrate safe knife-throwing to his own satisfaction, which I did. He said, "Hey, you are pretty good…just don't do it in front of city kids any more, since they are likely to hurt themselves if they imitate you." Then he borrowed my knife, and proved himself an absolute expert at mumbly-peg. After returning it, he explained that he had learned all the tricks of the game, barefoot, back in Hawaii before I was born. My hero!

By the mid-1960s, mumbly-peg was beginning to be banned at Boy Scout camps. By the end of the decade, most California grammar schools and just about all high schools had banned *all* weapons, including knives of any kind. Mumbly-peg has now gone the way of the dodo in the U.S. of A., especially California. It is not only *dead*, but *forgotten* as well. The internet-addicted younger generation that so seldom ever goes outdoors (except to get better cell-phone reception) has never *heard* of it, much less ever *tried* it. But as a patriotic 5th-generation California boy, Maya archaeologist, and *Chapín nacido en Gringolándia* I am happy to note that the honorable old sport of mumbly-peg I played so long ago in the San Francisco Bay Area, throwing knives at moving targets, is still alive and well in Central America.

Notes

1. ***Mumbly-Peg:*** for a 130-year old description of one variant of the game, see: Beard, D.C., 1896 *The American Boy's Book of Sport: Outdoor Games for all Seasons.* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
2. ***The Coolest Pocketknife in Town:*** My own pocketknife was the envy of my peers. It was a single-edged bowie with folding finger-guards and locking 5-inch blade. Its handle was the lower part of a deer's leg, its pommel the entire deer's hoof. My babysitter gave it to me in the early 1960s: her late husband had been a silent screen actor who made personal appearances at movie theaters where his films were being shown. He was showered with gifts by his fans, and in the mid-1920s the Chief of Police of Raton, New Mexico, had given him the knife. It was no longer needed as evidence in the murder trial that had resulted in a guilty verdict for its original owner.
3. ***Two-Knife California Hippies in London:*** On my *first* extended stay in London, as a twelve-year-old during the summer of 1966, I was beefed by locals for blowing off firecrackers on the 4th of July. Five years later, on the very first day of my *second* extended stay, now as a seventeen-year-old San Francisco Bay Area Hippie with hair halfway down my back,

I was rousted by two plainclothes officers once again in Richmond, the westernmost borough of London. My six-foot, three-inch-tall, 15-year-old younger brother and I were stood against a brick wall and "patted down" in front of a mob of local Hippies who had gathered to watch the show. Officer Dudley wanted to know if "all Yanks found it necessary to carry not *one,* but *two* knives?" I told him that I didn't know about *Yanks*, which all of us San Francisco Hippies considered to be lesser humanoids from the Atlantic Seaboard. They were geographically and culturally much closer to effete Limeys than we of the sacred soil of my own native Far West. But for anybody like me, born in Oakland, California, two knives (one in each front pocket) was pretty much the minimum necessary for daily survival. After a caution, both knives were returned to me. I could not have asked for a better introduction to the local Hippie scene: my younger brother and I were welcomed as celebrities, emissaries from the almost mythical far-off land of California.

Frontier Sports

Abraham Hoffman

Living on the American frontier meant that everything the pioneers experienced would be larger than life. The distances were greater, the forests thicker, the plains flatter, the rivers longer. The first settlers along the Appalachians, penetrating deep into the interior of America, were more isolated than the first pioneers on the east coast. They lacked roads and could communicate with the settled areas only with difficulty.

Such isolation often led to freedom from restraining influences and tolerance of public conduct we would find unacceptable today. The pioneers represented a cross-section of society, from the virtuous to the scoundrel, but a society, of necessity, that was tougher and more adaptable to the challenges of a frontier environment.

The isolation of the frontier, and the many tasks that had to be done, kept organized sports and recreation to a minimum. Little opportunity existed for social gatherings. At the same time, there usually weren't any judges of morality, and no rules against a puritanical "mispense of time."

This led to a full sense of enjoyment when people did get together. The whiskey was raw, the sports and games rough and sometimes brutal. There was no time for Sunday meditation, and some rough-and-ready pioneers boasted that the Sabbath would never cross the Mississippi River.

Early recreation was simply another form of work, as in the case of hunting. The wealth of game in frontier America was so great there was no thought that it ever could be exhausted. Following on the first colonial pioneers, the generations of settlers that followed knew how to use their guns, and used them often.

Take squirrel hunts, for example. Before the end of the 18th century, organized hunts for squirrels numbered in thousands of the critters killed. In May 1796 the Kentucky *Gazette* reported a party of hunters had killed 7,941 squirrels in one day.

Frontiersmen also organized periodic hunts against the hated wolves, sometimes called ring hunts. A crowd of men and boys would form a vast encircling line, covering up to forty square miles. The circle would gradually close, driving all game into the center. When the ring was small enough, someone blew a horn, and the slaughter began. Guns were used until the circle's shrinking diameter made them too dangerous. The hunters then used clubs, pitchforks, or any available weapon. At one such hunt the participants bagged sixty bears, a hundred turkeys, and uncounted numbers of wolves and smaller animals.

Frontiersmen also enjoyed demonstrating their skills at marksmanship contests. This was one of the most popular forms of recreation on the frontier. The contests had live animal targets (more settled communities

Figure 4: *Barn-raising took "organized sports" to its limts by coordinating teams of dozens to hundreds of builders in a race against the clock. Public domain internet photo.*

used paper targets) with prizes of whiskey or a steer. Contestants paid an entrance fee, typically 25 cents, agreed on rules, and selected an impartial group of judges. Spectators placed bets on their favorite marksman. Hollywood recreated one of these contests when Gary Cooper, portraying Alvin York, shot a turkey in the 1941 film *Sergeant York.*

Davy Crockett used to say he would "never bet anything beyond a quart of whiskey upon a rifle shot—which I consider a legal bet, and a gentlemanly and rational amusement." Less rational marksmanship occurred when the whiskey flowed too freely and the competition became dangerous—such as shooting a tin cup off a man's head.

Mike Fink, the legendary Ohio River keelboatman, was a champion at this sport. Unfortunately, on one occasion he tried it when liquor had clouded his marksmanship ability, and he aimed, sad to say, too low. Friends of the victim vowed revenge, and one version of Fink's death is laid to the tragic outcome of the contest.

As marksmanship competitions were perennially popular, so was horse racing. Every frontier community had horse races of all kinds—races for various distances between local champion steeds. Races ranged from spontaneous bets to formal events. There was much betting, drinking, and often times, fighting among the spectators.

Since physical strength was a requirement for survival on the frontier, it was natural that people showed off what they could do. So, there were matches in which people threw tomahawks for accuracy and distance, flinging of rails, foot races, jumping contests, and wrestling. In his youth Abraham Lincoln acquired local fame as a wrestler. Quoits, a colonial game in which rings were tossed, was superseded on the frontier by the pitching of horseshoes.

One contest involving strength and accuracy was throwing the long bullet—slinging an iron ball weighing several pounds from a leather strap to roll through a marked goal—sort of a cross between modern shotput and jai-alai. Andrew Jackson, in his youth, was said to be a champion at this.

Figure 5: *Frontier wrestling could get very rough. Any part of the body was a valid target, and there were few or no restrictions against eye-gouging or biting, as shown. Public domain internet image.*

Probably the most controversial of the frontier sports was wrestling, frontier style. This form of recreation, distinguished by its lack of rules, allowed any kind of holds, plus kicking, kneeing, biting, punching, and, nastiest of all, gouging. Often the contestants would use psychological warfare before a match. Mark Twain reproduced the battle cry of one "alligator-horse" prior to some rough-and-tumble fighting:

> I'm the old original iron-jawed, brass-mounted, copper-bellied corpse-maker from the wilds of Arkansas! Look at me! I'm the man they call Sudden Death and General Desolation! Sired by a hurricane, dam'd by an earthquake, half-brother to the cholera, nearly related to the smallpox on the mother's side! Look at me!
>
> I take 19 alligators and a bar'l of whisky for breakfast when I'm in robust health, and a bushel of rattlesnakes and a dead body when I'm ailing. I split the everlasting rocks with my glance, and I squelch the thunder when I speak! Stand back and give me room according to my strength! Blood's my natural drink, and the wails of the dying is music to my ear!
>
> Cast your eye on me, gentlemen, and lay low and hold your breath, for I'm about to turn myself loose!

The worst kind of wrestling involved gouging, in which one fighter would try to tear out an opponent's eye. Many frontiersmen let their thumbnails grow long for this purpose. This kind of fighting came from England and reached a high point (if that's what it can be called) in the Ohio Valley in

the early 1800s. Travelers on the frontier reported seeing men minus an eye, ear, and tip of nose. Before fighting, the contestants might agree to a limit of losing one eye, or asking for surrender before gouging out the other eye.

Thomas Ashe, writing in 1806, presented a famous eyewitness account between a Virginian and a Kentuckian. He said:

> Very few rounds had taken place before the Virginian contracted his whole form, drew up his arms to his face, with his hands closed in a concave, by the fingers being bent to the full extension of the flexors, and summoning up all his energy for one act of desperation, pitched himself into the bosom of his opponent….The shock received by the Kentuckian and the want of breath brought him instantly to the ground. The Virginian never lost his hold; fixing his claws in his hair and his thumbs in his eyes, he gave them an instantaneous start from their sockets. The sufferer roared aloud, but uttered no complaint.
>
> The Kentuckian not being able to disentangle his adversary from his face, adopted a new mode of warfare. He extended his arms around the Virginian and hugged him into closer contact with his body. The latter, disliking this, made one further effort, and fastening the underlip of his mutilator tore it over the chin. The Kentuckian at length gave out, on which the people carried off the victor, and he preferring triumph to a doctor…suffered himself to be carried round the grounds as the first rough and tumbler.

This story may be a bit imaginative on Ashe's part; but as territories became states, they outlawed gouging matches.

Frontiersmen were not only cruel to one another, they could be very cruel to animals. Tavern sports dated back to colonial times and included animal baiting, in which a bull or bear would be tethered to a ring fastened to the ground or a wall. Some six to eight dogs would be loosed on the animal, and the battle ended when the dogs were all killed or the animal torn apart. This "sport" lasted in some areas until the 1830s.

In another tavern game known as "clubbing the cat," a lightly coopered barrel would be hung from a strong rope between two posts, and a live cat placed inside. Contestants paid a fee and took turns throwing a club at the barrel in what seems like a perverse version of the Mexican *piñata*. The barrel finally collapsed, releasing an almost crazed cat. Whoever struck the winning blow won a prize, gamblers collected their winnings, and the person who caught the cat got a bottle of wine.

As previously noted, Abe Lincoln was noted for his strength and agility in wrestling, as well as weightlifting. He could pick up a full whiskey barrel and drink out of the bunghole. Around New Salem, Illinois, Lincoln made himself available to all comers. However, the wildest sports fan who became a U.S. President was Andrew Jackson, who was into card playing, cockfighting, horse racing, and dueling—this last activity not exactly a sport, though it may have provided betting opportunities for spectators. Jackson also gave trainers advice on the care and feeding of game cocks.

On a more wholesome level, work on the frontier could sometimes be made festive events. Husking bees, barn raisings, log-rollings, and roundups offered opportunities for men and women to dance Virginia reels and jigs, to feast, and, for the men, to compare the qualities of their local liquors.

At religious camp meetings, preachers came to warn against the sins of dancing, card playing, horse racing, gambling, and drinking. Hundreds came to the meetings, many on trips taking several days. Conversion to the faith was not necessary to have a good time before returning home—possibly doing some dancing, card playing, horse racing, and gambling.

Separate societies shared similar interests in frontier amusements. Even as Anglo settlers moved across the Mississippi River, Latinos in the Southwest enjoyed cockfights and horse races, with some interesting variations. With horse racing and cockfighting

so popular, what better way for *caballeros* to demonstrate their skill and daring than by combining the two activities? So, the *correr de gallo* was born; take some chickens, grease their necks well, and partially bury them alongside a road. Then riders on fast horses would dash by at full speed and try to pull the chickens out. Contrary to modern belief, it was considered bad form to get the head only and leave the rest behind.

Another perverse amusement combined roping and bear-baiting. This activity took place in California towns from the 1830s to the 1850s. Horsemen would lasso a bear—itself a sport—bring it to the town plaza, and tie one foot to a bull. The bull and bear would then fight it out until one was killed, while spectators placed bets. The odds, incidentally, were about even. In defense of the cruel practice, rancho owners claimed grizzly bears preyed on their cattle.

In old age Juan Bautista Alvarado, a former governor of Mexican California, provided a vivid recollection of a bull and bear fight he witnessed as a child. Into the Monterey Plaza rode four horsemen:

> ...Upon fiery steeds decked out in embroidered protective coverings and tasseled spreads that hung down behind as far as their hocks. These horsemen came bringing in two enormous black bears, while four other riders were doing the same with two furious bulls.

Spectators laid bets on their preferred animal while Indian musicians played violins, flutes, and drums. "The bears and bulls, unaccustomed to that sort of noise, roared in a terrifying and noisy manner," recalled Alvarado, "and with the noise made by the people added to the roar of the animals… the scene was one of astonishing confusion." Then came the first fight. Alvarado said:

> The battle between the first bull and the first bear must have lasted from an hour to an hour and a half without anyone being able to tell which would be victorious. Finally, the animals became so weary that, owing to their many wounds and to the blood they had lost, they could not longer continue the fight, and were taken out of the plaza.

The day's amusement continued as men on horseback and on foot taunted bulls, stabbing them with rapiers and eventually killing them, but not before two men were injured. Alvarado noted that the day's festivities were capped by a dance at the home of the presidio's commander. Such cruelty to animals would never be tolerated today. The standards of the early 19th century were far different from more enlightened times.

Californians also enjoyed bull fights, where the bull was usually allowed to live. It was more a game than a fight. The bullfighter would pull the bull's tail, and several men would get into the ring at the same time, and as a climax everyone tried to knock the bull down. Afterward, the bull was taken from the ring and returned to its pasture. This sport ended in 1860 when a by-then Yankee-dominated California outlawed it.

In the absence of organized sports that would not be introduced until after the Civil War (except for horse raising and cockfighting, the latter of which, while illegal, still continues to this day), pioneers and settlers and frontiersmen did have to find their own amusements, however violent and cruel they appear to our own time. As regions became settled, violent sports became atypical. People found their recreation in social activities, and so camp meetings and husking bees became more common than the occasional rough-and-tumble fighting contests. When people began renouncing violent activities such as gouging and animal baiting, the frontier phase of settlement was pretty much over. Community morality then would not tolerate such barbarian "sports."

This article is a revised version of one that appeared in the *National Tombstone Epitaph*, June 1987 issue. See also, Abraham Hoffman, "Horses, Roosters, Bears, and Bulls: Work and Sport in Pastoral California," in Kenneth Pauley, ed., *Rancho Days in Southern California: An Anthology with New Perspectives*, Los Angeles Corral, *Brand Book Twenty*, 1997: 107-119.

Figure 6 (left): *UCLA student Pat Turner long-jumps over the camera.* ***Figure 7 (right):*** *Pat Turner passes a baton to Tom Bradley, future mayor of Los Angeles at a UCLA relay race. Turner collection photos.*

The Unlikely Olympian

Gary Turner, Daryl Turner, and Tami Turner-Revel

Seldom has there been an athletic story that is so unbelievable and so unrealistic as the one that is revealed when reviewing the athletic accomplishments of Pat E. Turner. The story shows what determination and a basic hard-work ethic can accomplish in overcoming debilitating injuries. It begins on July 17, 1918, when Junior Edmarine Turner was born in Phoenix, Arizona. Pat, as he was known, and would later change his name to, was the eldest of three surviving children. Life was difficult in those days and the family moved further west to California.

At the age of six Pat was playing a couple of miles away from home in the Baldwin Hills when his feet were severely burned in the peat beds common to the area. Peat beds dotted the Baldwin Hills and many fires were started by the decaying, smoldering plant sediments. Pat was swallowed up to his knees in one such conflagration. He was carried back to his house, then taken to the hospital. His legs were severely burned and his toes were "melted" together in such a way that when he walked as an adult, only his big toe touched the ground. The bones in his feet were terribly distorted. The knee-high scars lasted his lifetime and finding comfortable shoes was almost impossible as his toes were so disfigured that a couple of his toenails grew backwards on his feet.

The doctors determined that young Pat would never walk again. This was just the beginning of a series of doctor's prophecies and prognostications that he proved wrong. Young Pat had the grit and wherewithal of character to force himself, after six months in bed, to take a first step. That first step lead to another and then another, and after a couple of long years of his own individual therapy, he was able to walk again. The courts found Anita Baldwin, owner of the peat beds, negligent and awarded Leda, Pat's mother, $1000; the money just covered the doctor bills.

Programs for disabled children were almost nonexistent in the 1920s and the Los

Angeles City School District had no provision for disabled children. Pat, and his extended family were on their own for rehabilitation, but it was Pat who was determined to prove the doctors' wrong in their prediction that he would never walk again.

Pat did learn to walk again and astonished the doctors with the precision of his steps and the balance he maintained while walking. From those first difficult steps he taught himself to run and then to jump. Without any doctor-directed physical therapy (his mother could not afford specialized care) Pat taught himself more and more about what his body could do and he soon could run faster and jump higher than any kid in the neighborhood. It should be noted that Pat's legs and feet looked so terrible that when he tried to enlist in the service for WWII in the early 1940s, a doctor took one look at his feet and declared him 4-F, the U.S. Selective Service classification designating a person physically unfit for military duty. The doctor would not listen to Pat's protestations.

His athletic career "officially" began when he entered the 7th grade at Mt. Vernon Junior High School. The physical education teachers could not help but see this new "gifted" athlete when he broad-jumped (now the long jump) 17 feet in tennis shoes on blacktop. For the next six years he improved his distance by one foot per year. He broke all the jumping records at Mt. Vernon and then moved on to Los Angeles High School where he also broke all the jumping records.

At Los Angeles High School Pat earned varsity letters in football and track (Figure 8). His prowess raised the attention of college track coaches. His track and field excellence earned him recognition throughout the country. He was twice the Western League Broad Jump champion (1935 and 1936) and in his senior year he beat out future Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley by ½ inch to help the Los Angeles High School Romans earn the City Title. His Western League long jump record of 23'4'' was not broken until 1966—30 years later.

It was a high school teacher that encouraged Pat to go to college. He had never thought about advanced education and had his mind set upon getting a job and moving on with life after high school graduation. With a little encouragement, though, Pat began to take the "college courses" needed to enter college after high school graduation. He succeeded, and was the first member of his immediate family to go to college. That he became a teacher and coach was really no surprise as he had positive influences from the staff at Los Angeles High School.

Upon entering UCLA, all male athletes were required to take a physical fitness test. He immediately established two school records in the standing broad jump (9'11'') and the bar snap (10'4'') over a foot longer than the previous record. On the 1937 freshman track team, he, along with Moss, Simpson, and Tom Bradley (his old arch rival from Polytechnic School, but now close friend), established the Four-Man Mile Relay record of 3.23.3. This record lasted almost 20 years and was not broken until 1955.

During his four year athletic career at UCLA, Pat competed in the 100 yard dash (9.9), the 220 (22.5), the 440 (48.9), the 880 (1.59.3), and the long jump. He would have competed in the high jump (over 6 feet) but with his gymnastic approach to the bar, he always took off on two feet which was not permitted. As USC was the powerhouse in track and field, Pat was proud that in four years he never lost to a USC long jumper.

1940 was Pat's best year. He won the National Amateur Athletic Union meet in the broad jump and placed 4th in the Hop, Step, and Jump (triple jump). In a special Pacific Coast vs. Big Ten Track Meet held in Evanston, Illinois, Pat jumped 25' 6⅜", a new meet and UCLA record which lasted over 12 years. That mark was also the best jump in the world for the year 1940. Sadly, the 1940 and the 1944 Olympic Games were not held due to WWII.

Pat Turner remained involved with the UCLA Track and Cross Country programs for the years 1939-1951, following his graduation. He was Assistant Track Coach and Trainer during the 1940's, and as Cross Country Coach, guided the 1951 team to a perfect 10-0 season and won the AAU Cross country finals.

Figure 8: *Pat Turner at Los Angeles High School, in 1935 or 1936. Pat was the father of Gary and Daryl Turner, and grandfather of Tami Turner-Revel. Turner collection photo.*

Some years later in the 1960s a sophisticated computer analysis of the 1939 and 1940 Track and Field performances analyzed the top Track and Field Athletes from every country in the world. Information on track meets, marks, times, consistency of performance, and other statistical data that could be fed into the computer were analyzed. Arthur J. Daley, the longtime lead Sports Writer of the *New York Times*, selected Pat Turner as the Gold Medal Winner in the Broad Jump had the 1940 Olympic Games been held.

Pat Turner, the "Unlikely Olympian," who was never supposed to walk again, received a "Gold Medal," for the 1940 Olympic Games that were never held. The medal still resides in the Turner family, along with many others won by the boy who did much more than just "walk again." Pat Turner passed away in 1987. Two years later he was posthumously inducted into the UCLA Athletic Hall of Fame. He is now considered one of the greatest track athletes to ever attend UCLA.

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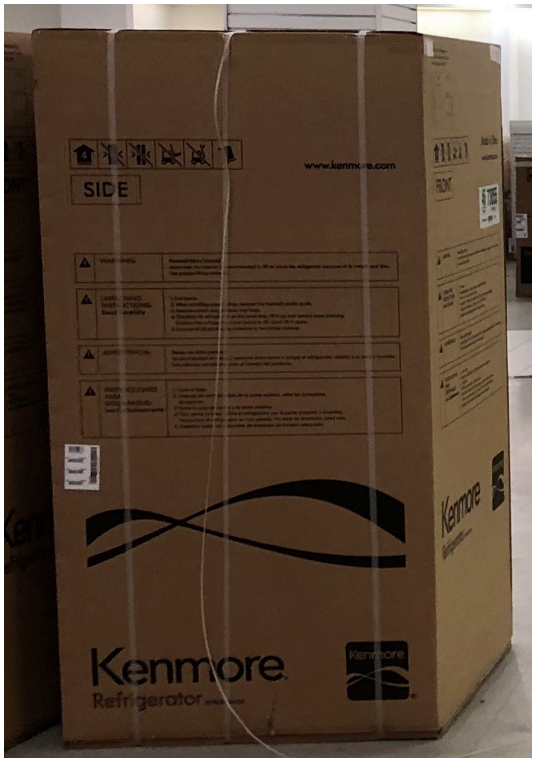


You only need two things for cardboard sliding: a grassy hill, and cardboard. ***Figure 9 (Left):*** *My middle brother and I (aged 5 and 3) head up the hill behind our Marin County, California, house in 1958. That summer the grass was taller than we were. R. Dillon photo.* ***Figure 10 (Right):*** *Refrigerator crates were the most favored source of the biggest sheets of cardboard you could ever find. Internet image in the public domain.*

Cardboard Sliding

Brian Dervin Dillon

In the late 1950s and early 1960s "sports" for too many American city kids meant lying on the living room floor in front of the TV set and watching the baseball game. But "sports" for us kids out in the boondocks and even in some suburban areas meant outdoor activities, some competitive, others not. Way out West in Northern California, one of the most distinctive and traditional postwar sports, predating skateboarding and snowboarding, was cardboard sliding.

In the 1950s every kid in the San Francisco Bay Area with access to a grass-covered hill went cardboard sliding after the summer heat had turned the tall grass brown (Figure 9) and before the winter rains came. Cardboard siding has been practiced in Marin County by my own family for at least 100 years, beginning in the early 1920s, when mass-produced laminated cardboard boxes began to replace junk-wood boxes as shipping containers.

The birth of what we recognize today as cardboard is controversial, and is often confused with something entirely different: card stock, or stiff, thick, paper, which dates as far back as the 1850s. But 1950s California cardboard sliding made use of laminated cardboard, with two stiff and comparatively thin outer sheets and a much thicker compressible inner or corrugated sheet. Not only was laminated cardboard very tough and durable, it came with its own built-in shock absorber. Laminated or "corrugated" cardboard first began to be commonly used as an alternative to thin, "junk wood" boxes as disposable

containers during World War I. It caught on so fast that by the early 1920s the hundreds of small "box mills," those sawmills specializing in making such "use once, then discard" wooden boxes, began dwindling away throughout the forested West.

Way back when Eisenhower was in the White House we kids were quite selective in harvesting the very best cardboard for sliding. Primo cardboard was obtained from the only store in our small (population 12,000) town that sold refrigerators, washing-machines, and other large household appliances. When there wasn't a big stack of folded six-by-three-foot cardboard refrigerator containers below the store's loading dock out back, awaiting the weekly trash pickup, there might be refrigerators still on their wooden palettes, encased in unblemished cardboard (Figure 10) atop that same loading dock.

The least inhibited of us kids offered to "help unpack" these if we would then be rewarded with the precious cardboard they were protected by. So, rather than just ripping these big cardboard boxes to shreds, as did the paid employees of the appliance store, we would carefully cut only one vertical seam (the one closest to the pot-metal staples) with our pocketknives so that an entire giant sheet of cardboard was peeled away. Then we cut it into four identical giant rectangles, and triumphantly carried our prizes through town, all the way back home, like African porters on Safari. These perfect sheets, each one much larger than we were, would be stashed in our open-sided "carport" for use on our favorite hill the next time a bunch of us raced each other downslope.

Although cardboard sliding Way out West was probably an *in situ* development, a precedent from California's nearest western neighbor, going back hundreds of years, nevertheless exists. Royal Slides in pre- and protohistoric Hawaii, where the common people built elevated ramps of carefully selected lava boulders, then surfaced them with very broad tropical leaves so that kings and queens and their royal offspring could slide down them into sacred pools of fresh water below, were remarked upon by American missionaries as early as the 1820s. By the 1860s and '70s they had become familiar to newspaper and magazine readers throughout the American West after writers like Mark Twain reported on interesting Native Hawaiian customs.

Back in California, cardboard-sliding began in the summer and lasted as long as the grass was "slidable," not too beaten down to mineral soil by repeated "runs," often into the early fall. The late "sliding season" coincided with the resumption of school in early September. Many of us kids showed up for class with big bandaids on skinned knees and elbows and sometimes even casts on arms or feet, trophies of high-speed collisions with rocky outcrops partially concealed by tall grass on "virgin" runs. We always went cardboard sliding in long-sleeved shirts, Levis and shoes, otherwise painful "grass burns" were the inevitable result. Sliding into barbed-wire fences was to be avoided, although everybody eventually suffered such accidents. For all young cardboard sliders your tetanus shots had to be "up" or current. Otherwise, you might get lockjaw (blood poisoning) from getting "spiked" by rusty barbed-wire. This gave rise to the hopeful question with the disappointing answer: "Mom, if I get lockjaw, do I still have to go to school?"

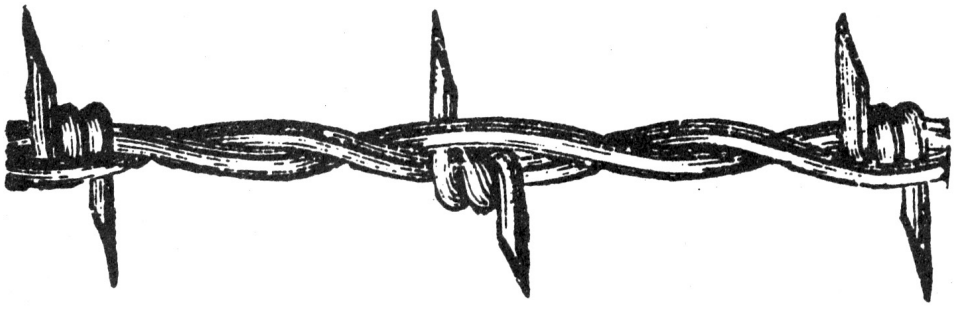


Figure 11: *Paul Clark (left) atop summit of* El Picacho del Diablo, *Baja California, Mexico, 1972. Clark photo.*

Mountaineering on *Picacho del Diablo* Fifty Years Ago

Paul F. Clark

A number of names identify the mountain. Most conjure hazard or the supernatural. Among them include *Cerro de la Encantada* (Hill of the Enchanted); however, I much prefer the name *El Picacho del Diablo* (Devil's Peak – "El Picacho" for short). Located in the Sierra de San Pedro Martír approximately 115 miles south of the U.S. border at an elevation of 10,157 feet (3,096 m), the mountain is the tallest in Baja California.

Not to be contrary to my friends who love football and baseball, when it comes to sports, I like to recall a saying, attributed to Ernest Hemingway, avowing only three *true sports* exist, bullfighting, motor vehicle racing, and mountaineering—the rest being "mere games." I have long practiced hiking and mountain climbing on a number of peaks and trails in my life experience. During a particularly active period of my youth, as a twenty-year old in 1972, I bagged a number of summits in California. *El Picacho* presented a new opportunity. This peak had long been a mountaineering magnet for desert hikers. My personal experience occurred in November that year when I joined a group of about 30 persons from the Sierra Club's Desert Peaks Section for their annual Thanksgiving weekend outing.

The planned schedule required leaving Southern California on Wednesday night and getting to the trailhead on the east side of the mountain on Thursday. From there the group would begin hiking with backpacking

gear up a boulder-strewn canyon with a creek running though-it. The top was expected to be reached on Saturday, and Sunday would be a quick decent to the parked cars. While our group kept this schedule, the mountain tested us right away.

Just getting to the trailhead on Thursday was difficult as the roads were unimproved and not marked. The group became separated at times and consumed several hours finding the way. Finally, that afternoon we left the cars and started hiking with our packs up the *Cañon del Diablo*. We swiftly encountered the first major obstacle, called *El Paso del Péndulo* (The Way of the Pendulum). This was a granite-sided pool of water with smooth, steep sides. To get around the pool (without swimming), someone had driven a bolt into the rock years earlier. A rope was attached and we passed the backpacks separately across and then swung ourselves over. We then proceeded onward up the canyon, boulder hopping and stream jumping. Night came soon and we made small impromptu campsites for dinner and sleeping.

Friday morning found us again boulder and stream hopping upward. For camping and dinner that night we reached a well-established, but primitive, campground called *Campo Noche* below the peak's summit, perhaps at 9,000-foot elevation. Here we found good level ground and areas for campfires and personal tents. At this altitude we discovered pine forest replacing the desert vegetation and patches of snow remaining from a recent storm.

On Saturday, our group pushed for the mountain top. Again, boulder and light rock climbing was required, with a particularly interesting section of the route called "Wall Street." This was a smooth, "V"-shaped granite chute which while not "technical" did require use of our hands and precise footsteps. More experienced members of the party located themselves to give hand support and encouragement as needed, but a good pair of hiking boots usually worked. We reached the summit on a fair and clear afternoon and enjoyed views of the Gulf of California and the Baja California mountains north and south. Someone produced a bottle of sparkling wine to celebrate. Most of us took a sip, toasting our success and the achievement of several persons reaching their own "peak-bagging" goals. We then headed back down to *Campo Noche* for the night.

Sunday, we rose early and again headed downward. This required serious rock work and could be treacherous. Going up or down, injuries scrambling among boulders can happen. One person did suffer a bad ankle sprain. Our group gave him assistance by putting him on a small log which served as a makeshift litter to carry him down the canyon. Reaching the slick sided water pool of *El Paso del Péndulo*, we again passed our backpacks along the rope, but many of us just jumped into the pool for a quick cold swim and much needed bath. It was dusk when we returned to the cars. Everyone headed out together and, fortunately, we all made it to the paved highway without mishap. Soon we reached the international border and home.

If you wish a better sense of this mountaineering experience, I recommend going to *YouTube* or a similar internet site and looking for videos listed under *El Picacho del Diablo*. You need to check that the route filmed was from the east side of the peak. Improved roadways in recent times have allowed access from the west side of the range which did not exist in 1972. Either route will demonstrate the challenges confronting mountaineers seeking this summit, and you will certainly appreciate the name Devil Peak.

Figure 12: *You cannot do cowtipping or cowflopping outside of cow country. Above, the business end of a pedigreed producer of high-quality cowflops in its natural environment, Palo Verde Canyon, near Canyon, Texas and the Westerners International Home Ranch. An unconfirmed rumor has it that this bovine is now enjoying a well-deserved retirement after many years of producing raw material for Hollywood. B. Dillon photo, 2018.*

Cowtipping and Cowflopping

Brian Dervin Dillon

When most young Americans hear the word "sports" they think of *organized* sports, the heavily-subsidized, "made for TV" events featuring overpaid, under-educated athletes out on bail awaiting their next court appearance on domestic battery charges or out on parole after their most recent drug conviction. My generation, however, especially those of us born without the "sports gene," prefer *disorganized* sports. Not the modern opiate of the semi-inebriated, chairborne American urban masses, these are instead the games invented by rugged pioneers *way out west.* Preeminent among such *disorganized* sports are *cowtipping* and *cowflopping.* Neither requires network syndication, sponsorship by beer or tennis shoe manufacturers, nor viewing by millions of 3rd- and 4th-generation TV babies glued to idiot boxes. In fact, both *cowtipping* and *cowflopping* can be played (or at least attempted) by as few as two human competitors (or even one, in a pinch, provided that at least one cow is present).

At the outset, I must state that I have never actually gone *cowtipping* myself. Nevertheless, I have been told of this sport for more than fifty years by more than a few American cowboys across my beloved West, and also by *vaqueros* from Mexico to Panama. All of my informants had self-professed reputations for veracity and strict adherence to the truth. *Cowtipping* was, according to these unimpeachable sources, a favorite nighttime game of cowboys and *vaqueros* throughout the North American West and Latin America, especially after they had been expelled from bars for excessive alcohol consumption or overly-obnoxious interaction with less inebriated customers. The mythic genesis of cowtipping, as told me many years ago by a lifelong friend and former Pro Rodeo Cowboy, went something like:

> Cowboy 1: "Well, now that we have been kicked out of the last bar in town, let's go do a little *midnight bulldogging* by

the light of the moon!"

Cowboy 2: " Are you crazy? I'm *way too drunk* to catch, much less get up on, my horse, or to lasso any yearling. . .let's go see if we can get the *mothers* of those same damn little dogies down on the ground by sheer muscle power instead!"

Cowtipping is predicated on the supposed propensity of domestic cattle to sleep standing up. Horses routinely sleep standing up, but cattle seldom do. Therefore any cowboy intent on "tipping" a quadruped who confused a cow with a horse must have been *really drunk* indeed. But cattle do occasionally snooze standing up, if only when grouped together in small, enclosed spaces or when threatened by predators (bears, mountain lions, coyotes, inebriated cowboys, etc). Standing cattle are very light sleepers in comparison to the more common bovine practice of lying down at nap time. Well-fed cattle sometimes enter a semi-trance-like state while chewing cud, and if not in fact actually sleeping, neither are they fully awake and alert.

Cowtipping *way out west* was popular from the final quarter of the 19th century up through the first half of the 20th, and still may exist in out-of-the-way parts of California. Its modern practitioners are mostly rural high school students from rival schools who invade each other's "turf" to embarrass their enemies nocturnally. All eleven members of the football team sneak up on the selected cow without disturbing it from bovine somnambulence, do their silent "One, two, three. . .push!" countdown by nodding their heads in unison, and then all push the cow over onto its side and run away as fast as possible. The quarterback is responsible for determining that the victim selected is, in fact, a female cow, not a bull.[1] Such nocturnal hijinks recall those when high school football team members burn their own school's initials into the grassy playing field of their crosstown or cross-county rivals.[2]

Since cowtipping and attempted cowtipping inevitably involves trespassing, it incurs the wrath of irate ranchers or dairy farmers and imparts a *frisson* of danger and risk into the sport. My late Uncle, a Superior Court Judge who was born on a farm *north of the line* in British Columbia, shared some judicial wisdom with me on this subject many years ago. Cowtippers or attempted cowtippers apprehended by law enforcement officers and sent before judges (some of whom, it must be said, were also cowtippers in their own youth) are often sentenced to perform "clean up" duties for the same dairy farmers or ranchers whose livestock they so rudely disturbed from slumber. The most draconian punishments I have ever heard of, possibly apochryphal, are when such miscreants are turned over to the PETA people for indefinite periods of attitude adjustment culminating in the deletion of all vestiges of their sixth sense, that of humor.

Moving on to *cowflopping*, this disorganized sport was played by me as a child in Northern California in the late 1950s and by my father and three wild Irish uncles on the same ranch lands a generation earlier, in the 1920s. *Color-coding* rules apply: the only safe time to do cowflopping is once summer has become well advanced, and the constantly increasing daily heat has converted *green* or semi-liquid "young" cowflops into aerodynamic *brown* or "adult" ones.[3] Turning over adolescent cowflops on Ma Nature's grassy frying pan hastens their maturation, baking them on both sides. No cowflop is ever perfectly circular: those whose life begins on level ground are less oval in shape than those born on sloping hillsides. The law of aerodynamics dictates that oval cowflops "boomerang" while round ones fly true.

Once enough sun-dried cowflops have been collected, you and your best buddy (or your willing or unwilling younger brother) then must pace off the standard distance of twenty feet, and let fly with your fully-organic ammunition, *frisbeeing* it at each other.[4] Whoever hits his opponent the greatest number of times "wins." Particularly gratifying are hits with "two-tone" cowflops: those with brown outers and green inners. They lose their aerodynamic shape at contact and leave an indelible signature of your accuracy on your opponent. Solitary cowfloppers can also practice their marksmanship against

stationary targets, like fenceposts, rural road signs, or parked cars left unattended by urban birdwatchers or "back to nature" navel-contemplators. Solitary cowfloppers can also engage in the bovine equivalent of the Olympic discus throw, increasing their greatest distance achieved, and trying to beat the records of past generations of cowfloppers who "raised the bar" in this traditional Western American sporting event.

Since all bona-fide Westerners are intimately familiar with cowflops, good taste dictates that no actual illustration of them, nor of the gravity-assisted process of their formation, be graphically depicted here. For Eastern TV babies addicted to *organized sports* unclear on either the appearance of cowflops or their genesis, a field trip to any Western American cow pasture is recommended, so that notes might be taken and the shortcomings of the Eastern American educational system be remedied through direct scientific observation.

Notes

1. ***Tip Cows, Not Bulls:*** Every resident of cow country *way out west* has healthy respect for bulls. Neophyte cowtippers should *never* attempt tipping bulls unless in fulfillment of a death-wish. An old friend of mine, a fellow archaeologist and teaching buddy, who attended U.C. Berkeley a generation before I did, once confronted an angry bull in a rancher's field in rural California while he and his fellow students were conducting an archaeological survey. The bull charged them, and my late friend threw a particularly well-aimed rock at its head. He hit it between the eyes, and killed it stone dead, just as its owner showed up. Restitution for the loss of the animal depleted the entire season's food budget, so the Berkeley archaeologists subsequently had to subsist on chickens and eggs purloined through nocturnal visits to local hencoops. And another old friend of mine, also long gone to his reward, was the Maya Indian who introduced Cebu (what *gringos* call "Brahma") cattle to Central America seventy years ago, and became a millionaire as a result. Based upon my own observations in his Guatemalan pastures, I would strongly discourage any attempt to tip even *female* Brahma cattle under any circumstances.
2. ***Cross-Town Rivals:*** The best example of this occurred more than fifty years ago up in Siskiyou County, California, when friends of mine from the small town of *McCloud*, on the east side of Mount Shasta, went over to their traditional rival town of *Weed,* on the opposite side of the mountain, and changed the giant "W" made of whitewashed rocks on the hillside above town into a giant "M." Outraged jocks from the Weed High School football team responded by burning a giant "W" into the football field of *Mt. Shasta* High School one night, not realizing that the prank had been committed by folks from the much smaller town of McCloud. The Weed football morons got the "M" right, but retaliated against the wrong team, from the wrong town.
3. ***Cowflops vs Range Eggs:*** What all cowboys call "range eggs" (rounded or globular and sub-angular in shape) are produced by horses, and have no gravity-defying aerodynamic signature. Cowflops, on the other hand, are perfectly designed by the hand of the Almighty to fly straight and true if thrown correctly, and are mother nature's own fully-organic frisbees.
4. ***The Frisbee:*** According to one legend, the "frisbee" was invented perhaps as early as 1948 by Yale University students who preferred playing catch with metal pie pans made by the Frisbie Pie Company to studying. But a more believable legend has the "flying metal disk" first used in a game of catch on a Southern California beach as early as 1937. The metal prototype was then copied in the new "miracle material" that was extensively experimented with during WWII, and the very first plastic "flying disk" was produced in 1948. By 1957 the Wham-O toy company was making their own plastic version of the flying organic cowflop, marketed as the "Pluto Platter." That name didn't stick, and today, virtually all plastic flying disks are generically called "Frisbees." Consequently when you throw a perfectly aerodynamic cowflop at somebody you "frisbee" it.

Figure 13: *Postcard of Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, circa 1920s. Public domain internet image.*

Wrigley Field and the Los Angeles Angels: A Personal Recollection

Frank J. Brito

Wrigley Field in Los Angeles was a baseball palace of many childhood memories. Located at 42nd Place at Avalon Boulevard, it was built in 1925 for the Los Angeles Angels, the AAA-level farm club of the Chicago Cubs. It was a most beautiful ballpark to an East L.A. youth who watched many games played there. The Angels were the hometown team in the Pacific Coast League we youngsters all rooted for.

Becoming aware of baseball in the late 1940s while attending Marengo Heights Elementary School on Cornwell Street in Boyle Heights, this awareness began to grow into an addiction. In the 3rd grade playing kickball during recess, we all chose an Angel player to emulate and I always picked Bill Schuster, or as the sportswriters called him, "Willie the Shoester," for his speed on the basepaths. After school, walking downhill to my home on Henry Street (now Alcazar St. and the L.A. County shops), we often stopped at Hazard Park to play ball on the diamonds with a scuffed baseball and continued our fantasies. My youth-sized Sam Mele autograph glove with a small pocket forced me to pay very close attention to ground balls. During the late 40s and early 50s, my Dad occasionally drove us to Wrigley Field for games. This was a special treat seeing real professional players up close. Mr. Mele's glove always accompanied me.

About 1953 and on my own, I began taking the Pacific Electric Red Car at the 6th & Main Street terminal to Wrigley Field on many summer Sundays for double headers. I was only eleven, and though big for my age, going alone to a strange neighborhood was not entirely safe. I remember teens trying to sell me "home run balls hit out of the stadium" as souvenirs for a dollar. They did not look like official PCL baseballs, so I always kept walking and received a few insults. Mom packed a lunch for me – 2 sandwiches, a pickle and an apple. Admission was 75 cents and they let me take in my brown bag. I bought a program for 10 cents from a vendor just inside the gate, stubby pencils were

even cheaper, but I always brought my own. I'd watch both games—the second game was only 7 innings—and eat my lunch during the approximately 30-minute break.

After their games, showered and dressed in street clothes, the players filed out of a big steel door in the parking area on the south side of the stadium. I saw Chuck Connors, Elvin Tappe, Les Peden, Casey Wise, Bob Talbot, George "Sparky" Anderson, Gene Mauch, Gale Wade, Dixie Upright, Jim Brosnan, Max West, Cal McLish, Bill "Poison" Moisan and many others. My favorite player was Gene Baker. He was a stellar shortstop, smooth and effortless, and I hoped he would advance to the Cubs as another Jackie Robinson. Baker was genial and accommodating to the kids asking for autographs. I got several autographs on my programs, now lost over several household moves. My last year of solo Wrigley Field visits on the Red Car was the 1955 season. Steve Bilko was the star player, but never seen off the field in his street clothes. He must have found another exit because he did not leave with the other players. Maybe he waited until the milling crowd of youth went home. In retrospect, Bilko was the "Babe Ruth" of PCL baseball.

I was also a Brooklyn Dodger fan beginning in 1952 because two locals played for that team – Duke Snider, "The Compton Flash," and Jackie Robinson from Pasadena. In Los Angeles, one could only read about them and perhaps catch a Dodger game on the radio or black & white TV during the World Series on weekends. School was in session during this event and there were no night games. A bit more on the Dodgers later.

My cousin was a Hollywood Stars fan and would not accompany me to Angel games. His Hollywood favorites were Carlos Bernier, Dale Long, Dick Stuart (later called "Dr. Strangeglove") and Bill Mazeroski. When Teddy Beard hit 4 home runs in one game for the Stars, my cousin couldn't cease celebrating, but this only made me dislike the Stars even more. The Angels vs. Stars was the big cross-town rivalry and the games sometimes featured brawls. The Stars' Bobby Bragan seemed to be in the middle of many of these fisticuffs. I went to only one game

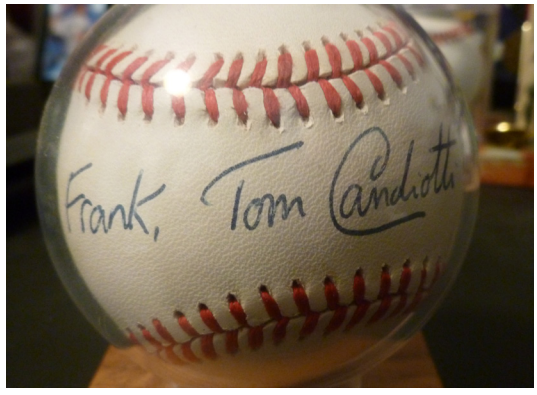
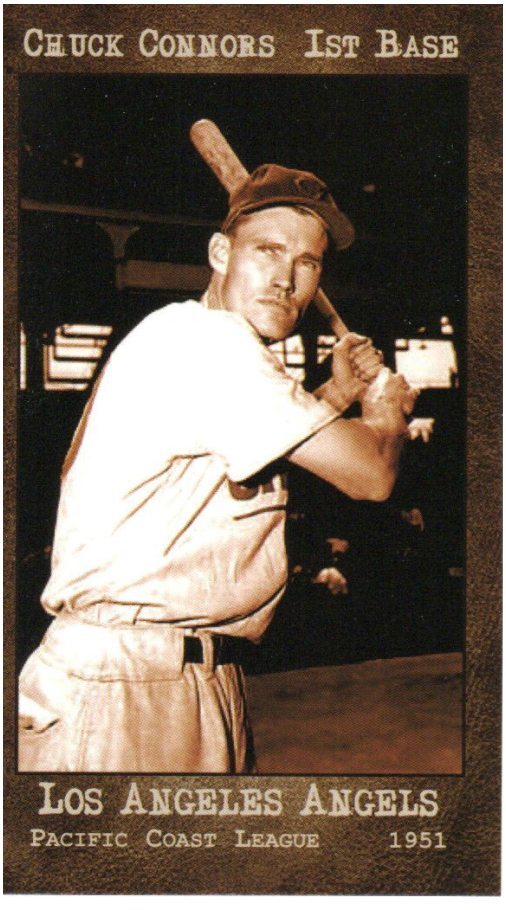


Figure 14: *Baseball autographed by Los Angeles Dodgers pitcher Tom Candiotti. Frank Brito collection.*

at Gilmore Field and was appalled by the wooden seats, dust and generally rundown appearance compared to well-maintained Wrigley Field. Dick Stuart was a good-humored Hollywood player and when he advanced to the Major Leagues, he was called "Stonefingers" or "The Ancient Mariner" because he led the league in errors. Lest sportswriters be thought of as unidimensional, a journalist with a classic education applied Coleridge's lines in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* to Stuart: "It is an ancient mariner, and he stoppeth one of three."

Besides Gene Baker, another of my favorite players was Max West of the Angels. He was a fine first baseman and could also play right field. Max was a powerful slugger and in the major leagues, he hit many home runs with the Chicago Cubs. He and Ralph Kiner owned a sporting goods store in Alhambra and I occasionally found them behind the counter in the off season. In 1954, we moved from Boyle Heights to El Sereno where it was a quick trip on Huntington Drive to Main Street Alhambra and their nice shop. My annual purchase of gym clothes and sweats was always made at "Kiner & West." Ralph Kiner was a Hall of Fame baseball star and played his best years for the Pittsburgh Pirates. He and Max West were baseball teammates at Alhambra High School and their store was a block away and across the street from their alma mater. Mom and Dad liked to shop at the Ralph's (no relation to Kiner) market down the street from Kiner & West and I



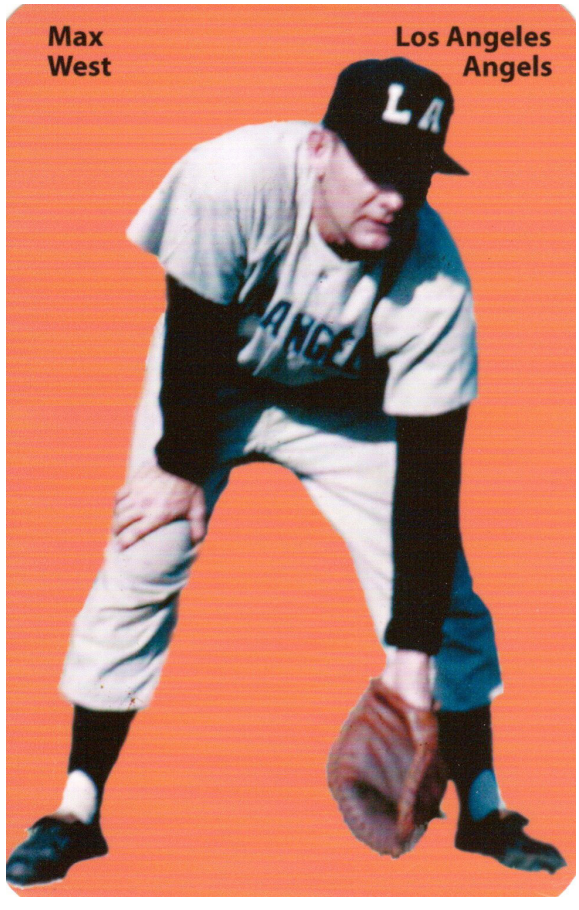


Figure 15 (left): *1951 Disabled American Veterans baseball card of Chuck Connors, Los Angeles Angels.* ***Figure 16 (right):*** *1952 Mothers Cookies baseball card of Max West, Los Angeles Angels. Both from Frank Brito collection.*

sometimes accompanied them on their grocery runs to buy my athletic apparel.

After finding a part-time job at the L.A. Public Central Library in 1956 as a high school freshman, my travels to Wrigley Field tapered off to just a handful of games. I worked Saturdays and had to catch up on my studies for high school on Sundays. I continued to follow the Angels during the last Steve Bilko years of 1956 and 1957 and watched many games on television. I do recall going to a few games with my father in those last two years, but only on holidays and a few Friday night games. The Pacific Coast League team schedules were 6 days at home, 6 days at an opponent's field with Monday games reserved for travel.

In late 1957 a dream came true for many; a nightmare for others. The Dodgers were coming to Los Angeles. Jackie was retired, but The Duke, The Reading Rifle (Carl Furillo), Campy, Gil, and Pee Wee would play in the Coliseum. In 1958, Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax were obscure team members and I can't recall their contributions that first year in Los Angeles. I weighed the loss of my Angels against the gain of major league baseball and settled on accepting the Dodgers as my new favorite team. Besides, Steve Bilko was joining the Dodgers, so that tipped the scale. As well remembered, Ray Campanella was paralyzed in an auto accident in the off season and sadly never played in Los Angeles.

As a junior bank officer at United California Bank about 1966, I was the relationship manager for the City of El Monte and handled their deposit accounts. My

contact was Harry Gist, the City Treasurer. He was outgoing, happy and loved to talk about his city. He seemed to know everyone that was born there including singers, actors and sports figures. We occasionally had lunch and I treated Harry and his wife to some L.A. Dodger baseball games at the bank's expense. During our many conversations on sports, I told him about my childhood adulation of Bill Schuster. He said he was a friend of Mr. Schuster and his family.

To my surprise a few days later, Harry came in with a very fit middle-aged gentleman and said, "Frank, I'd like you to meet Bill Schuster." We sat down at a desk and had an interesting conversation about the Pacific Coast League Angels, his teammates, how little they were paid and his activities after baseball. Mr. Schuster asked me what my interests were and I explained how I had portrayed "him" in kickball, had followed Angels baseball on radio and TV in the 1950s watching games called by Bill Brundige and Lyle Bond and taking the Red Car to Wrigley Field during the summers. Cellphone cameras were still far in the future and I didn't have the presence of mind to ask "Willie the Shoester" for an autograph. We talked about Bob Kelly, the Angels radio broadcaster. When the Angels loaded the bases, Kelly's stock phrase was, "And the sacks are saturated with seraphs!"

While branch manager at the First Interstate Bank in San Ramon about 1986, a young couple came in requesting information on bank services. I sat them down and noticed their last name was Gionfriddo. I immediately asked them if they were related to Al Gionfriddo, the Dodger that made a spectacular catch robbing Joe DiMaggio of a hit in the 1947 World Series. The young man said, "Oh, yeah. That's Uncle Al; we just visited him in Santa Barbara." They were surprised that a person of my generation, especially one in Northern California, would recognize that name.

Working as a banker in the San Francisco East Bay has led me to several encounters with sports figures and it would be violating their confidence to mention names, but my collection of autographed baseballs underline those relationships. After my first meeting with one future Hall of Famer, I soon learned to keep a small supply of American League baseballs in my credenza. Just in case, I had a few National League balls, too. This National League ball strategy worked out well one day in 1995. Veteran pitcher Tom Candiotti was in Danville at a function during the off-season I was invited to. He was a Dodger, I was a Dodger fan, and we both were St. Mary's College alums. The stars were in alignment! Tom was not a bank customer, so there's no privacy breach. He signed one of my baseballs "To Frank" (Figure 14) and it's right here on my shelf. It's good to be prepared!

Wrigley Field had a sad end. Too small for major league baseball, it went through various stages, including one year of actual major league baseball in 1961 by the newly franchised Los Angeles Angels. The 1969 demolition of this classic structure was the final chapter in a series of tragic and very controversial events beginning in 1950 with the eviction of hundreds of families from Chavez Ravine neighborhoods to build public housing. This failing, and in a lopsided transaction, the city received ownership of Wrigley Field while Walter O'Malley, owner of the Dodgers, received the Chavez Ravine land in 1958 to build Dodger Stadium. Native Angelinos were once again dispossessed of their land and homes by greed and political power. Unfortunately, Wrigley Field and the love of local baseball were the starting points in this injustice. A city park with a Little League ballfield now occupies the site of this once beautiful landmark.

Recommended Reading

Beverage, Richard
2011 *The Los Angeles Angels of the Pacific Coast League: A History, 1903-1957*. McFarland & Co., Jefferson, N.C.

Snider, Duke and Pepe, Phil
2006 *Few and Chosen*. Triumph Books, Chicago.

White, Gaylon H.
2014 *The Bilko Athletic Club*. Rowman & Littlefield, Washington D.C.

Burroball

Brian Dervin Dillon

Introduction

Back when the world was young, exactly fifty years ago, I was an eager-beaver undergraduate in the U.C. Berkeley Anthropology Department. Most of my friends were also future archaeologists and anthropologists, and we often played pick-up softball games against students in other departments: geology, forestry, engineering, etc. A fellow Anthropology Department base-baller was twenty years older than most of us whippersnappers. He was a wisecracking, fun-loving guy from the Sacramento Valley who regaled us with tales of bygone days in tiny Northern California farm-patch communities. Born in Orland, Glenn County in the early 1930s, he jokingly referred to his birthplace as *Orland, gateway to Corning.* Orland had fewer than 2,000 residents while Corning, just up the road, was even smaller, with less than 1,400. As a teenager in the late 1940s and early 1950s, my friend played what he called *donkey baseball* in Sacramento Valley towns like Orland, Corning, Willows and playoff games in larger towns like Chico. This was the first time I had heard of *donkey baseball* so I asked him *how* it was played, and *why?*

Donkey Baseball Do's and Dont's

Batters at the plate were donkey-less, but any time a batter hit the ball, he had to mount his trusty donkey, held for him by the next batter up in the rotation, and gallop off to first base, then, hopefully, around the diamond to home plate. The donkey had to "tag" each base: these were not rectangular bags, just large "donkey sized" white chalked rectangles. "Stealing" bases, even home plate, was encouraged. All players except for the pitcher and the catcher had to play mounted, trotting around the diamond on burro-back while the two burro-free players were confined within donkey-sized rectangles surrounding the pitcher's mound and home plate. They could not step outside of them while in play during any active inning. Chasing balls around the outfield on foot was permitted, provided that the outfielder held the reins of his donkey and pulled it along after the ball, then remounted his steed prior to lobbing the ball down to the infield. In some variants of the game, any infielder could catch a ball thrown from donkey-back, in others only the pitcher or catcher could. An infielder trying to "tag" a "runner" (or "trotter") often caused a laugh riot with one donkey and rider chasing another hither and yon. No saddles nor stirrups were used, so falling off and/or getting bucked off was common.

By the time my old friend was playing it, donkey baseball was mostly for comedic effect. It was the best way to lampoon organized sports that even then, in the late 1940s, were being taken *far too seriously* in American culture. But I wondered fifty years ago, as I still do now, if the joke wasn't just a little more pointed than that. Was donkey baseball making fun of big-bucks sports *in general*, or of *one sport* in particular? I believe that its target was *polo,* a sport so far below the radar that fewer than one American in a thousand had ever seen it played. It was also a sport whose price of admission for any participant was *so high* as to prohibit 99.99% of the U.S. population from ever playing it.

California Baseball History and the Birth of *Burroball*

Donkey baseball was most popular during the Great Depression, but by then had been around for many decades. There are multiple candidates for the honor of its invention. One putative birthplace of donkey baseball was Muscatine, Iowa but when you think of the animals Easterners call *donkeys* you don't think of *Iowa,* you think of *Mexican Sonora,* or the deserts of the American far West. In these hot, xerophytic areas *burros* are, by far, the best-adapted equine sub-species. There is no doubt in my mind that *burro baseball* was invented in the American West,

in California, Arizona, New Mexico or West Texas: all are burro-rich environments. The ancestral DNA of burro baseball may be as old as the California Gold Rush, for this kind of silliness was absolutely, positively characteristic of the past-times invented by lonely and bored gold miners too far from the big-city fleshpots for more mundane kinds of urban recreation. The 49ers came up with a great many sports and contests of their own instead, the goofier the better. After being played in California, burro baseball moved east, reaching the Eastern Seaboard and even Washington D.C., by the mid-1930s. There, perhaps because of the proximity of so many elected officials, especially *Democrats*, the game came to be called *donkey* baseball.

Before you can have *donkey baseball*, you must have *baseball proper*. The origins of American baseball are shrouded by the mists of time, and by the fact that *sports* and fully *literate sportsmen* are contradictory terms: little of the early history of any sport ever got written down. Most people believe that American baseball is descended from that incomprehensible game of *cricket* played by tea-slurping limeys with bad teeth. If so, then *cricket*, which was not terribly popular in England until the 1830s, metamorphosed into *base ball* (rendered as two separate words until after 1900) after migrating west across the Atlantic. Americans either could not, or would not, follow the rules (yes, many people *actually believe* that there are *rules*) of cricket. They thought it a tedious outdoor exercise ("game" being too felicitous a term) with no identifiable beginning, middle, nor end, and modified it into something much livelier. Cricket "bowlers" (not pitchers) lobbed balls underhand, or over the tops of their heads, or even sideways, with all the grace and aplomb of dairy cows on ice, to "batters" defending their "wickets" (which were sometimes, curiously, *sticky*) with fat, heavy, canoe paddles. If by some miracle a cricketer actually hit a ball, as an additional punishment they had to run back and forth while carrying their oversized canoe paddles, possibly in search of watercraft in which to paddle away, thereby escaping the mind-numbing boredom of the "game."

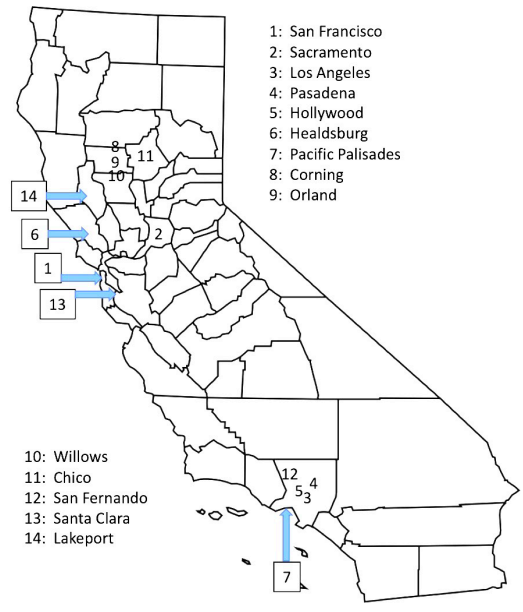


Figure 17: *California, marked with places mentioned in the text. 1: San Francisco, where baseball may have been played as early as 1849, and the S.F. Eagles were the state champions in 1860. 2: Sacramento, where California's first baseball team was formed in 1859. 3: Los Angeles, host of the first professional baseball team, formed in 1878. 4: Pasadena, place of the first burroball fatality in 1934. 5: Hollywood, where the 1935 "Donkey Baseball" film was made. 6: Healdsburg, where there were four separate burroball teams in 1936. 7: Will Rogers State Park, Pacific Palisades, where America's favorite cowboy philosopher built a Polo Field in 1926. 8: Corning. 9: Orland. 10: Willows. 11: Chico, where burroball teams from Corning, Orland, and Willows played "championship" matches into the early 1950s. 12: San Fernando, where burroball was played in 1959. 13: Santa Clara, where burroball was played in 1960. 14: Lakeport, where the 2015 County Fair featured a burroball playoff between cops and firemen. Public domain internet image, additions by B.D. Dillon 2021.*

Despite what has been presented to the American public as *baseball gospel* by the easterner Ken Burns (to whom New Jersey is *way out west*), baseball, our national pastime, may have been played in the mining camps and early cities of Gold Rush California *before* it became the dominant sport way back East. One California gold-rusher was Alexander Joy Cartwright, who came west from New York

City as a 49er. Four years earlier he founded the *New York Knickerbockers,* often identified as the *first* baseball team in America. Twenty-nine-year-old Cartwright organized the first baseball game played on the Pacific Coast in or near San Francisco in 1849. He then moved on to Honolulu, where he became the father of baseball in the Hawaiian Islands. The first California baseball team we have *written* documentation for was the *Sacramento Base Ball Club,* founded in 1859. But throughout the 1850s earlier and more informal games of base ball were played on Sundays, the day reserved for manly competitions between miners "blowing off steam" and trying to alleviate boredom. The *San Francisco Base Ball Club* was formed in 1860 and played its first exhibition game on February 22 of that year against another local club, the *Red Rovers.* By the end of 1860 there were so many base ball clubs all over California that a state championship was held: a San Francisco team beat one from Sacramento. The winners were celebrated as the best base ball players west of the Mississippi.

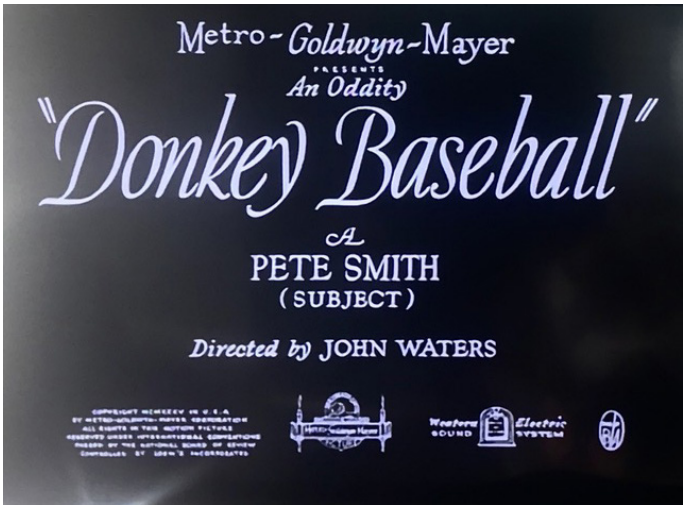
After the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869 came the first East-West baseball contest, between the amateur *San Francisco Eagles* and the professional *Cincinnati Red Stockings.* The Ohio visitors obliterated the home team 35 to 4. The *California Base Ball League* was formed in 1878 with four different amateur teams, all from San Francisco. Then the venerable *Pacific Coast League* was created in 1887. California's first professional team came from Los Angeles, five years later, in 1892. The *Pacific Coast League* survived until 1958, with teams from Northern and Southern California, Oregon, and Washington.

Myopic Eastern historians who have never unfolded the *left half* of their United States maps often ignore three important baseball facts. The most immortal paean to America's favorite pastime, *Casey at the Bat*, was first published in the *San Francisco Examiner* of June 3, 1888, years or even decades before every schoolboy on the Atlantic Seaboard memorized it. And two of the most famous American baseball players *of all time* were not only native-born Californians but also products of the Pacific Coast League: Joe DiMaggio was the brightest star of the *San Francisco Seals,* and Ted Williams was the best batsman of the *San Diego Padres.*

Polo and Anti-Polo

Burroball may have been descended as much from polo as American baseball, or English cricket. Compared to the thousands upon thousands of baseball diamonds all over America, there are very few polo fields. Most Californians are only familiar with two, one in San Francisco, the other just outside of Los Angeles. *Polo,* or "croquet on horseback" was developed in India or what is now Pakistan, or perhaps in ancient Persia. Its earliest recognizable variant dates to the beginning of the 13th century, but a cryptic text reference may indicate that the game was played as early as 2,000 years ago. Polo was called "the sport of maharajas" because only the fabulously wealthy could afford to buy and maintain the string of expensive, highly-trained, thoroughbred ponies (two to four, at minimum) each player had to have long before any game ever began. In addition to his multiple mounts, each player also had to employ the grooms, trainers, and other people dedicated to the health and welfare of his pampered quadrupeds.

The British conquered Indian state after state in the 17th, 18th, and early 19th centuries, and the first "British style" polo club in India was formed in 1834. The British nobility copied polo from the maharajas, now calling it "the sport of kings." They liked it for its exclusiveness (no peasants need apply) and exported it to other British possessions as far away as the Caribbean, East Africa (Kenya), Asia (Singapore and Hong Kong), and, of course, back to their own U.K. homeland. Obnoxious upper class English landlords played polo in Ireland during the potato famine of the 1840s, feeding strings of pampered, Irish-bred, polo ponies while two million Irish men, women, and children starved to death and another two million emigrated, mostly to America. These dirt-poor Irish immigrants brought with them not only an intense, abiding, hatred of everything English,



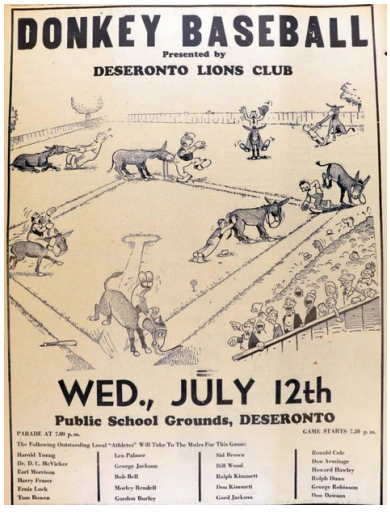


Figure 18 (Left): *Title credits of the 1935 MGM comic short film Donkey Baseball, which ignited a nationwide and international craze for this old California sport.* ***Figure 19 (Right):*** *Still going, if not going strong, into the 1950s: a newspaper advertisement for a Donkey Baseball game scheduled for July 12th, 1950, from the Deseronto Post, Ontario, Canada, where mules are confused with donkeys. Both images in the public domain.*

but an especial disdain for that "sport of kings," polo, that so symbolized British tyranny, greed, and selfishness.

The Civil War, more than any other American conflict before or since, was largely fought from horseback. Afterwards many American cavalry units stayed in service, moving west to patrol the frontier and to fight Indians. Bored cavalrymen on isolated posts, with time on their hands and abundant, under-utilized horseflesh, began playing polo on dusty parade grounds in the American midwest and out on the Plains at the end of the 19th century. Simultaneously upper-crust East Coast Americans, wanting to enhance their separate status from the *hoi polloi,* or "common folk," formed polo clubs in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other Eastern cities. If the Yankee robber barons, like their British mentors, called polo "the sport of kings," most Americans, East and West, referred to it instead as "the sport of millionaires."

Early in the new, 20th century, polo was also played on a few Cavalry posts in Western America as well as in the territory of Hawaii, and on isolated American military posts in the Panama Canal Zone, the Philippines and even China. Only the richest officers could afford to play polo with their own horses: a young George S. Patton, addicted to excess in all of its forms, was one such moneybags from California. On military bases with a cavalry component different branches of the service played against each other: the Army polo team against the Navy, or against the "Horse Marines." The most polite of the many negative comments made by enlisted men about their polo-playing superior officers, as related to me by three consecutive generations of enlisted Dillon ancestors, including two mustang (up from the ranks) officers was that "the average polo pony was always much smarter than its rider."

I am convinced that when artillerymen played polo against cavalry, the former were mounted not on *horses*, but upon the same *mules* that pulled the caissons and the combat wagons full of spare parts and ammunition for their fieldpieces. And, once the soldiers were mule-mounted, it was a very short and perhaps inevitable step towards the *paterfamilias* of all mules, the stud burro, and to exchange the polo mallet for the baseball bat. If this was indeed the case, then what came to be called *donkey baseball* in the 1930s may have been invented on some far-western military post by someone like my own grandfather, who loved "horsing around," shortly after the turn of the 19th century.

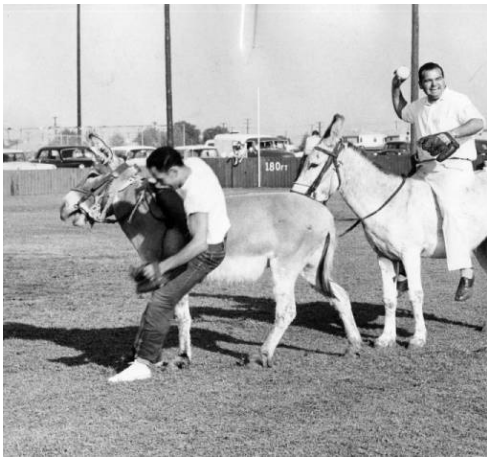
The two most famous polo fields in California are in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park and at Will Rogers State Park in Pacific Palisades. The *San Francisco Polo Fields* is the place where polo hardly ever *is,* or ever *was,* played. Just months after the horrendous 1906 earthquake and fires, a long oval was created as a bicycle racing track, an even kilometer long. Called the *Golden Gate Park Stadium*, polo was first played there eight years before the big oval was made: teams from Burlingame, a wealthy suburb south of San Francisco on the Peninsula, played a two-hour match. The Stadium hosted rugby and soccer too, but the most remarkable use of the big, grassy, oval was the *Human Be-In* of January 14 1967, which I attended as a 13-year-old. This was the very first hippie music festival, six months before Monterey Pop and two-and-a-half-years before Woodstock. Nobody knows how many of us San Francisco hippies crowded onto the Polo Fields: some estimates hover around 30,000.

The old *Stadium's* name was changed to the *Polo Fields* in 1931. Polo was played there intermittently for more than 30 years, until the early 1960s, when dwindling interest led to fewer and fewer games. The now-defunct *California All Star Polo Team* played against other American teams from the East Coast, Texas, even international matches against European teams, those from South America (Argentina) and the antipodes (Australia). San Francisco's present-day *Golden Gate Park Polo Club* is one of the 35 members of the USPA—the *United States Polo Association*—but has only sponsored polo games occasionally since 1984. The Polo Club seems to do everything *except* play polo. It hosts equestrian events like dressage, horse quadrille (a kind of horse-cotillion), jumping, horseback gymnastics and vaulting. It also sponsors Jack Russel Terrier racing (canines only), Jazz and Opera music (hopefully not simultaneously), wine tasting (no horses, please), fashion shows (humans only), and classic car shows, linked with the *Ferarri Club of California* (big bucks cars only). It even sponsors *Golf Cart Polo* (again, no horses need apply). No *déclassé* donkey baseball, though.

Far to the south, in Los Angeles County, is the *Will Rogers Polo Club,* based in "millionaires-only" Pacific Palisades ("where Beverly Hills and Brentwood meet the Sea"). This organization plays on the only polo field within any California State Park. One-quarter Cherokee Indian Will Rogers (1879-1935) was the Oklahoma-born cowboy philosopher, comedian, and Western raconteur. With horse manure on his cowboy boots, his natural inclination would have been towards *burro baseball,* but he did indeed play *polo* where the California State Park named for him exists today. Rogers bought what he called his *ranch* in 1922. In 1926 as part of an expansion of barns, corrals, and horse-training facilities, he built an oval enclosure for riding, racing and *polo.* But Rogers rejected the exclusive, upper-crust aspects of the game. He played polo in cowboy boots and chaps instead of the goofy jodhpurs favored by the limeys and wore a cowboy hat not a silly, fuzzy, black crash helmet like the Brits used to protect their fragile crania.

Polo was a way for Rogers to thumb his Western nose at Eastern America: in 1933 he sponsored a West Coast "all-star" polo team that trounced the best players the Eastern Seaboard could produce. By the mid-1930s there were more than 25 polo fields in the Los Angeles area, but few were dedicated *solely* to that game: most were what we now call multi-purpose riding rings. The polo field at Will Rogers State Park is the only one remaining within Los Angeles County. Roger's ranch became a state park in 1944 after his widow's death, and in 1953 the *Will Rogers Polo Club* was founded. It is, today, the sole surviving polo club in Southern California.

So, as *polo's* terminal illness in California began, *burroball* came to life. Was *burroball* a sardonic reaction of poor kids and cowboys against *polo,* the game that most Americans derided as "the sport of millionaires?" It was no coincidence that the Great Depression, the time of the greatest florescence of *burroball,* also saw the popularity of polo plummet. There was even a precedent for *burroball* as *anti-polo.* After the bicycle craze hit America and Europe in the 1890s, *bicycle polo* was invented in seething, simmering Ireland, at least in part as an opportunity for Irish



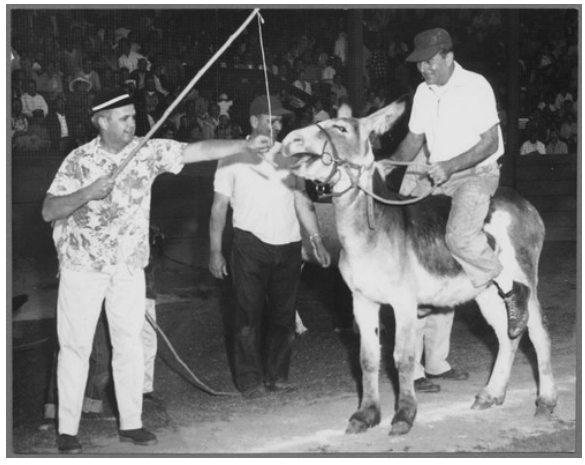


Figure 20 (left): *Burroball in Southern California: San Fernando, Los Angeles County. On July 20, 1959, George Haddad (left) and Jim Scribner (right), employees of the San Fernando Wholesale Foods Company, play in an exhibition game to raise money for the San-Val Little League baseball program for local kids. Photo from the Valley Times Collection, Los Angeles Public Library.* ***Figure 21 (Right):*** *Burroball in Northern California. Hi-jinks at a 4th of July, 1960, exhibition game in Santa Clara, Santa Clara County. The town's Police Chief, Frank Sapena, mounts his burro, who is being distracted by the old "carrot on a string" trick. Photo courtesy of the Santa Clara Historic Archives, Irving Cabral Collection, Santa Clara City Library.*

Republicans to mock their snooty British overlords: it was played in Dublin two generations after the potato famine had halved the Irish population. As the clock ticked down towards the 1916 Easter Rebellion Irishmen on bicycles lampooned polo as a comedic exhibition game during the 1908 London Olympics. Only the Brits hosting the games didn't realize that the *joke was on them.*

The Donkey Baseball Craze

One of the earliest recorded donkey baseball games outside of California took place in Plain Dealing, Bossier Parish, Louisiana, on May 10, 1934. By the following year, donkey baseball games were being reported in newspapers from Pennsylvania to North Carolina on the Eastern Seaboard, and from Wichita Falls, Texas all the way up to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and even north of the border in various places in southern Canada as well. Most of these games and teams were copycats, inspired by the short (8 minute long) Hollywood movie entitled *Donkey Baseball*, made by MGM (Figure 18). The trademark *roaring lion* introduced this humorous short, which was played before other MGM screen epics coast to coast and even overseas. In retrospect, the lion should have been replaced by a *braying burro.*

Many if not most Eastern teams had to import their burros from the far West, and often sent them "back home" for rest and recuperation during the off-season, when Eastern American baseball fields were snowbound and the desert-adapted quadrupeds would have been cold and miserable. The first donkey baseball fatality took place on August 5, 1934 when William Beck, a Pasadena, California cop repeatedly fell off his burro, the fourth time landing on his head. His "cop-killer" burro was not charged. Many cities and towns throughout California had donkey baseball teams: a single example illustrates just how popular the sport was. Healdsburg, Sonoma County, up on the Russian River, by 1936 had at least four teams. During one game between *The Plaza Rambling Donkeys* and *The Midget Donkeys* it was revealed that the latter team had brought in a "ringer." This was a clear violation of the species-specific rule, since Amos, the white mule, was only 50% Donkey. The humorous newspaper writeup of this *contretemps* noted that Healdsburg's *Women's Donkey*

Baseball Team was scheduled to play against the town's fourth donkey baseball team, *The Puddle Jumpers.*

Wherever burro baseball was played, winners were presented with "gag" prizes: oversized carrots on sticks, fancy straw hats with ear-hole cutouts for placement atop the head of the burro that brought in the winning run, etc. Losers were presented with gaudily-painted snow-shovels, sometimes with pink ribbons and bows attached. The losing team used these consolation prizes in the removal of all organic left-behinds bequeathed by the burros of both teams.

Predictably, World War II put the kibosh on burro baseball all over America, California included. The sport came limping back during the postwar years, mostly in the form of exhibition games. Often fundraisers for worthy causes, they featured local, small-town cops (Figure 21) vs firemen or high school teams from neighboring towns battling each other as a humorous break from their regular intramural games. And in rural, postwar, California, all-day double-headers sometimes featured a few innings (often no more than two) of burro baseball during the "lunch break" separating the morning from the afternoon game. Donkey baseball or *burroball* continued to disappear from, then re-emerge at, county fairs and other special events throughout the 1950s, '60s and even later, into the new millennium.

Conclusion

There is little doubt that donkey baseball's heyday was during the middle and late 1930s, nor that most teams were inspired by the MGM comic short from Hollywood, California. But the goofy sport never really died. *Billboard Magazine*, more closely associated with New York Broadway shows than with equestrian events, got into the act in 1950 with a mention of a traveling donkey baseball troupe from the Lazy K Ranch, based out of Columbia, South Carolina. Donkey baseball was still being played in Canada in the early 1950s (Figure 19): a Canadian exhibition game was played by high-school-aged kids as late as 1973.

Meanwhile, back in California the old Sacramento Valley games became extinct by the end of the 1950s. Down in the San Fernando Valley (Figure 20), however, burro baseball was still being played as late as 1959 and up in the San Francisco Bay Area at Santa Clara (Figure 21) it was played in 1960. Fifty-five years later still the Lake County Fair for 2015 *kicked off* with a burro baseball game. So the sport is alive and, if you will forgive the repetitious pun, *still kicking* in some parts of California not yet overpopulated with, in the words of Mel Brooks, *dazzling urbanites.*

If donkey baseball survives it may have to go underground thanks to the outraged protests of the PETA people, most of whom have never actually been *close to,* much less up *atop,* a real, live burro. Elderly burros should, of course, be honorably retired from service on the baseball diamond, and I would argue that the quadrupedal participants of the game should *only* be stud burros, not shy and retiring (not to mention more diminutive) females. The PETA people may have donkey baseball in their crosshairs but in my opinion much more deserving targets are polo, or, for that matter, thoroughbred horse racing, which kills dozens of high-strung, big-bucks horses every year in America. Burro baseball, by comparison, may have hurt a few burros' *feelings* from time to time, but probably never actually killed nor injured a single one.

Finally, it is high time to set the historical record straight: all present and future fans of this venerable sport should refrain from calling it *Donkey Baseball.* It is *not* a legacy of tea-slurping limeys, those polo-playing cricketers in the funny pants and fuzzy helmets, nor of *Democratic Donkeys from D.C.* We should call it by the name that most accurately reflects its Western origin: *Burro Baseball,* or, better yet, the simpler and more elegant *Burroball.*

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Recollections of South Bay Soccer

Jim Olds

I grew up in Torrance and when I was nine, I received a notice regarding youth soccer from my fourth-grade teacher. I was unsure what soccer was, but I brought it home to my folks to discuss my participation in youth sports. My folks were from north Texas where my dad had played football. I still recall their discussion, all I did was hand them the notice. My dad said, "Jim should play football" to which mom retorted, "No, he'll get hurt." Then she suggested I play Little League, to which dad said, "Nah, you know how rabid those parents can get and especially when you're up there all alone to bat...probably give Jim a complex...too much stress." Then I pointed out the school notice. Dad studied it and noted the American Youth Soccer Organization (A.Y.S.O) allowed *all* players to play with their motto, "Everyone Plays." So my parents decided that soccer would be worth a try, so they signed me up. Little did we all know what lay ahead.

AYSO began in my hometown of Torrance in 1964 and I joined it 5 years later. As an older player notes AYSO began in Hans Stierle's garage across the street from Jefferson School and some of the first teams were the *Panthers*, *Pumas*, *Firefighters*, and the *Blue Jets*. Sigi Schmidt was one of these players—he later became a famous soccer coach. Division 2 was added in 1966 and 7Up sponsored the soccer uniforms while Mario

Machado hosted the awards banquet. It is interesting to note that the players all used tennis shoes in those days; cleats hadn't been invented yet for soccer.

As the teams grew, additional fields were needed and Continental Field at Alpine Village became our preferred venue. It was fancy, with bleachers, dressing rooms, and a snack bar. In 1967, a Torrance team played the *Eagles* from Griffith Park, who had cleated shoes, and the new technology won out. The *Eagles* later played at the Coliseum against a team from Orange County. As Division 3 was started for the younger players aged 5-6, more coaches and referees were needed. Other famous pioneers were Joe Bonchonsky Sr., Willie Carson, Bud Lillie, Ron Littlefair, Eric Adamson, and the Keirs, Andy Sr. and Jr. Mr. Keir had played on the first U.S. Olympic soccer team in 1950 at the Helsinki Games. I played two years on the Rhinos team under Andy Keir Jr.

The growth of soccer was a natural outgrowth of the immigration of many engineers into the South Bay area of Los Angeles in the early 1960s, especially from Europe. There was also a post-WW2 "baby boom" which supplied a lot of young new players. These engineers supported AYSO as coaches, referees, linesmen, and administrators. Soccer began to really become popular and AYSO grew phenomenally.

As young players grew older and stronger, they enrolled in the local Torrance and Palos Verdes high schools. Torrance was growing and fielded frosh-soph, junior varsity, and varsity teams from its five high schools, North, South, West, Torrance, and the Catholic school Bishop Montgomery. The two powerhouses were West and South High, the latter of which is where I played, along with Jim and Mike Allen, Matt Klasila, John Sloway, Peter Adamson, Pat McEachern, Bret Lee, Fred Koch, and Brian Conners, among others. West High players included Fred Molina, Carl Kaemerle, Jimmy Brown, David Atkinson, Peter Frederickson, and Mark Morgan. The AYSO experience gave the Torrance players an advantage for several years, namely 1969-1976. I joined AYSO in the start of this peak season, 1969. For example, in 1978 (my senior year), my South Torrance High School played West Torrance High School for the CIF State championship. Unfortunately, West beat us by a score of 1-0.

Figure 22: *Jim Olds in uniform at home before a game at Pauley Pavilion UCLA, 1974. Olds collection photo.*

Other schools were also strong, many with Latino players: Santa Barbara, San Gabriel, Salesian, and Cathedral. Of course, as the skill level of players became higher and soccer was more popular, colleges and universities began fielding teams. Just after I left high school, the emergence of private club teams began. These teams fostered the better players and demanded much more parent support and money to operate.

Another innovation was the creation of indoor soccer in 1974. By then, my father had become the Region 12 Commissioner and he supported the creation of a team to compete. I was lucky enough to be on that team and we got to play some games at UCLA's Pauley Pavilion. For those games, we reverted back to ancient technology: tennis shoes! That was fun, a completely different experience than regular soccer, very fast-paced owing to the allowance of ricochets off the walls.

Now, I digress to tell more of my personal experience, which led to more of my Dad's involvement, which led to more growth and

Figure 23: *"Mr. A.Y.S.O." A. Y. Olds and son Jim at Torrance Del Amo Rotary Club meeting, Torrance May 2010. Olds collection photo.*

development of local youth soccer.

After I enrolled in AYSO, I was drafted into a team called the *Riviera Vultures*, coached by Jim Colby, who had two sons and an old black mutt named Ralph. On our team, only the Colby boys and the two Allen brothers had played before. We also had a boy named Jeff who was deaf and he had wires and hearing aids in his ears. He was frail, yet a trooper and gave his all to every play. His hard effort and willingness to pick himself up after each and every fall endeared him to all his teammates and opposing players as well.

What our team lacked in experience we made up for in coordination and passing. Mr. Colby had not played soccer, but was a teacher at Leuzinger High School and was great with kids. He was a soft-spoken leader and was able to teach us the basic skills and the ability to pass the ball to an open man in order to move it downfield.

Well, we started off a bit slow, losing our first two games, but later things began to improve. We won, and won, and won…Late in the season we had qualified for the playoffs for our Division 3 teams. We won the local Region championship and were moving on to El Camino College for the South Bay regional game. The two teams were well-matched and it was a hard-fought contest. By the end of regulation time, there was no score, and we went into "sudden-death" overtime. That year I played forward and when Dave Allen was awarded a penalty kick, he aimed it to the opposing goalie. The checkered ball soared past me and was caught by the opposing goalie, then, all of a sudden, he lost control of it and dropped the ball. I was "johnny-on-the-spot" and with a quick punch kick, I sent it into the net. Our team went crazy and we celebrated winning the South Bay crown.

We continued our winning streak and eventually played a San Francisco team in the Los Angeles Coliseum for the State championship. Wouldn't you know? We beat them and clinched the State championship! In my very first year of soccer. Boy, were we excited! My dad treated us all to hot fudge sundaes at the Wooden Shoe coffee shop in Redondo Beach, several made by my older sister Linda, who happened to be working that day. She complained of a sore arm that night, after scooping so much ice cream!

You can imagine the awe and excitement this win gave my father and me. We realized this *soccer thing* was here to stay and that I could make it in such leagues. My dad was motivated to become an assistant coach and eventually became the Region 12 Commissioner. He oversaw the times of tremendous growth, established an AYSO scholarship program, as well as recruiting girls to join.

A funny anecdote occurred at this time. As folks become more familiar with my dad, they noticed his name was A. Y. Olds. This was his legal name from Texas. Many men in the early days had initials-only names. His real initials were "AYO" and so he became known as "Mr. AYSO" in the community.

So, I have always supported soccer as a great sport that is very good cardiovascular exercise, builds teamwork, and a sense of belonging since "everyone plays." While skills have developed with club teams taking the best players, AYSO remains as the foundation upon which basic soccer skills are built. This was one of the best experiences of my young life and I will always remember the fabled year of 1969 when Neil Armstrong walked on the moon and the *Riviera Vultures* triumphed, winning the AYSO Division 3 State Championship.

Monthly Roundup . . .

March 9, 2022

Nick Curry

In March, the Corral was treated to a talk by Nick Curry. Assuming the style of a fireside chat, Mr. Curry expounded on his research about a historic Angeleno of much importance, if little current recognition, Dan Murphy. Murphy was an early investor in the local economy and, along with men like Edward L. Doheny, helped shape the area into what it is today. In fact, Dan Murphy picked up with oil drilling in the area where Doheny left off, and became fabulously wealthy as a result. The foundation that resulted from the dissemination of his wealth has done much for education and the preservation of local history in Los Angeles.

Dan Murphy was born in 1858 in Pennsylvania, and came to Los Angeles by way of a family homestead in Kansas, which he shared with his parents and seven siblings. Murphy eventually moved out West and immediately formed an affinity for the railroad, working on a spur line that ran down to San Diego. Before long, he met Frank Monaghan, and the two had plans to bridge the Colorado River. Doing just that, they drew the attention of Charlie Crawford who tasked them with building a general store near the new bridge. In so doing, they founded the town of Needles in 1883.

The two men were known for their honesty, a rare commodity in the railroad business, and successfully ran the store until 1911. During their time in Needles, they founded a bank. This led them to invest in a number of mining and oil drilling operations throughout the region. Key to Dan Murphy's future success was his purchase, sight-unseen, of land which would become the Brea Canyon Oil Company. The well, which continues to produce today, eventually left Murphy in possession of a fantastic mansion and a fortune of $200 million by the time of his death in 1939.

Having no children, Murphy entrusted his fortune to his niece Bernardine. Enter the Catholic church and the Los Angeles diocese. The Murphy family had been closely connected to the church for decades, so much so that Dan had once donated $1 million to the Pope in one lump sum. During her time in Rome, Bernardine, now the executor of the Murphy fortune, was wooed by an Italian prince. Los Angeles churchmen grew concerned that if Bernardine were to marry this man, then she, along with her fortune, would move to Rome and leave the Los Angeles diocese in the lurch. So, the church hatched a plan. A dissatisfied priest was found, released from his vows, and wed to Bernardine. Thus the Murphy fortune remained in Los Angeles. Now known as the Dan Murphy Foundation, it provides more money to Catholic causes today than even the Doheny Foundation.

The Dan Murphy Foundation was crucial to the formation of the archives put together by Westerners Living Legend Msgr. Francis Weber. That archive was, in turn, essential in gathering the information used for the most recent book about Dan Murphy entitled *Ice and Oil*, by Joseph Francis Ryan, reviewed in *Branding Iron* 303.

— Alan Griffin

April 13, 2022

Brian Dillon

April's Roundup saw the corral miss out, yet again, on the long-awaited "Postcards from Mecca" presentation by Steve Lech (don't worry, it's coming soon). Johnny-on-the-spot, however, was Brian-on-the-spot, as Dr. Dillon regaled us with his tale of an American hero, Navy Admiral Fightin' Bob Evans. As Brian told it, it was Evans, not Jesse James nor Billy the Kid, who was the most famed *pistolero* 120 years ago, and we sure found out why.

Fightin' Bob's story began in Virginia, where he was born Robley Dunglison Evans, in 1846. After being expelled from school for fighting at age thirteen, Bob's uncle suggested a career in the Navy. Unfortunately, both Naval Academy seats allotted to Virginia were already filled. Bob agreed to move to Utah, as it was the only territory with allotments available. It was to be a fateful decision.

Prior to the Transcontinental Railroad, wagon trains were the name of the game, and so it was with the party that Evans accompanied out west. Wagon trains, however, were vulnerable to Indian raids. Just such an attack befell Evans' train upon leaving Ft. Laramie, after a wagon got mired in the mud. Thirteen-year-old Evans killed a man in his escape, made it back to the fort, and set out again with just a single wagon. His party was attacked again and Bob was shot in the ankle by an arrow, his foot pinned to the mule he was riding. Eventually, he made it to Salt Lake City where he established residence.

Young Evans entered the Naval Academy in 1860. He was trained aboard the USS *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides." The Civil War interrupted his tutelage, however, and half his class left to join the Confederacy. Evans stayed true to the Union and ended up fighting his own brother in the rebel navy.

As a junior officer taking part in the assault on the "Rebel Gibraltar," Ft. Fisher, North Carolina, Evans led an assault party of sixty-two sailors and marines. Horribly outgunned and isolated on the beach, his assault force was cut down, with 58 men killed or wounded. Evans was one of only eight men to breach the rebel fort, although he was shot four times for his efforts. He killed the sniper who had wounded him with a miraculous pistol shot from his Whitney .36 Navy revolver. Bob was left for dead on the beach, but was finally rescued and taken to a hospital. He threatened to shoot anyone trying to amputate his legs, so he kept them, along with two bullets that couldn't be removed. His wounds forced him to use two canes for the rest of his life.

Evans moved quickly through the ranks thereafter, taking postings throughout the world, and eventually commanded a gunboat, the USS *Yorktown*. It was on the *Yorktown* that he earned his appellation. His refusal to back down during a tense standoff with Chilean warships left him known as "Fightin' Bob" ever after.

After taking a leading role in the largest naval battle of the Spanish-American War, Bob reached the pinnacle of his career when he was given command of the Great White Fleet. Under Admiral Evans' command, the the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets were combined for the first time in May 1908, in San Francisco Bay. This achievement marked a turning point for San Francisco in its post-earthquake rebuilding, and also a bridging of the gulf between America's East and West.

If you'd care to read more about this American hero on both land and sea, you should pick up his autobiographies, *A Sailor's Log* and *An Admiral's Log*. I'm sure I'm not alone in my anticipation for what Brian Dillon has in store the next time someone calls in sick and he's called to fill in again.

— Alan Griffin

May 11, 2021

Paul Clark

Paul Clark took the reins in May, to present us with the exhilarating tale he called "The Rise of the Gasoline Cowboys: Outdoor Motorcycle Recreation in Pre-WWII California." A rough and tough subject like this was sure to please those in attendance, just as it must have pleased Ernest Hemingway, to whom the quote which Paul selected is attributed, "There are only three sports: bullfighting, motor racing, and mountaineering; all the rest are merely games." Let's get on with the sport, then.

Paul described the first motorcycle—and he used the term loosely—as a two-wheeled, steam-powered monstrosity, the painting of which showed two stokers following closely behind to keep it fired; hardly reasonable, but the idea was there. As gasoline engines matured, the concept was revived, this time as a three-wheeled contraption resembling early wheelchairs. The shape we have come to expect was introduced around the turn of the century, and Harley-Davidson and Indian quickly became the premier U.S. brands.

In the early years, the motorcycle's popularity followed its practicality. As it became more reliable and affordable, it became more widespread, with numbers in Los Angeles expanding from a few hundred in 1905, to 3000 in 1910, to 7500 by 1917. The reason for the popularity of L.A. as a haven for enthusiasts was the quality of roads and the quality of the weather; you can get a much better return on investment if you are able to ride year-round, as you can in Southern California. Motorcycle clubs sprang up throughout California starting with the Indian Motocycle Club in Los Angeles in 1904. So new was the fad, that they hadn't even settled on weather they rode "motor-cycles" or "moto-cycles." These early clubs were keen to be seen as respectable types, which meant that their members showed up to events in their Sunday best and invited photographers and newsmen to document their fine behavior. The publicity seemed to help with popular acceptance of the new machines.

What helped even more were organized rallies exhibiting these bikes' capabilities. Races on dirt and banked wooden ovals, hill climbs, and desert crossings wowed crowds, and newsreels captured the imagination of the region. Hill climbs were the most popular events, with the Capistrano Hill climb drawing an estimated thirty to fifty-thousand attendees by the early 1920s. While these daredevils were risking life and limb storming up hills, the L.A. Motorcycle Club organized "picnic runs" for its members to cruise sedately on the weekends.

Endurance racing became more popular as the cycles improved to the point where they could actually *endure*. With the onset of Prohibition, an L.A. to Tijuana race was organized and billed as a race to a place "where the bar-rigs are still saturated with stronger stuff than grape juice." 1920 saw the start of the iconic Big Bear "Hare and Hound" Annual Classic, a midnight run on New Year's Day that ran until 1960.

With the onset of WWII, the motorcycle community packed up and went to war. When they returned, the machines they rode were changing, and so was the country. Motorcycle riding was no longer as respectable as it had been prior to the war, and the culture surrounding it changed drastically from its original form. Like with so much else, the Second World War had forever altered part of the American lifestyle.

— Alan Griffin

Down the Western Book Trail . . .

Playing Ball with Los Angeles and the Dodgers

a review essay by Abraham Hoffman

MOVER AND SHAKER: Walter O'Malley, the Dodgers, and Baseball's Western Expansion, by Andy McCue. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 2014. 468 pp. Tables, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Hardbound, $34.95.

SHAMEFUL VICTORY: The Los Angeles Dodgers, the Red Scare, and the Hidden History of Chavez Ravine, by John H.M. Laslett. University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 2015. 219 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Notes, Index. Paper, $24.95.

CITY OF DREAMS: Dodger Stadium and the Birth of Modern Los Angeles, by Jerald Podair. Princeton University Press, Princeton, 2017. 366 pp. Illustrations Notes, Bibliography, Index. Hardbound, $32.95.

Many books and articles have been written about the Brooklyn Dodgers moving to Los Angeles, some critical, others focused on the significance of major league baseball on the city's coming of age as a sports center. Three recent books examine the politics, the politicians, and the players in the shift of baseball from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast.

If all one knows about Walter O'Malley is that he brought the Brooklyn Dodgers to Los Angeles, evicted Latino families from Chavez Ravine, and built Dodger Stadium, Andy McCue's book is recommended reading—not only for baseball fans but for anyone interested in the whole story, not just the bits and pieces recalled from events more than half a century ago. McCue traces O'Malley's life from his birth in Brooklyn in 1903 to his death 75 years later as a transplanted Angeleno. O'Malley came of age in a city with no less than three major league baseball teams—Giants, Yankees, Dodgers—and he worked his way up the corporate ladder to become the owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Figure 24: *Fernando Valenzuela, left-handed pitcher for the Los Angeles Dodgers, 1980-1990. Public domain internet photo.*

Success for O'Malley came to him as a result of his work ethic, his ambition, and his religious faith. He knew the business of baseball inside and out, and he enjoyed the connections between New York politicians and the favors they could bestow on the local teams. Taking over from Branch Rickey as owner of the Dodgers, O'Malley grew increasingly frustrated at the lack of enthusiasm from fans as Ebbets Field aged and attendance decreased. By the mid-1950s he was exploring the possibility of moving to a new venue even as he kept hoping that Robert Moses, head of New York's city planning agency, would make possible the construction of a new stadium. Moses's rejection played a large part in O'Malley's decision to move the Dodgers to Los Angeles (with

much more fanfare, it seems, than when the Giants at almost the same time also moved to San Francisco).

The last two thirds of the book explore O'Malley's arrival in Los Angeles, the controversies surrounding Chavez Ravine, and the team's acceptance by the city. O'Malley knew how to deal with New York politicians, but Los Angeles' civic leaders baffled him. Promises made by Mayor Norris Poulson at the Vero Beach training camp in Florida ended up with numerous strings attached back in the City of Angels. O'Malley had to jump through hoops and untangle yards of red tape to get his land purchases ratified and his stadium built. Initially set up at the Coliseum, the Dodgers had to race the clock before the lease ran out and construction was completed on their new stadium. Evicting Chavez Ravine's residents garnered major headlines; McCue sees O'Malley earning an unfair reputation as an invader who crushed anyone who got in his way.

Eventually the kinks were worked out. City baseball fans in a straw poll voted to keep the Dodger team name; the AAA-rank home team, the Angels, founded in 1903, moved on to Spokane. O'Malley overcame his reluctance to televise Dodger games when he realized there was money to be made from TV. Totally dedicated to baseball as a business, O'Malley probably shortened his life through the stress, being overweight (too much non-home food), and declining health. After he died in 1979 son Peter inherited the team, family owned for another generation until the McCourts bought it. But that's a story for another book.

Surprisingly, there are *no photographs* in McCue's book. Not one! No pictures of Dodger Stadium under construction, no portraits of Peter O'Malley, Branch Rickey, Norris Poulson, Rosalind Wyman, or any Dodger team players. And no photos of Chavez Ravine. The only image of Walter O'Malley appears on the dust jacket, and that's an artist's rendition. The University of Nebraska Press *dropped the ball* on this one.

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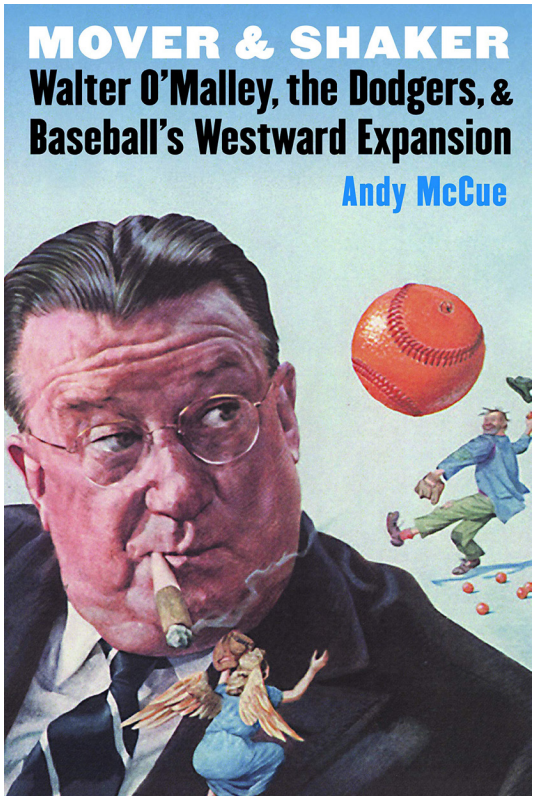
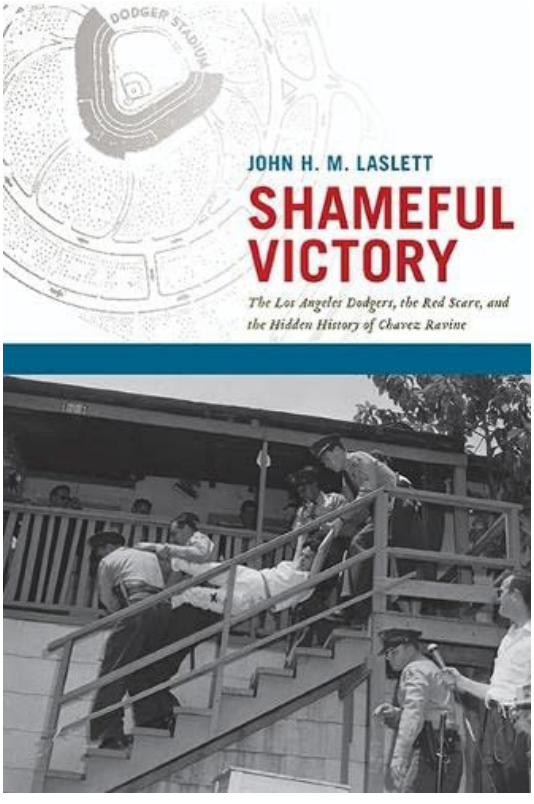


Although the Chavez Ravine controversy takes up a relatively small part in McCue's book, John Laslett traces its history through the lives of its residents across the 20th century, going into much more detail in his examination of the city's condemnation through eminent domain of the homes that were largely owned (not rented) by Mexican Americans. In exploring this controversy, Laslett, a professor of history at UCLA, uncovers a story of racism, arrogance, and illegality that long preceded O'Malley's arrival in Los Angeles.

Anyone born around 1940 and living in Los Angeles in the late 1950s may well recall the highly publicized evictions of the last residents of Chavez Ravine, followed by the bulldozing of their homes. Deputy sheriffs carried protesting, struggling members of the Arechiga family, with full coverage provided by local TV news reporters. But Chavez Ravine's history long preceded this controversial event. Named for Julián Chavez who purchased land in the area in the 1830s, at various times the ravine served



as a Jewish cemetery (its occupants later relocated), and a "pest farm" for Mexican and Chinese smallpox victims. Laslett (2015: 21) notes:

> In its early days the ravine was seen by L.A.'s tiny group of middle-class whites as a remote and inhospitable place to which undesirable immigrants and nonsalubrious activities could conveniently be assigned.

After Chavez's death in 1879 his heirs divided the property into residential lots. Part of the ravine became Elysian Park, another a tuberculosis sanitarium. The Mexican Revolution that began in 1910 and lasted ten years brought Mexican immigrants and refugees to Chavez Ravine, and in the late 1920s Mexican and Italian families relocated there as victims of urban renewal elsewhere in the city. These families built their own homes, some of them substantial and some not. About the same time, white working-class men using the same kind of "sweat equity" built their own homes in South Gate, creating a neighborhood where minorities weren't welcomed.

Over time the Mexican residents of Chavez Ravine created their own community. Elementary schools and churches, along with homes and small businesses such as grocery stores, established a sense of neighborhood that in fact was largely isolated from the rest of the city. And city officials notoriously neglected providing municipal services such as water, electricity, and paved streets in the ravine. Nevertheless, former residents recalled growing up in an environment where Spanish was the preferred language, and the area provided opportunity for swimming in the Los Angeles River or hiking in the hills. Young men in the ravine experienced negative encounters with the Los Angeles Police Department; there were problems with drugs and theft.

After World War II Chavez Ravine became the target for progressive-minded reformers who sought to modernize downtown L.A. This effort resulted in the removal of old buildings and construction of freeways, skyscraper office buildings, the Music Center, and, eventually, a renovated Central Library. For Chavez Ravine, "progress" meant a major public housing project that would replace its modest homes and jerry-built shacks. It is this episode on which Laslett raises the curtain on what until then had been the hidden, or unnoticed, existence and history of Chavez Ravine.

Initially city officials, led by Mayor Fletcher Bowron, endorsed the public housing project. Several plans were drawn up for apartment construction. Noted architect Richard Neutra found the intentions of the City Housing Authority too restrictive, limiting his designs to several multistory apartment buildings. The CHA rejected this plan as too similar to New York City housing projects. There were also disagreements over the project's open spaces, parks, and playgrounds. The biggest complaints came from Chavez Ravine residents who were being pressured to sell their homes for what subsequently was recognized as below market value. The alternative was eminent domain

condemnation. Most ravine residents accepted the inevitable and sold out, but some stubbornly resisted giving up their homes.

By 1953 the public housing project had become a political issue. Mayor Bowron supported the project in his reelection campaign, but other city officials had changed their minds, and public opinion now opposed the project. Congressman Norris Poulson defeated Bowron and installed a business-friendly administration. Where a community had existed for more than half a century, Chavez Ravine was now a place of cement foundations where homes had been, along with a few survivors who refused to leave. Lasslett notes that Frank Wilkinson, a CHA official who had tried to persuade residents to leave, regretted that homes had been demolished and no fair price given to their owners, and that the project had become a political football, ruining his own career (Wilkinson was later "outed" as a Communist).

Not long after the rejection of the public housing project, Poulson and City Council member Rosalind Weiner (later Wyman) learned of Walter O'Malley's frustration at getting New York officials to support financing for a modern stadium to replace Ebbets Field as the Brooklyn Dodgers' home. Thus began a cat-and-mouse game between Poulson and Wyman, and O'Malley, on the possibility of moving the Dodgers to Los Angeles. Of several sites considered, Chavez Ravine provided the optimum location for a baseball stadium—a place near the intersection of four freeways. O'Malley and city officials concluded a sweetheart deal. All that remained was to remove the last residents from the ravine and begin a terraforming project that would turn the hills into a major league baseball stadium.

The Arrechiga family did not go quietly, but they were only a footnote to a done deal. However, although the history of Chavez Ravine may have been hidden, its memories have endured. Artist Judy Baca included Chavez Ravine into her Great Los Angeles Wall mural. Culture Clash produced a play about Chavez Ravine in 2003—performed at the Mark Taper Forum, one of the buildings of the Music Center, not far from Dodger Stadium. Novels, songs, and poems have been written. Former Chavez Ravine residents hold reunions. Laslett utilizes the writings and recollections of Manazar Gamboa who grew up in Chavez Ravine, and he interviewed former residents, including Carol Jacques and Alicia Brown.

In the decades following the destruction of Chavez Ravine and the construction of Dodger Stadium, it seems ironic that Latinos are among the biggest Dodger fans. Some of O'Malley's promises to the city were never realized, but the Dodger organization broadcasts the team's games in Spanish as well as English, and "Dodger Blue" merchandise is sold in stores as well as at the stadium. A winning season attracts people; a losing season holds the "wait until next year" hope. And it's a fair guess that of the tens of thousands of Dodger fans in Los Angeles, few are likely today to be aware of the controversial history of racism and political scheming that led to the Dodgers coming to Los Angeles.

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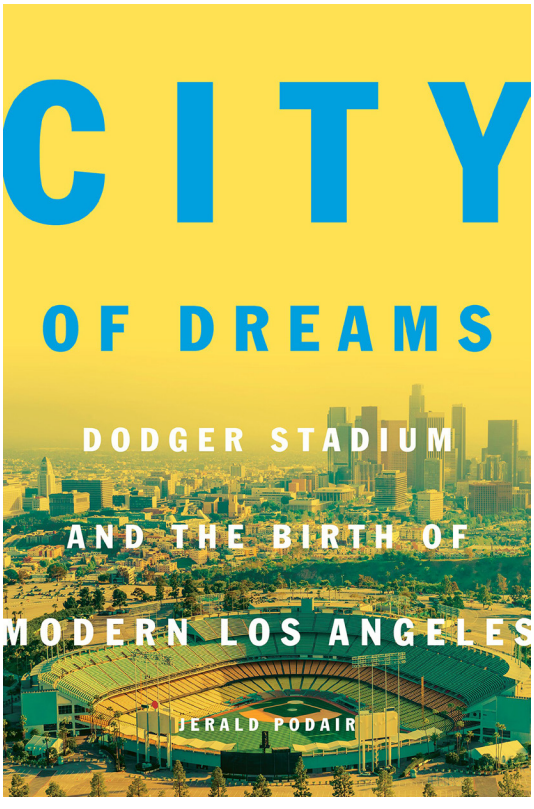
Jerald Podair, history professor at Lawrence University, tells two distinct historical narratives that come together to create a major league baseball stadium in the City of the Angels. The first historical thread follows the career of Walter O'Malley, native-born New Yorker who started as a lawyer, serving as general counsel for the Brooklyn Dodgers, eventually becoming part owner of the team. Recognizing that Ebbets Field, built in 1913, had become obsolete and was losing attendance and income despite diehard fans, O'Malley approached New York urban developer Robert Moses with the proposition to build a new stadium. Rebuffed by Moses, O'Malley began considering a move to another city that would give him the opportunity to construct a state-of-the-art stadium.

Meanwhile, the City of Los Angeles had planned a public housing project at Chavez Ravine, a plan that soured when voters in 1953 rejected the idea as socialistic. Between 1949 and 1953, the city had used eminent domain to purchase homes and properties in Chavez Ravine; most ravine residents sold



their homes after which bulldozers knocked them down. When the public housing project was rejected, the city owned most of the area's property but was restricted by law to use the land for a "public purpose." All this was going on while O'Malley was still dickering with Moses in New York.

In 1957 L.A. Mayor Poulson and City Council member Rosalind Wyman, both avid baseball fans yet of strikingly different political views—she a liberal Democrat, he a conservative Republican—learned of O'Malley's frustration with New York's reluctance to build a new stadium. They approached him with the idea of moving his team to Los Angeles. O'Malley visited the city, thought the idea feasible, and concluded a contract that would sell him Chavez Ravine land for the construction of a new stadium. Little did O'Malley know at the time what kind of political morass awaited him.

Utilizing the O'Malley Archive with its wealth of correspondence, contemporary news stories (including the writings of sports columnists in Los Angeles and New York), Podair examines the collision of the two narratives, dealing with the political and economic conflicts as Poulson and his allies on the City Council fought a minority of Council members who opposed the use of Chavez Ravine—though not opposing the *idea* of the city having a major league baseball team. O'Malley had a hard time understanding Los Angeles politics—nonpartisan offices, alliances of factions from different constituencies and political parties—and the lengthy process by which supporters of the stadium finally won out.

As the most recent author of a book on the controversy, Podair (2017) makes use of Laslett's (2015) and McCue's (2014) books, the strength of his own research showing in his tracing the political maneuverings of both factions. There are a few weak spots in his narrative where he oversimplifies the Owens Valley-Los Angeles water dispute, citing only one source that actually doesn't agree with his comments on how Los Angeles acquired Owens River water (2017: 30). Also, none of the three authors mention the importance of the arrival of the jet age, making it possible for teams to travel by air in much shorter time than by train.

Podair is objective in presenting both sides of the controversy. He sums up the dispute as one of modernists arguing for a Los Angeles Downtown revitalized with the construction of high-rise office buildings, the Music Center, the new construction on Bunker Hill, and the centerpiece of it all, Dodger Stadium. On the other side, led by City Council members John Holland and Edward Roybal, was the desire to maintain neighborhood integrity and the providing of essential services such as paved roads, better schools, and tax money going to a true public purpose, not helping a private entrepreneur build a for-profit stadium. Choose your side. Podair leaves the decision up to the reader, though he notes the hypocrisy of Samuel Yorty who changed sides after he was elected mayor in 1961.

When the stadium opened on April 9, 1962, sportswriter Jim Murray had a field day with his classic "Let 'Em Drink Beer," comparing O'Malley to Marie Antoinette

in not providing water fountains in the stadium. In fairness to O'Malley, Podair (2017: 284) cites correspondence between O'Malley and Dick O'Connor of Allied Maintenance, the subcontractor responsible for installing water fountains, in which O'Connor praised O'Malley for his request to have water fountains installed on all tiers "where the public could be easily directed." The letter was dated September 25, 1961; Murray's column appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* on April 19, 1962. Podair (2017: 293) rightly defends O'Malley against charges that it was a deliberate oversight and that the fountains were in fact installed by the end of the month. "While there was no proof that the missing water fountains were anything other than a builder's mistake," observes Podair, "they lived on as a form of urban legend in the minds of those critics."

Podair also concludes that the Arechiga family, depicted as destitute after deputies hauled them out of their home that was immediately demolished, lost their credibility when it was revealed that the family owned almost a dozen homes in the Los Angeles area and were far from being "homeless." Ironically, a one-sided view of this episode persists to this day as can be seen in a number of websites that accuse O'Malley of being responsible for the eviction.

Although Podair (2017: 296) doesn't take his narrative to the present day, he notes, "For the hundreds of thousands of Latinos, African Americans, and women who attended Dodger home games in 1962 and afterward, the Dodger Stadium stands were one of the few safe public spaces in Los Angeles." Alas, would that this were true. The brutal beating of San Francisco Giants fan Brian Stowe outside the stadium, plus the many fist fights and physical assaults in recent years shown for all to see on Youtube, reflect the growing coarseness and extreme divisiveness permeating our society today.

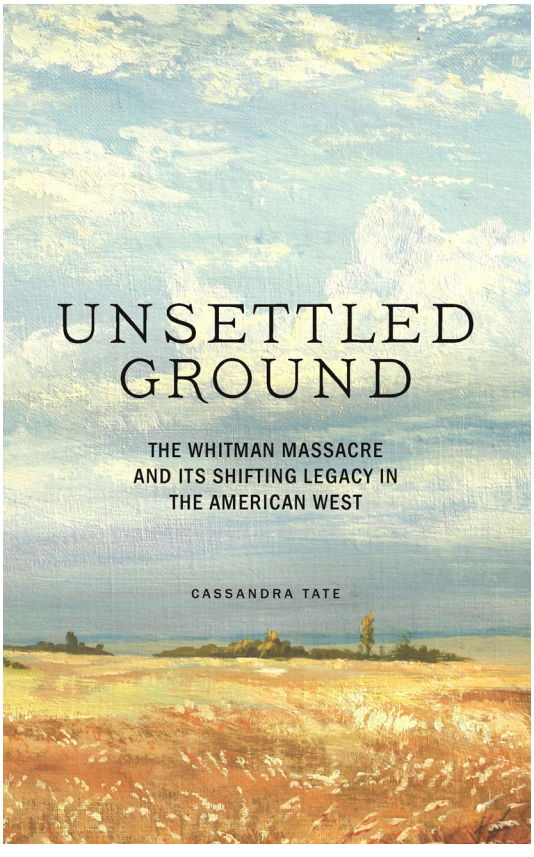
Taken together, though there is some overlap between the three books, each offers something that complements the others—McCue's biography of O'Malley, Laslett's history of Chavez Ravine, and Podair's dissection of Los Angeles politics—that make all of them worthwhile reading. Of course, the books would best be read in the summer—baseball season.

UNSETTLED GROUND: The Whitman Massacre and its Shifting Legacy in the American West, by Cassandra Tate. Sasquatch Books, Seattle, 2020. 283 pp. Illustrations, Notes, Selected Bibliography, Index. Hardbound, $24.95.

On February 19, 1836, only a day after they were married, Marcus and Narcissa Whitman set out from Angelica, New York, for Oregon with the support of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Their goal—to establish a Presbyterian mission. They selected a location on the land of the Cayuse, near the Walla Walla River. Were it not for the incident on November 29, 1847, Marcus and Narcissa Whitman would have barely left a footnote in history. On that day, the Cayuse, the very people Marcus and Narcissa hoped to "save from eternal damnation," attacked the Mission. Marcus and Narcissa, along with nine other men and two teenage boys, were killed. The natives took the remaining women and children hostages, and the young girls were pressed into "marriage" with Cayuse men.

Cassandra Tate's compelling retelling of the story of what became known as the Whitman Massacre delves deep into the conflict of cultures that led to the incident. It begins in the east as Marcus, with some medical training, begins to lobby the American Board to support his Mission to Oregon. The Board did not look too kindly on single missionaries, and Marcus was fortunate to find an equally devoted ally in Narcissa. The cross-country trip by steamboat and wagon seemed to invigorate the couple, especially Narcissa, despite the more strenuous trek over the mountains.

When the Whitman's arrived in Oregon, their relationship with the natives was amiable. Yet, Marcus and Narcissa were both unsuited for the task they had undertaken,



and their attitudes toward their native hosts, whom they considered inferior, doomed their efforts to convert any Cayuse to Christianity. Measles decimated the local Cayuse population, and mistrust began to arise as Marcus' medical treatments proved ineffective. When Marcus and Narcissa's daughter, Alice, drowned, Narcissa retreated into herself. Over time, Marcus focused his attention on aiding the settling of Oregon by white families, rather than missionary service. Both Marcus and Narcissa were aware of the Cayuse cultural tradition that supported killing their shaman when a patient died. The natives began to view the death of their people by measles as part of a plan for the whites to take over their land. As the relationship between the Whitmans and the Cayuse soured, the natives made it clear they wanted the Whitmans to leave. The Whitmans did not heed the warning signs. The consequences of the violent attack on the Mission were significant. A war of retaliation was waged against the Cayuse by a U.S. government that accelerated its actions to take control of the Pacific Northwest.

For over 120 years, the Whitmans were near canonized as pioneering martyrs. Although no photo or painting exists of Marcus, his statue, as a robust frontiersman, stands in our Nation's Capital statuary hall. The Whitman name graces the front of schools and buildings. But as with many early pioneers, the stories and legends, both written and told, don't withstand the scrutiny of thorough research and a "more inclusive, less sentimental approach to the history of the west." Only since the 1960s has there been a recognition that the tribal perspective is missing. Author Cassandra Tate provides that balanced approach. Her book began as a series of posts on HistoryLink.org, an online encyclopedia of Washington State History and you can still find them there. Tate's book, however, is engrossing storytelling on a foundation of scholarly research. The Cayuse have a voice in her book. We hear Narcissa's voice as well, drawn from her letters written from Oregon Trail and the Mission. There are, of course, more written resources related to this event documenting the white perspective. There are less from the Cayuse, a people who recorded their history orally. Yet, despite the lack of source material, Tate gives us a story of western expansion including the Cayuse perspective.

The Whitmans typify the pattern of white colonialism that sought to eradicate Native American culture. Success to the Whitmans would be converts who dressed, spoke, and worshiped the same way they did. The Whitmans did not understand the Cayuse, nor did the Cayuse understand them. It was a clash of cultures that erupted in violence in the early afternoon of November 29, 1847.

— Geraldine Knatz, Ph.D.