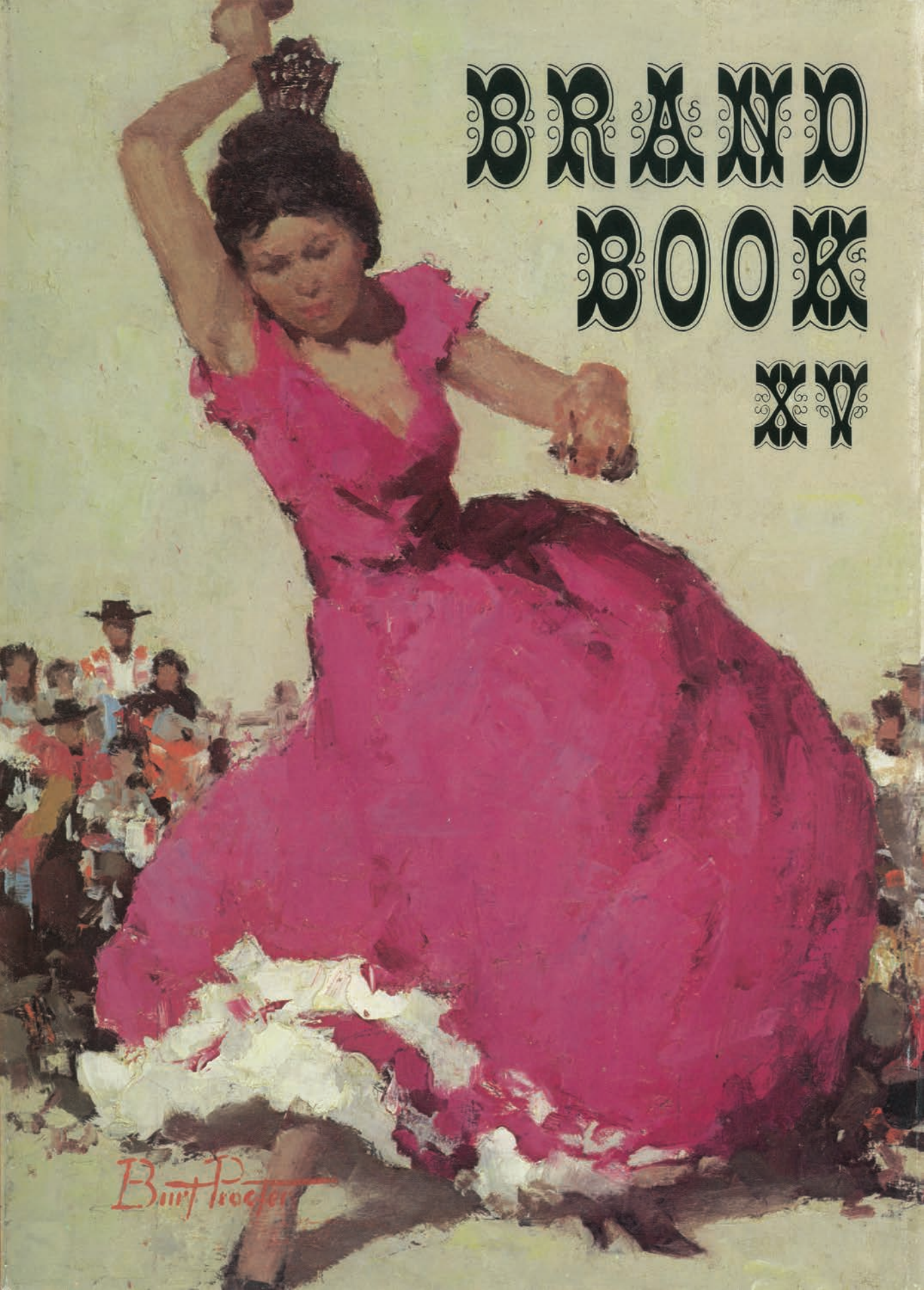
BRAND BOOK XV



LOS ANGELES CORRAL

BRAND BOOK

Anthony L. Lehman - Editor

"Fandango Dancer"—BURT PROCTER

BRAND BOOK

XV

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

BRAND BOOK NO. 15

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End Paper Illustration

This illustration was painted by Andy Dagosta prior to the Corral's *Fandango* held at Rancho Los Cerritos Adobe during June 1975. The Rancho was carved out of the original grant to Manuel Nieto in 1784 and he moved on to the land the following year. Manuel died in 1804 and the land was divided into five ranchos by 1834. John Temple, who married Rafaela Cota, a cousin of the husband of Manuella, Nieto's daughter, purchased the 27,000 acre rancho from the heirs in 1843. The structure shown in this painting was built in 1844 of adobe from the grounds, including redwood from the northern California coast and a tar roof from the La Brea tar pits. The rancho house was used mostly as a summer home. In 1866 Temple sold the ranch and house to Flint, Bixby & Co. who were sheep ranchers at San Juan Bautista. The Bixby's lived in the house from 1866 to 1881 after which it was unused as a home until 1930. The structure was rather rundown at the time of this turn-of-the-century scene.—COLLECTION OF ADAMS, DUQUE & HAZELTINE.

In Memorium

Homer H. Boelter
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THE
LOS ANGELES CORRAL
Dedicates

BRAND BOOK 15

To the Memory of

Homer H. Boelter

1899-1977

Artist - Printer - Former Sheriff

Homer Boelter

Homer rode into the Los Angeles Corral as it was being organized in December, 1946. It soon became apparent to the formative group that he was a man of many, many talents. As lithographer, artist, and creator of fine printing, he was destined to bring honor, prestige, and glory to the Los Angeles Corral. A shelf of beautiful Brand Books stands as a monument to his artistic achievements.

He was a perfectionist—always striving for excellence in all he did. This drive resulted in many awards and certificates for excellence in design and printing from the American Institute of Graphic Arts. He gathered a cadre of highly skilled craftsmen at Homer H. Boelter Lithography, and his high standards were evidenced in all the work of that firm.

Homer was an artist of rare talents as well. The most significant expression left to us of this gift is his masterwork, *Portfolio of Hopi Kachinas*, published in 1969. Dr. Carl S. Dentzel, Director of the Southwest Museum, wrote in his introduction to this publication: "Homer Boelter has distinguished himself over a period of many years in printing the Brand Book of the Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, which has received international recognition for the Corral. His many special publications on many varied subjects, usually relating to historical and anthropological interests, have become collectors' items, sought for their inherent value as well as their imaginative design and beauty. Mr. Boelter is an artist, author, craftsman of great knowledge, taste and skill. His work of almost half a century reflects this fundamental fact."

The third Sheriff of our Corral, he was presented an Honorary Membership as an expression of our gratitude, acknowledging "his substantial contribution to the perpetuation of the spirit and culture of the Old West, and preservation of Western Americana." Homer accomplished much good in his lifetime, and we all bask in the reflected glory of his many accomplishments. He will be sorely missed.

—Paul Galleher

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"Big Pueblo," BY BURT PROCTER

Contents

Preface

The year just ended has been a momentous one for the United States of America, marking the bicentennial of her identity as a nation. Inevitably, it was a birthday observed in a multitude of ways. The postage stamps we licked, the currency we spent, the advertisements we read, the television we viewed, the music and the literature we consumed, the fairs, the festivals, and the special exhibits we attended—all were constant and varied reminders of the occasion. Even the crosswalks on the streets of Philadelphia were painted red, white, and blue, complete with stars. However, when I visited the City of Brotherly Love as recently as last October, the colors were rapidly disappearing, worn away by myriads of tourist's shoes and Detroit's tires.

Now that our orgy of patriotic self-congratulation is officially over, let us hope that the self-examination will continue, that our interest in our country's rich historical legacy from the past will not be confined to one-hundred year intervals of enthusiasm. As the writer Christopher Tunnard has reminded, "There is a need in every generation to study the past, to absorb its spirit, to preserve its messages. There is an enrichment of life to be found there which cannot be recreated artificially or by searching for it in our own world. It is a collaboration of ourselves and our ancestors; the result is a deeper understanding for individuals and, in consequence, a broader culture for our nation."

It is my hope that Brand Book 15 will contribute to the knowledge, understanding, and appreciation of our own area's history and culture, for all of the articles assembled here focus on some aspect of Southern California's unique heritage. The scope, though only representative, is certainly broad enough to please all interests: Indians, Blacks, Spanish missionaries, railroads, Chinese junks, the citrus industry, early settlers, outlaws, politicians, artists, writers, civic leaders, land developers—a fair and fascinating sampling of the events, the men, and the women too, that have memorably left their mark. May you be both enlightened and entertained by these nuggets from our own backyard.

Claremont, California
New Year's Day, 1977

Anthony L. Lehman
Editor

Santa Barbara Mission

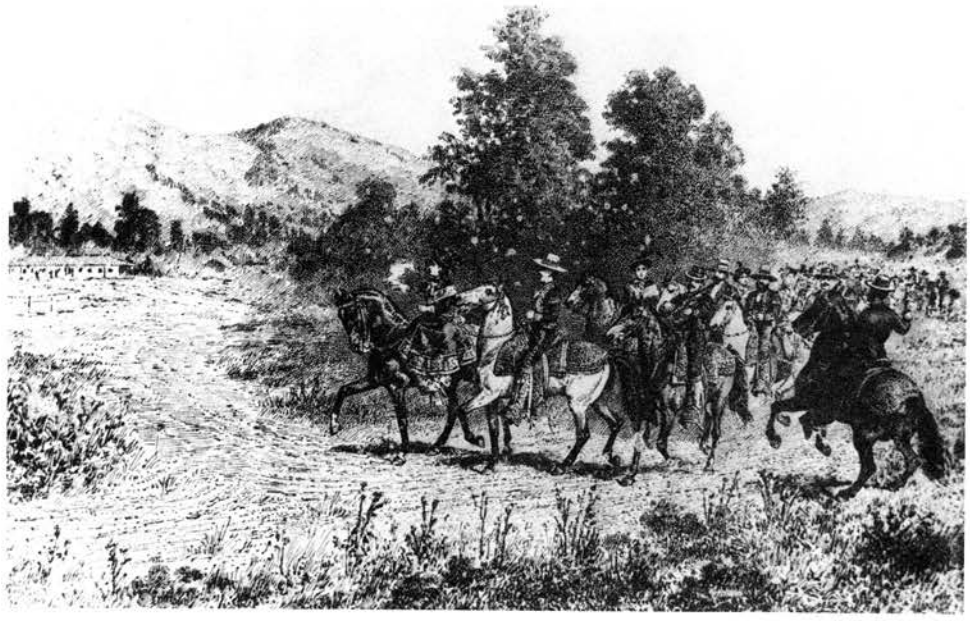
Does California Have a Spanish Heritage?

BY RICHARD F. POURADE

In the past few years a number of commentators on history have been busily erasing thoughts of a Spanish heritage from the cherished memories of Californians; others have rushed to the rescue of the nostalgic charm so often associated with a pastoral California of Spanish influence.

The way it was before the American conquest—the way they saw California through the mist of memory and age—was described by Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, once one of the most respected and powerful men of Old California, who in his later years in the 1890's, reminisced:

> No need to suppose that the Spanish pioneers of California suffered many hardships or privations, although it was a new country. They came slowly, and they were prepared to become settlers. All that was necessary for the maintenance and enjoyment of life according to the simple and healthful standards of those days was brought with them. They had seeds, trees, vines, cattle, household goods, and servants. . . .
>
> Nothing was more attractive than the wedding cavalcade on its way from the bride's house to the mission church. . . . In April and May when the land was covered with wild flowers, the light-hearted troop rode along the edge of the uplands, between hill and valley, crossing the streams, and some of the young horsemen, anxious to show off their skill, would perform all the feats for which the Spanish Californians were famous . . . .
>
> It seems to me that there was no more peaceful or happy people on the face of the earth than the Spanish, Mexican and Indian population of Alta California before the American conquest . . . and we often talk together of the days when a few hundred large Spanish ranchos and mission tracts occupied the whole country from the Pacific to the San Joaquin. No class of American citizens is more loyal than the Spanish Californians.



A Wedding Cavalcade

Manuel Servín, professor of Southwestern and Mexican-American history at Arizona State University, believes that no aspect of borderland history has been more distorted than that of the Spanish colonization of the Southwest, and that "it was the mixed-blood and not the Spaniard who settled and populated California. To deny this fact, and continue the myth of the Spanish settlers and settlement, is to perpetuate a deception."

He is joined in part by Dr. David J. Weber, professor of history at San Diego State University and author of *Foreigners in their Native Land.* He, along with Carey McWilliams, the prolific editor and writer on social causes, refers to a "fantasy heritage" which, Weber says, has manifested itself in the myth that Spanish rule over the Southwest was a bucolic, romantic period when pastoral life was simple, beautiful and virtuous. He suggests, however, that while the colonists in California and the Southwest were essentially Mexican, a frontier experience did make their culture distinctive.

While Spain was in the Americas for 300 years, it settled and ruled California for only a little more than a half century, and it was to be expected that Spanish influences there would not be on the same scale as in Colonial Mexico.

The case against Spanish influences generally rests with the people who founded the original pueblo of Los Angeles. The authority customarily cited is the late Professor Charles E. Chapman, certainly in his time one of the most influential of California historians. He is quoted with delight by those who challenge the legends of California. He wrote:

> The inhabitants (of pueblos) were of poorer quality than those of the presidial towns, and were of mongrel racial type. The original settlers of Los Angeles, for example, had far more Indian and Negro blood than white, though all were part Spanish. None of them could read or write. By all accounts they were a dissolute, immoral, lazy, gambling lot. Between 1792 and 1795 the pueblos received an increase in population through the sending of a number of artisans from Mexico; these artisans were criminals. Present-day Californians need not feel in the least shocked by these details. No pioneer country in real life is ever very lovely, especially if the inhabitants are unwilling settlers. . . . Many of the English settlers of the West Indies and what are now the southern states of this country were as poor as the Spanish Californians.

Poor Los Angeles. Other historians, however, have come to her rescue and contend that Los Angeles was not typical and its settlers did not represent the average colonists. The founding was almost a disaster, and it was not until the sad little population had been upgraded by later arrivals from northern Mexico that Los Angeles began its climb, with some social and political stumbling, to domination of Southern California and finally to become one of America's greatest cities.

The strength of Spanish ties and a romantic California are perpetuated in the literature of historical recollections. Benjamin Hayes, who came to California soon after the American conquest and became a traveling judge, put down his recollections of old families, and of one woman in particular wrote of her fond memories of olden days in San Diego:

> The arrival of a ship was more than a sensation. Its date served the memory to reckon ordinary events hereafter, and cold the heart not to relish the gaiety and enjoyment that flowed by dropping the anchor at La Playa. The vessels spent a considerable time in the harbor. Liberality on one side, unbounded hospitality on the other side, contributed to gild and prolong the festival hours. It is a lively picture of a venerable lady . . . "ah, what times we used to have. Every week at La Playa, aboard the ships—silks . . . *rebozos* . . . music . . . dancing . . . frolic." There was to be met the prettiest of women, one has said, whom time touches lightly. "When I was a girl, 'twas the reign of prosperity and plenty."

There is no question but that a love of Spain as a homeland was carried to California by many of the early settlers and soldiers, even though born on this continent, and they didn't have to wait until their old age when the sun perhaps had warped their memories, to recall their duty to the King as well as God. Captain Francisco María Ruiz was born in Loreto in Baja California and was granted the first rancho in San Diego County. He was recommended

for service in California in the following words:

> This is an old American, one of the few true men met with in America or the world. He may have some faults as all men have, but all are outweighed in the balance against his natural honesty; by the justice that in the midst of his great popularity with his soldiers he deals out so as to make himself respected by all; and by his unbounded love for Fernando VII, our monarch, in whose honor he often assembles his soldiers, ordering them to play, dance, drink, and shout Viva! Viva! Viva-a-a!

This sentiment lingered in the faraway presidios and pueblos of a distant frontier of a Spanish empire which eventually crumbled away. William Heath Davis, an American who lived in California during the transition from missions to ranchos, wrote his own recollections in *Seventy-five Years in California.* He knew his Californians and still could say of them:

> Among the Californians there was more or less caste, and the wealthier families were somewhat aristocratic and did not associate freely with the humbler classes; in towns the wealthy families were decidedly proud and select, the wives and daughters especially. These people were naturally, whether rich or poor, of a proud nature, and though always exceedingly polite, courteous, and friendly, they were possessed of a native dignity, an inborn aristocracy, which was apparent in their bearing, walk, and general demeanor. They were descended from the best families of Spain, and never seemed to forget their origin, even if their outward surroundings did not correspond to their inward feeling. Of course, among the wealthier classes this pride was more manifest than among the poorer.

A Frenchman gives a glimpse of an enfeebled padre at Santa Barbara. It was in the late 1820's after California had passed under the control of Mexico, that Captain Auguste Bernard Duhaut-Cilly sailed his ship, *Le Héros,* along the California coast. He left a detailed record of his observations, and among them was a comment on the aged Spanish padre:

> I leaned toward him, and spoke loudly enough to overcome his deafness. "I am a Frenchman. I come from Paris, and I can give you quite recent news from Spain." Never did a talisman produce a more magical effect than these words, whose virtue I had already proved for drawing to myself the kindness and interest of the good fathers. The Spanish, in general, are extremely attached to their country; they love the ground, the customs, everything, even the errors of their government. I had no sooner pronounced these words than the old man, emerging from his lethargy, loaded me with compliments and such urgent questions that I could not find an instant reply. He recovered part of his past vigor, while speaking of his native land which he was to see no more.

Many pioneer settlers, too, by the 1830's had fallen on unhappy days. Even accomplished and well-educated young men of the better class had become victims of the internal strife that arose in California after Mexico had separated from Spain. Newcomers, however, saw an aura of Old Spain about them. Our witness is Richard Henry Dana, who shipped on the *Pilgrim* which engaged in the hide trade between the ranchos and Boston. He wrote

of Don Juan Bandini, a coastal passenger:

> He had a slight and elegant figure, moved gracefully, danced and waltzed beautifully, spoke good Castilian, with a pleasant and refined voice and accent, and had throughout the bearing of a man of birth and figure. Yet here he was, with his passage given him, for he had no means of paying for it, and living on the charity of our agent. He was polite to everyone, spoke to the sailors and gave four *reals*—I dare say the last he had in his pocket—to the steward who waited upon him.

From the beginning of the settlement of California the concern was for its colonization by people loyal to Spain, Spaniards in heart if not in birth. Father Junípero Serra, who had left his home island of Majorca to serve Spain and the Franciscan order in America and was the spiritual leader of the first Spanish expedition into California, founding the first nine of the twenty-one Franciscan missions, in a report to the Viceroy of Mexico in 1773, wrote:

> It seems to me that, if things were put on a more satisfactory basis, some captain or other from Sinaloa, or from one of the other provinces, might be commissioned to recruit from thirty to forty Leatherjacket soldiers; and, of their number, as many as possible with their families. They should be Spaniards with a good record. . . . They should have a supply of animals, arms and other things that are part of the service. And thus these missions would be well provided for, the land would be well settled, and the interests of all, whether spiritual or temporal, served the more efficiently.

The aged padre at Santa Barbara who in the 1820's listened so eagerly and pathetically to news of Spain from the voyager Duhaut-Cilly was no different from his many religious brothers. They not only carried Christianity but Spanish influences around the world.

As Maynard Geiger, O.F.M., has shown in his writings, particularly in *Franciscan Missionaries in Hispanic California*, of the 142 missionaries who served in California throughout seventy-nine years, most of them were born in Spain.

Of the known origins of those sent up from the San Fernando College in Mexico City, thirty had been born in the province of Cantabria, twenty-two in Catalonia, sixteen on the island of Majorca, fourteen in the province of Aragon, seven each in Burgos and Estremadura, five in Galicia, five in Old Castile, five in Andalusia, four in Castile, and one in Valencia.

Are we to say they left no imprint on California other than a string of mission ruins and vanished Indians? Or was it left entirely to the soldiers and settlers to create a fabled California reflecting a golden age of Spain?

Where, for example, was Mariano Vallejo born, the Vallejo who in his late years spoke so nostalgically of Spanish Californians? Why, Vallejo was born in Monterey, in 1808. However, the historian Hubert Howe Bancroft says he was of pure Spanish blood, son of a soldier born in Jalisco, Mexico, who arrived in California in 1774.

The Juan Bandini, who according to Richard Henry Dana spoke such good Castillian, was born in Lima, Peru, son of José Bandini from Andalusia, Spain. He came to San Diego with his aging father about 1822.

California had nine governors in the more than a half century of the Spanish period, from 1769 to 1822. They were Gaspar de Portolá, Felipe de Barri, Felipe de Neve, Pedro Fages, José Antonio Roméu, Diego de Borica, José Joaquín Arrillaga, José Darío Argüello, and Pablo Vicente de Solá. All but one had been born in Spain. Argüello, who was born in Querétaro, Mexico, actually was only an acting governor, for an interim period in 1814-1815.

A standard book on the historic rancho period of Southern California is Robert Glass Cleland's *Cattle on a Thousand Hills.* In the index appear names of people who played prominent roles in the early development of Southern California and particularly Los Angeles County. Of the twenty-eight, other than the Spanish and Mexican governors, six had been born in Spain, eight in Mexico, four in California, and one in South America.

The indefatigable Bancroft compiled a list of all the soldiers and settlers, and their families, who came to California in the first three decades beginning with the Portolá-Serra expedition. Bancroft says there were perhaps 1700 male inhabitants down to the year 1800. Of these, he listed only 114 as settlers, though others were classified by various trades, as soldiers, servants, and convicts, and so forth. Let us examine the settlers. Of the 114 only five can be found in other Bancroft material as having been born in Spain. Of the artisans, or skilled workers, there were forty-nine in all, none born in Spain. His largest group was of children, 364 of them, and certainly they knew only Mexico or California as their home. No records of birth in Spain can be found for the 122 persons he included among the "unidentified" as to caste or trade.

Direct from Spain, however, came the Catalan Volunteers, commanded by Pedro Fages. They left Cádiz in May of 1767 and twenty-five of them were aboard the *San Carlos* as part of the sea expedition accompanying Portolá and Serra to Alta California. Some of them died on the way and others on the beach at San Diego. Only Fages and six Catalonians were able to make the first fruitless trip from San Diego to the north to locate Monterey. On the second trip were Fages and twelve Catalonians. Some of the surviving Catalonians remained in California and the record indicates that at least one of them, Antonio Yorba, was granted a rancho, that of Santiago de Santa Ana in 1809.

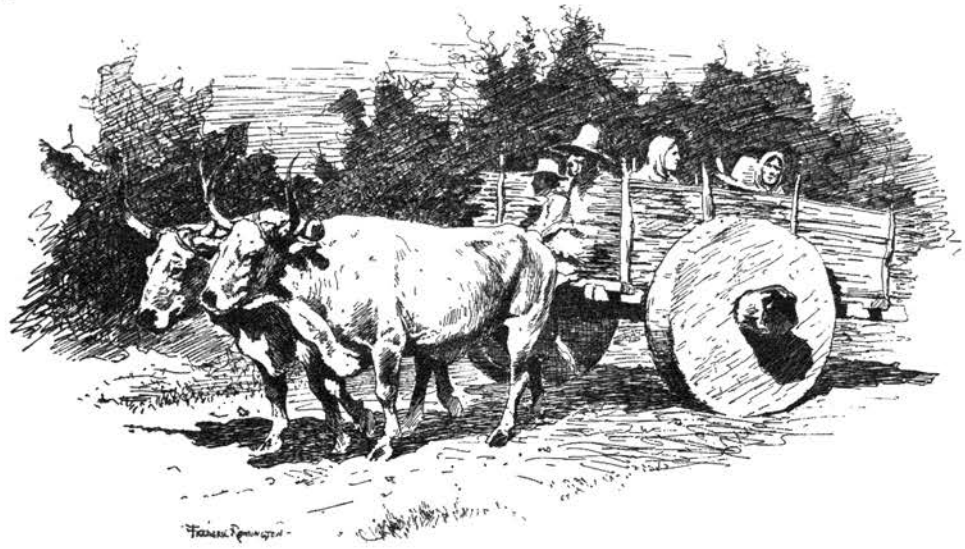
When Juan Bautista de Anza opened the desert road to California, he recruited colonists from the poor of Sonora and Sinaloa, and it was the generosity of the king, or the Spanish government, which outfitted them with the clothing necessary for such a long and hard overland journey.

Serra's suggestion in 1773 that settlers of good qualities be brought to California planted the idea of establishing towns, or pueblos, as well as presidios which were, in fact, walled and isolated fortifications. The establishment of pueblos would mean colonization by farmers who could free the settlers from dependency on ships from San Blas, a mainland port, for food and supplies.

The following year the Viceroy in Mexico City, Antonio María Bucareli, issued his instructions to a new governor, Felipe de Neve, who had been sergeant major of the regiment of Provincial Cavalry at Querétaro in central Mexico. In his instructions was the following advice:

> Every good minister must hold as the pole star of his course the service of God and King. . . . The service of the King is just. It is to be preferred to all else. If the governor and his commandant always follow this principle they will merit the grace of His Majesty. . . . The remoteness of the settlement in California itself . . . suggests the attention and care the governor ought to devote to keep the land in peace, provide her with due order, and assist in the growth of which she is capable. In this way the King may achieve the fulfillment of his pious and benevolent wishes, and the advances in the spiritual conquest of souls may be a happy one.

With Neve's governorship came a change in administration of Spain's distant colonies. The Interior Provinces of northern Mexico and California largely were removed from the jurisdiction of the Viceroy in Mexico and placed more directly under Madrid. Neve took his orders seriously. He



A California Cart, BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

proceeded swiftly to establish farming towns, the first, San Jose, and the second, Los Angeles. The commandant general of the Interior Provinces, Teodoro de Croix, described the qualities that should be sought for in new colonists:

> He must be an experienced farmer, without any known defect or vice which would make him undesireable in a town to be established in the midst of numerous heathen. These are docile and without malice, but prone like all Indians to first impressions and the good or bad example they receive from Spaniards planted in their midst.

Upon leaving for the northern provinces, the *gente de razón*, or people of reason, meaning generally everybody except pure Indians, were referred to as Spaniards, and regulations for the founding of towns, or pueblos, were in the Spanish tradition. This writer, in the Copley book, *Time of Bells*, describes the instructions:

> The colonists, or *pobladores*, were to be *gente de razón*. The Indians would have to come in another way and some provision for this eventuality was made. The pueblos must form a square and streets agreeable to the laws of Spain. Settlers were to be recruited from the older provinces and each was to be granted a house lot and a tract of land for cultivation, with necessary livestock, implements and seed, all to be repaid within five years; they were to receive some annual cash from the government, to be repaid in clothing and other articles; to have use of community or government lands for pasturage and obtaining wood and water, and to be free from taxes of tithes for five years. Those already living in California, as well as discharged soldiers, were entitled to the same benefits except for cash and cattle. In return, the settlers were required to sell the surplus products of their lands to the presidios; each settler must keep himself, horse and musket in readiness for emergencies; they must take their land within the pueblo limits of four square leagues, according to Spanish law and custom, and should not try to monopolize the pueblo wealth by owning more than fifty animals of any one kind; must not encumber or mortgage their property, and must join the pueblo in tilling common land, from which community expenses were to be met, and in constructing dams, canals, roads and streets, and necessary town buildings.

Though the ordinary presidial soldier, or Leatherjacket, may have brought his wife or married an Indian girl, and remained to build a home or eventually claim a share of land, the laws and the pattern of life were laid down by those high in rank above him, and they spoke with the voice of Spain.

By the end of the Eighteenth Century the great generation of California pioneers had passed away, as Geiger recorded. It is difficult to measure how much Spanish influence might have gone with them.

Padres Serra and Juan Crespí, who came to the New World together from Majorca, lay side by side in San Carlos Mission. Padre Francisco Palóu, another of the fathers from Majorca, slept at Querétero in Mexico. Padre Luís Jayme, also born in Majorca, had fallen in an Indian attack on the San Diego Mission.

Juan Pérez, a Spanish pilot of Manila galleons who was captain of the *San Antonio* during the first Spanish expedition to California, found a watery grave in the Pacific just south of Monterey. Captain Fernando Rivera, of Compostela, Mexico, who had come with Serra and then led the first colonists to California, met a soldier's tragic death at the hands of Yuma Indians. Felipe de Neve, from a distinguished Andalusian family and who was responsible for the founding of Los Angeles and San Jose, had died in the Sonoran desert. Antonio María Bucareli, Spain's Viceroy in Mexico who had sent Anza to California with more than 240 colonists over a new overland route, had been buried in the Basilica of Guadalupe in Mexico City. Anza, himself, whose father had been brought from Spain as a boy, had died in Sonora and been buried in Arizpe. Teodoro de Croix, a Frenchman in service of the Spanish army who served as commandant general of the Interior Provinces in Arizpe, had left Mexico to become Viceroy of Peru. José de Gálvez, the inspector general from Spain who gave the orders for the settlement of California, had passed away at Aranjuez, Spain. Don Gaspar de Portolá, a native of Catalonia, who with Serra had led the expedition to California, was buried in Lérida, Spain. José Francisco Ortega, a Mexican sergeant of Guanajuato, Mexico, who came with Portolá and Serra and who was the first of the soldiers and colonists to see the Golden Gate, had died suddenly in California en route from his ranch to Santa Barbara.

No matter where they had been born or reared, all had thought of themselves as true Spaniards.

But as the years progressed, how was life developing in California, in the time of somewhat later migrations from Mexico? Were the seeds of a utopian existence being sown, to flower in the California of our yesterday?

Not all authorities—and recollections—agree on what was transpiring in those years. A leading authority on the founding of Branciforte, which, however, faded away, was Francis Florian Guest, who wrote:

> Strenuous efforts were made in New Spain to recruit settlers for California but with small success. On March 3, 1796, the king approved the plan of populating California with families who might volunteer for the project. The intendancies of Guadalajara, Zacatecas, Potosí, Guanajuato, and Valladolid were searched for families, poor, honorable, and of pure blood, who might be sent to California to increase the population and who, far from corrupting the Christian Indians, would give them good example. . . . The results were almost nil. . . . Ultimately, two groups were organized to make the voyage to the new province. The first, from Guadalajara, consisted of nine men condemned for petty crimes. The second, from Guanajuato, comprised sixteen men of the same class, and three volunteers.

We have another glimpse of those early years from the records of the visits in 1792-1794 of the English navigator George Vancouver, a trusted emissary of the British government. He has left us this description, among many other

Soldado de Monterey

comments:

> The Spaniards in their missions and presidios, being the two principal distinctions of Spanish inhabitants, lead a confined, and in most respects a very indolent life; the religious part of the society within a cloister, the military in barracks. The last mentioned order do nothing, in the strictest sense of the expression; for they neither till, sow, nor reap, but wholly depend upon the labour of the inhabitants of the missions and pueblos for their subsistence and the common necessaries of life. To reconcile this inactivity whilst they remain on duty in the presidio, with the meritorious exertions that the same description of people are seen to make in the pueblos, is certainly a very difficult task; and the contradiction would have remained very prejudicial to their character, had I not been informed, that to support the consequence of the soldier in the eyes of the natives, and to insure him their respect, it had been deemed highly improper that he should be subjected to any laborious employment. This circumstance alone is sufficient to account for the habitual indolence and want of industry in the military part of these societies.

The first Spanish conquerers in Mexico came by way of Cuba. Others followed directly from Spain. Many later higher officers and officials, though born in Mexico, were pure Spaniards, or creoles; others were at least half Spaniard in blood and total in allegiance. The longer the Spaniards remained, and the farther north they went, often the more dilution. The

presidial soldiers were largely born in the regions from which they were recruited and came from backgrounds of poverty. But Odie B. Faulk in his book, *The Leather Jacket Soldier,* has noted:

> The blood of conquistadors ran in the veins of presidial soldiers. Their forefathers had left Spain filled with a desire to conquer, a love of adventure, and a zest for battle. Eight hundred years of fighting the Moors had produced a class of men who disdained commerce as beneath their dignity, who lived for battle. The Leatherjacket soldiers were equally proud, equally warlike, and of equal potential. Yet considering the shortage of funds and supplies, the attitude and abuses of the officers, and the barbaric ferocity of the Indian enemy, the wonder is not that the Spanish common soldier performed as poorly as he did, but that he succeeded as well as he did. The fault was not that of the Leatherjacket soldier but of the system where tradition and economy outweighed military needs; where officers were allowed to indulge themselves as petty tyrants; where intrigue and influence counted for more than skill and daring; where inertia dominated and innovation was suspect. Such a system could be corrected only from the top, and stagnation and decay characterized the Spanish monarchical system. The *soldado de cuera* led a bleak, lonely, hard life—that contributed to an indelible Spanish imprint on the American Southwest.

The common or presidial soldiers in frontier commands had no Spanish ties as such, though they often had Spanish officers in the highest ranks. The companies were predominantly mestizos, or mixed bloods, part Spanish and part Indian. According to Odie B. Faulk in his report on the Leatherjacket soldier, Spanish officers looked with disdain on provincial or racially mixed commands.

But these same soldiers, or Leatherjacket frontiersmen, became in a large measure the landlords of California. The first five land grants in the Los Angeles area, in the period from 1784-1795, went to four retired soldiers and one settler.

Curiously, by standards of historical critics of the frontier soldiers, and significantly, by all historical criteria, these same soldiers helped to overthrow Spanish rule in Mexico. They may have acted then under the stimulus of their colonial administrators. But as time passed, the mixed bloods, as their numbers and powers increased, struggled for more than a century to finally establish a republic of their own people.

The revolution that separated Mexico from Spain, and which affected far-off California, did not begin as a war for independence, but arose from complex circumstances in large part beginning with Napoleon's invasion of Spain. There was no spontaneous uprising, but a spreading discontent with rule from the motherland. The soldiers, mostly mestizos, fought at the instigation of the pureblood colonials who were more royalist than revolutionists. The situation was not much different than that which arose in the thirteen English colonies on the Atlantic Coast.

In California, however, soldiers, settlers and padres remembered their old loyalties. Reports of a successful revolution in Mexico were discounted, and Governor Pablo Vicente Solá said these were from "a country of dreamers, since independence is a dream," and that since he as well as others were aware of the immortal, incomparable Spanish nation he must look with contempt on such absurd views.

There was only sadness at the presidios in 1822 when the flag of Spain came down and the new flag of Mexico went up. The soldiers submitted to the cutting off of their queues which for so long had been the mark of royal soldiers.

The consequent change in California was great. The mission system was broken up and the lands parceled out. The military took on a different appearance. The Frenchman, Duhaut-Cilly, was an acute observer of the times. He wrote of the soldiers in 1827:

> They never drill, they are merely considered as mounting guard in the presidios and missions; their most frequent and regular duty is to serve as customs guards. Those entrusted with this care know how to take advantage of their position by favoring smuggling. . . . These men occupy in society quite another rank than our European soldiers, and in this respect much more resemble the Turkish *janissaries* than any other body of troops. . . . They have been seen to aspire to the hand of their commandant's daughter, and gain it. They are present at all the festivals given by their officers, return them courtesy for courtesy, and are their equal everywhere. They would receive a very large salary if they were paid what is owed them; but that has never happened to them, no more under the Spanish government than under the Mexican, and there are some who are owed more than twenty years of their wages.

In the opinion of Dr. Weber, of San Diego State University, Spanish and Mexican cultures adapted to frontier conditions and became distinctive. Those who have resisted the suggestions of a Spanish heritage, because among other things, most borderland settlers were not truly Spanish but of overwhelmingly mixed bloods from Indian, Spanish and also Negro stock, have been rebuked by Ralph H. Vigil, associate professor of history at the University of Nebraska.

Vigil says that Servín has confused definitions of race. For Servín, he says, colonial Mexicans are persons of mixed blood, inferring that Spaniards are persons of unmixed blood. This he asserts is a gross over-simplification and ignores the fact that the population of the Iberian peninsula was anything but ethnically homogeneous:

> It must also be observed that the Spaniards arriving in the New World during the colonial period were a motley group racially and regionally; and peasants, artisans, Berbers, Spanish Jews, and *negros ladinos* came in abundant numbers as well as servants and friends of uncertain social background and ordinary military and pastoral people. But in spite of the vast number of adventurers and people of the lowest social conditions who

emigrated to America, the minor nobility's world view set the standards for Spanish colonial society.

To claim that there is no Spanish heritage is like stating, in the view of Vigil, that Spain ceased to be Spanish because of the Berber invasions or that Anglo-Americans today are Indians because they eat corn, potatoes, and use tobacco.

In another study of Spain and its influences on the New World, William Lytle Schurz refutes the notion that Spain carelessly populated its northern provinces with inferior institutions. This, he says, fails to take in the complexities of frontier life and robs Mexican-Americans of their rich colonial heritage. The civilization of Spain was urban and perhaps explains the way of life instituted in California, as Schurz writes:

> From the time the Greeks and Punic peoples settled in Iberia, Spaniards have lived in cities and shunned the open country. If they did not dwell in cities, they grouped themselves in towns and villages for sociability and protection . . . when Spaniards came to the New World they brought their urban instincts and leanings with them. Since they could not conceive of a civilization that was not built around cities, they literally started founding cities as soon as they landed. . . .
>
> In spite of complex origins—a compound of the original "Iberian," Greek, Phoenician-Punic, Roman, Arab, Germanic, North African, and a few ethnic odds and ends like the Basque—the Spaniards are a singularly uncomplicated folk. . . . There is a great permanence and durability about Spain . . . in the ancient towns that are the essence of Spain . . . life has gone on from century to century with little change in the essentials.

The Mexico City that had sent the missionaries and soldiers and settlers to the distant Northwest Coast was still Spanish in spirit and character, as historian Geiger writes in *The Life and Times of Junípero Serra:*

> About the middle of the eighteenth century, Mexico City contained about fifty thousand whites who had been born either in Spain or in Mexico itself. These latter were the creoles, born in America and descendants of Spaniards without a mixture of other blood. In addition there was a population of about forty thousand including mestizos of mixed Indian and white blood, mulattoes, and negroes. There were only about eight thousand of pure Indian blood in and about the capital.
>
> Great diversity was apparent in Mexico City society. There were high government officials, bewigged and powdered; a large body of government clerks, secretaries, and scribes; garrisons of soldiers for both pomp and protection. There was a nobility of marqueses and counts, university professors and students, and professional men. There was a significantly wealthy class, mostly Spaniards, in whose hands was the commercial monopoly. There was the creole class, kept in a state of dependency which brought dissatisfaction and later led to revolution. Mestizos formed the servant and working classes; the Indians sold their wares in the *tianguis,* or market. Eight thousand men and women earned their living in the cigar factory. Vendors, shouting and selling, paraded the city from morning till evening. Beggars, unable or unwilling to work, chanted their cries for *una limosna por amor de Dios.* Pitiful looking and pestiferous, they came to be called *pordioseros,* an army of professionals in the church *atria* and at street corners

whose descendants have not yet been successfully eliminated. There was a sizable rabble—the vagrants without homes or security, the petty and grand criminals, mischief makers and the dregs of society, drunkards, thieves, and the dissolute. The social pattern was as wide as men and conditions could make it.

And the poor, belittled people of mixed blood who were treated so badly by earlier historians now are being exalted as the true founders of California, but this need not be done at the expense of what so many want to believe about our past.

While these historians may be more concerned with race than customs, a people and their traditions are reflected in their way of life and what they do. They bring with them the customs, encumbrances and embellishments of the past which linger for generations. Over the shoulders, California women wore a *rebozo* in the shape of a Spanish mantilla; most of the men bound a large black handkerchief about the head in the manner of the men of Andalusia.

Alfred Robinson, a trader representing one of the big Boston hide companies, married a daughter of Don José Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega, who had been born in Spain and arrived in California as an Army cadet in 1801. Robinson gave us his version of music and dancing in San Diego:

At an early hour the different passages leading to the houses were enlivened with men, women and children hurrying to the dance; for on such occasions it was customary for everybody to attend without waiting for the formality of an invitation. A crowd . . . was collected about the door when we arrived, now and then giving shouts of approbation to the performances within and it was with some difficulty we forced our entrance. Two persons were upon the floor dancing *El Jarabe*. They kept time to the music, by drumming with their feet, on the heel and toe system, with such precision, that the sound struck harmoniously upon the ear, and the admirable execution would not have done injustice to a pair of drumsticks in the hands of an able professor. The attitude of the female dancer was erect, with her head a little inclined to the right shoulder, as she modestly cast her eyes to the floor, whilst her hands gracefully held the skirts of her dress, suspending it above the ankle so as to expose to the company the execution of her feet. Her partner, who might have been one of the interlopers at the door, was under full speed of locomotion, and rattled away with his feet with wonderful dexterity. His arms were thrown carelessly behind his back, and secured, as they crossed, the points of his *sarape*, that still held its place upon his shoulder.

William Heath Davis, who had found a home in California, as did so many others from distant lands, and lived in peace and plenty, also clung nostalgically to his aging beliefs that settlers representing the best families of Spain lived in a placid and romantic existence in California. However, his was not the same California seen by other Americans who visited the coast in the years before the United States' conquest. The aura of Castilian elegance could be stripped away by more matter-of-fact observers. Lieutenant Charles Wilkes of the United States exploring expeditions came in 1842. He

wrote:

> The state of society here is exceedingly loose; envy, hatred, and malice predominate in almost every breast, and the people are wretched under their present rulers. Female virtue, I regret to say, is also at a low ebb; and the coarse and lascivious dances which meet with the plaudits of the lookers-on show the degraded tone of manners that exist.

The interlude between the end of Spanish rule and American acquisition was the rancho period, which, though it lasted only about thirty years, spawned most of the romantic aura associated with Old California. Raising of livestock has been described as a prestigious industry in Old Spain where it had its own privileged guild, called the *mesta*, and cattle grazing was appropriate in a new land of vast spaces and relatively few Indians.

The distinct culture that arose in California also was influenced by a lack of administrative attention from Mexico. With the advance of years and the growth of population came merchants and traders from the mainland, and an ever-increasing flow of foreigners. Richard Henry Dana perhaps spoke for Americans when he wrote:

> Such are the people who inhabit a country embracing four or five hundred miles of sea-coast, with several good harbours, with fine forests in the north; the waters filled with fish, and the plains covered with thousands of herds of cattle; blessed with a climate, than which there can be no better in the world; free from all manner of diseases, whether epidemic or endemic; and with a soil in which corn yields from seventy to eighty-fold. In the hands of an enterprising people what a country this might be! we are ready to say. Yet how long would a people remain so, in such a country? The Americans (as those from the United States are called) and Englishmen who are fast filling up the principal towns, and getting the trade into their hands, are indeed more industrious and effective than the Mexicans; yet their children are brought up Mexicans in most respects, and if the "California fever" spares the first generation, it is likely to attack the second.

That the Spanish-Mexican Dons disliked work was not peculiar to California. Spaniards are a highly individual people. As Schurz has pointed out, to work with one's hands once demeaned a Spaniard to the level of a Moor or a serf, and a wholesale prejudice against manual labor still exists.

An isolated and neglected California was a tempting prize, and it was inevitable it seemed, that it would become in time a part of an expanding United States of America. With the lack of attention from Mexico, and a parade of indifferent governors and military leaders, the Californians engaged in their own personal struggles for supremacy. While not many met their end in the continual political and even military engagements between the north and south, it certainly was a lot of fun. The fierce spirit of political freedom that had arisen in Spain at the time of the settlement of the New World had its faint echoes in California.

The rancheros who for such a short time—no more than thirty years—held sway over a vast domain, contributed to the legend of California in their

Hacendados, as depicted BY ARTIST CARL NEBEL

grand style of life and their handsome homes, or haciendas. The better adobe houses which have been restored echo a way of life in Colonial Mexico which echoed that of royal Spain. Land holdings in Mexico in some cases were individual kingdoms bigger than nations of Europe. The land reform many decades later brought them to an end. A writer, Paul Bartlett, visited the ruins of some of the haciendas in the 1940's, and even a few still existed, after a fashion:

> It is difficult to obtain historical information at these semi-destroyed places. Book and records vanished long ago. I have found only a handful of haciendas kept as they were originally; there I saw Cabrera canvases, *correo* chests, velvet hangings, European tapestries, Madrid glass, desks inlaid with tropical woods, ormulu screens, ivory figurines from the Orient and vellum bound books. Not only were the haciendas Mexico's economic backbone, they were also the cultural backbone of the New World. When the Pilgrim fathers were turkeying it out in log cabins, old hacienda families hung Rembrandts, Rafaels and Murillos; chapels sparkled with gold leaf; senoritas had emerald-set combs in their hair-dos; distinguished visitors enjoyed *vino de Portugal* with wild boar or domesticated pheasant.

In his book, *Reminiscences of a Ranger,* Horace Bell described one of the grand old adobe haciendas of California, the fandangos of the Rancho Days, and their unhappy aftermath in the American period:

All of the old Spanish houses had one grand room or *sala*, flanked by two other rooms, which made up the front of the houses. Two large wings extending back, with rooms generally used as dormitories, and a great high wall in the rear, forming an interior court or square, with wide corridors or verandas on the three sides, both outside and inside generally paved with brick tiles, a good pine plank floor in the three front rooms, and if not in the rear dormitories, they had brick tile floors, the same as the floors of the veranda; adobe walls, well whitewashed, with chair-boards around the *sala*, good and substantial doors and windows, with shutters generally painted green, as were also the cornice and columns supporting the verandas, the whole covered with a flat roof, and now you have a description of an old-style angel habitation. The ruins of many yet remind us of the good old times. The happy days of joyous revelry; the gay *baile;* the noisy fandango and the hospitable fiesta of the times when the Spanish Californian was so full-handed and happy, that in his bountiful hospitality he gave little heed to the *sorefoot or the rainy day,* and reveling in the happy present thought not of the future. Alas! the future is the present, and he has lived to see it with sorrow.

Sentimental writers speak of the "old mud hovels of the Spanish regime." No greater libel was ever perpetrated on a comfortable house than to call one of those old models of cool comfort, one of our old first-class adobes, a *hovel.* The writer hereof, although no longer a man of war, but emphatically a man of peace and letters, is ready and willing to maintain, on foot or on horseback, that one of our old respectable one-story adobes of the olden time was the most comfortable house, one of the most enjoyable homes, the most admirable piece of rural architecture that ever reared itself from the sacred soil of California.

This writer stands by the adobe house as the coolest house, the warmest house, the cheapest house, and the most earthquake-proof house (might as well try to shake down a haystack) and the best house for fandangos that ever existed in this old city, of yore so famous for her fights and fandangos. Nothing but an adobe house could have stood an old-fashioned fandango. A modern earthquake is not comparison to an old-fashioned California fandango, especially such as we had in those good old times in this angelic city. Alas! alas! we will never see the likes of them again. The old-fashioned fandango is a thing of the past. Reader, let us go to a fandango in 1853. Before we start let us examine well our revolvers, oil the cylinders, and see that the tubes are open, free from rust, and well capped.

There are various views, too, of the first American migrations and their effect on California, its natives and ways of life. In his book on *Documents of California Catholic History,* Francis J. Weber wrote:

The Spaniard went with the tenderest devotedness to serve and save the Indian, recognized him from the first as a brother. The Yankee came, straining every nerve and energy in the pursuit of wealth; the Indian was in his way; he recognized no spiritual ties of brotherhood; his soul presented to him no divine image deserving of his love and service;—rather, it was said, let him be trodden into the mire, or perish from the face of the land.

Francis J. Weber presents two views of pioneer attitudes. He lists what he terms Spanish baptisms of localities or settlements and Yankee baptisms of localities and settlements. Spain left us the names of San Francisco,

The Fandango

Sacramento, La Purísima Concepción, Trinidad, Jesús María, Santa Cruz, Nuestra Miguel, San Rafael, Santa Clara, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, San Pablo, Buena Vista, Mariposa, San Fernando, Alcatraz, Contra Costa, San Mateo, Plumas and many others.

The early Americans of the Gold Rush era gave us the following names: Jackass Gulch, Jim Crow Canyon, Loafer Hill, Whiskey Diggings, Slap Jack Bar, Yankee Doodle, Skunk Gulch, Chicken Thief Flat, Ground Hog's Glory, Hell's Delight, Devil's Wood, Sweet Revenge, Shirt-tail Canyon, Rough and Ready, Rag Town, Git up and Git, Bob Ridley Flat, Humpback Slide, Swell-head Diggings, Bloody Run, Murderers' Bar, Rat-trap Slide, and Hang Town.

Long after United States' acquisition of California, there lingered in thought and language and habit a memory of Spain. Judge Benjamin Hayes, writing from Los Angeles in 1853, presented a clash of cultures and personalities:

> You can buy everything in San Francisco that you can in New York, and nearly as cheap. Literally true, new and strange as it may appear. This California trade is to me a singular affair.
>
> The ladies are as fond of fine dress as in St. Louis. In fact it is the chief pride of a native California lady to dress up to the height of the fashion. At church, all kneeling, blended together—not in pews—with their varicolored silks, showy, beautiful shawls or *rebosas*

thrown easily and gracefully over the head, they make a gay appearance. A large bed of tulips, or the same space covered with dahlias and flowers of every hue, would not look half so bright. Americans dress as usual, say at St. Joseph, among business men; the native California men about the same, making allowance for a national difference of costume, the Californian having a great partiality for the cloth jacket, often embroidered, and the older and richer among them for the stylish *mangas*. A lady, however, must array herself in costly silk, with a pretty shawl, and if she be of Spanish descent she ought always, if possible, to appear with a new one. . . .

The native Californians have all the politeness of manner of the Spanish stock whence they sprung, betraying, however, a spice of the Indian character with which they are often intermixed. I especially like their children, who are very sprightly and quick to learn.

The Americans of this city may number 300. The rest are of all nations, nearly, amounting to 3000. One-fourth of the Americans are transient; I suppose thirty or more of these are gamblers; these behave themselves well, seldom rowdy as formerly. Upon the whole, we have a tolerable good and a clever, manly population, such as you find on the frontiers of Missouri.

Can we say, then, that California has no Spanish heritage? Can we say that when we read the lilting names of so many California cities? Can we forget the origins of the words fiesta and sierra, rodeo and corral, adobe and arroyo, chaparral and embarcadero? These are all Spanish words that have passed into our own Southern California "tongue."

It is perhaps fortunate that the first settlers from Europe were the Spaniards, or of heavily Spanish blood from Mexico. They understood both the climate and the country which were similar to those of their own sunbaked countries. They were able to deal with it on its own terms. With a minimum of imported goods and by using the muscle power of compliant Indians, they were able to establish a viable economy based on the land. They could succeed in this without doing violence to the environment. In fact, the changes that the Spanish made in the Southern California landscape were additions of amenities brought from their old homes in Spain and Mexico. These included substantial buildings made of the adobe and tiles fashioned from local clay. Of more importance, they included the introduction of plants that in later years were to give the area fame beyond its borders. The exotic plant lists of the Spanish missions were fairly long. Most important were the first oranges and lemons. They brought palm trees and olives. The palms generally failed as date producers but by the end of the 19th Century the palm had become a virtual trademark of any picture representing Southern California.

The rodeo, or roundup, offered an excuse for a fiesta, and entertainment was provided by the vaqueros who delighted in displaying their horsemanship and skill with a lariat, or *reata*. The cowboy of Western legend grew out of the Spanish-Mexican roundups and the rodeo itself has continued

to entertain Americans down through the years.

Alas, however, what in California is often called Spanish food is not really that at all. In Spain, bread made of corn, tortillas, enchiladas and sauces of chili peppers are virtually unknown. These tidbits were the products of native Mexicans.

The padres evidently brought no treatises on agriculture into the new land when they arrived in California, but Edith Buckland Webb in her invaluable book on *Indian Life at the Old Missions* reports that there was published in Madrid in 1777 a book entitled *Agricultura General.* At least one or more copies reached California. She wrote:

> It treats of everything that the amateur farmer might wish to know, from the selection of the soil to the storing of the garnered crops. . . . the padres found instructions not only for grafting but for various other horticultural tasks ranging from choosing of the proper soil and site for the orchard to the care of the harvested crops. No essential horticultural details seem to have been omitted from this treatise on the propagation, planting and care of trees. Shade and ornamental trees are considered as well as those bearing fruits and nuts.

W.H.D. Koerner depicts riding to the fiesta in a carreta.

Seven centuries of Moors in Spain had imported orange cuttings to Alhambra and Granada where the trees luxuriated. Seville bore a summer orange called Valencia, of great delicacy and sweetness. This orange was later cultivated in the West Indies, Brazil and Mexico, and found its way to California.

The Jesuits introduced the grape to Baja California, and from there it was taken to Upper California. A number of years ago George A. Pettit, of the University of California, reported that he believed the mission grape to be a seedling of the Monica variety, a species popular among Mediterranean monasteries. The mission grape was brownish in color and the early Spaniards carried it everywhere with them.

Right from the beginning the Franciscan padres brought seeds and seedlings to California. In 1779 Father Mugártegui wrote from Mission San Juan Capistrano that the "snow is plentiful, wherefore, until the severe cold moderates and the floods subside, the vine cuttings which . . . were sent to us from the lower country (Baja California) have been buried." In another letter from Father Serra in 1781 to Father Lasuén at Mission San Diego, Serra expressed his hope that the maize was doing well and that the vine shoots were living and bearing fruit, "for this lack of wine for the Mass is becoming unbearable."

Only a few years later, when Vancouver visited the coast of California, the land had yielded its riches and the California agriculture we know today was beginning to bloom. He wrote:

> . . . the garden of Buena Ventura far exceeded any thing of that description I had before met with in these regions, both in respect of the quality, quantity, and variety of its excellent productions, not only indigenous to the country, but appertaining to the temperate as well as torrid zone; not one species having yet been sown, or planted, that had not flourished, and yielded its fruit in abundance and of excellent quality. These have principally consisted of apples, pears, plums, figs, oranges, grapes, peaches, and pomegranates, together with the plantain, banana, cocoa nut, sugar cane, indigo, and a great variety of the necessary and useful kitchen herbs, plants and roots.

Just as Spanish architecture and design were embellished in Colonial Mexico by Indian influences and workmen, so was Mexican Colonial architecture influenced by other elements in California. But some basic characteristics remained.

The architecture of the missions owes much to foreign influence brought by the padres and which later was incorporated in the grand adobe houses of the rancho owners and traders. Many of these features, however, faded with the overwhelming Americanization of California, but were reintroduced into public buildings and in homes in the 1920's, then abandoned again, only to be revived in more recent years.

San Juan Capistrano Mission

The ornamented entrances and openings were introduced into Spain by the Moors and are found on many public buildings. These embellishments were reflected around the doors and windows of California missions. The false front, or *espanada*, which broke a long and low roofline, was taken from Spain to the Netherlands, when it was a Spanish dominion, and then also to California. Bells often were hung in openings in high-standing arched walls, and this feature too appeared occasionally in mission construction. Most common to all countries around the Mediterranean was the long, shady outdoor hall called a *corredor*. This was familiar to missions and to the large ranch homes in California's warm valleys. The romance of the Days of the Dons perhaps arose from the inviting scene of a spreading range and the cool invitation of protected outdoor activity. Inside patios, common to Spain, had their counterparts in the old homes in the early settlement of Old Town in San Diego, as they did in other pueblos. There were wrought-iron gates, balconies, and tile roofing.

Spanish and Colonial Mexican architecture was modified in California by experience, the quality of Indian labor, the availability of materials and in time by the intermingling of ideas that came with the early New England pioneers. Architecture as well as the ways of life were shaped by geography and circumstances.

Much of California's water law is rooted in Spanish tradition. Cities in an arid country have survived because a pueblo had the right to the water that flowed through or past its boundaries, and a coastal city could stake a claim on the Colorado River water under the rule of "first in time, first in right."

A sentimental journey could take you to Andalusia to the richly tiled Seville, where churches and larger farm houses resemble the old missions of California, and where *carruajes* like those used at the missions, creak along

the dusty edges of the roads. There on street signs you can read San Diego, San Vicente, San Luis, Santa Isabel, San Miguel, San Jacinto, San Marcos, San Pedro and such familiar geographical designations known today in Southern California. Christopher Columbus, Ferdinand Magellan, Hernán Cortez and perhaps even Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo knew these streets. There sat the Council of the Indies which governed the affairs of Los Angeles and San Francisco. There are the manuscripts which tell that California is a rich and fertile land.

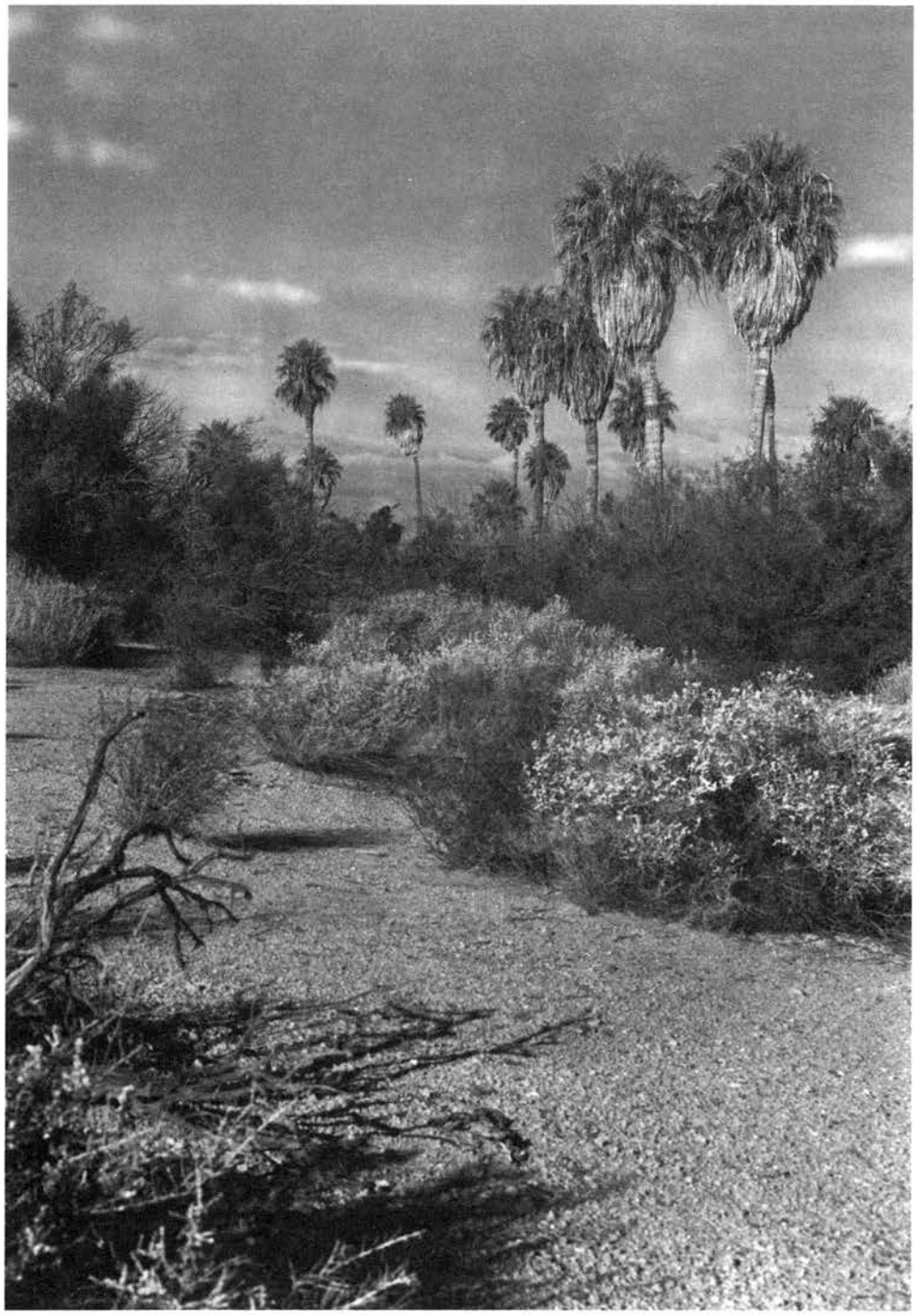
It is too late to begin erasing the past. If you want to see California as it was before the arrival of the first Spaniards, the palm trees would have to go. So would the vineyards and the oranges and many of the trees and shrubs that remain green throughout the year. Without them California would not be California.

Perhaps, though, there is more to the legend of Old California than any Spanish legacy of architecture, trees or names. Spain left a deep mark all over two continents of the New World. Schurz has written:

> As a prolific mother of nations, Spain held back nothing from her children overseas. If she did not give them political liberties, it was because she did not have them to give. If she restricted their economic development where it might compete with her own, so did all the other colonial powers of the age. Otherwise, she gave them all she had, and ungrudgingly; her strong and sonorous language, the Hispanicized jurisprudence of Rome, Christianity as it was molded by a millenium of Spain, the concept of the family as the center of national society, the tradition and pattern of the city as the ultimate vehicle of civilization, and all the rest of the institutional framework and paraphernalia of Spanish life.

Some of it certainly rubbed off on California in a half a century. Regardless of whether so many of the early settlers of California could be classified as pure Spanish, whatever that might be, they laid the foundations of the California we have today. And those who came, out of poverty and hope, were not much different in spirit from the thousands and thousands of our own pioneers who, seeking a new chance in life, broke the plains, crossed the Rockies and flooded into California. They, too, were people of different backgrounds, and while perhaps their life in California may not have represented a distinct culture, certainly it also was shaped, as with those who came from Mexico, by the geography and the climate.

Ever since the Gold Rush right down to today, observers and writers of the California scene have described it as having a way of life different from any other area of the country, or for that matter, any other part of the world. This view always has been tinted with the romantic recollections of the Days of the Dons, as the early settlers saw themselves and their way of life. Out of the legend of Spanish California may have come the California Dream.



Twentynine Palms Oasis—RONALD DEAN MILLER COLLECTION

Mara: The Desert Oasis of Twenty-Nine Palms

BY RONALD DEAN MILLER

The Cahuilla creation myth poetically details the birth of all creatures, starting with the twin creators of the world—Temayawet and Mukat—who like all brothers quarreled incessantly. First they fought about who was elder, then about how to light their sacred pipes. After creating the earth, they fell to arguing about the necessity of all the sicknesses which would befall man-that-was-to-be.

They created the sky and stars and then turned their attention to the creatures of the earth. This work was difficult since they worked in the darkness of space. Temayawet worked too fast and his creations were ugly and misshapen. They had four arms and four legs and many eyes. Their fingers were all joined together.

Mukat found working in the darkness a difficult task and created the moon. He saw Temayawet's creatures and scolded him severely. The quarreling began anew, but with added violence. Joe Lomas, a Cahuilla informant, has given this version of what happened next:

> Then Temayawet went into the ground after gathering together the creatures they had made; he took them into the ground. . . . Then the earth started to shake and tremble, and to bubble up in places, and the rocks piled up. It was terrible, but that was how they behaved.
>
> After a while it became quiet again. Left behind were coyote, palm tree, Eagle-Flower, and the fly. These were Temayawet's creatures. These had been left behind; they were frightened and clung to Mukat.

Then he finished their hands; he tore open the hands of the palm tree, which is why hands are that way.

The fact that the Cahuilla, Serrano and Chemehuevi tribes place the palm among the first creations on earth attests to its importance in their cultures. The fan palm, which ranges throughout the Southern California desert northward as far as Twentynine Palms, was an important economic plant for all tribes. It was a regular and significant food source and was useful for construction of shelter.

The larger palm oases, such as Palm Canyon and Thousand Palms, were usually the sites of permanent villages, while the smaller ones were seasonal camping sites. One exception to the latter was the Oasis at Twentynine Palms. Here, along a fault line, large Washingtonia palms and spreading cottonwoods stand guard against the blue sky, while birds flit in and out of an undergrowth of honey-mesquite. The north wall of the fault is impervious to water and blocks the underground flow.

The first owners of this beautiful oasis were the Tamianutcem and Manraitum clans of the Serrano Indians. They lived there for centuries, calling it Mara. Little is known about these people. Several basic anthropological works may deal with them, but most reference books barely mention this once great people. They were so decimated through disease, accident, intermarriage and destruction of their old culture over a period of 200 years that only eighty-nine full-blooded Serrano remained in 1910.

Serrano is a Spanish word meaning "mountaineer," a term used by the Spanish in California to identify those Indians living in highland areas and not named in some other way. According to Padre P. F. Pedro Font, who accompanied Captain Juan de Anza on his 1775 trip across the Colorado Desert, the Serrano were friendly, gentle, and "of good heart." Physically, they were strong, but small.

For well over 200 years the Serrano used the Oasis of Mara as a permanent camp, without encroachment of the white man. Cahuilla, Chemehuevi, Paiute and Mojave visited there to trade goods, for the Oasis was the hub of several well-traveled Indian trails. Hidden as it was from non-Indian eyes, little or no news of the spot reached "civilization."

Serrano activity at the Twentynine Palms Oasis remained a mystery until the United States Government explored and surveyed the region in search of an easy railroad route to Arizona. The map recording Colonel Henry Washington's Land Office survey in 1855 shows a road leading east from the Twentynine Palms Oasis. It is labeled: "Old Road to the Providence Mountains," but it was probably the old trail used by the Serrano, Cahuilla and other tribes for the purpose of trading on the Colorado River.

Washington did not penetrate the basin far beyond the oasis at Twentynine

Palms. His first description of the palms is brief. On June 29, 1855, he made this entry in his notes: "From this corner an Indian Wigwam (near a spring of good water, supposed to be permanent) bears N 51° W, and a small cluster of Cabbage Palmettos bears N 27° W." Colonel Washington seems not to have been greatly impressed, for this is all that he has to say about the now famous oasis.

In 1856, A. P. Greene, deputy surveyor, ran the interior lines for Washington's corners. In his General Description, Greene wrote:

> In Section Thirty-three there are a number of fine springs. There are some large palm trees from which the springs take their name. . . . Near the springs the land has the appearance of having been cultivated by the Indians. There are Indian huts in Section Thirty-three. The Indians use the leaf of the palm trees for making baskets, hats, etc. Around the springs there is a growth of cane of which the Indians make arrows for their bows. There is some mesquite and a considerable quantity of greasewood bush in this township. The mesquite . . . is said by the Indians to be always a good indication of water, which generally can be obtained in a pure state by digging a short distance, say four to twelve feet.

Of interest is Greene's statement that land was under cultivation. The Serrano were among those tribes who visited the asistencia in San Bernardino Valley to learn agricultural techniques from the Mission Fathers in the early 1800's. This knowledge is assumed to have filtered inland, eventually reaching even the unmissionized groups. Among crops reportedly grown by the Serrano were corn, beans, pumpkins, melons, squash and watermelons.

The Serrano employed a planting stick and accomplished harrowing with bunches of mesquite. Water was diverted by ditch from the nearby pools. It is also quite probable that pot irrigation was employed, since the author has discovered the site of a walk-in well carved out of the fault bank of the Oasis.

It is assumed that the Serrano also cultivated the Twentynine Palms Oasis as did the Cahuilla at their palm groves. Chief Francisco Patencio of the Cahuilla stated that the palms were periodically burned to improve fruit yield. He writes:

> It was the medicine men who burned the palm trees so that they could get good fruit. The bugs that hatched in the top of the palm trees they made the fruit sick, and no fruit came. After the trees were set afire and burned, the bugs were killed and the trees gave good fruit. Now that the medicine men are gone, the worms are taking the flower, the green fruit, and the ripe fruit.

Although Greene did not mention it in his report, there were also in Section Thirty-three manzanita and desert willow for bows, clay for pottery, flint for arrow points, yucca fiber for nets and cords, and animals of many kinds for food and clothing. The residents at Twentynine Palms were able to live a good life there.

The mesquite aided the Serrano in many ways. Besides the beans for food, the trees provided gum for repairing pottery and fastening arrow points. At the end of winter, the shaman would visit the trees to talk to them. As the sap rose, the mesquite creaked, telling him that spring had come.

Probably because of Greene's survey report, the Twentynine Palms Reservation, 161 acres, was set aside in 1856 as Indian land, beginning a long controversy with the Southern Pacific Railroad over just what section had been set aside and just who owned the Twentynine Palms Oasis.

In 1867, war broke out along the Colorado River between the Chemehuevi and Mohave. The Chemehuevi acquitted themselves well although heavily outnumbered, but they were finally dispersed into the more remote areas of the Mohave Desert.

They moved as far south as the Oasis at Twentynine Palms. When the Chemehuevi arrived, the Serrano were not there, having deserted the palms because of a smallpox epidemic. The Oasis offered much to the Chemehuevi and they settled there permanently. The group was not large and the returning Serrano accepted them peacefully. When most of the Chemehuevi returned to the Colorado River, the band at Twentynine Palms remained. They slowly attained dominance until by the 1900's all the known Serrano family names—Mike, Boniface and Pine—were thought of as Chemehuevi.

This split of the band from its larger group at Chemehuevi Valley on the Colorado River eventually resulted in cultural differences. Those who returned to the river acquired certain traits that can be traced only to the neighboring Mohave culture. The band at Twentynine Palms remained as they had previously been, influenced only by groups such as the Cahuilla and Serrano with whom they came in contact at the Oasis. Remaining migratory, most of them spent only three months of the year at the Oasis and the rest of the year near Bear Valley during the pinon season and at Banning and Indio during the fruit harvests.

Indian occupation did not hinder white settlement of the Oasis. On March 17, 1873, J. Voshay filed on the camp as a homestead. One year later, a Mr. Hoff claimed 160 acres "in a square piece of land bounded on the west by the east line of 160 acres claimed by Joseph Voshay or the Blue Jay Co."

Because of its water, the Twentynine Palms Oasis served as the base camp for the Palms Mining District. Many mining claims were filed on lodes in the area and a short-lived gold rush presented another problem for the Indians. While some of the ore, worked by arrastras, yielded as high as 100 dollars per ton, most of the claims were of little value. By 1883, the Oasis would become quiet and inactive again, being no longer the center of mining activity in the region.

In 1876, President Grant began setting aside lands in Southern California

for Indian reservations. Due to the efforts of Charles A. Wetmore, special commissioner, the Mission Agency was established in San Bernardino in 1877, and among the areas under its control was the Twentynine Palms Reservation.

More Chemehuevi, displaced by white settlement in the north, began drifting into the Oasis in the 1870's. Although they retained many of their old customs, they had taken on many of the ways of the white man. In 1879, Hank and Jim Waterman arrived in search of Black John, a Chemehuevi shaman. According to tribal custom, when a shaman's third patient died, he was executed for practicing witchcraft. Their father, Ticup Waterman, was number three. The Watermans tracked the shaman to Mission Creek Reservation, where they killed Black John, his wife and all his animals.

When about twenty years old, William McHaney became the first permanent white resident at the Twentynine Palms Oasis. He settled there in 1879 and died there in 1937. From the Indians, he soon learned the locations of water holes and trails, as well as some sources of gold. According to McHaney, about forty Chemehuevi and Serrano were living at Twentynine Palms in 1888.

Because of increased mining activity in nearby Gold Park and at New Dale, fifteen miles to the east, other whites began to occupy the Oasis and the land surrounding it. In 1886, an assay office was built of mud and stones just east of the palms. In later years it was used as a school. Four years later, an adobe was built in the oasis by a Mr. Aldridge of Santa Ana, with Billy Neaves and Jack Hawkins doing the work. About 1898 it was used as a horse changing station by teamsters traveling between Banning and the mines. About 150 feet west, another Santa Ana man named Parks built a second adobe. Clearly, the Indians of the oasis were feeling white pressure.

Mike Boniface, the chief of the band, decided to file a claim to the water at the oasis in 1891. It is assumed that he was aided with the legal aspects by local miners, since he could not read or write. The notice of appropriation reads:

> Know all men that the undersigned Capitan Chemehueva Mike, hereby appropriates all the water in the Cieneja at Twenty Nine Palms that now flows or hereafter shall flow above or below bed rock, to the amount of one hundred (100) miners inches measured under a four inch pressure. Said water to be used for irrigation domestic and all mechanical purposes and to be taken from said cieneja near the west boundary of Section Thirtythree (Sec. 33) Township One North and Range nine East of the San Bernardino Meridian and to be conducted thense to its destination by means of a ditch of suitable size.
>
> Chemehueva Mike — E.L. Dorn
> His X Mark — Witnesses
> Capitan of Chemehueva Indians

Charley or Johnathan, alias Johnny, alias Chuckawalla, alias Dirty Shirt,

alias Quartz Wilson had first arrived at the Oasis in 1883, searching for a non-existent roaring mining camp. According to the late Westerner Fred Vaile, Wilson was an Army deserter. He soon became interested in the Dale area and located claims there.

Chuckawalla returned to the Oasis in 1905 at the age of fifty-five. Cutting palms down, he built an arrastra to mill ore from the surrounding mines. Long hidden in the mesquite, the remains of the rock-lined pit have been located by the author and members of the National Park Service. Wilson is believed to have had hidden holes in the pit to catch the amalgam. Other trees in the Oasis were cut to supply beams for his shack.

According to Wilson there were two Indian couples and their children camped at the site of the present-day Twentynine Palms Inn. A stream came out of the Oasis and they had dammed it in order to raise fish.

By 1907, the cattlemen had found the Oasis. J. C. Laurence worked for the Shay outfit and used the Aldridge adobe as his headquarters. His territory included Stubby, Quail, Mesquite and Coyote Hole Springs. He averaged fifty miles per day, taking the herd wherever there was feed. Sunday was always spent at the Oasis.

Indian agent Clara D. True and party in camp at Twentynine Palms in 1909. Left to right: "Pussyfoot" Johnson, "Chuckawalla" Wilson, Clara True, Phil Sullivan, Maude Russel.— TRUE COLLECTION

Mike Boniface, wife, and youngest daughter, Dorothy. Twentynine Palms, May, 1909.—TRUE COLLECTION

The first official records of Indian occupation at the Oasis were kept by Miss Clara D. True, who was placed in charge of the Twentynine Palms Reservation from 1908 to 1910. Her headquarters were at Morongo Indian Reservation in Banning, and she was also in charge of Morongo and three other small reservations in Riverside and San Bernardino counties. Unfortunately this crusader came too late, for the fate of the Serrano and Chemehuevi people was being tragically played out at the Twentynine Palms Oasis.

Miss True was the first Indian Service employee to visit the Oasis. Four-horse teams were used to pull her conveyance through the deep sand of the high desert. On many of her trips she was accompanied by Maud Russell and Mary G. Arnold, of the Sherman Institute.

She soon discovered that the Bureau of Indian Affairs did not have a proper description of the reservation. The Southern Pacific Railroad claimed the land on which the water was located, but the Indians claimed the water and would not relinquish the land. The tract had been reserved for the Indians on September 16, 1891, at the request of the Indian Commissioner, and was included in two Executive Order withdrawals dated December 29, 1891, and February 2, 1907. Miss True's problem was to find the reservation.

Obtaining a surveyor, she sought to establish proper legal boundaries of the Indian land, setting up her own corners as the surveyor suggested. In July, 1908, Miss True and William E. (Pussyfoot) Johnson, also of the Indian

Agency, each filed on eighty acres in the south half of Section Twenty-eight, just north of the Oasis. Although these claims were later relinquished, they appear to have been a means of insuring continued Indian occupation of the Oasis. Further aid was given by Mr. Johnson in the form of pipe for irrigation.

Clara True became very friendly with the Jim Pine family at the Oasis and wrote:

> . . . I offered them (the Pine family) good land in Palm Springs, Banning or Mission Creek, much better than they had at Twentynine Palms. Jim and Matilda refused to leave the little graves. Jim took me out a little distance from the waterhole, and showed me the tiny pebbles. All of those graves but one are tiny. This was a lad of about twelve who before my visit accidentally shot himself with a 22 rifle. Every morning of my stay I could hear Jim and Matilda crooning at the little graves about the time of sunrise.

Miss True refers to the Indian Cemetery where between fifty and sixty Serrano and Chemeheuvi are buried. Each grave was originally marked by small white pebbles, and a few with markers.

Among those buried there is Jim Boniface, a much-honored captain of the band. The grave once had old, weathered head and foot boards. An inscription carved into the battered wood read:

Indian Grave
Old Man Jim
Died 1903
Aged 103 years

Jim and Matilda Pine at home in Twentynine Palms.—TRUE COLLECTION

The Willie Boy Posse crosses the Whitewater River, September, 1909.—PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDOLPH MADISON

Besides the boy accidentally killed by gunshot, another of Jim Pine's sons is buried there. At the age of ten he was killed by a kick from a horse. His grave was marked by a wooden cross, made by Frank Sabathe, a miner who visited the Oasis at the time of the boy's death. Another grave is that of old Mrs. Waterman, mother of Jim and Hank, who executed the shaman Black John.

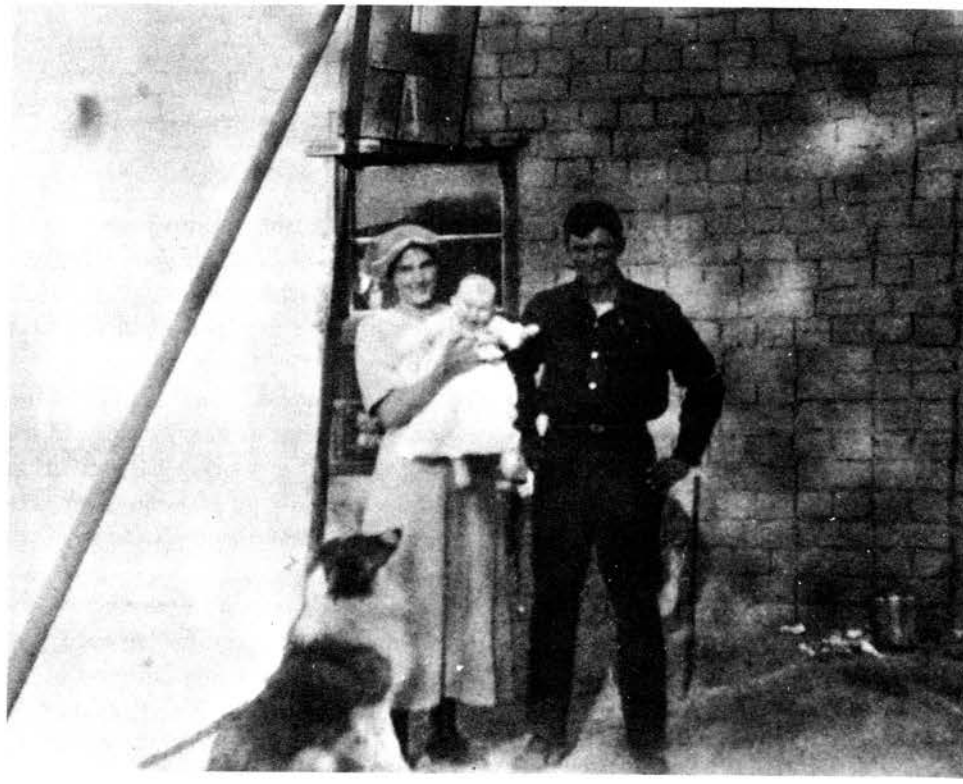
In the fall of 1909, the Twentynine Palms band, led by Captain Mike Boniface, traveled to the Gilman Ranch near Banning to harvest fruit in the orchards. A young Paiute named Willie Boy was there, working as a cowboy. Long before, he had fallen in love with Mike's fifteen-year-old daughter. The old chief did not approve of Willie Boy and had warned him to stay away from the girl.

On the night of September 26, reinforced with a bottle of whisky, Willie Boy decided to resort to an old tribal custom of "marriage by capture." He crept up to where Old Mike, his wife and seven children were sleeping under a cottonwood tree, and shot the old man with a Winchester 30-30. Taking the girl, he fled out into the desert. Newspapers across the nation followed the Indian and pursuing posses through a high-desert chase. Rumors of an Indian uprising spread, and it was even hinted that the life of President Taft, then touring California, was in danger from Willie Boy. The nearly 600-mile chase

ended nineteen days later with the girl and Willie Boy dead and one member of the posse severely wounded in a gunbattle with Willie Boy at Ruby Mountain. Old Mike was buried in the cemetery near the Oasis.

This tragedy caused most of the remaining Indians, Serrano and Chemehuevi alike, to abandon the Oasis. Some went to Morongo, others to Mission Creek and still others to Torres-Martinez near Indio. Jim and Matilda Pine lingered on at the palms to tend the graves. Jim assumed ceremonial leadership of those few who stayed, trying vainly to oust the "Haikos" or white settlers at the Oasis.

Title to the Twentynine Palms Reservation was revested to the United States from the Southern Pacific Railroad by a warranty deed dated July 31, 1911. This brought the area of unallotted Indian lands to 480 acres, including the Oasis, cemetery and a quarter section about six miles north of the palms. Clara True was no longer around to protect the rights of the Indians, and when



The last Chemehuevi family to leave the Oasis was that of Joe Pachacco and his wife Annie.—PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED VAILE

the Twentynine Palms Reservation was finally set aside, it comprised 161 acres of rocky, arid land some distance from the Oasis. Included with the small reservation was the cemetery.

The Indians continued to occupy the Oasis, and in 1912 it was reported that five families were there. They had planted peach trees and vegetables in an area called by local whites "Indian Meadows."

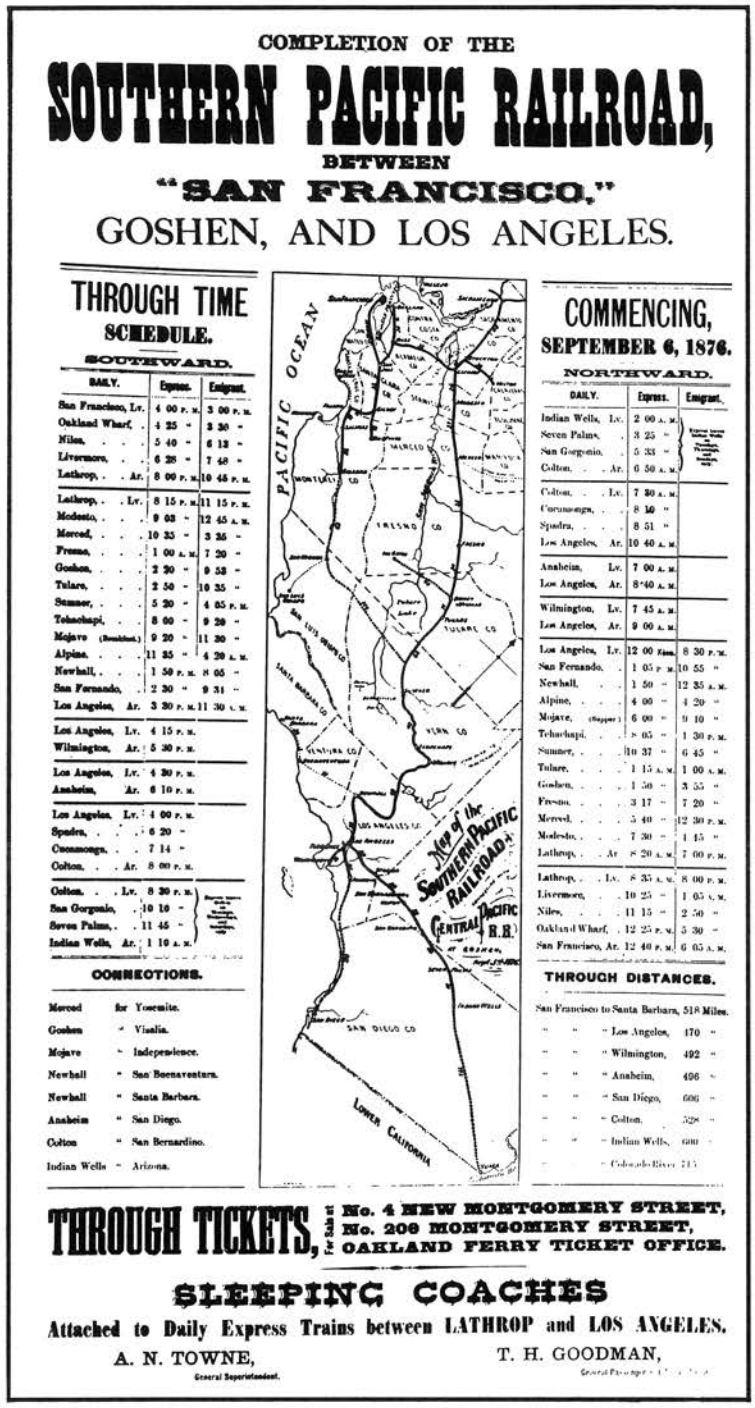
Finally, Jim and Matilda Pine moved to Mission Creek and the others soon followed. The last family to leave was that of Joe Pachacco. Joe, whose wife Annie was a daughter of Jim Boniface, rode as a cowhand for the Barker and Shay outfit. They moved to the Morongo Reservation about 1913 after Joe contracted tuberculosis. He died in 1922.

The final blow fell when Indian water rights at the Oasis were revoked because of nonresidence.

Today, the Twentynine Palms Reservation lies deserted. Direct descendants of Captain Mike live in and near Indio. The Oasis is lost to them. Attempts of Susie Mike Benitez, daughter of Old Mike, and members of her family to reoccupy the "worthless" reservation have been repeatedly denied by the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Visitors today would not recognize the cemetery if it were not for the Twentynine Palms Garden Club. None of the pebble markers now exist and the headstones have been removed by private collectors "to protect them from vandalism." The Garden Club has preserved the site, but controversies among both Indians and whites have obstructed efforts to restore the graves. Today, only the descendants of Mike Boniface seem interested in its preservation.

Largely under the protection of the National Park Service, the Oasis of Mara still exists, minus its shining pools of water and with its mesquite choked by mistletoe. The palms bear little fruit, since the Indians no longer burn out the insects. The site of the Indian village is now a hotel. The pipe given to the band by Johnson and True for irrigation was taken by the Shay outfit and used in Pipes Canyon for watering stock. And there is not a trace of a peach orchard.



COMPLETION OF THE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD,

BETWEEN

"SAN FRANCISCO,"

GOSHEN, AND LOS ANGELES.

THROUGH TIME SCHEDULE.

SOUTHWARD.

DAILY.	Express.	Emigrant.
San Francisco, Lv.	4 00 P. M.	3 00 P. M.
Oakland Wharf, .	4 25 "	3 30 "
Niles, . . .	5 40 "	6 13 "
Livermore, . .	6 28 "	7 48 "
Lathrop, . . Ar.	8 00 P. M.	10 48 P. M.
Lathrop, . . Lv.	8 15 P. M.	11 15 P. M.
Modesto, . . .	9 03 "	12 45 A. M.
Merced, . . .	10 33 "	3 35 "
Fresno, . . .	1 00 A. M.	7 20 "
Goshen, . . .	2 20 "	9 53 "
Tulare, . . .	2 50 "	10 35 "
Sumner, . . .	5 20 "	4 05 P. M.
Tehachapi, . .	8 00 "	9 20 "
Mojave (Breakfast.)	9 20 "	11 30 "
Alpine, . . .	11 35 "	4 20 A. M.
Newhall, . . .	1 50 P. M.	8 05 "
San Fernando, .	2 30 "	9 31 "
Los Angeles, Ar.	3 30 P. M.	11 30 A. M.
Los Angeles, Lv.	4 15 P. M.	
Wilmington, Ar.	5 30 P. M.	
Los Angeles, Lv.	4 30 P. M.	
Anaheim, Ar.	6 10 P. M.	
Los Angeles, Lv.	4 00 P. M.	
Spadra, . . .	6 20 "	
Cucamonga, . .	7 14 "	
Colton, . . Ar.	8 00 P. M.	
Colton, . . Lv.	8 30 P. M.	
San Gorgonio, .	10 16 "	
Seven Palms, .	11 45 "	
Indian Wells, Ar.	1 10 A. M.	

CONNECTIONS.

Merced	for	Yosemite.
Goshen	"	Visalia.
Mojave	"	Independence.
Newhall	"	San Buenaventura.
Newhall	"	Santa Barbara.
Anaheim	"	San Diego.
Colton	"	San Bernardino.
Indian Wells	"	Arizona.

COMMENCING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1876.

NORTHWARD.

DAILY.	Express.	Emigrant.
Indian Wells, Lv.	2 00 A. M.	
Seven Palms, .	3 25 "	
San Gorgonio, .	5 33 "	
Colton, . . Ar.	6 50 A. M.	
Colton, . . Lv.	7 30 A. M.	
Cucamonga, . .	8 10 "	
Spadra, . . .	8 51 "	
Los Angeles, Ar.	10 40 A. M.	
Anaheim, Lv.	7 00 A. M.	
Los Angeles, Ar.	8 40 A. M.	
Wilmington, Lv.	7 45 A. M.	
Los Angeles, Ar.	9 00 A. M.	
Los Angeles, Lv.	12 00 Noon.	8 30 P. M.
San Fernando, .	1 05 P. M.	10 55 "
Newhall, . . .	1 50 "	12 35 A. M.
Alpine, . . .	4 00 "	4 20 "
Mojave, (Supper.)	6 00 "	9 10 "
Tehachapi, . .	8 05 "	1 30 P. M.
Sumner, . . .	10 37 "	6 45 "
Tulare, . . .	1 15 A. M.	1 00 A. M.
Goshen, . . .	1 50 "	3 55 "
Fresno, . . .	3 17 "	7 20 "
Merced, . . .	5 40 "	12 30 P. M.
Modesto, . . .	7 30 "	1 45 "
Lathrop, . . Ar.	8 20 A. M.	7 00 P. M.
Lathrop, . . Lv.	8 35 A. M.	8 00 P. M.
Livermore, . .	10 25 "	1 05 A. M.
Niles, . . .	11 15 "	2 50 "
Oakland Wharf, .	12 25 P. M.	5 30 "
San Francisco, Ar.	12 40 P. M.	6 05 A. M.

THROUGH DISTANCES.

San Francisco to Santa Barbara,		518 Miles.
" "	" Los Angeles,	470 "
" "	" Wilmington,	492 "
" "	" Anaheim,	496 "
" "	" San Diego,	606 "
" "	" Colton,	328 "
" "	" Indian Wells,	600 "
	" Colorado River	715

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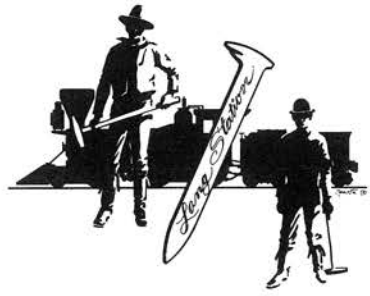


The Day the Transcontinental Train Came to Los Angeles

BY RAYMUND F. WOOD

Whenever a history buff, or a railroad man, or for that matter anyone who knows anything about Western history, hears the words "Golden Spike," he inevitably tends to think in terms of the ceremony held at Promontory, Utah, May 10, 1869, when the pilot of Central Pacific's *Jupiter* touched the pilot of Union Pacific's No. 119 in celebration of the completion of the transcontinental railroad. The whistles shrieked and the flags waved, the champagne bottles were opened, and the nation was now united with the connecting link from Omaha to California completed. That was truly an historic moment, and the golden spike that was ceremoniously driven into the last tie by the silver-tipped maul in the hands of Governor Stanford of California rightly deserves to be regarded forever as *the* Golden Spike.

All the same, there were other "golden spikes," and one of them, of particular importance to residents of Southern California, was the golden spike driven at Lang to mark the completion of the transcontinental railroad connection between San Francisco and Los Angeles. This event took place at Lang in a remote section of the Santa Clara River valley named for a local farmer. While this event, which occurred at 2:00 p.m. on September 5, 1876, was only a small celebration in the midst of other national celebrations held during that centennial year of 1876, it was one in which the entire City of Los Angeles took part with great enthusiasm.

To understand why Angelenos greeted the coming of the railroad from the North with such exuberance, it is necessary to take a look at the transportation scene in California during the years between the driving of the "Golden Spike" at Promontory in 1869 and the spike driven at Lang, only seven years later.

In 1869 the transcontinental connection from the East reached the City of Sacramento. There were, of course, railroads operating in California, but they were local lines. The Southern Pacific Railroad was incorporated on December 2, 1865, and in 1868 it took over the lines that had been running for some years between San Francisco and San Jose known as the San Francisco & San Jose Railroad Co. By March of 1869, a couple of months prior to the golden spike ceremony at Promontory, this route had been extended to Gilroy, with intentions of building across the Coast Range into the San Joaquin Valley, though in practice this line was never completed beyond Tres Pinos in San Benito County.

In the East Bay region of San Francisco Bay there was a line from Oakland south to Newark known as the San Francisco & Alameda Railroad. In the Sacramento Valley region there were even older lines. The Sacramento Valley Railroad building from Sacramento to Folsom in 1856, and on to Shingle Springs in 1865. Marysville, Yuba City, and Roseville were all connected between 1866 and 1868 by the California & Oregon Railroad Co., and there was a line connecting Vallejo and Sacramento in operation before 1869.

It is clear, then, that when they greeted the first through train from the East at the Sacramento depot, Californians were already used to rail travel. All that was needed now was to tie all these divergent and unconnected lines into a single network. This the organizers of the newly merged Central Pacific/Southern Pacific system undertook to do. Beginning first in the region of Central California, the *Octopus*, as it came to be called much later on, began buying up franchises where it could, or building new lines where there was a need. Despite a lack of government support in the form of land grants, a line was surveyed and finally built south from Lathrop, near Stockton, and the new towns of Manteca, Modesto, Merced, Madera, Fresno, and Tulare began to grow along the rails of the Southern Pacific. Fresno was reached on May 28, 1872, Delano on July 14, 1873, and Sumner (East Bakersfield) on November 10, 1874.

The plan of the "Big Four," as the Southern Pacific directors were called, was to carry their transcontinental line (for which government money was again forthcoming once they had reached Goshen in the San Joaquin Valley) across the Tehachapi Range, then across the Mojave Desert, through Cajon Pass into the San Bernardino Valley, up and over San Gorgonio (Whitewater Pass), and into the Imperial Valley to Yuma, Arizona. At Yuma, a connection

was to be made with the Texas & Pacific Railway, theoretically building westward towards Yuma and a Pacific terminal at this same time.

Such a proposed route obviously left Los Angeles without any direct transcontinental railroad connection. The officials of the Southern Pacific had turned down various proposals to build directly into Los Angeles, stating the region was adequately taken care of by coastal steamers plying between Wilmington and San Francisco.

The business men of Southern California saw that the railroad was the dominant means of commerce in America. Los Angeles would never grow unless it had a direct rail connection with the market places of the East. Actually Los Angeles County already had local rail lines running to service regional interests, but these were of little value beyond a connection with ocean-going vessels at the harbor.

The oldest of these local lines was the Los Angeles & San Pedro Railroad (the Banning Line) operating from a tidewater terminal at Wilmington to downtown Los Angeles. The railroad began to operate on January 14, 1869, and all 22 miles of line were in operation by the following October. The success of this route, which was partly owned by the City of Los Angeles, provided business circles with local service and a would-be connection for a transcontinental line. In response to feelers sent out to the Southern Pacific and Texas & Pacific, Thomas A. Scott of the Texas & Pacific was the only one to reply. He promised that his proposed route would run a branch north from San Diego, which had already been selected as the site of their western terminus due to the natural harbor there. This proposal was not good enough for the Angeleno business men, and when the matter was put to a public vote on November 5, 1872, the local citizens voted for a Southern Pacific proposal submitted at the last minute. The citizens accepted the Southern Pacific plan by a majority vote of 1,108. Only 26 cast their ballot to indicate that in their opinion Southern California did not need a railroad.

The Southern Pacific had always made it a rule to demand a bonus if they were to vary from their proposed route to accommodate a particular interest. When Los Angeles expressed a desire to at least become a tank-town on the Southern Pacific, the road named as its price a sum representing five percent of the total assessed valuation of Los Angeles County, a right of way, 60 acres for depot purposes, and the Los Angeles & San Pedro Railroad thrown in for good measure. The voters of the County were well aware that passed-up towns in the San Joaquin Valley had shriveled and died, and thus they smiled on the Southern Pacific and voted "yes" on November 5, 1872.

With a bonus forthcoming and an already existing railroad built to a Pacific terminus, the Southern Pacific lost no time in making good its promise. The SP immediately extended north from the depot on Alameda Street to a point

on the Los Angeles River called Naud Junction, located about where Alhambra Avenue branches off today from North Main Street. From this point two lines were built, one running eastward to Spadra, about a mile west of present-day Pomona, and a distance of about 28 miles east of Los Angeles, and the other northward to San Fernando, about 21 miles distant. Construction of these lines occupied most of 1873, and trains began operating on both routes on January 21, 1874.

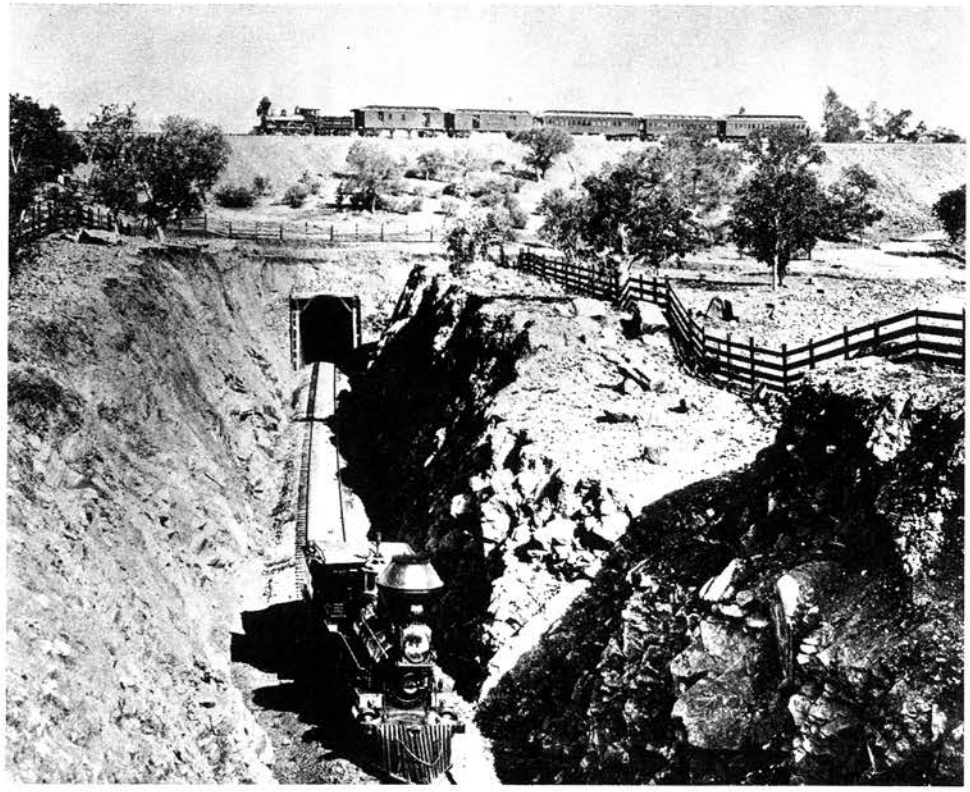
As a parenthetical aside, mention should be made here of one additional railroad in Los Angeles County that was not then under the control of the Southern Pacific. This was the Los Angeles & Independence Railroad, incorporated January 8, 1875, by Senator John P. Jones of Nevada. Jones had the idea of building a wharf at Santa Monica and running a line of railroad via Los Angeles to San Bernardino, over Cajon Pass and then out into the Mojave Desert to service the Panamint mines at Independence in the Owens Valley. The wharf at Santa Monica was completed and a line of railroad extended to Los Angeles. Those selling stock explained that the railroad had potential as another transcontinental carrier if the tracks were extended to Salt Lake City and a connection with the Union Pacific. Such a route would have provided a quicker outlet to the East than the Southern Pacific offer. While the Southern Pacific eventually carried out its promise to build to Los Angeles, there were many supporters of Senator Jones' plan.

The Senator already had survey crews working in Cajon Pass and went so far as to build one tunnel. In this case he had prior claim to the pass and indeed posed a serious threat to the invasion of the Southern Pacific. The tunnel is still visible in the pass today. Before Jones was able to build a right-of-way from Los Angeles to Cajon Pass, the crash of the Comstock came on August 27, 1876 (known as Black Friday). Many millionaires who owned portions of Comstock Lode stock were wiped out, including the Senator from Nevada.

Shortly thereafter the Southern Pacific came into control of the Los Angeles & Independence. Previously they would not make a connection in Los Angeles with the LA&I or offer favorable tariff rates to the short line.

The Southern Pacific, in the meantime, was extending its line eastward from Sumner (Bakersfield) toward the mountains. The Tehachapi Range presented a formidable barrier, almost as great as the Sierra Nevada had been a decade earlier on the transcontinental line. It was a tremendous engineering undertaking to climb 2,734 feet in just 28 miles of track, with an average mean grade of only 2.2 percent. This route included 18 tunnels, and also included the famous Loop, a piece of engineering which allowed the track to rise 77 feet and to loop over itself—the equivalent of raising an entire train in less than a mile.

By April 26, 1874, trains were running as far as Caliente, a sort of dead-end



The Tehachapi Loop in 1876—SECURITY PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK COLLECTION

wall in the mountains. From this point southbound passengers transferred to stages which carried them over the mountains to a location near San Fernando. In the meantime, the railroad line was being rushed to completion. San Fernando marked the "rail-head" or end-of-track some 21 miles from Los Angeles. At this point southbound passengers were transferred to the steamcars, and continued on to Los Angeles in order to complete the journey that had begun in San Francisco 33 hours earlier.

During 1874 and 1875 the Tehachapi tunnels were holed through, and rails laid. The summit of Tehachapi Pass was reached in July 1876, and trains were running as far as Mojave by August 6 of the same year. The stage line that had previously operated from Los Angeles to Caliente now closed the gap to Mojave, a distance of some 60-odd miles.

While some 3,000 workers were laying track along the Mojave Desert south of Mojave, another crew of men were at work tunneling the somewhat lower, and no less formidable, Santa Susana Mountains northwest of San Fernando.

South Entrance of the Newhall Tunnel—SECURITY PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK COLLECTION

Conquest of this obstacle was finally accomplished on July 14, 1876, when workmen digging from each end and also at the center all at the same time, met to complete the Newhall Tunnel whose official measurement was 6,966 feet. It was the first tunnel in the world to be holed through from both ends and the middle. For a few years, it remained as the longest railroad tunnel in the world.

The month of August was spent tracklaying to a short distance south of the tunnel, then through the bore itself, and out onto a level portion of the Santa Clara River Valley, to a point where it would meet the rails rapidly being laid south from Mojave, through Lancaster and Palmdale, then over a short hill to Vincent, and down into Soledad Canyon, past Acton, to a point where Pole Creek joins the Santa Clara River, at a place called Lang. It was decided that the two sets of rails should officially join here. The stage was set for the

ceremonious connecting of the rails from San Francisco with those from Los Angeles, and Angelenos, forgetting that they had but recently been supporting the rival Los Angeles & Independence Railroad in *its* bid for their city's commerce, now turned out in force to do justice to this important occasion.

This important event was of course written up in many newspapers, including the Los Angeles *Star*, the *Herald*, the *Mirror*, and the *Express*, as well as in the San Francisco *Alta California*, the *Chronicle*, and *Bulletin*, under the date of September 6, 1876. The Kern County *Courier* did not report the event until the 9th of September. For the most part each narrative reads much alike, some adding here and there a detail not previously mentioned in the other paper. An account of the affair, compositely drawn from several of these newspapers, may be read in Remi A. Nadeau's book, *City-makers*. The story of the events, as reported by the *Star*, fills nearly the entire front page of the paper, six closely-printed columns, 21 inches in length, and consists of a vivid and detailed description not only of the events of the previous afternoon in the Santa Clara River Valley, but also of the grand banquet that took place in Los Angeles that evening. The chronicle, beginning with a description of the train trip northward to Lang, will be utilized in this retelling of these stirring events one hundred years later.

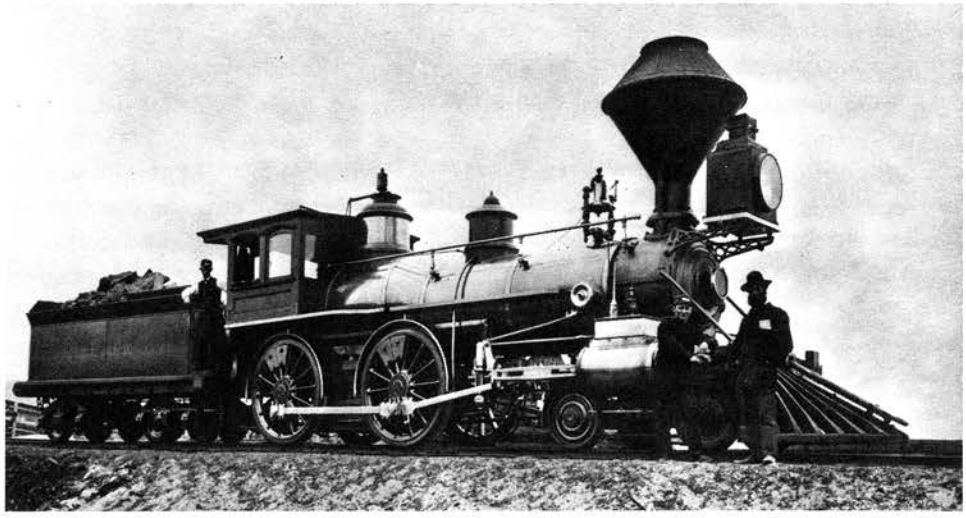
THE EXCURSION

The excursion train, consisting of Engine No. 25, beautifully decorated with flowers, fruits and national flags, left the depot at precisely 9 o'clock yesterday morning. A run of a little more than an hour brought the train to the mouth of the

SAN FERNANDO TUNNEL.

We entered the tunnel and in a moment knew what impenetrable gloom was. The blackness of darkness enveloped the crowd and the hilarity of a moment gave way to awestruck whispers. Nobody who was on the train need hereafter plead ignorance of the words of St. Jude when he spoke of the "blackness of darkness." Emerging into the sunlight once more, after a ten minutes sojourn in the tunnel, the normal cheerfulness of the crowd was resumed. Speeding onward we passed the Santa Clara Valley, and Newhall Station, and emerged into forbidding regions beyond. Had Mark Twain been one of the company, a glance at the surroundings would have suggested to him that by some inscrutable decree of Providence he had been called upon to resume his experiences of "Roughing It." The white sage in this region gives way to the coarser article of the same genus which covers the plains of Nevada. A glance out of the car windows could not fail to bring forcibly to mind the days of stage coaching, and necessarily reminded all of the agreeable change which will follow the completion of the great work we were on our way to celebrate. We do not know whether the altogether agreeable character of the ride was due to the superior quality of the rolling stock or the excellence of the roadbed. Let us strike a balance and give credit to both. Hardly a jar was felt from Los Angeles to Lang's Station.

A list of the invited guests in the Los Angeles party was presented next. There were 188 names, all of them male incidentally, many of them complete



Engine No. 24, which hauled the excursion train from Los Angeles to Lang Station.—GERALD M. BEST COLLECTION

with title or rank, or showing their various newspaper, political, or business association. While all of these men have passed on, present-day historians of Southern California should be familiar with street, building, or park names now honoring their contribution to the region. To select a few names at random, one would recognize Sepúlveda and Carrillo; Hazard, Griffith, Wolfskill, and Workman; Wilson and Rubio; Irvine, Tustin, Banning, and Downey; Slauson and Bixby; Hellman, Beaudry, and Shorb, and a dozen other men of influence on the Southern California landscape. Citizens from all aspects of community life were there; generals and judges, bishops and consuls, representatives of the press from all major cities in the Southland, and business men and merchants from San Diego to Santa Barbara. Harris Newmark was there, and so of course was Mayor Beaudry; even Colonel Crawford, engineer of the ill-fated Los Angeles & Independence Railroad, which was in the process of being sold to its rival the Southern Pacific, was among those present. This is not the complete list of the populace attending, since the reporter states that sundry other people joined the train at each stop, San Fernando, the tunnel portal, Newhall, and Saugus.

The reporter next describes the site of the meeting place itself, and then the arrival of the party from San Francisco.

> On arriving at this point of junction—Lang's Station—the entire working force of the road, some five thousand strong, was seen drawn up in battle array. Swarms of Chinamen and scores of teams and drivers formed a working display such as is seldom seen. The secret of rapid railroad building was apparent at a glance. The spot selected for the

ceremonies was on a broad and beautiful plain, surrounded by undulating hills on the one side and the rugged peaks and deep gorges of the San Fernando Mountains on the other. The scene was one worthy of the painter's pencil, but by some strange oversight, no photographer was present, and the picture presented will live only in the memories of those whose good fortune it was to be present.

Our train arrived a little ahead of time but it was not until about one o'clock that the San Francisco party put in an appearance. Their approach was a signal for a general and hearty cheering from thousands of throats, and hand-shakings and congratulations were indulged in as old acquaintances were recognized.

THE CEREMONIES

A space of one thousand feet had been left on which the rails were to be laid, and each party of workmen were stationed by their respective cars, eager for the signal to begin operations. Each had the same number of rails on their cars, and there was a keen rivalry as to which side should lay the last rail. Col. Crocker made a sign, the locomotive whistled, and the two gangs set to work with a will. While it lasted it was certainly the busiest sight we ever saw in the course of our life. In just five and one-half minutes from the start, as timed by Vice-President Colton, the last rail lay on the ties, the party working northward from the tunnel being the victors by a few seconds.

THE SPIKE AND HAMMER

After the cheering had subsided and the crowd induced to stand back a short distance, Governor Downey introduced Mr. L. W. Thatcher to Col. Crocker as the public-spirited jeweler who had manufactured the gold spike and silver hammer to be used in the ceremonies. Col. Crocker thanked him for his appropriate gift and said the Company would treasure them in its archives as souvenirs of the great event. The spike is of solid San Gabriel gold, the same in size as ordinary railroad spikes, and was inscribed "Last Spike, connecting Los Angeles with San Francisco by Rail, Sept. 5, 1876." The hammer is of solid silver, with a handle of orange wood. Taking the hammer in one hand and the spike in the other, Col. Crocker said:

SPEECH OF CHAS. CROCKER

Gentlemen of Los Angeles and San Francisco:

It has been deemed best on this occasion that the last spike to be driven should be of solid gold, that most precious of metals, as indicative of the great wealth which should flow into the coffers of San Francisco and Los Angeles, when this connection is made, and is no mean token of the importance of this grand artery of commerce which we are about to unite with this last spike. The wedding of Los Angeles and San Francisco is not a ceremony consecrated by the bands of wedlock, but by the bands of steel. The speaker hoped to live to see the time when these beautiful valleys through which we pass today will be filled with a happy and prosperous people, enjoying every facility for comfort, happiness, and education. Gentlemen, I am no public speaker, but I can drive a spike.

Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Crocker inserted the golden spike in the hole prepared for it, drove it to its resting place, and our railroad connection with San Francisco was an accomplished fact.

The next item on the agenda was an invocation to the Deity, made by Reverend Platt of San Francisco, but the text of his prayer was not recorded. Then, in response to requests, General D. D. Colton, Vice President of the Southern Pacific, rose to the occasion and delivered an eloquent address on the might and power of his railroad, running to approximately 50 lines of text

Charles Crocker—SECURITY PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK COLLECTION

as published in the *Star*, and containing the oft-quoted lines, referring to Charles Crocker who had just driven the golden spike, "no man, living or dead, has superintended the original construction of as many miles of railroad on the face of the globe, as himself."

Following Colton, former governor of California J.G. Downey made a speech, of which the *Star* reporter gave only the gist. He did the same with the speech of Mayor Beaudry which followed, and which was more in the nature of an official welcome to the city, even though he, the mayor, was then some 40 miles beyond his city limits.

The mayor of San Francisco was accorded more generous treatment by the reporter, and his speech is recorded in full.

MAYOR BRYANT, OF SAN FRANCISCO

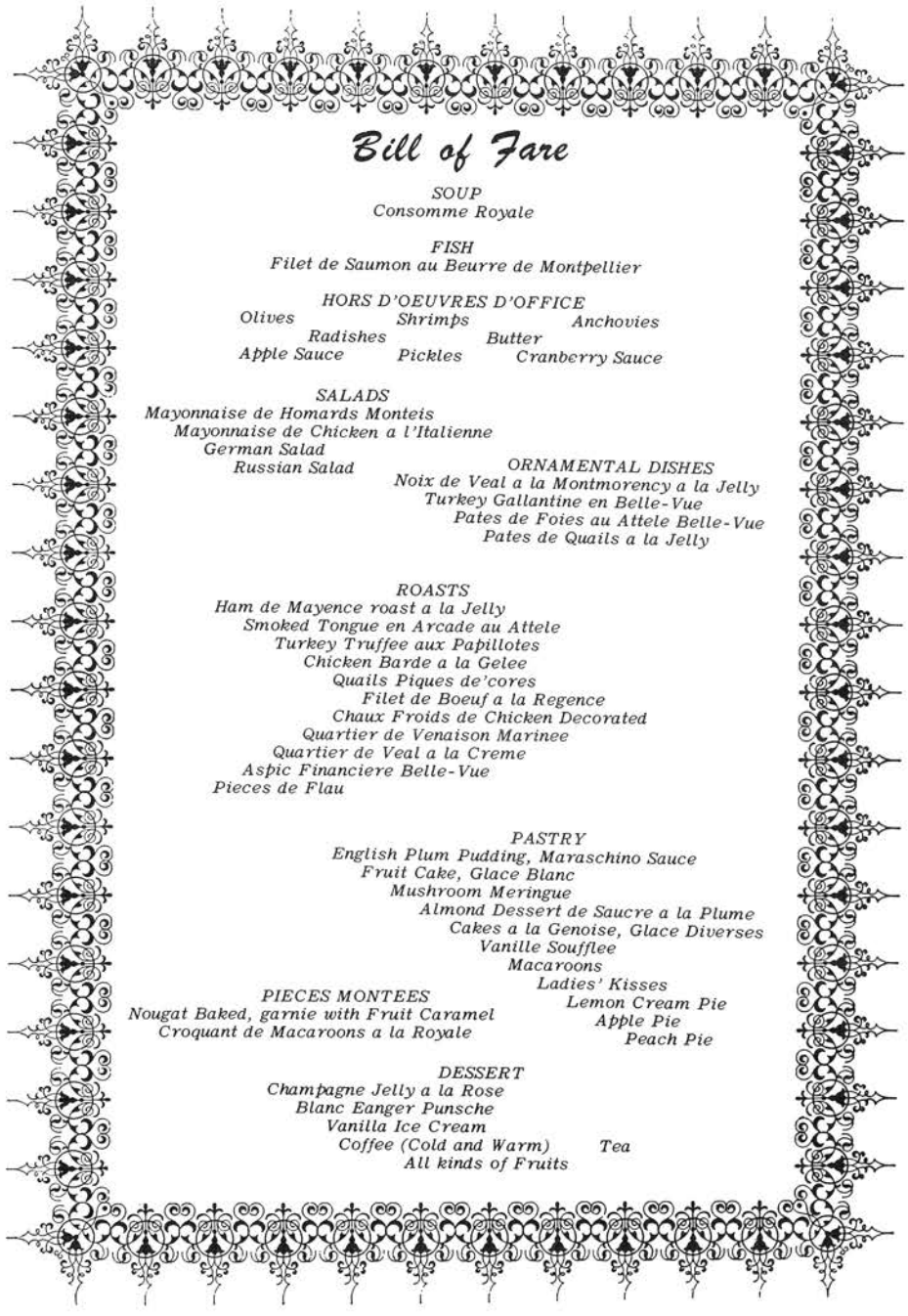
We have come down here, citizens of Los Angeles, over mountain and down valley to greet you on this the most important event in your history. Looking back twenty-six years ago I see your city a handful of adobe houses; today you are on the high road to prosperity. You too are feeling the enervating [did the Mayor mean invigorating; or was this the reporter's error?] influence produced all over our fair young State from the construction of railroads within your limits. The gentlemen of the Southern Pacific Railroad have just completed hundreds of miles and linked together in the bonds of friendship the two most important cities on the coast. Had it not been for these gentlemen we would today be without direct communication with the Eastern States by rail. True they had been assisted by the Government and the people, but the Company had done much within itself, and was entitled to the respect and confidence of the people.

The San Franciscans welcomed by Mayor Beaudry and in whose name Mayor Bryant spoke, were an important group, even if less numerous than the delegation from Los Angeles. Fifty-six names are given, many of whom are well known to California historians. Among them were names like Leland Stanford, Wm. T. Coleman, S. S. Hittell, D. O. Mills, and A. N. Towne, who had been general manager of both the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific. There were also gentlemen of the cloth, the press, and of the market place.

Finally it became Leland Stanford's turn to speak. He was a former governor of California, and at the time was president of the Central Pacific. Stanford, however, had the good sense to realize that there had been enough speech making for one afternoon, and in so many words said so. He did go so far as to remark that this wedding of the rails between two great cities of the Pacific Coast was an augury of still better things to come—another transcontinental line (meaning Southern Pacific's eventual route through Yuma to New Orleans), and a direct connection with Mexico. In conclusion Stanford said he was pleased to see so many present, and he "extended to all a hearty greeting."

Stanford's short address should have concluded the ceremonies, but General Phineas Banning was too important a man in the field of public transportation to be overlooked. He was asked to say a few words. Perhaps feeling that the few choice words delivered by a former governor of California would be a hard act to follow, Banning first of all recounted the old adage that when the great American Eagle shrieks it is time for lesser birds to make themselves scarce. He did, however, want to observe that if a man who makes

John G. Downey—Security Pacific National Bank Collection



Bill of Fare

SOUP
Consomme Royale

FISH
Filet de Saumon au Beurre de Montpellier

HORS D'OEUVRES D'OFFICE
Olives Shrimps Anchovies
Radishes Butter
Apple Sauce Pickles Cranberry Sauce

SALADS
Mayonnaise de Homards Monteis
Mayonnaise de Chicken a l'Italienne
German Salad
Russian Salad

ORNAMENTAL DISHES
Noix de Veal a la Montmorency a la Jelly
Turkey Gallantine en Belle-Vue
Pates de Foies au Attele Belle-Vue
Pates de Quails a la Jelly

ROASTS
Ham de Mayence roast a la Jelly
Smoked Tongue en Arcade au Attele
Turkey Truffee aux Papillotes
Chicken Barde a la Gelee
Quails Piques de'cores
Filet de Boeuf a la Regence
Chaux Froids de Chicken Decorated
Quartier de Venaison Marinee
Quartier de Veal a la Creme
Aspic Financiere Belle-Vue
Pieces de Flau

PASTRY
English Plum Pudding, Maraschino Sauce
Fruit Cake, Glace Blanc
Mushroom Meringue
Almond Dessert de Saucre a la Plume
Cakes a la Genoise, Glace Diverses
Vanille Soufflee
Macaroons
Ladies' Kisses
Lemon Cream Pie
Apple Pie
Peach Pie

PIECES MONTEES
Nougat Baked, garnie with Fruit Caramel
Croquant de Macaroons a la Royale

DESSERT
Champagne Jelly a la Rose
Blanc Eanger Punsche
Vanilla Ice Cream
Coffee (Cold and Warm) Tea
All kinds of Fruits

The banquet menu after the joining of the rails.

two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before is to be honored, how much more is he to be regarded who makes grass to grow where *nothing* grew before? This analogy he applied to the railroad which, by passing through a countryside which before had been barren, or at least unproductive, would cause this land to blossom forth in an abundance of crops, now that there was transportation available to haul such crops to the markets that awaited them. In conclusion he thanked "the perseverance of the gentlemen connected with the Southern Pacific Railroad."

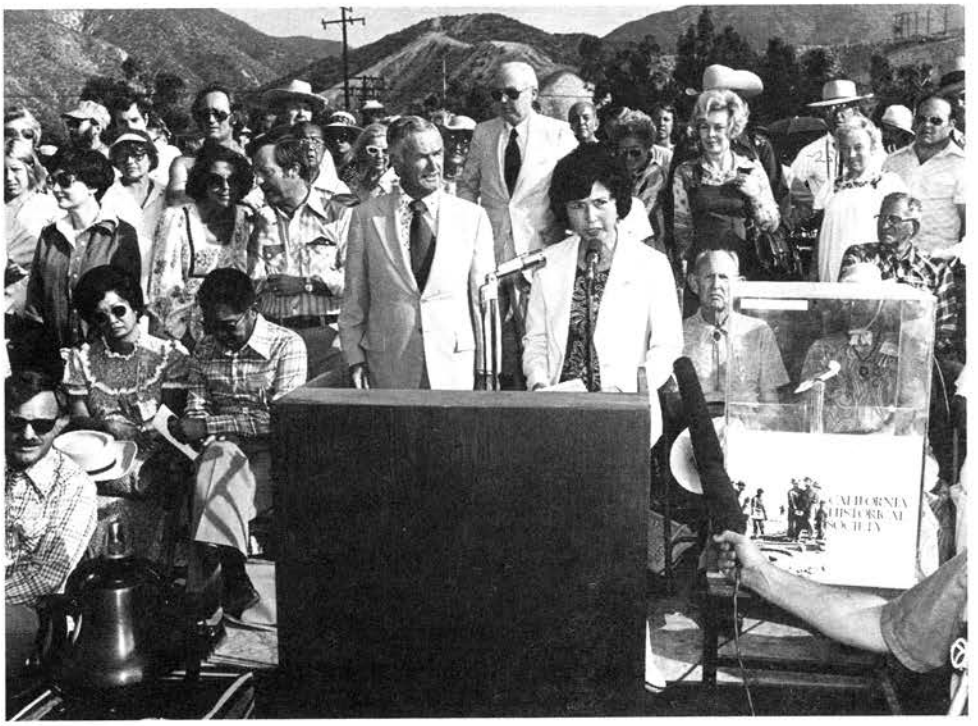
This concluded the ceremonies, and the *Star* reporter stated that the parties dispersed to their respective trains for Los Angeles. The return trip, he notes, was made without incident of special mention, and upon arrival at the station the two trains were greeted by "a large concourse of citizens who had assembled to do further honor to the occasion." According to an old photograph showing the arrival of the trains, the San Francisco party steamed into Los Angeles behind engine No. 38.

The invited guests from both cities were given only an hour to relax and freshen up before being led to Union Hall, in the Jones Block, on Main Street, for the evening's festivities. All the rooms of the hall had been lavishly decorated for the occasion, and the place must have resembled the produce pavilion of a large county fair. Following a florid description of the entrance-way and the outer hall or vestibule, the reporter goes on to say:

> The banquetting room, or main hall, was a perfect marvel of beauty, and was most exquisitely and elaborately festooned with fruits, flowers and evergreens.
>
> From the ceiling hung evergreens and flowers arranged in the most artistic shapes imaginable. Entwined around these evergreens were over a hundred varieties of wine and table grape on the vine. In the center of the room was suspended a magnificent bouquet containing four hundred odd kinds of flowers. There were also suspended cages containing canaries, linnets and mocking birds, and other native songsters of Los Angeles county.
>
> Upon entering the main hall immediately on the right is an arch festooned with evergreens and flowers, with the worlds 'Corn, Wine and Oil" over the top. Under this arch is a system of shelves upon which there were hock, claret, port, burgundy, sherry and other brands of wine in bottle, case, cask and demijohn, from Wilson's, Rose's and other vineyards. Also wheat, barley and corn from San Gabriel. In the corner, behind the shelving, was corn from various districts, from 14 to 19 feet high.

The description of the agricultural display continues in the *Star* for more paragraphs, containing details of hops, lager beer, beans, walnuts, almonds, peanuts, and figs. It concludes with mention of some "monster ears of corn on stalks from eighteen to twenty-one feet in height." It would appear the Angelenos intended to impress their northern cousins with the lavishness and variety of their agricultural and horticultural production, and they certainly did a good job of it.

A sumptuous dinner was at last served, which was, as the reporter



The original spike was displayed in its glass box at the 100th Anniversary festivites.—SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

W.H. Crocker at ceremonies marking the 50th Anniversary of the joining of the rails.—SECURITY PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK COLLECTION

Lang Station, circa 1940.

Bronze plaque marking the site of Lang Station.—RAYMUND F. WOOD COLLECTION

summarizes, "ablaze with lights and garlanded with flowers and evergreens." It was also "adorned with the choicest productions of our teeming soil, while soft music and wine lent their attractions." There was also a good deal more speech making. The reporter mercifully summed it up in a few words: "Eloquent lips spoke pleasant words of greeting."

The following day the *Star* took advantage of this "Feast of Reason and Flow of Soul," as it was called, to refer to the occasion as deserving of a place "in the calendar of the notable days in our city's history," and proceeded to editorialize further: "May the harmony which prevailed at the banquet prove the keynote to that which shall exist throughout all time between our city and those to whose care has been committed the management of that great factor in its prosperity whose completion was celebrated on September 5, 1876."

The Southern Pacific Railroad arrived in Los Angeles in this fashion, and so far all was sweetness and light. Frank Norris' *Octopus* was yet to be written.

The Plaza area of Los Angeles in 1876 — SECURITY PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK COLLECTION

The Constitutional Convention of 1878-1879

BY KENNETH M. JOHNSON

Before considering the convention some attention should be given to the time. The decade of the eighteen-seventies was an important and fascinating period in the history of the United States, California, and particularly Southern California; it was a period of growth and also of a serious depression. In a sense the situation in California reflected that of the nation as a whole, but the state had some special problems of its own. It was the time of the Workingmen's Party led by the rabble rousing Dennis Kearney, threatening revolution and violence with actual violence against the Chinese under the slogan, "The Chinese must go." The agitation against the Chinese was aggravated by extensive unemployment. In San Francisco the Chinese were attacked in the streets, and their laundries or other places of business burned. In Los Angeles on the evening of October 24, 1871, the Chinese section of the town was looted and burned; nineteen Chinese were killed in the process, and fifteen were left hanging from grisly makeshift gallows.

In addition to the social problems there was considerable economic distress. In San Francisco the prestigious Bank of California closed its doors on August 26, 1875, but was able to reopen about a month later. In Los Angeles, a day or two after the San Francisco closing, the Farmers & Merchants Bank and the Temple and Workman Bank also closed, the latter never to reopen, resulting in an almost 100 percent loss to depositors. More

in the north than in the south there was wild speculation in the shares of the Comstock mines of Nevada stimulated by planted stories of mine riches or the lack thereof. Overnight millionaires were made and broken. There were severe droughts at the beginning and end of the decade—the latter ending, for all practical purposes, the raising of cattle and sheep in the Los Angeles area. The people were unhappy with the Central Pacific Railroad (after 1884 the Southern Pacific) because of its dominance in politics and its rate schedules which were both prejudicial and preferential. Taxation was also causing bitter feelings. Small farmers believed that they were overtaxed as related to the large land owners, and there were substantial grounds for such belief. There was also a general feeling of distrust as to the courts and the legislature. The period has been called, "The Discontented Seventies". Gertrude Atherton in her *California, An Intimate History* has a chapter headed, "The Terrible Seventies." A more recent writer has said:

> From start to finish, north and south, the 1870's had been an unmitigated disaster of drought, crop failure, urban rioting, squatter wars, harassment and murder of the Chinese, cynical manipulation of politics by the railroad, depression, price fixing, and stock swindles.[1]

While Southern California experienced to a greater or lesser degree all of the difficulties listed above, it was not all bad. The great boom of the 1880's was in the future, but there were in the 1870's a significant growth and beneficial developments. The population of the city of Los Angeles increased from 5,614 in 1870 to 11,183 in 1880; population in the county during the same period rose from 15,309 to 33,881.[2] The large ranchos were being broken up and many new communities were coming into being or increasing in importance, such as Anaheim, Westminster, Richland, Newport, Santa Monica, Los Nietos, El Monte, Compton, Florence, and Wilmington. The growing of citrus fruits became an important commercial reality; acreage in vineyards greatly increased and wine production was an important economic factor. Range lands were becoming farm lands. The decade also saw many other significant events: the first street railway in Los Angeles, horse drawn of course; the first Federal grant to improve San Pedro Harbor; the completion of railroads from Los Angeles to Santa Monica and Wilmington; in Los Angeles the creation of its first Chamber of Commerce and public library; and the establishment of the Los Angeles Bar Association. In 1879 there was a grant of land for the site of the University of Southern California. Possibly the most important event in the decade was the coming of the Central Pacific Railroad to Los Angeles. On September 5, 1876, a train from San Francisco and one from Los Angeles met at a station called Lang, near the present city of Newhall, and the golden spike was driven. All then proceeded to Los Angeles where in the evening a gala banquet was held. Los

Angeles was no longer an "island on the land".[3]

Another interesting development was the increasing amount of printed matter extolling the virtues of the southland. In *A Select Los Angeles Bibliography,* by Rev. Francis J. Weber, there are seven items in this category published in the decade we are considering. While not listed by Weber, a most important book because of its very wide circulation was *California: A Book for Travelers and Settlers,* by Charles Nordhoff (New York, 1872). The book covers California as a whole and gives a glowing picture of Southern California; it went through many editions both in the United States and in England. Upon examining this book one has the feeling that it was subsidized by the Central Pacific, although there is no statement to this effect. It has been said that a city has reached adulthood when someone decides that a city directory would be a profitable enterprise. The first Los Angeles directory was issued in 1872, followed by a first in San Diego in 1874, illustrated with mounted photographs. Both volumes contain much information of interest and both are rare; in the case of the Los Angeles book only three copies are known.[4] The best book on this period was by an Austrian visitor of 1876, Ludwig Louis Salvator, whose work, written in German, was published in Prag, 1878, under the title *Eine Blume Aus Dem Goldenen Lande Oder Los Angeles.* This book had a large circulation and undoubtedly influenced immigration from central Europe. An English translation was published in Los Angeles, 1929, with a slightly revised title—*Los Angeles in the Sunny Seventies a Flower From the Golden Land.* In this book there is a most prophetic statement:

> The greatest mineral wealth of Los Angeles promises to be petroleum. The Pennsylvania oil-fields being already on the decline, a new field promises to open up out on this coast. About half a mile from the shore, in the general vicinity of Ventura and Santa Barbara, the ocean is covered with a thin film of oil about ten miles in length and stretching far out to sea.

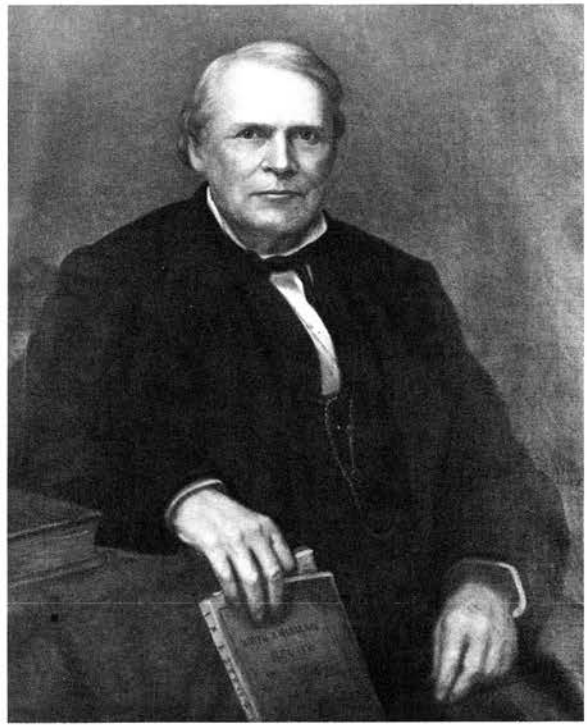
Another work that should not be overlooked is the centennial history of Los Angeles by J.J. Warner, Judge Benjamin Hayes and J.F. Widney, issued in 1876 a few months before the arrival of the railroad. The authors were prominent and able pioneers and participated in much of what they wrote about. The centennial celebration which culminated in a grand parade on July 4th indicated a new awareness of self and change.

Whether the seventies were sunny or shadowed probably depended upon where one sat. However, one thing was clear: in 1880 the Los Angeles area was no longer a cattle frontier, but the real beginning of what was to become one of the greatest metropolitan areas of the world. It was also apparent that there was a general discontent arising from a distrust of government, and poor economic and social conditions. It was thought that many of the evils of

the period could be cured by a new state constitution. There had been agitation for a new constitution as far back as 1857, but no action was taken until the early part of 1878 when the Legislature authorized an election to select delegates to meet in convention in Sacramento on September 28th to frame a new constitution. In addition to the basic reasons already noted for such action it was argued that the Constitution of 1849, formed when mining was the principal commercial operation, was out-of-date, and not relevant to the burgeoning agricultural and industrial activities.[5] This was only true in part; the early constitution was a well drafted document and with very few changes could have been adapted to later times. Delegates to the newly authorized convention were selected from counties, the number determined roughly by population; also, each of the four Congressional Districts had eight delegates known as delegates at large. All of the counties we are considering as constituting Southern California (Inyo, Kern, Los Angeles, Mono, San Bernardino, San Diego, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Tulare, and Ventura) were in the Fourth Congressional District. As of this time the counties of Imperial, Kings, Orange and Riverside were not in existence.[6]

From the state as a whole 152 delegates to the convention were elected; of these only sixteen were from the counties we are considering.[7] This is in contrast with the City and County of San Francisco which provided thirty delegates, and indicates the division of population in 1878. In the southern delegation all of the major political parties, Republican, Democratic, and Workingmen were represented with several listed as non-partisan. As to vocations, nine were lawyers, five were farmers, one was a newspaper publisher and editor, and one was a musician. On the whole the delegation from the south made up in quality what it lacked in quantity; James J. Ayers, Eli T. Blackmer, Joseph C. Brown, and Volney E. Howard were all very active and played important roles in the convention.

Volney E. Howard proved to be one of not more than ten truly outstanding members and had a rather interesting background. He was born in Maine in 1809 and in 1836 moved to Mississippi where he practiced law and was a member of the state legislature; he also acted as reporter for the supreme court of that state from 1837 to 1842. In 1845 Howard became a resident of Texas and was a delegate to the convention which formed its constitution. In 1850 he was sent to the Congress of the United States as a Representative from Texas; incidentally on June 11, 1850, he made a speech in Congress opposing the admission of California as a state.[8] In 1853 Howard came to California and established a law practice in San Francisco where he had, among others, General John Augustus Sutter as a client. During his stay in the southern part of the country he had become thoroughly "southernized," and in California was part of the group known as Chivalry, i.e., those who



Judge Volney E. Howard—SECURITY PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK COLLECTION

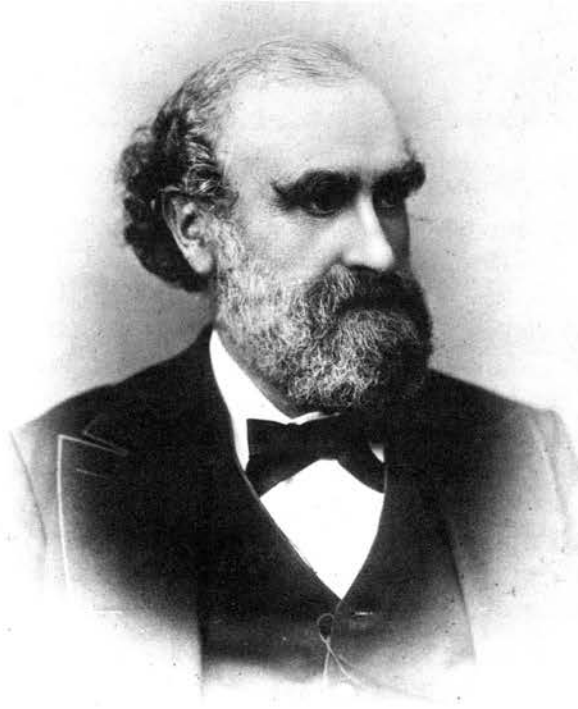
had come from the South and who had sympathetic feelings for the Confederate cause. Howard was a friend of Supreme Court Justice David S. Terry, also a member of the Chivalry. Both were strongly and actively opposed to the Vigilance Committee of 1856. The State Militia had been called upon to preserve order, and when General William T. Sherman resigned as its head, Governor J. Neely Johnson appointed Howard to take his place.[9] Several writers have suggested that, because of his "law and order" activities, Howard was more or less forced to leave San Francisco; however after considerable research I could find nothing to substantiate this.[10] In passing it is of some interest to note that Hubert Howe Bancroft (a strong supporter of the Committee) in his *Popular Tribunals*, Volume II, pokes fun at Howard at every opportunity.

> But where was the gallant Howard? Where all this time was the jolly giant, the genial fat man, the pompous portly general of all the chivalry forces. . . . Volney knew he was a great man, and he took it for granted every one knew it. (p. 393)
>
> Howard was a good talker, particularly good for one who had nothing to say. Talking was his forte; he could talk better than he could fight, though this he did not know. (p. 395)

> No true history of this movement can long leave hidden so important a personage as the governor's gentle general, Volney. Before he danced in full armor as one of the Salii priests to the governor's Mars, Howard had bourne the reputation of a talented lawyer and good citizen. (p. 456)

Regardless of what his motivation may have been, Howard moved to Los Angeles in 1861, settling in an old adobe near the San Gabriel Mission, becoming a highly respected lawyer, district attorney in 1874, and one of the first two judges on the superior court in Los Angeles County in 1879, under a judicial system created by the new constitution in the making of which he had played an important role. Howard in 1878 was a founder of the Los Angeles County Bar Association, and was a charter member of the Historical Society of Southern California; to paraphrase Bancroft, he was a good citizen, and also a rather remarkable man.[11]

Another able and active delegate from Los Angeles was Colonel James J. Ayers. Although the title was one of courtesy, Ayers in his later years, an immaculate dresser, with a white mustache and goatee, the latter neatly trimmed, was in appearance an archetypical Kentucky Colonel. He was born



Colonel James J. Ayers—SECURITY PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK COLLECTION

in Scotland in 1830 and as an infant came with his parents to the United States. He had some early training in the printing crafts, and was part of the great migration to California of 1849, arriving in San Francisco on October 10, 1849, by way of New Orleans and Central America.[12] Ayers took his turn at mining, but soon went into newspaper work, which was to be his lifetime career. In 1851 at Mokelumne Hill he started the *Calaveras Chronicle;* in 1856 he was chief partner and editor of the *San Francisco Call;* in 1866 he published the *Hawaiian Herald* at Honolulu; and in 1872 he moved to Los Angeles and became editor and part owner of the *Evening Express* and was such in 1879. Ayers soon became a well known and highly respected citizen of the community. In 1876, the people of Los Angeles, as already noted, decided to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the United States and Ayers was named president of the citizens group to plan and stage the celebration; on the big day, July 4th, he read a fifteen verse poem he had composed.

Ayers also had an interest in politics and in 1882 strongly supported George Stoneman for governor. Stoneman was successful and appointed Ayers as State Printer; during his term the practice of printing school texts by the state was inaugurated, and during this time he was for two years a trustee on the State Library Board. Today Ayers is best remembered as the author of a most excellent book of recollections, *Gold and Sunshine,* which appears in every selective bibliography covering books of the Los Angeles area. There is a slight mystery in connection with this book. The preface indicates that it was completed in 1896 (Ayers died in 1897), but it was not published until 1922. Where was the manuscript during this twenty-six year period, and what event or person inspired the publication? Incidentally, the book was the second one reviewed in the *California Historical Society Quarterly,* (Vol. 1, 1922). The review was by Robert Ernest Cowan, and it was favorable. Ayers appears to have been not only able, but well-liked; he was also a very social person, and at times suffered from the printers' disease, i.e., heavy drinking.[13]

The emphasis placed on Howard and Ayers should not lead to the conclusion that the other members of the delegation were inactive; the simple fact was that both men were leaders and participated to a much larger extent in the proceedings than the others. For example, the name of Howard occupies eleven and one-half inches in the index to the *Debates;* Ayers takes ten inches, and Charles G. Finney (Ventura) one and one-quarter inches. The convention began as scheduled at Sacramento on September 28, 1878, and there Howard met his old friend, former California Supreme Court Justice and companion in opposition to the Committee of Vigilance of 1856, David S. Terry, a delegate from San Joaquin County. The large number of

members made the convention unwieldy and it was quickly broken up into thirty-one committees which in turn were too many for an efficient operation. The convention also met in a general session nearly every day six days a week, and evening meetings were quite common.

It was a time when long-winded oratory and extravagant rhetoric were the fashion. An examination of the debates suggests that many of the lengthy speeches were more designed to promote the ambitions of the speaker and to provide news for the folks back home, than to draft a new constitution. The case of Judge Eugene Fawcett provides a good example. Fawcett of Santa Barbara County was a judge of the district court at the time he was elected as a delegate. The Constitution of 1849 contained a provision reading, "The Justices of the Supreme Court, and District Judges, and County Judges shall be ineligible to any other office." As a result the right of Judge Fawcett to be a member of the convention was challenged and was the subject of debate during two day and one evening sessions, and takes up thirty-six pages of fine print in the *Debates*.[14] While the debate was prolonged, there was some humor. Charles C. O'Donnell of San Francisco was opposed to the seating of Fawcett and said in part: "Mr. President: I shall vote against Judge Fawcett occupying a seat in this hall. . . . I tell you Mr. President, there is no getting around it. I know Judge Fawcett is capable for the position, but the fact is we have got too many lawyers. [Laughter] It is getting late and I will not detain you any longer."[15] The convention decided that being a delegate to a constitutional convention was not an office as the word was used in the Constitution, and Fawcett was seated.

The delegates from Southern California were all bearers of the ideas and prejudices of the time: railroads and large corporations must be controlled; something must be done about the Chinese; taxes must be equalized; banking reforms were required; and the legislature could not be trusted.

The strongest push for severe provisions curbing railroads came from the delegates from two areas, the San Joaquin Valley, and Southern California. In the valley the events that were to culminate in the Mussel Slough Tragedy were happening while the convention was in session.[16] Misrepresentation in the sale of railroad lands and capricious rates had created a feeling of bitterness against the Southern Pacific. In the southern part of the state there were incidents to cause concern. One writer tells the following story:

> Shortly after the completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad the people of Los Angeles became very much dissatisfied with the Company's method of handling their business, and especially with the arbitrary rulings of U.S. Stubbs (local freight agent) in making freight rates. On one occasion, for example, a shipper approached Stubbs and asked for a rate on a car load of potatoes from San Francisco to Tucson. Stubbs asked him how much he expected to pay for the potatoes and what he would get for them; and having obtained this information, he allowed the shipper a small profit and took the balance for freight.[17]

At one time in Los Angeles there was a public hearing before the City Council on the railroad problems and Charles F. Crocker (one of the big four of the Central Southern Pacific-Railroads) was invited to attend and did so. There was some joshing at which Crocker became annoyed and made his famous remark, "If this be the spirit in which Los Angeles proposes to deal with the railroad upon which the town's very vitality must depend, I will make grass to grow in the streets of your city."[18] The Southern Pacific had acquired the Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad and also desired to purchase the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad, constructed by Senator John P. Jones, and reaching the Pacific at Santa Monica. A newspaper article quoting Crocker's own words tells the method of acquisition.

> Mr. Jones came here and built a shorter and more convenient road to the ocean than we had. We did what anybody would have done under the circumstances. We put freight down to $1.00 a ton, and did lighterage for nothing. He reduced freight rates to $1.00 a ton and did wharfage for nothing. We were both cutting each other's throats. Mr. Jones lost money on his enterprise, and we bought him out, paying him $400,000 less for it than it had cost him to build it.[19]

Crocker appears to have been the spokesman for the Southern Pacific, but was certainly not a public relations artist.

It is not the purpose of this study to review the prolix speeches and sometimes torturous arguments in any detail; however there were several incidents that are worthy of note. Howard in a major speech on the Chinese question had the following to say:

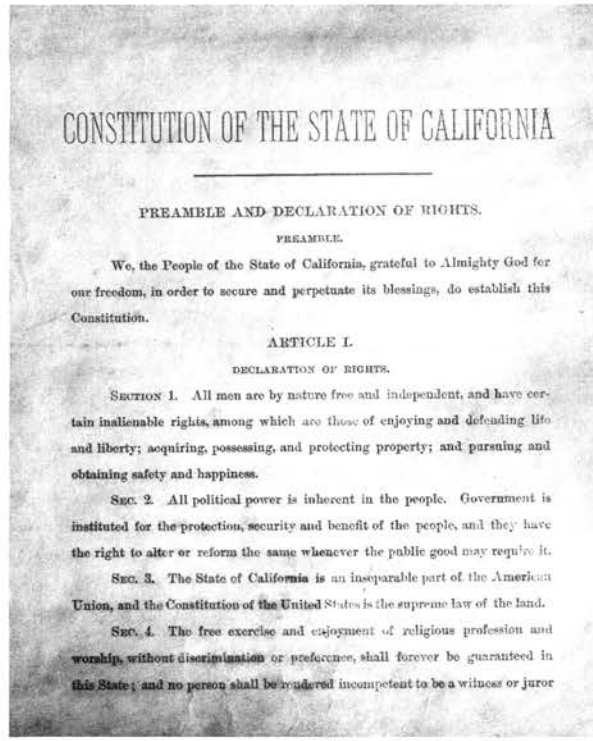
> Now, sir, in the classic language of some of my friends on the other side, I say, "the Chinese must go." But I propose to make them go in a legal way, by the regular action of the government. Violence has been suggested. Mobs have been alluded to. . . . I have no taste for mobs, whether they be in the nature of an honest uprising for the correction of abuse, or whether they are the lowest, and vilest, and most criminal of all mobs under the name of a Vigilance Committee. . . . We may as well talk sense as nonsense; it don't cost any more.[20]

Ayers also made a lengthy speech on the Chinese issue which he had printed in pamphlet form and was widely distributed. From time to time there was considerable persiflage.

> Mr. Edgerton: They (the United States Supreme Court) did consider another question which was not before the court, and the gentleman knows that was no decision at all.
> Mr. Howard: My friend cannot befog that decision.
> Mr. Edgerton: Nor you either.
> Mr. Howard: I am not in a befogging state.
> Mr. Edgerton: You are always in a fog.
> Mr. Howard: I always find you there, if I am.
> Mr. Moreland: I hope this side show will come to an end, and that I will be allowed to finish my remarks.[21]

On January 4, 1879, the ninety-ninth day of the convention, a crisis was reached. The enabling act provided that "the delegates to the Convention shall receive the same per diem and mileage as members of the Legislature, provided no compensation shall be allowed delegates after the expiration of one hundred days." The appropriation for general expenses was also exhausted at this time. To the credit of the delegates it was decided to go ahead anyway, and to pay themselves and the staff with scrip to be later redeemed by the state.[22] By the time the legislature convened in 1880 the constitution had become unpopular and payment of the scrip (about $75,000 in all) was refused, and the scrip as of today remains unpaid.[23]

The convention did continue, a constitution was drawn, and final adjournment was on March 3, 1879, the 157th day of the meeting. The new constitution was satisfactory to the delegates from the counties of the south: a railroad commission was established; restrictions on the hiring of Chinese labor were provided (later in part to be held unconstitutional under the Federal Constitution); a state board of equalization was created and the



CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

PREAMBLE AND DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

PREAMBLE.

We, the People of the State of California, grateful to Almighty God for our freedom, in order to secure and perpetuate its blessings, do establish this Constitution.

ARTICLE I.

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

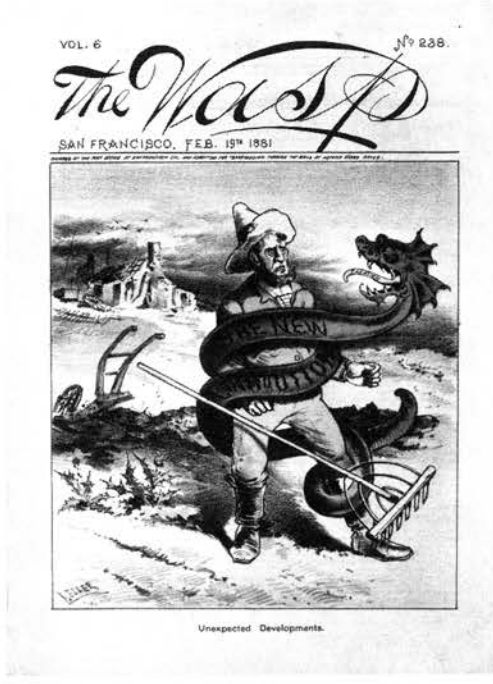
SECTION 1. All men are by nature free and independent, and have certain inalienable rights, among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty; acquiring, possessing, and protecting property; and pursuing and obtaining safety and happiness.

SEC. 2. All political power is inherent in the people. Government is instituted for the protection, security and benefit of the people, and they have the right to alter or reform the same whenever the public good may require it.

SEC. 3. The State of California is an inseparable part of the American Union, and the Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land.

SEC. 4. The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be guaranteed in this State; and no person shall be rendered incompetent to be a witness or juror

—CALIFORNIA STATE ARCHIVES COLLECTION



power to tax made more explicit; and a new judicial system was set forth. The people of California voted on the new constitution on May 7, 1879, and it was accepted by a close margin—77,959 for and 67,134 against.[24] While on paper the constitution appeared to accomplish the major reforms sought for, it was in fact a monstrosity as an organic document, being of extreme length and overloaded with what was properly material of a statutory nature, such as detailed laws covering corporations, administrative details, exemptions from execution, thirty-three specific limitations on the legislature, mechanics' liens, an eight hour day on public works, etc. For many years regardless of the nature of the case a lawyer would first look at the constitution on the strong possibility that it might contain something relevant. The railroads continued to be dominant in politics. While the constitution provided a railroad commission of three elected commissioners, the railroads, it was said, found it easier to control three men than the legislature as a whole. The people of California were, of course, naive in thinking that a new constitution could correct the complex social and economic troubles of the Seventies, and when this failed to occur, as noted, the document became very unpopular; however with all its faults, and with hundreds of additions, deletions, and amendments the Constitution of 1879 is the one under which we are living today.

Thomas Wells Cover; the date of the picture is unknown, but it may have been taken in Montana.—PHOTO COURTESY PIONEER HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF RIVERSIDE

Poor Tom Cover

BY DAN L. THRAPP

Tom Cover led an adventurous life on the western frontier. He was an Indian fighter, a prospector of the Big Strike, an empire builder and in every way an exemplary and successful citizen, so why "poor" Tom Cover? Perhaps his enigmatic doom had a bit to do with it, but even aside from that there seemed to be something fated about Tom. He trod an inexorable course toward catastrophe, unable to avoid it or do much but seek out and face up to it head on. Many westerners followed such a stick, though few met so bizarre an end as Thomas Wells Cover.

Cover (whose name rhymed with "over"), was born in 1831 in Maryland, the son of Daniel and Lydia Cover, who settled with their family at Mansfield, Ohio, about 1835. Here Tom grew up, receiving an education which seems to have been above average for the time. At the age of 29 or thereabouts he went overland to California, perhaps accompanied by a brother, Perry D. Cover, 12 years his junior. The reason they went west at that time is not known. The Civil War was looming and possibly the Covers had southern sympathies; maybe it was simply the wanderlust nagging him all his life that nudged him toward the gold fields.

At any rate, Tom spent little time in California. He is reported to have visited the Idaho placers, but by the spring of 1863 he had reached southwestern Montana, a prospector by now and a man whose eye was open for any opportunity that might come along. Bannack, the first town in

Montana, had sprung up when gold was discovered in July of 1862 along Grasshopper Creek. The strike drew hopefuls and adventurers by the swarm, and soon they were fanning out everywhere, hunting more of that yellow stuff.

On April 9 of 1863, hard upon the spring thaw which comes late in that country, a party of explorers under James Stuart left Bannack for the mouth of the Stinkingwater River (so named by Indians because of sulphur springs feeding into it), where another group of six men was to join them. They not having arrived, however, Stuart moved on toward the Yellowstone River. The members of the smaller party fortunately avoided the murderous Blackfeet, but ran into some Crows who, as was their exasperating custom, robbed them of their outfits, their best horses, and sent them cursing their fortune back toward Bannack. Their apparent bad luck nonetheless evolved into the best luck most of them would ever know.[1]

By late May the six, Tom Cover, Bill Fairweather, Henry Edgar, Barney Hughes, Harry Rodgers and Michael Sweeney, were camped on Alder Creek, a source of the Stinkingwater, and Fairweather grumbled, "I just hope we get enough dust to buy tobacco when we get back." He still fumed about the Crow humiliation. On the evening of the 26th the men, being prospectors all, commenced panning the creek to see what it bore, if anything. Fairweather abruptly shouted, "I've found a scad!" a "scad" meaning a gold lump of a size not quite as respectable as a nugget. Edgar, a little beyond, cried, "If you have found one, I have a thousand!" The scad was worth $4.80; one pan yielded $1.75 in dust, another $4.40. The next day the six panned out $180. Alder Creek, the richest strike in the Northwest to that time, was made—and Tom Cover never was broke again.

News of the great find spread swiftly. Barney Hughes took it to Bannack where he went for supplies, tried to slip back with "just a few friends," but 200 hot-eyed gold-seekers hounded in his wake and the Fairweather Mining District was formed. Within eight months there were 500 structures of a sort in Alder Gulch and within a year the Virginia City population was 4,000. In three years $30 million was taken out, and a thousand claims showed good profit.[2] Truly she was a major strike, and the stampede overshadowed even the Bannack rush of a year earlier. Many of those swarming into the region were prospectors. Others were devoted to preying upon those miners lucky enough to turn up some wealth; still others sifted in simply to depredate as opportunity afforded, and they very soon went to work.

The framework of law enforcement was erected almost as quickly as the camps, but the practice of law enforcement was something else and, so far as the prospectors could detect, virtually non-existent. Some latter-day analysts have suggested that if the frontiersmen of Alder Gulch had earnestly tried to work within the system they could have corrected in time the rampant evil

Hydraulic mining at Alder Gulch, where Tom Cover and four others discovered gold in 1863.—PHOTO COURTESY MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This later drug store was under construction January 14, 1864, and vigilantes used its handy beams to hang five desperadoes, Boone Helm among them.—PHOTO COURTESY MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

that came to surround and all but engulf them, but that view is naive, in my judgment. This was no civilized milieu. These were rough miners and prospectors and Indian men and roustabouts. When criminals flooded in upon them they lashed back with equal violence and directness, as such men always will. They formed Vigilante Committees and they quickly rounded up about 25 of the worst desperadoes and highway men, and summarily hanged them. They ran hundreds more out of camp, giving them their lives in return for their prompt and permanent absence—and they cleaned up their region. Right may not have been entirely on their side, but effectiveness surely was. Rome had faced the same kind of problem 2,500 years earlier and her solution, like that at Virginia City, Montana, in 1863-64, while brutal, assuredly worked. Rome was never again troubled by Carthage, and Virginia City never more harassed to distraction by desperadoes after the vigilantes completed their work. There is much to be said for such a system of justice, under those special circumstances.

Tom Cover was among the vigilantes—some say he was a leader of them.[3] The desperadoes and holdup artists and murderers quickly learned that he was determined and strong, and could be ruthless—and they remembered, those who survived.

But for all his robust physical qualities, the great strike he and the others made at Alder Gulch had inflicted upon Tom Cover a fatal disease: *prospectoritis*. If still in its incubation period, it would eventually consume him, but for now Tom thrust it aside while he got on with the matter of empire

John M. Bozeman—COURTESY MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

building. The *Montana Post* on December 2, 1865, called him "a pioneer in the first rank of enterprise," and added that "such gentlemen as Mr. Cover are the kind to lead in extending empire."

Always interested in agriculture, Cover "was among the first to prove the susceptibility of the Gallatin [River] Valley of cultivation." He erected Montana's initial grist mill at Bozeman City, which had been founded in 1864 by a famous pioneer, John M. Bozeman, who became Cover's friend. The primary mill a success, Cover went east to obtain machinery for a second, to be set up on the West Gallatin River. He continued to prosper. Cover, said the *Post,* was "one of the first among the public-spirited, and our thriving city owes much to him."

John Bozeman had laid out the wagon road that became known as the Bozeman Trail in 1863 after exploring the route the preceding winter, and having Powder River Sioux rob his party of horses and arms, leaving the frontiersmen to subsist upon what rubbish they could scrape from the frozen ground. By 1867 the route was well-known and although proscribed to whites by the powerful tribes, a few fearless men used it from time to time.

In April of 1867, Bozeman and Tom Cover left Virginia City enroute east by way of the Bozeman Trail, their initial objectives being the abandoned Forts C. F. Smith and Phil Kearny. They never reached either. Cover reported what happened in a letter to Brigadier General Thomas Francis Meagher, who was quite a story in himself. Born in Ireland, Meagher had been convicted of treason (a synonym for patriotism, in his case) by the British and condemned to death, his sentence commuted to lifelong banishment to Tasmania, where Meagher was taken in July, 1849. He escaped that island and adventurously gained the United States in 1852, becoming a naturalized citizen. He commanded the famed Irish Brigade in some of the Civil War's bloodiest engagements. Meagher was named first secretary of the Territory of Montana, became its acting governor and within two months of receiving Cover's communication, would drown in the Missouri River near Fort Benton in a mysterious accident.

The letter, one of many of the kind Meagher received that season, said in part:

". . . We reached the Yellowstone River. . . . The 20th instant, when in our noon camp about seven miles this side of Bozeman Ferry, we perceived five Indians approaching us. . . . When within say two hundred and fifty yards I suggested to Mr. Bozeman that we should open fire . . . We stood with our rifles ready until the enemy approached to within one hundred yards, at which Bozeman remarked: 'Those are Crows; I know one of them. We will let them come to us and learn where the Sioux and Blackfeet camps are, provided they know.' The Indians approached, calling Ap-sar-oke (Crow). They shook hands

The corner at 8th St. (now University Ave.), and Main St., Riverside, taken in 1876.— PHOTO COURTESY PIONEER HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF RIVERSIDE

with Mr. B. and proffered the same politeness to me, which I declined by presenting my Henry rifle at them, and at the same moment B. remarked, "I am fooled; they are Blackfeet'. . . .

"I saw the chief quickly draw the cover from his fusee, and as I called to B. to shoot, the Indians fired, the ball taking effect in B's right breast, passing completely through him. B. charged on the Indians . . ., when another shot took effect . . . and brought poor B. to the ground, a dead man. At that instant I received a bullet through the upper edge of my left shoulder. . . . Finding the Indians pressing me, and my gun not working, I stepped back slowly, trying to fix it, in which I succeeded after retreating say fifty yards. I then opened fire and the first shot brought one of the gentlemen to the sod. I then charged and the others took to their heels . . . I returned to a piece of willow brush, . . . giving the Indians a shot or two as I fell back. . . . [The Indians left and] after cutting a pound or so of meat, I started on foot on the back track, swam the Yellowstone, walked thirty miles. . . . The next day I arrived home with a tolerable sore shoulder and pretty well fagged out . . ."[4]

Tom Cover had accumulated an estate of around $75,000[5] and was a man of some prominence in Montana Territory, but the roving part of his nature was roily and he commenced to think of moving elsewhere. He recalled California, particularly its southern part, where it was never really winter and where enough projects floated around to keep an active and ambitious man as busy as he desired. California it would be![6]

In the late 1860s there were real estate stirrings in Southern California. Compton was founded in 1868, Santa Ana in 1869, and ripples were felt as far to the east as the Riverside area. Schemes flourished for making money, for prospering with the boom inevitable to the area. For example, at San Jose there lived a man named Louis Prevost, a Frenchman of course, who had learned silk culture in his native land, and thought there would be

opportunities for such an industry in his adopted state. He even managed to produce some acceptable silk. The California Legislature caught his vision and passed a Silk Bounty Bill.

This offered an award of $250 for the planting of each 5,000 mulberry trees, on the leaves of which the silk worm subsists, and $300 for production of lots of 100,000 salable cocoons from which silk is spun. Mulberry trees were set out by the millions, it is said, and in 1869 the California Silk Center Association was formed, with Louis Prevost the hinge upon which it swung and with Tom Cover one of its directors. The association acquired 8,729 acres east of the Santa Ana River in the area where Riverside would appear. Some of the land reportedly was "too dry for coyotes," but the acreage was hard by the river and canals would make it productive.

However Louis Prevost died in 1870 and with him passed the expertise upon which the fledgling silk industry depended.[7] The Legislature withdrew the bounty offers, and Tom and his associates decided to sell the property, if they could find a buyer. About that time Cover met John W. North and Dr. James P. Greves, both New Yorkers but with westerners' expansionist dreams.

North had explored Southern California with a speculative eye, according to Riverside historian Thomas W. Patterson.[8] He glanced at Pasadena, then, at Cover's suggestion, looked eastward to the acreage owned by the now-defunct Silk Center Association. The silkmen asked $60,000 for the land, but eventually sold a controlling interest for $21,000 and a stock transfer, and a new company, the Southern California Colony Association, was formed. Because of his mining experience, Cover superintended construction of a canal to bring water from the river to the townsite, a job that took nine months and cost almost $50,000; upon this endeavor, and through the ability of Tom Cover who engineered and carried it out, was made possible the creation of Riverside and the success of its early enterprises. A photograph taken about this time shows him to have been a broad-faced man with a determined mouth, a forthright gaze, an intelligent forehead and a mass of hair that would have satisfied a modern-day moppet.

With plenty of water, the future of the new colony was assured. On December 14, 1870, it was named Riverside, since few could pronounce the Indian word, "Jurupa," the title of the original rancho which some had wished to retain. John North is regarded as the founder of Riverside, no doubt with cause, but Tom Cover would have substantial claim to the honor in that he had come to the area a year or two before North, and had done much of the original work which made North's colony practicable.

Within a few months the settlement was well established. Its colonists tried various enterprises. Opium poppies were planted; that project was soon

abandoned. The first orange trees were set out at Riverside on March 1, 1871, although these were not by any means the first planted in California, for Benjamin Wilson had grown citrus in the San Marino area long years before and others had followed his example. But the nation's first *navel* oranges were grown commercially at Riverside, the tree for a time known as the Riverside Navel Orange; today it is officially called the Washington Navel Orange. Work with it began at least by 1875, although the exact date is disputed, and one of the first two navel orange trees, now depending upon its third set of grafted roots, lives on in a park established for it in that city.

Although Cover has been described as "the first introducer" of the navel orange to the Riverside area,[9] history records that the initial trees were planted there by Luther and Eliza Tibbets. Across the street from their place, however, was a nursery established by Josiah Cover, a second brother of Tom's, two years his senior, and all three Covers quickly saw the value of the new wonder citrus. Tom earned a prize with plats of navel oranges he exhibited in the first Riverside Citrus Fair in February, 1879.[10] He became a genuine pioneer of the navel orange empire (and *empire* it was!) that according to one scarcely believable estimate emerged with the planting of 25 million trees in Southern California as well as export of the plant to many foreign countries. He settled in as a land owner, grower and family man in a "large and commodious" house that was "furnished with all the elegancies that wealth and good taste might suggest," and that was valued at $30,000 by contemporary estimate.[11] His home was on the southwest corner of Jurupa and Palm Avenues, near today's Cover Street which, legend says, was named for him.

Here he could sit on the porch and watch his orchard grow, the deep green trees that quickly became laden with fruit as yellow as—well, as that stuff from Alder Gulch. As yellow as *gold*! Small wonder was it that Tom Cover's thoughts commenced idly to turn to gold once again, for was he not infected fatally with prospectoritis? Tom by this time was financially independent. He could sit and rock and dream the dreams of his youth. It is little to be remarked that the voices came to him, as one may suppose:

What are you sitting there for, Tom? they might have said to him. *Come on—get your pan, your pick, try out some of that sand in the river bed . . . Nothing, eh? Beyond that ridge, then, Tom, give that creek a try . . . no? That blue mountain on the horizon? If there's nothing on this side, maybe on the other—or in the desert beyond. There is gold out there somewhere, Tom Cover! Maybe another Alder Gulch . . . Who was that Mountain Man who claimed he found a hilltop littered with ore-bearing rock on that desert? Pegleg Smith? If he found it, you can find it, Tom Cover! You're as lucky as he was. . . .*

So, one may imagine, the voices came and found lodging in the mind of Thomas W. Cover, rich, successful, influential, well-befriended and, while never bored, become almighty restless.

He began to research the legend of Pegleg Smith[12] and was caught up by it, as many had before him and many another would be to this day, for the yarn the crusty old wanderer had told took over the brain like yeast and the supporting tales which sprang up in its shadow seemed convincing, especially to one afflicted with the gold-seeking fever as incurably as Cover.

Smith had died October 15, 1866, at Colma, just south of San Francisco, of dropsy and related ailments. He had become a legend when he amputated his own leg (with Milton Sublette's help), shattered by a Ute weapon in the Colorado Rockies. According to Smith, about 1830 he and a party of trappers had crossed the California desert westerly from Yuma. Smith climbed a small butte to view the country, and on top picked up some interesting rock. The party being short of water, however, hurried on; as trappers they were little interested in prospecting but later on, after the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill and all the attendant excitement, Smith for the hell of it had his samples assayed, and they proved fabulously rich. His one attempt to relocate the site

Hauling navel oranges to the packing house. — COURTESY POMONA PUBLIC LIBRARY

proved abortive, or Smith himself called it off because his faith in his own yarn was not exactly overwhelming; the record does not say which it was. The legend he originated flourished, however, becoming part of the folklore of the Southwest, and Tom Cover now was devoured by it. There are many tales lending support to believers in the authenticity of the Pegleg Smith discovery and there is no space here to recount or go into them all. One however relates that the Smith site in this desert was relocated by an ailing miner who reached Los Angeles, was treated in his last extremity by Dr. Albert E. de Corse, like Cover from Maryland, but born four years after Tom. De Corse was lavishly paid in gold for his ministrations, and in added gratitude the miner offered to conduct him to the site which seemed to de Corse obviously that of Pegleg's stupendous discovery, but before he could do so, the miner died. De Corse, engulfed with enthusiasm, removed to Yuma from where the prospector had commenced the trek on which he had rediscovered the lode. The physician spent many years there in practice, grubstaking occasional prospecting westward by Indians and others, even if de Corse himself did not often venture out onto the desert. Cover hunted up the doctor and learned all he had to tell of the location of the gold deposit, while sifting other likely stories as well. He commenced about 1880 to explore that part of the desert where it seemed to him converging versions suggested Pegleg had made his strike. He had not much to show for his exertions, but was he not a prospector? One recalls the lines of Robert W. Service from *The Spell of the Yukon:*

There's gold, and it's haunting and haunting;
It's luring me on, as of old;
Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting
So much as just finding the gold. . . .

Tom Cover wasn't after riches as such any more, one may be sure. Rather, it was the boot out of *discovery* that he sought in the blistering desert.

He became convinced that the Pegleg find was somewhere in the present Anza-Borrego State Park region east of Warner Springs, and had narrowed his search to the country roughly defined by the Santa Rosa Mountains to north and east, San Felipe Creek on the south, and the Warner's Ranch highlands on the west. Within this area were the dreaded "badlands," a region better known today as the Clay Hills between Borrego Springs and the present Salton Sea. On his first expedition in about 1880, Cover and his partners, H.J. Rudisil and R.W. Daniels, both of Riverside, worked the area east of the Southern Pacific Railroad until, coming into the station at Flowing Well, near modern Niland, Cover heard a fresh version of the Pegleg lode as originating with an Indian woman who had staggered there in desperate straits shortly before. She had gone away again, but Cover learned enough of her account to shift his attentions to the west of the Salton sink. On his three subsequent expeditions

he was accompanied only by Wilson B. Russell, also of Riverside. In 1883 he incidentally staked Hank Brown and O.D. Gass, oldtime prospectors of San Bernardino, who hunted the desert all summer but found nothing of much interest.

On his own second expedition, Cover with Russell went southwest of the badlands, between that area and the Warner Springs plateau country. The third exploration took them to the east of the badlands, between them and the Santa Rosa Mountains, but they never really reached their objective although Cover came close to losing his life. He separated from his companion to prospect through a range of hills, missed Russell's wagon tracks in the darkness on his return and continued on a mistaken course all night until with daylight he could take bearings. He did not overtake his companion until 10 o'clock in the morning, having traveled 30 hours through savage desert country on two quarts of water and a few crackers. Russell had been resigned to leaving him to make for a distant spring had he not arrived that morning, and had set aside a canteen and bundle of food when Cover trudged in. Tom approved Russell's plan, murmuring that it was "about as good as I could have done," but was nonetheless relieved that it proved unnecessary.

The fourth expedition sought to penetrate the mysterious badlands region by way of Warner's Ranch and San Felipe Creek; this time Cover when separated from his companion fell and sprained an ankle, was forced to crawl about ten miles during the night to regain the camp; his injury ended that attempt to find the elusive lode.

On all of these expeditions except the first, Cover had sought to relocate Pegleg's find in a region little known and considered almost never traversed save perhaps by gold seekers like himself, but he must have come to realize that it was not quite so emptied of life. He may occasionally have encountered scrawny range cattle near the widely-separated watering places and, although doubtless unaware of it, the likelihood was that he and his companion were trailed from time to time by shadowy figures who knew the desert at least as well as Cover had come to know it, and considered it theirs.

Cover, by now aged 52, and Russell left Riverside on August 15, 1884, for a fifth exploration of the Borrego badlands country. They drove a two-horse team and spring wagon in which, as before, they loaded their camp equipment. The pair journeyed southerly to Temecula and Warner's Ranch and turned east through the lovely live oak and tawny grasslands of the Montezuma Valley, passing secluded ranch sites where their progress was not unobserved by lynx-eyed, hard-featured men, and crossed the divide on either the Palm Creek trail or Grapevine Canyon road, paralleling today's county road S-3 which drops off the highlands into the desert. By September 22 they were approaching the badlands from the west.

They agreed upon a camping ground near a lone pine tree, perhaps where the Palo Verde Ranger Station now is located. It was across a spur of badlands; Russell was to drive the team around to it, Cover to prospect through the hills. The distance was an estimated 16 miles for Cover, 20 for Russell. The campsite would be dry, they knew, but they carried water enough in the wagon. Cover climbed the ridge, turned and waved. He made for a gap near its top and through it Russell watched him disappear. And that was the last any law-abiding man ever saw of Tom Cover—alive.

Wilson Russell had his own adventures reaching the campsite. He mistook the route, found the way very rough and in the midst of the hills, the wagon overturned, Russell being knocked senseless and remaining unconscious, he later calculated, for about three hours. Coming to, he found their precious supply of water spilled and irretrievably lost. With difficulty he righted the vehicle, pausing once at what he believed a distant shout, but it was not repeated. At last he returned the conveyance to its wheels and drove on to the appointed rendezvous, arriving around 2 p.m. Cover was not there, so Russell waited until about 5, occasionally hallooing and ceaselessly scanning the billows of the badlands, hilltops tossed about like the waves of a frozen sea. The animals had not drunk since the night before, were suffering from want of water. At last, and with plenty of misgivings, Russell bundled up some food and left it with a canteen and a note beneath the pine tree, hitched up the team and started off, probably by about the route followed by today's Truckhaven Trail, for the nearest oasis he knew about, at Indian Frank's. This place was some 25 miles distant, around the southerly end of the Santa Rosa Mountains and northward east of them, possibly near Coolidge Springs. Here he persuaded the somewhat reluctant Frank to ride back to the lone pine tree and try to find some trace of Cover, promising the Indian $50 for doing so; being no fool, the Indian hestitated until Russell gave him his $300 gold watch and chain as security for the promised award. Having started Frank off, Russell drove on to El Toro, another 16 miles northward, to obtain feed for his animals. When he returned to Frank's he found the Indian also had come back (no telling whether he had completed his mission or given it up), reporting he could find no trace of the missing man. Russell talked Frank into returning with him for still another try and together they reached the pine tree, finding the cache of food and canteen untouched. Eventually they tracked Cover to a high point from which he could have seen the place of rendezvous but, because of the mishap Russell not having reached it, Tom's tracks veered in another direction, the trail fading out at last in a dry wash. Russell then hastened his jaded team back to Indio and wired the melancholy news to Riverside where it caused the most profound sensation and generated a mammoth rescue effort.[13]

What became of Tom Cover? While the searching forces are being mustered, let us hunt for a clue by backtracking 20 years in time and one thousand two hundred two miles by trail: return to Riverside and San Bernardino and by Cajon Pass cross the blue distance of the Mojave Desert, and go up beyond the tidy Mormon communities of southern Utah, past the great bitter sea, and negotiate the cataract in the Snake River where the settlement of Eagle Rock later will be called Idaho Falls, and scale the pass to the valley of the Ruby west of where Tom Cover had his fight with the Blackfeet, and continue northward to Alder Gulch again. The year is 1863 and the month is December. The camp Cover helped to start is booming, lawlessness is everywhere, and the vigilantes, Tom prominently among them it is said, are shaking out their ropes.[14]

On December 21, as a Christmas present to the camps, you might say, they caught and hanged George Ives, which was a shock to many people, including most of the brigands and Ives himself. January 4, 1864, they hanged George W. Brown, a onetime army scout against the Sioux, and Erastus (Red) Yager, who gracefully delivered up before his execution the names and table of organization, as it might be put, for the Plummer gang—the tools the vigilantes needed to liquidate the whole outfit. Henry Plummer and two others consequently were hanged January 10, two more on the 11th, and on the 14th five were erased including Boone Helm, who ex post facto becomes singularly important to our story. And who was Boone Helm? Well, Helm was the one man who deserved hanging even more than Henry Plummer, if you could believe the record, or his own claims.

Helm was not an attractive character, according to the depositions of those who knew him. Nathaniel Pitt Langford, one of the organizers of the vigilantes, gently characterized him as a "wretch," adding, as he reflected about it, that Helm was "one of those hideous monsters of depravity whom neither precept nor example could have saved from a life of crime." Andrew Jackson Splawn, who met Helm three years before his hanging, wrote of his "revolting face" and likened his eyes to those of a "fiery vulture." Thomas Dimsdale, English-born newspaper editor and historian of the vigilantes, wrote that "if ever a desperado was all guilt and without a single redeeming feature in his character, Boone Helm was the man." His description was the most generous of all.

Levi Boone Helm was born in Kentucky in 1827, according to his principal biographer, the noted English westerner and writer Colin Rickards.[15] He removed with his family to Log Branch, Monroe County, Missouri, and as he matured became attracted to alcohol, bowie knives and violence. He married in 1851, fathered a daughter, but his wife divorced him, according to one writer because of his "vicious and profligate habits." Boone Helm thereafter

became edgy, as he demonstrated when he killed Littlebury Shoot on September 14, 1851, because Shoot declined to accompany him to Texas.

Tracked down by Shoot's brother, Helm was arrested and according to one report, secured changes of venue until the matter was dropped; another version said he was (properly) consigned to an insane asylum from where he soon escaped. In either event, he made his way to California. Here it is said he joined several brothers or, more likely, cousins, on Canyon Creek, near Georgetown, in El Dorado County. According to William Lewis Manly, who later wrote the southwestern classic, *Death Valley in '49*, five of the Helm boys in 1850 had inhabited a neighboring claim: James, Daunt, Chat, Devenport and Weid. He wrote some years later in the *San Jose Pioneer* that "they were thoroughbred backwoods Missourians . . . and as rough a set of men as ever crossed the plains. They gambled and worked twenty-four hours in each day. A man by the name of Bush kept a saloon which was made of brush, where he kept a keg of whiskey and a few decks of cards and on a puncheon table these men, with others, played poker ten hours every night. Their only apparel consisted of a pair of overalls and a check shirt. No roof over them, no fire, and the only light a tallow candle. Here they were happy."

The boys, perhaps with Boone joining them, became involved in several killings, it was said, as well as a lynching or two—of others. In 1854 Devenport Helm was on the dodge after a killing. Subsequently he was shot to death in Sonoma County. Weid Helm slew a man in Georgetown, the report goes, and was forced to flee.[16] Boone, wrote Dimsdale, "either killed or assisted at the killing of nearly a dozen men in the brawls so common at that time in the western country,"[17] which, even if an exaggeration, which it might be, expressed the view commonly held in Montana. In the spring of 1858, reportedly having committed a "murder" as distinct from a "killing," Boone fled to The Dalles, Oregon. In company with six other men he left there on horseback for Camp Floyd in Cedar Valley, Utah, on the way revealing to a companion that "many's the poor devil I've killed at one time or another—and the time has been that I've been obliged to feed on some of them."

One of the party separated and rode back to The Dalles; of the others, only Boone Helm was seen alive again, and he but barely. In April, 1859, he reached the camp of a John W. Powell just above Fort Hall. Helm, wrote Powell,[18] appeared as a "tall, cadaverous sunken-eyed man standing over me, dressed in a dirty, dilapidated coat and shirt and drawers, and moccasins so worn that they could scarcely be tied to his feet." In a rambling narration of almost indescribable winter hardships, Helm revealed to Powell that he had eaten at least one of the others, and came out with $1,400 in gold which he assuredly never earned, and which he soon squandered in saloon excesses.

During the succeeding years Helm carved an erratic, bloody course

through the Northwest. Rickards lists some of his peccadilloes: he may have murdered for pay two citizens of Salt Lake City, then became a road agent. In 1862 he slew a miner in a Florence, Idaho, saloon, fled to British Columbia, continued his addiction to murder and once, when questioned by authorities as to what had become of his partner, replied "with the utmost sang froid," as they told it: "Do you suppose I'm damned fool enough to starve when I can help it? I ate him up, of course," which may have been braggadocio, or it may not. He escaped jail at Cariboo, British Columbia, was arrested at Olympia, Washington, for the Florence murder but escaped again, was recaptured, tried and acquitted, although the killing had been witnessed by many. He reached Virginia City in the summer of 1863 and pursued his career with Henry Plummer until he "died with profanity, blasphemy, ribaldry, and treason on his lips"[19] as the rope cut off his death song: "Every man for his principles—Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Let her rip!" He was crazy, all right.

But Helm had a nest of kinfolk, it will be remembered, and they were a varied lot: rough men and tough as winter beef, not all bad, nor all good. They were Kentucky hill people in origin, clannish, suspicious, long-memoried and languidly lawless when it was convenient to be so. One of them, however, known as "Old Tex" Helm and who probably was James, was adjudged honest, liberal and brave. He had testified for Boone at the Florence, Idaho, trial, and was killed by a horse in 1865 at Walla Walla, Washington.

Of the brothers who first came to California (one or two more were to join them later), there remained Chat, Daunt and Weid, and some accounts placed these in the Alder Gulch gold camps at the time the vigilantes swung (literally) into action. They may have been among the scores or hundreds run out of the region as not worth hanging but too incorrigible to be suffered longer.[20] Lucky to get off with their lives they fled, taking their memories with them. They knew well who the vigilantes had been—or some of them, at any rate. By 1865 the Helm boys were in Southern California, still brooding over the loss of their kinsman to the lynch rope, and perhaps their own ejection from Montana.

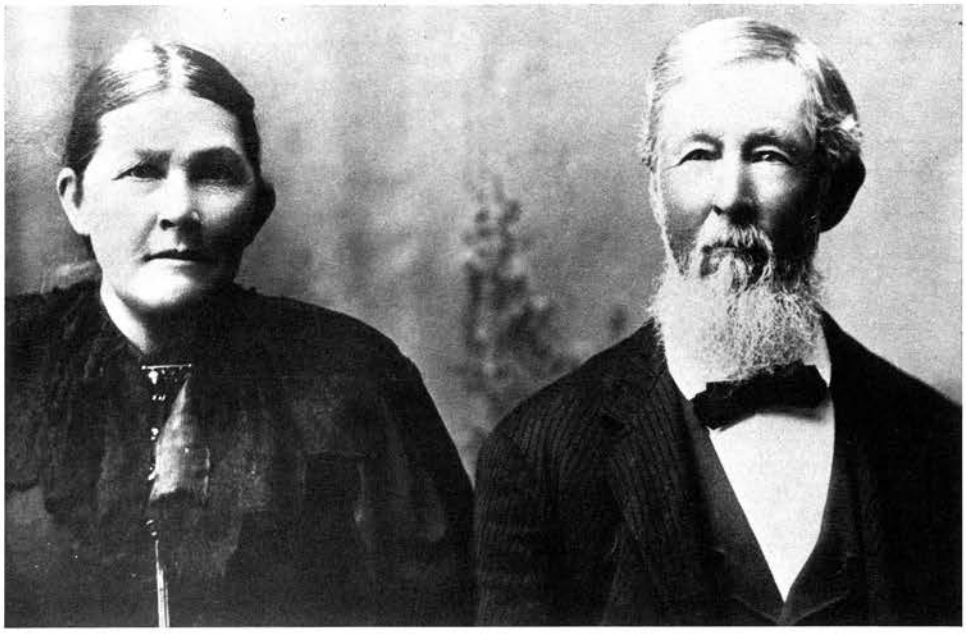
Because of his prominence and the general esteem in which he was held, Tom Cover's disappearance caused widespread speculation and concern. Soon a reward of $250 (later increased to $1,000) was offered for information as to his fate or whereabouts. This generated still more energetic attempts to discover what had happened to him. Otis T. Dyer of the Riverside bank guaranteed expenses of searching parties at the outset and four at least left about the first of October. One, including John Wilbur Sr. and the prospector, O.D. Gass, tracked the Russell wagon to where it was upset and thence to the planned rendezvous point.[21] Another, with

Russell himself along, tracked Cover as far as possible, but lost the trail at length.[22] By early November all these parties had returned, the belief general that Cover had succumbed to natural hazards, the *Press and Horticulturist* pointing out that "the desert upon which the unfortunate man was lost is probably the worst piece of territory . . . in the United States. . . . Although many attempts have been made within the past fifty years to explore this section the obstacles to be overcome have been so many that it has been and is yet an unknown land." Very little suspicion, and that not long lasting, was focused upon Russell as having done away with his partner. The newspaper explained that: "The people believe him entirely innocent for three reasons: first—he was an intimate friend of Cover's; second—his well known character in Riverside where he has resided for years is such as to make him incapable of such a crime and third—the entire lack of motive."[23]

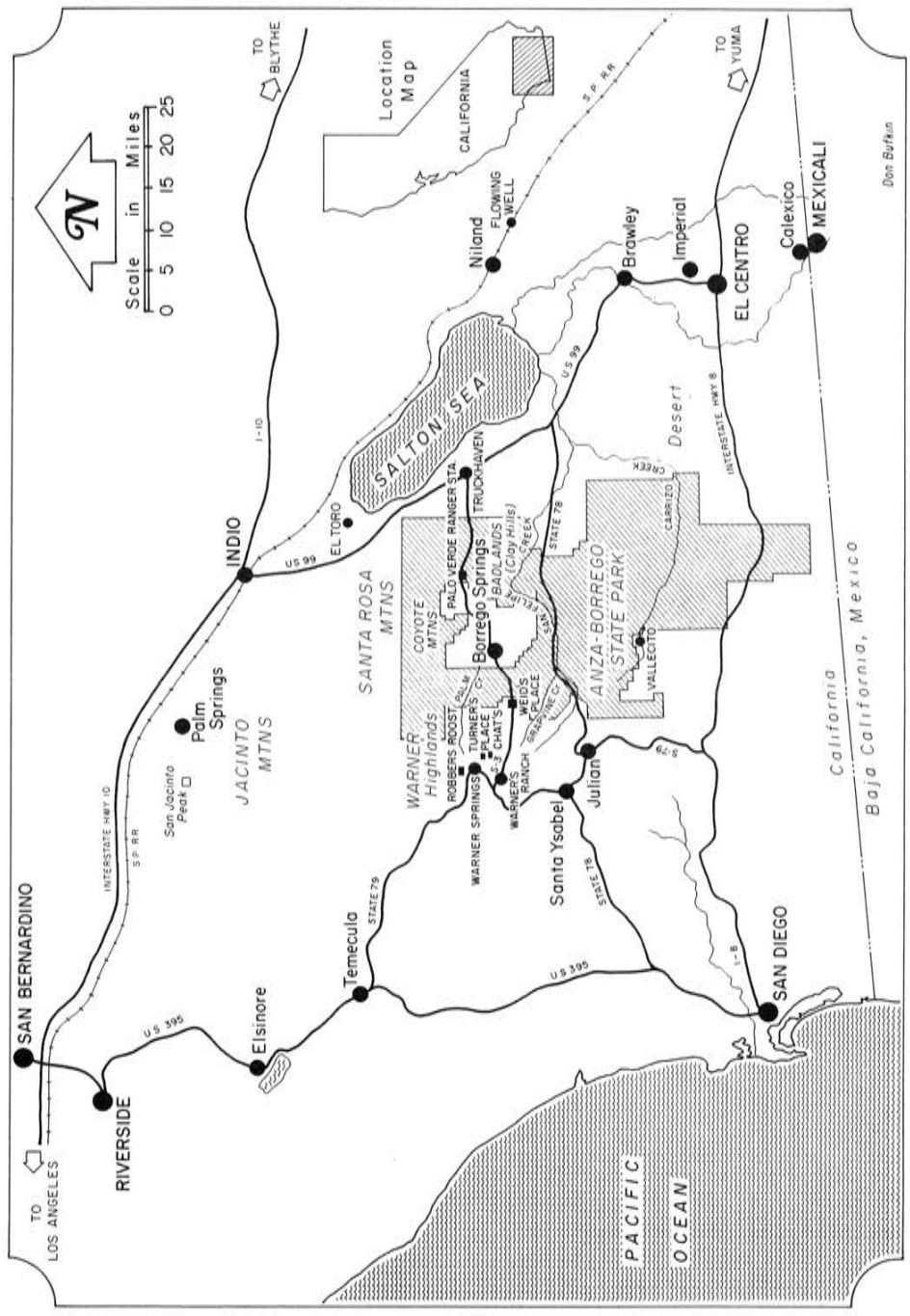
So the mystery of Tom Cover might have faded from common memory save for that $1,000 reward remaining in effect, a powerful bait that fortune hunters could not ignore.

And for one brief flashing moment the mystery appeared resolved with the publication of a story, as sensational as it was detailed, in the *Los Angeles Times* December 22, 1885, that purported to reveal what happened to Cover, along with gruesome speculation attendent to it. The story was based upon an extended interview with Charles L. Wright of Orange, a 34-year-old Connecticut-born nurseryman who moonlighted as a deputy sheriff.[24] Wright and three others had spent a month searching for Cover the previous winter, concentrating on the area east and south of the San Felipe Creek. They found nothing. In November, accompanied by five companions, he set out again, working now under the theory that Cover had been murdered, the body buried or otherwise concealed, and that Russell was not the slayer. His suspicions turned, naturally enough given Wright's supposed knowledge or understanding of their past, toward the Helm boys.

Wright knew of the relationship of the Southern California Helm clan to Boone Helm and believed that those now resident near Warner Springs included Chat, Weid, John and Turner, the latter two making their first appearance in our story, unless "John" Helm was really Daunt, a possibility for which some evidence exists. John, who was one of the clan all right, was purported to have died in 1873[25] although there is some mystery about that, and Daunt, whether a nickname for John or not, was overlooked by Wright and if still around lived from hand to mouth by grace of the others.[26] Turner, who had come west at the time of the Gold Rush but apart from his brothers, was the only one who could read and write, and for



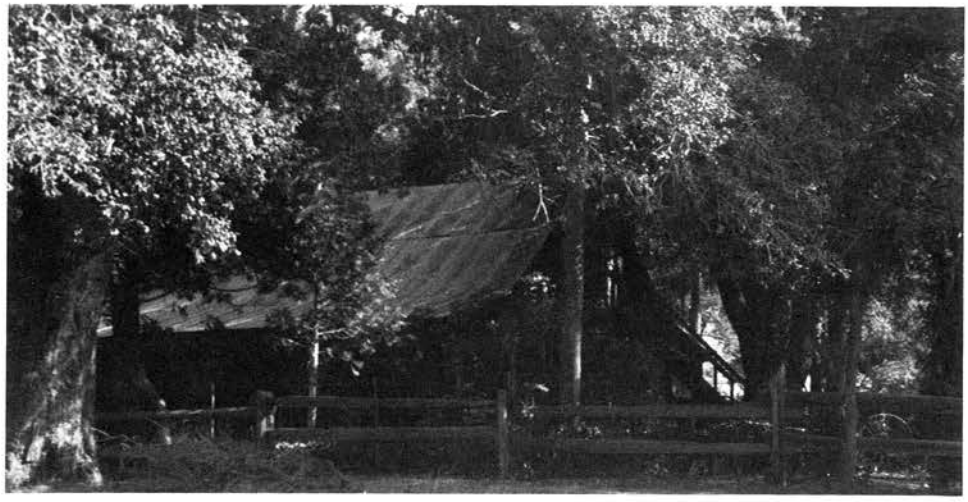
Above: Chatham E. Helm and wife Rose. Left: Turner Helm with his second wife, Mary (commonly called Tillie). PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF HOWARD E. BRUNSON AND JOHN T. HELM JR.


N
Scale in Miles
0 5 10 15 20 25
Location Map
CALIFORNIA
TO BLYTHE
TO YUMA
TO LOS ANGELES
SAN BERNARDINO
RIVERSIDE
Elsinore
Temecula
INDIO
Palm Springs
San Jacinto Peak
JACINTO MTNS
SANTA ROSA MTNS
COYOTE MTNS
WARNER Highlands
ROBBERS ROOST
TURNERS PLACE
CHAT'S
WARNER SPRINGS
WARNER'S RANCH
MEIOS PLACE
Borrego Springs
PALO VERDE RANGE STA
BADLANDS
(Clay Hills)
TRUCKHAVEN
SALTON SEA
ELTORO
Niland
FLOWING WELL
Brawley
Imperial
EL CENTRO
Calexico
MEXICALI
Desert
ANZA-BORREGO STATE PARK
VALLECITO
CARRIZO CREEK
Santa Ysabel
Julian
SAN DIEGO
PACIFIC OCEAN
California
Baja California, Mexico
Don Bufkin
INTERSTATE HWY 10
INTERSTATE HWY 8
S.P. RR
I-10
I-8
US 99
US 395
STATE 79
STATE 78

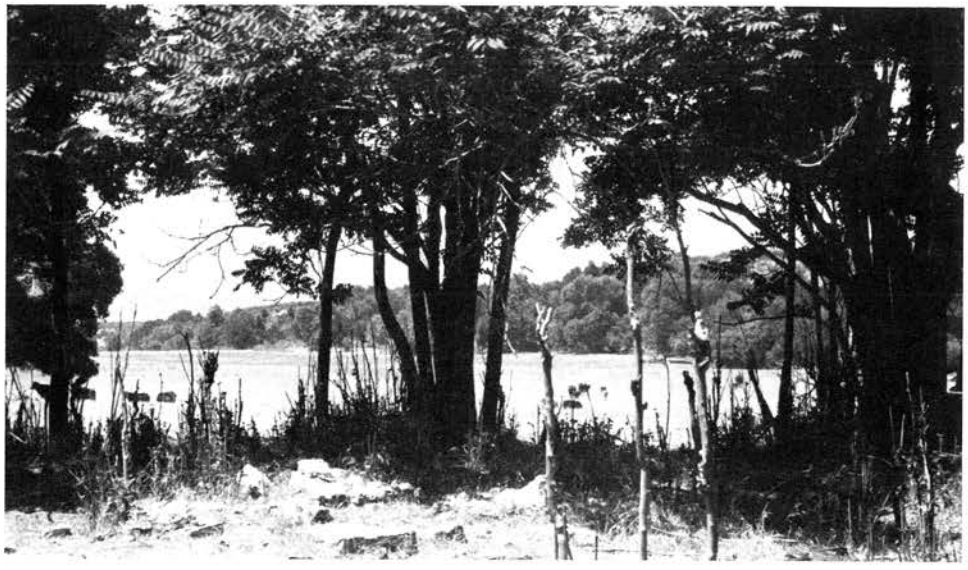
that reason was the acknowledged leader of the clan. The deputy, asserting that Cover had been *the* leader of the vigilantes, rather than *a* leader of them, perhaps building his case that way, had many of his facts wrong, but he also appeared to possess hard knowledge to support in a tentative way some of his less-extravagant statements.

The Helm descendants today are worthy ranchers and citizens every one, among them John Turner Helm Jr., a grandson of Turner and without whose detailed knowledge and genial cooperation this account could never have been as complete as it is. John T. was born in the Warner Springs area, is related to many of its citizens today, liked by all of them and has been extravagantly generous with his memories and his time. There is a belief among the descendants that the boys came to the Warner Springs area concurrently with the Julian gold rush which started in 1869 but did not really get under way until 1870 when young Billy Gorman uncovered a quartz lode on Washington's birthday. The find brought in plenty of hopefuls, but the Helms were already there, "pioneers with the rough side out," as it generally was conceded. The *San Diego Union* reported that one of them (probably Turner) had purchased a place at Los Angeles about 1864, which would have followed in short order the Montana vigilante activity. Here "his brothers made their home" when in the area, although some of them were "frequently absent," often in Arizona. There is a legend that Weid, or Chat, depending upon who told the story, held up a Yuma card game one time, escaping across the Colorado River and back to base with the entire pot which all stories agreed was sizable.[27] In the middle 1860s Weid was arrested and taken back to El Dorado County to answer for killing the miner some years earlier, but time had blurred the details, witnesses had wandered off, and he was acquitted and returned to the nest.

Now they were well settled east of Warner Springs. Turner, two miles southeast, farmed a little on the 40-acre clearing below his cabin, when he could get an Indian to do the plowing. Chat raised apples at the spring three miles up San Ysidro Creek from the road, where he had homesteaded, callously using up the water upon which the ancient Indian village below him depended; in fact, he killed a native three years earlier for protesting his action and got off on a plea of self defense although the incident continued to rankle.[28] Weid ran cattle from his place at the west end of the Montezuma Valley, but the other boys also were cattlemen to some degree. The Helm herds sometimes totalling 1,000 head or more, ranged through the Warner highlands and by means of the so-called Helm Cutoff, which followed Palm Creek Trail or the Grapevine Canyon Road toward Borrego Springs, in season were thrown down onto the desert where the boys claimed all the waterholes, springs and the grazing land



Weid Helm's homestead at the western end of Montezuma Valley. The present structure probably incorporates some of the walls of Weid's original adobe ranchhouse.



Turner Helm's homestead cabin site is marked by the foundation stones in the foreground, and the meadow beyond is where he farmed. His place was near Warner's Springs in San Diego County.

"clear to the Colorado River." They fought savagely to keep intruders away from the water, for in that parched country water meant control of the land, cattle needed land, and cattle meant wealth.[29]

Daunt, who never married and refused to settle down, shifted about among the three homesteads, roamed the vast desert lands claimed by the clan, left no recorded offspring, and seems to have been the most enigmatic Helm of all. A survivor of the raucous central California gold camps, Daunt is the most likely candidate for a Virginia City presence although, given the tight-knit character of the band, if he did go to Montana he no doubt was accompanied by Chat and Weid. A woman descendant of the Helms, who as a child knew Daunt, recalled "his living with Turner and the others" and that "from time to time [he] was chased off for abusing his brothers' children." He was described by one who knew him as a "brute," whose most pronounced characteristic was a distaste for labor unless, one may assume, it was work on horseback wandering after the range cattle.

The Helms were content. Turner, a fiddler of sorts, played for the occasionally lively dances they used to hold at one-eyed Weid's place where there was plenty of room, and sometimes on Sundays they would all ride over to Bob Gunn's saloon which the women distastefully dubbed "Robbers' Roost," a couple of miles northwest of Warner Springs off Ward Canyon. Someone usually had the price of a jug, by late afternoon the brawling and fighting would commence, and they rode back to their Indian women in the dusk, bruised, drunk and happy. The boys weren't exactly shiftless for they maintained their places, but work never exerted much pull on them. John T. Helm tells how they would thrust the end of a log into the cabin fireplace, and push it forward as it burned, that way saving the trouble of cutting firewood even if it meant they had to leave the door open to accommodate the far end of the log.

Wright told the reporter that the Helm boys had lost none of their taste for violence. When a Frenchman named Bosque established a sheep camp at Borrego Springs, they laid siege to the place, shot up hundreds of sheep and ran Bosque off along with his herder. He added that they had killed an Indian woman at Aguas Calientes in April, 1876; shot an Indian employee, Juan Barregos in June, 1884, and accounted for Gustave Eisen, a German who had the effrontery to locate a claim east of the Helm places, in November, 1884. "That is," Wright explained, Turner Helm "shot Eisen, who still lives, but is expected to die." John T. Helm today confirms that his grandfather did fill an Indian employee with buckshot for some unremembered offense, and was probably responsible for the lynching of an Indian who had stolen his mule, whom he had tracked to San Bernardino, brought back to Julian and had seen become the beneficiary of

what might be called primitive plea-bargaining.

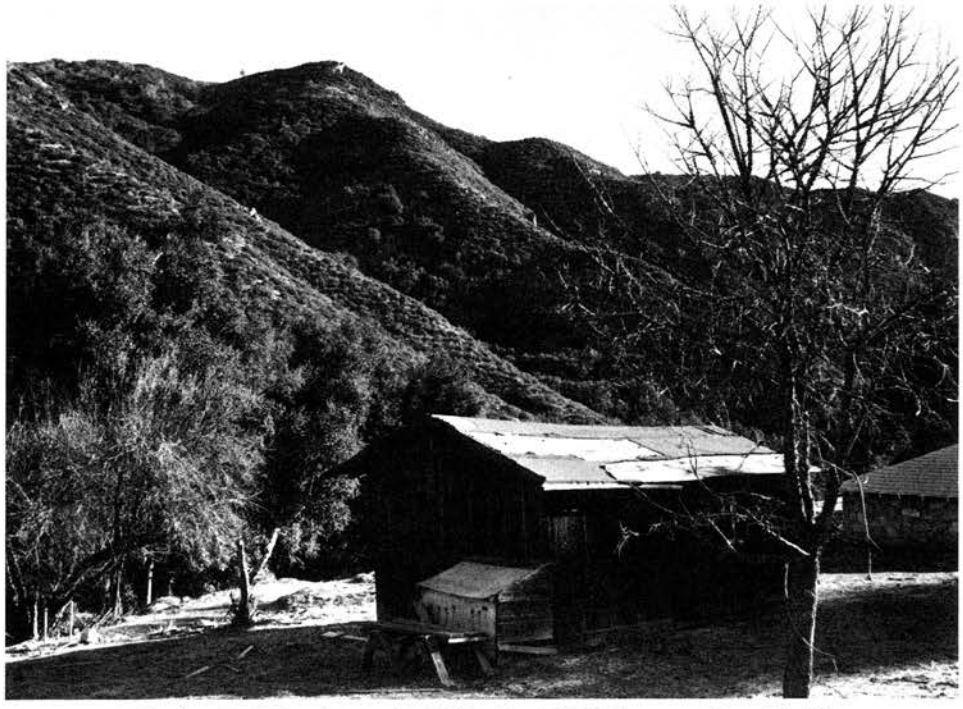
Of course the boys were well aware who passed down the roads, who traveled through the countryside, and for what purpose. They could scarcely have avoided learning of Cover's expedition down San Felipe Canyon, and along the road past their places toward the Borrego Sink; his coming and going stirred their curiosity, and perhaps their memories.

"We consulted the Helmses, who said they had hunted for Cover," Wright reported. "They did a good many tricks to throw the guilt on Russell, but I was onto their game."

He said his party camped on "Cresa Creek," which is difficult to identify today but could be one of the streams heading in the highlands near the Helm Cutoff. Wright said he was about 23 miles from where Cover left the wagon to begin his "fatal walk." "While we lay there, there came up one of the hardest rains I ever saw—almost a cloudburst," Wright continued. "When we started to move on, after the rain, [a companion] and I crossed the creek and rode a few hundred yards on the opposite bank, when I saw something that made me exclaim: 'I've got it!'

"The rain had cut little gullies in the soil and in one of them I saw some fragments of bone. I traced the 'lead' up and at last found the spot I sought. I spent a couple of days panning out that dirt. Six or eight inches below the surface was a heap of ashes, mingled with pieces of human bone, burned in the fire. A great space around had been stripped of greasewood for the

Chatham E. Helm, wife Rose, and Dolly, taken in the 1890s.—PHOTO COURTESY HOWARD E. BRUNSON



Chatham E. Helm place up San Ysidro Creek. Main house was demolished in later years to construct the stone water-tank in right background.—PHOTO COURTESY HOWARD E. BRUNSON

material for that blaze. I gathered about two quarts of bones and several teeth, and with them convincing evidence that these were the remains of poor Tom Cover."

Wright sent for Turner Helm, he reported. "He came to my camp and I opened my valise suddenly, and told him whose the bones were. You never saw a man turn so many colors. He turned right around and went off trembling.

"I called him back and told him of course we knew Russell committed the murder. This reassured him and he went on laying the guilt on Russell. How I wished for a warrant then!" Wright may not have wished very hard for a warrant, however, for he still had no court-acceptable facts to go on, not even to the identity of the remains. But the lure of the reward was insistent. He said he had notified Sheriff Edward W. Bushyhead[30] of San Diego and "presumed" he had picked up Helm, although Bushyhead, with too good a head for that, did no such thing. The *San Diego Union* conceded that the sheriff had received a telegram on the matter, but from the *Los Angeles Times*, rather than from a law officer. The wire, it reported, said, "Have you arrested Turner Helms? Send fifty words." The

Sheriff Edward Wilkerson Bushyhead—
PHOTO COURTESY SAN DIEGO UNION

Union added dryly that "The Sheriff was in total darkness and made no reply, because he had none to make. He has known the Helms brothers ever since they came to this county," and thought *The Times* story too full of errors to be taken seriously. "That $1,000 reward probably inspired the story to which the *Times* reporter too creduously listened," commented the *Union*.

Wright meanwhile had concluded with gory detail his narrative:

At about the point where Cover's tracks had vanished, Wright said, "We struck the tracks of two horses—one a very large American [eastern] horse, and one a small broncho. I know the big horse well.

"Thence there is another trail, not Cover's, leading back to the Helms' place. The two horses went from the place where Cover's tracks end to where we found the bones—but not straight there. Instead of following the plain across they went in and out, in and out of the scalloped fringe of hills, walking upon the rocky ledges, so as to leave little trail. We had the hardest sort of a time to follow it, but it was there.

"When they went down over the side of a barranca, the little horse in front was always turned as only a guided horse would be, while the big one behind sprawled just as a pack animal always does. Turner Helm told me when I spoke of following that trail that he and his man Marsh made it in searching for Cover.

"When I asked what they were doing up there, he said they were directed by a Los Angeles clairvoyant (Elijah Moulton) whom his brother

had consulted. He told them Cover had been killed with a hatchet, and was lying in a barranca with rocks piled on him.

"Well, when I think that when Cover had made his shortcut and didn't find Russell at the trysting place, he knew his only safety was to get back to where he had left the wagon, and then follow the wheel marks. So he retraced his steps. He had been down in that country before, and Helm says, 'I've followed those fellows everywhere they went, and if ever they'd found the Pegleg I'd have had as much of it as they did.' Helm was on the trail again, and as poor Tom Cover comes back toward where he left the wagon, he meets not Russell, but Helm.

"My God! It makes me shiver and my flesh creep to think of it! Out there alone in that desert, utterly unarmed, and face to face with the murderous desperado whose own brother he had killed!

"I don't think they killed Cover then and there. . . . So short a vengeance as a bullet gives was not rich enough for Turner Helm. . . . I believe the two devils bound Cover hand and foot, and strapped him on the big horse. . . . When they got so far that detection seemed past, I believe Helm camped, took off Cover, pegged him to the ground and roasted him to death with greasewood, taunting him as he burned. He wasn't shot, or I should have found the lead. Then the bones and the ashes were buried. I have the bones safely stored and have put in a claim for the reward."

Wright described Turner Helm as 6 feet 2 and one-half inches in height, sandy complexioned with a "peculiarly straight-cut mouth . . . he is a very powerful and evil looking man," a description that does not exactly jibe with a photograph taken about that time. This shows Turner to have been a well set-up man wearing cowboy boots under his dress suit. He sported a neat mustache and trace of a goatee and his not unpleasant features displayed just a bit of recklessness, as one might expect of a Helm. Weid, incidentally, had a long beard which fell away like a cataract below his one good eye, and Chat was a tall, commanding figure. No one remembers what Daunt looked like, but then he was ever the mystery man of the clan.

Upon studying Wright's account, it will be seen to embody curious ambiguities and when all the rhetoric and conjecture are stripped from it, one is not left with very much, except that Wright found some bones, and because they had been buried they could have been from a victim of foul play. Why, for example, did not the thunderous storm that Wright said revealed the sepulcher, wash out the tracks of the horses? This does not make sense nor, for that matter, does the deputy's claim to have discovered and followed all those trails 15 long months after the area had been combed by expert trackers who appear to have missed them. Anyway, growled the Riverside *Press and Horticulturist*, "The windup of the interview was too

. . . ridiculous for anybody to believe. No one man is going to bind Tom Cover upon a horse alive and afterward take him off and put him on fire. Even Turner Helms would need some assistance with that kind of a job." The *San Diego Union* didn't think much of the yarn either. It published a condensation of it "for what it is worth, which to our mind isn't a great deal."

The *Times*' major competitor was the *Los Angeles Herald*, which sought to knock down the story as newspapers have done with their rivals' scoops or supposed scoops since time immemorial. On December 23, 1885, the *Herald* said: "The matter has an ancient flavor," or, perhaps it meant to say, odor. Later it published a story quoting Elijah J. Moulton,[31] the sometime clairvoyant, and one, Stephen C. Foster,[32] to the effect that "for the last 30 years, so far as known in this community [the Helms] have conducted themselves as peaceable citizens, men who paid their debts and mind their own business. Every year they sell some cattle in this city, lay in their supplies and return to their ranch." This view cannot be considered wholly objective, however, since the Helms were clients, so to speak of Moulton and would be related to him by marriage (one of Weid's sons married a Moulton girl). And there is yet another suggestion that the Helm boys were not quite so gentle and inoffensive as the *Herald* implied. The day after Christmas in 1885 the *Press and Horticulturist* reported:

"Soon after the loss of Cover, O. T. Dyer [the banker, it will be remembered] received a letter from Helms, . . . which pointed to Mr. Russell as being the cause of Cover's death. Dyer afterward received a second letter to the same effect. The Helms band have continually tried to implicate Mr. Russell and it is believed by those best posted that this has been done to throw suspicion from themselves.

"There is good reason for believing that the friends and accomplices of the Helms band have made attempts to get Mr. Russell out of the way, on the ground that they fear that he knows more of their movements than would be good for them in case more evidence could be obtained. Mr. Russell has taken good care of himself, and on one night during the past week he was guarded by several armed men.

"It is not believed here that Tom Cover's bones have been recovered, although it is admitted that the bones found by Mr. Wright may be those sought."

The newspaper added: "About two weeks ago two Riverside men [probably Peter K. Klinefelter and Ad Smith] while out in that country were met by one of the Helms gang. He wanted to know what they were doing out in that country. He was informed that it was a free country and that they did not have to give an account of their movements. The bandit [a

somewhat gratuitous label, it would appear] then made a movement to draw a bull-dog pistol No. .44 caliber, but the Riversider was too quick for him and had a six-shooter in his face before he could help himself. The bandit was disarmed, and came near having *his* bones left on the desert, but he begged so piteously for his life that it was spared." This Helm could have been Daunt, one would suppose.

It will be noted from the foregoing that Turner wrote Dyer *before* the expeditions of Wright and, in fact, before there had arisen any suspicion that Cover had met with foul play or the incident was anything but a desert tragedy resulting from Tom's wandering off to perish from thirst—a fate which he had very nearly suffered on an earlier trip. There would appear to be no explanation for Turner Helm's precipitate action unless it was to protect someone, and that person in all likelihood would have been none other than Daunt if, indeed, Daunt, or John, were still alive and an active member of the clan. Why leap to Daunt's defense unless Turner had learned, or suspected, that Daunt had done in Cover, for some reason or other, and badly needed extraction from the dilemma of his own making?

Daunt himself could neither read nor write, but the clannishness, or cohesiveness, of the Helm band was apparent throughout their long frontier lives together, and no action would have been more natural or, as it may have seemed to Turner, more obligatory. Turner was not the sort to give an unsolicited assist to the law through a general eagerness to see justice win out. But, panicked by what Daunt may have done, when he discovered it, and knowing Russell to have accompanied Cover, seizing upon the first thought that entered his mind, Turner swept up his pen and dashed off his letter to Dyer, known to be the keystone of the search as well as a prominent citizen of Riverside, pointing the finger at Wilson Russell. Then, realizing that he had been too hasty, he followed that with a second letter to elaborate on the first, and thus compounded his problem.

The legend that Daunt and some of his brothers were at Alder Gulch (thus having cause for a grudge against Tom Cover), and were run out at the time of the Boone Helm execution as reported first in Wright's narrative, has echoes here and there, and while no one has come forward with positive evidence one way or the other, there is one bit of support-by-inference from the era of the search that deserves mention here. The editor of the *Press and Horticulturist* at this time was Luther M. Holt, a knowledgeable if somewhat erratic gentlemen who was a good friend, an intimate, of Cover. In commenting on Deputy Wright's story, he wrote that he himself had been collecting material on Cover's disappearance for release "when the proper time comes, but our information has been gathered under pledge of secrecy, which has only

been removed by the publication, by the *Los Angeles Times* . . . of many of the points recently developed. . . ."[33]

What could be secret about refreshing Tom Cover? Every detail of his life was an open book, except one: his possible involvement with the Montana vigilantes and by extension, the enmity he never sought from the surviving Helms. Holt, in scouring Tom's past life in preparation for his article about the disappearance, may have learned of this activity from one of Cover's two surviving brothers at Riverside, or from his wife-widow, or some other close relative. Historical writer Dorothy M. Johnson, a specialist on the Montana vigilantes, pointed out that "the various Committees of Vigilance were *secret* societies, because when they were organized every member took his life in his hands . . . if there ever was a list of members, it would have been destroyed," and only many years afterward, when it became safe to do so, were some of the names revealed; a good many vigilantes remain unidentified to this day. "Almost any man could claim to have been a member" however, after the dust settled; in fact in some circles it even became "fashionable" to so do.[34] When Holt learned of the Turner Helm letters, his jigsaw puzzle fell into place. The pattern was plain whether Cover's slaying was long-planned or a spur-of-the-moment affair.

Wright, too, must have heard of Turner's letters to Dyer which, rather than their intended effect of shunting any blame for the disappearance from a Helm to Russell, were dramatically mistimed and actually focused a searching beam on the clan itself. Thus Wright suspected the Helm boys with having something to do with the mystery before he made his trip to the desert to look for evidence. Wright must have been certain Cover had been liquidated rather than lost and that no one but the Helm crowd could have done it; being a lawman and otherwise responsible citizen, he would never have fabricated a murder before the body was found and identified, for that would be too risky, nor would he conjure up a murderer from imagination alone merely to collect $1,000, which he didn't need all that bad. There is no evidence that Wright was that much fool, or that much louse.[35]

At this late date the mystery of Tom Cover's disappearance can not be finally solved, but certain facts about it can be established beyond question:

In the first place, Cover did vanish on that desert, with neither supplies nor equipment sufficient to take him to Mexico or any other distant land, where some wild reports over the years have placed him. Secondly, his body was never found or certainly identified and it should have been discovered, given the intensity of the search by experienced outdoorsmen and excellent trackers; at least a dozen parties at various times scoured the

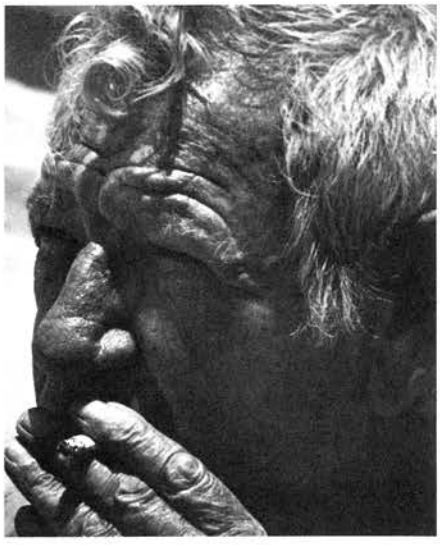
desert, in aggregate covering virtually every square inch of it. Thirdly, the probability therefore was that it was buried, and that fact would indicate foul play. In the fourth place, the Helm boys, some by report fugitives from the Montana vigilante uproar in which those same accounts indicate Cover had some role, were relatives of Boone Helm, a prominent desperado, and were a tightly-knit, clannish band which presumably held on to their grudges; in addition, claiming the land from their ranches to the Colorado River for grazing purposes, they had made concerted, continuous and it would seem effective efforts to keep the region cleared of any competition, the result being that they were the only known permanent inhabitants of that country. Finally, Wilson Russell, the last man known to have seen Cover alive, may have been peripherally suspected by some of having done in his companion, but he was exonerated by those who knew him best and suspicion against him seemed on the whole neither valid nor long lasting.

That brings us back to the Helms. If one of them did not do away with Tom Cover and bury the evidence, who did? And if a Helm did commit this deed on the lonely desert following a chance encounter, or by purposeful ambush, it would appear that Daunt Helm (who, with Chat and Weid, was most likely candidate for the Montana experience) would probably have been he.

There is rather solid reason to assume that "John" Helm was, in fact, "Daunt" Helm, although how he acquired his sobriquet is unknown. His lonely grave marker clearly states that his date of death was 1873, yet there is a curious feature about its legend and the date seems patently wrong by many years. The "7" is oddly carved, as though the workman intended to fashion another figure and settled for the 7 instead. And why should progeny-less, obscure, rootless, John/Daunt Helm's grave, alone among those of the Helm brothers, be graced with a headstone? The other graves near Warner Springs were marked with wooden slabs, if at all. It is as though someone desired to draw attention to John Helm's grave, oddly virtually within sight of a well-traveled road—and to its date.

Wright, in the *Los Angeles Times* story, clearly implied that John or Daunt Helm was alive at the time of his investigation. He wrote that "The four [Helm] survivors [Chat, Weid, Turner and John] . . . settled on the divide between Warner's ranch and the desert." After Weid had been cleared of the Georgetown killing "the Helmses returned to their ranch," and, Wright implied, continued their boisterous activities until the time of the Cover disappearance and presumably afterward, with no suggestion that they were now three instead of four. John T. Helm, aware of the date on the tombstone, considers it clearly in error, for firsthand family recollec-

James Helm, son of Chatham E. Helm, a noted cowboy and rancher of San Diego County.—
PHOTO COURTESY JOHN T. HELM JR.



John Turner Helm, Jr., grandson of Turner Helm.

Gravestone of John Helm, who died in 1873, marking the burial site on a knoll east of Warner's Ranch.

tions, some originating with a member not born until 1870 (or very shortly before Daunt's purported date of death) picture him graphically and episodically. Furthermore, John T. recalls his father asserting that Daunt's date of death "might have been his own date of birth," or the year 1888. There seems valid evidence for assuming that Daunt lived until about that year, or four years after the Cover disappearance. If that is true, the legend on the gravestone would not only be in error, but the mistake must have been known to whoever had it wrought. The date, 1873, was almost a decade before Cover's disappearance, and John/Daunt could obviously have had nothing to do with it if he had succumbed in that year, while the other boys may have been able to arrange good alibis. Here again the truth can never be known, but at least the possibility must be accepted that the curious mistake of the tombstone adds weight to the suspicion against Daunt as the possible perpetrator of the Cover demise.

Furthermore, if Daunt Helm did this dark deed, what possible motive could he have had, other than—*vengeance?*

Burt Procter

Burt Procter: Portrayer of People and Art

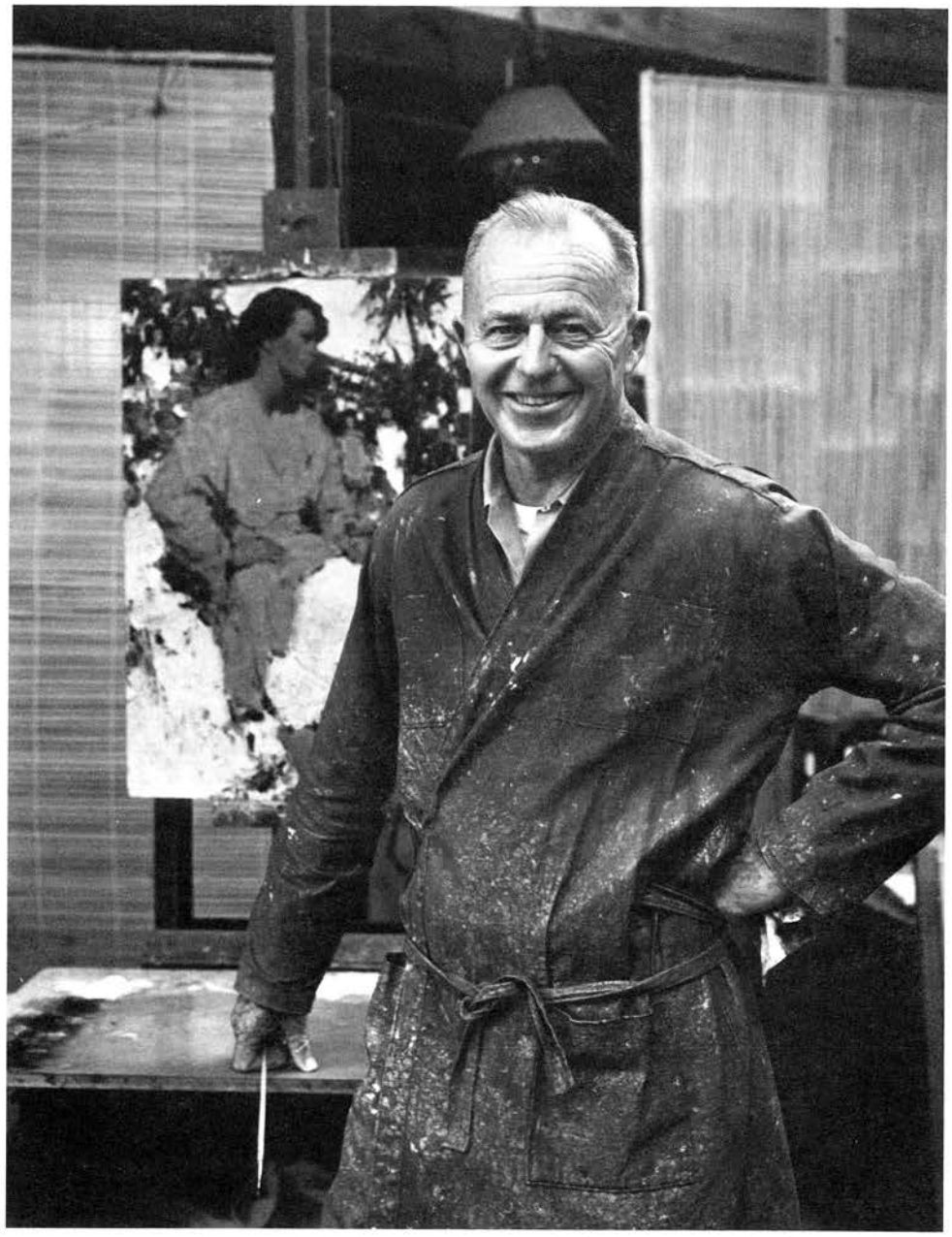
BY ALLEN WILLETT

An Easterner has become a true Westerner. Burt Procter was born in 1901 in Gloucester, Massachusetts, the son of James Lester Procter and Elizabeth Burke Procter. His father, a descendant of pioneer Gloucester fishermen, had been a reporter on the Gloucester *Daily Times*. Burt's mother, from Ohio, was a housewife. Neither parent had any deep interest in art and were frankly amazed when young Burt, about the time he could walk, began drawing upside down horses. His love for horses has continued to this day, but no one knows why Burt's horses began upside down.

At the age of 17, Burt went to the Little Big Horn Basin in Wyoming. He was continually drawing—not just horses—but also the environment that captured him. The creative urge for art and adventure was strong. Burt moved on and took a government job at the South Rim of the Grand Canyon.

After studying mining engineering at Stanford University, he tried commercial art in Los Angeles and later opened his own commercial art studio in that city.

Again he traveled, this time to New York where he became Art Director for Lord, Thomas and Logan Advertising Agency. He remained there for five years, then returned to the serenity and excitement of the West as he remembered it.



In 1938 Burt married Katherine Ward, a Southern-born school teacher. Katherine has been Burt's inspiration and most valued critic through the years. Corona del Mar has been their home since 1942. It is an unforgettable experience to visit Burt in his memento-filled studio located in back of their house.

It was in the early '20s when Burt sold his first painting. Grace Nicholson's Gallery in Pasadena gave him his first one-man show in 1933. Since then, Procter's paintings have been exhibited at the National Academy of Western Art, the Oklahoma Museum of Art, the Wichita Museum of Art, the Laguna Beach Art Museum, the National Academy of Design, the University of Arizona, the Yuma Art Association and the Allied Artists of America. And his canvases grace many private collections throughout the United States.

Between periods of touring and painting all over the world, Burt managed to find time to be Co-Producer for the Laguna Beach Pageant of the Masters for eight years. His first assignment was painting the horses in the backdrop for the scene, "Benighted for a Day Camp," by Frederic Remington. His paintings have been exhibited at the Laguna Art Festival each year for over thirty-five years. He was given the "Special Award" and elected to Membership by the Council of American Artists of the Hudson Valley Art Association in New York.

In 1975, the producers of the Laguna Beach Pageant of the Masters honored Burt Procter by reproducing, life-size, his painting, "On to Promontory Point."

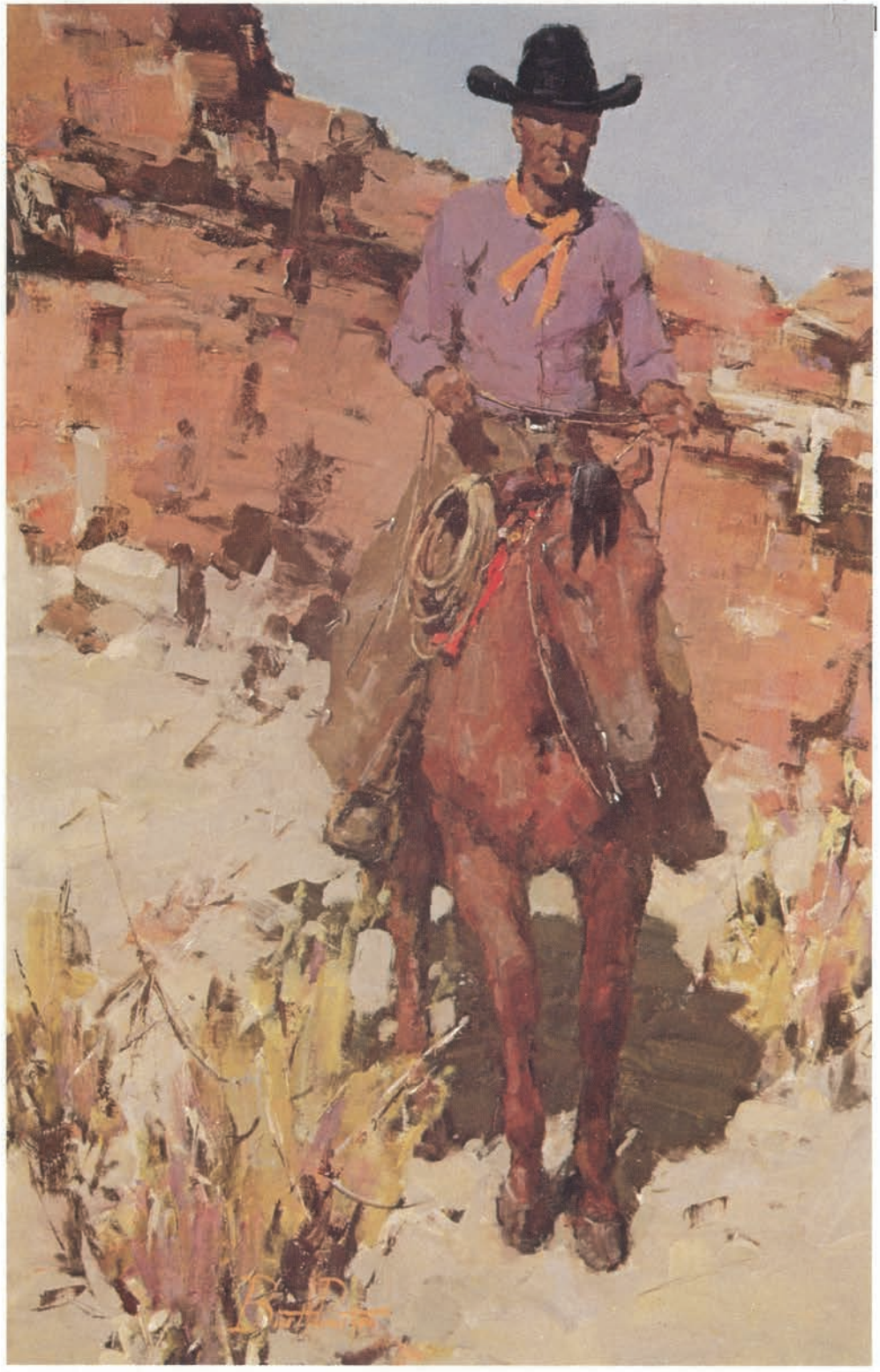
The late Ed Ainsworth, from our own Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners, said it best when he wrote:

"Burt Procter is one of the painters in the Creator's Twentieth Century preferred quota.

"Evidence of this is contained in the impact which Burt Procter's greatly varied depictions have upon those who see them. His own constant striving after the goal of perfection is, in itself, an attestation of the attunement he has achieved with his subjects. His horses are alive, vibrant, personalized. His deserts bespeak an inner knowledge of harsh beauty. His portraits unveil the inner spirit of the subjects.

"Inherent in the widely encompassing subjects emerging from his palette is the struggle of a man seeking to convey truth and genuineness through pigments, to sublimate mere physical outline and delineate in universal terms.

"Progress lies in striving and Burt Procter both strives and attains."



"Lost Trail"

Of People and Art

BY BURT PROCTER

With all the people in the world today, each with his individual ideas and inclinations, what can be the approach to a subject as involved and subtle as art, that while conceding the right of personal opinion and inclination, puts painting on an overall comprehensive and acceptable basis?

Through the years, the student and artist have been to considerable effort to find a method or style, some distinguishing feature that would set his own efforts apart. Some have gone far afield and exploited every conceivable idea.

Painting has been thought of as a talent, a special kind of ability, and the artist himself an individual particularly attuned to translate certain things unseen by the average.

In this there is some truth, and undoubtedly the painter has an inborn quality fitting him for this line of endeavor. And each has, or must acquire, develop and maintain his own ways and methods, his own identity. This is paramount.

Painting has always been competitive and controversial. Until the last few decades, while there were endless styles and various types developed, they were all within the actual boundaries and experience of the average person. There have been many definitions of art, but it is elementary to say that no entirely encompassing description has ever been put together that

insures its complete and satisfactory expression. But there are various opinions.

Aristotle claimed art to be the copying, or imitation of nature. Nietzsche said its purpose was to enhance life. Another version was that the real pursuit was to depict beauty. Others favored the idea of expressing life as it really is, with all its attending troubles and tragedy. Yet another group favored it as a vehicle with which to unburden their inner feelings; and so on.

During the past several years we have been presented with an approach to painting almost directly opposite to any theory heretofore brought forth, and which attitude extended throughout the other arts as well. This was an attempt to eliminate the human and personal, to ignore and to evade the recognizable, and to substitute a symbolism, or distortion which put analysis or inquiry to quite a strain. Cubism, Futurism, Constructionism, Surrealism, Abstract Expressionism, Pop-art, Op-art, Hardedge, Junk-art, Anti-art, to name a very few, followed closely on each other's footsteps.

And undoubtedly the exponents of the above had reasons of their own for engaging in the various propositions, and the right to paint whatever one pleases in whatever way desired is, of course, indisputable. Change, experimentation and originality are necessary and desirable, and through the years some interesting aspects have been developed.

On the other hand, some amazing concepts were promoted by various groups, critics and dealers that claimed certain heights of significance for their presentations, in which these qualities were so obviousy lacking as to insult the intellect of the human being.

The reason these movements carried on as long and importantly as they did is so interwoven with world conditions and various existing situations that any real analysis of it is best left for another day.

It is significant at this point in time that painting is returning to representation, as has been the case for some while; in any event, it is probable that a large part of the world's population never departed from a preference for art in a more recognizable aspect; was never particularly interested in an arbitrary deviation of any kind.

Yet it was inevitable that painting reflect the philosophy of the times with its attending slogans: "tell it like it is," "do your own thing," "who's to say what's right," "art should express what man is, not what we wish he could be," and the like.

These theorists had some points—but if man's feeling of security is based on an awareness of self-worth, and a belief of his inclusion in a real and meaningful universe, the effect of being constantly surrounded with sometimes morbid and negative depictions certainly could not have much

influence toward this direction.

And while restrictions and taboos were pretty rigid in the past, it is highly unlikely that the discrepancies were so great that the whole system needed overthrowing. That, in this period of the world's history, there should be no definitions, no conditions, or personal responsibility sounds pretty drastic; somewhere there must be a basis, an idea, the consideration of which is a balance for all activities. There must be such a thing; for want of a better word call it common sense. And in the arts it is conclusive that its very purpose for man has been communication, and that there has always been a form of it that has been recognizable and intelligible to him.

From the dawn of history, from the very advent of the human race, man has been concerned with art. He has had a need for it and has felt its effect and influence. Crude paintings have been found on cave walls, beads and bracelets have been excavated, and feathers, paint and carvings were in evidence on articles then in use. Man has never been without his urge to make his surroundings more agreeable, objects more gratifying, and things in general more appealing.

The various arts and decorations utilized stemmed from his own life and experience, and had to do directly with the people of that particular day and age. Art was needed, positive and communicable.

Imagine a world with all things produced by man built strictly on a functional basis, and not one thought given as to shape, line, balance, color or proportion. Any article expresses a mood, an atmosphere; and a person with even a minimum of sensitivity would soon be rubbed raw with no feature to cushion the bare existence of his many surrounding objects; with no reward in them other than their stark necessity!

Nature, of course, has always been close to man, and from earliest times there can be few who have received no message from a peak reflected in a mountain lake, nor heard the language of the countryside on a bright, sunny afternoon. There is no doubt that whatever comes under the regard of man communicates something to him, and to live in an atmosphere to which he can relate is actually vital to his well-being.

To this end, there has been much experimentation in the field of painting, and a great deal has been said and written on the subject. There must be a foundation, a starting point, which applies to any picture, which is truth, understandable and undeniable, the utilizing of which causes a canvas to become more effective and comprehensive.

And this is indeed the case, for through the years a few principles have sifted down which, in practice, bring results so consistently favorable as to insure them having a real bearing on the matter; and while there is certainly a decided emotional or "spiritual" element involved, there is a

good deal of a factual and definite nature that can be used as a guide.

In the actual process of painting, one very common procedure is to faithfully copy a chosen subject.

Another is to get an idea and built an organization based on it. And as a painter gains experience, his trend seems to lean toward the latter, as this has the potential for a freer, more interesting result and in which the principles involved can be more easily controlled.

How or where one gets an idea is pretty individual and personal.

The very beginning, the principle which is the heart and soul of the painted canvas is easily overlooked, but that final, satisfying result is dependent on it.

That principle is UNITY.

Webster defines unity as: "a group organized to form an entity; a harmony among several elements." Everything works to benefit the whole, no thing exists for itself alone. Organizing a canvas into a unit is to an artist what, to a writer, is introduction, plot development, climax and conclusion. A picture, constructed to form a unit, gives to the viewer a feeling of gratification and completeness, rather than one of contemplating various scattered and unrelated areas.

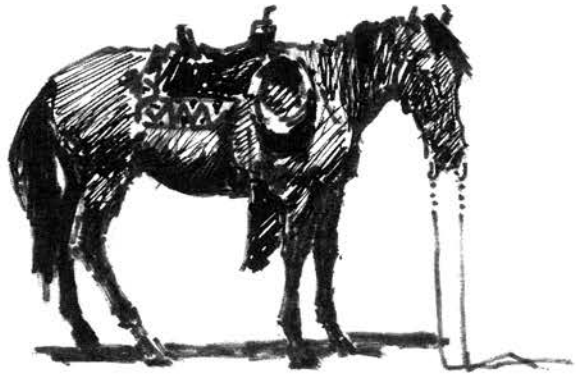
Elements working to promote unity are: 1. PREDOMINATION, 2. BALANCE, 3. VARIETY OF SHAPES, 4. LINES OF DIRECTION, 5. TONAL QUALITY, 6. COLOR.

Burt Proctor

PREDOMINATION is the first component of unity. One area, or a group of small areas massed to represent one large area, dominates the field. There must be no doubt that this mass constitutes the real meat and there be no two areas of equal size, or rivaling for importance. In other words, what is the artist painting a picture of?

Again, predomination is the element of first importance—and probably the one most neglected. It is, in a painting, that quality which immediately transmits to a viewer the real impact of the canvas. Like a well designed billboard, the name, what the product looks like in connection with some subordinate but psychologically appealing background, come together to give a favorable reaction and full knowledge of it at a glance.

BALANCE is the second necessity for unity. This does not mean static balance: the same things or equal areas on opposite sides of a rectangle, like the candlesticks on opposite sides of grandma's mantel. Rather it is a large area of middle value, equal in weight felt to a smaller area of dark value. It is the off-center placing of various sized areas of different values, so that, while opposing sides are dissimilar, a feeling of equilibrium is maintained.



Balance gives to the observer a feeling of ease; he has no urge to hold up one side of the painting because so much seeming weight is crowded to one side. All areas are working, needed, and feel psychologically in distribution.

VARIETY OF SHAPES adds a third feature for unity. Here the existence of mass, line, areas of animation (many small accents) contrasts with blank, or rest areas. Variety of shapes is closely related to predomination and has much to do with creating interest, as variety eliminates repetition and monotony.

LINES OF DIRECTION is the fourth constituent of unity. The composition lays out a path; the eye goes somewhere, inevitably to the main dominating mass. Lines of direction can give a feeling of structural solidity if the movement is horizontal and perpendicular, or one of action, if the movement is diagonal. At any rate, elements of the composition follow each other to some purpose, and give a feeling of continuity.

A quality little referred to today is TONAL QUALITY. It is practically a by-product of a positive pattern established according to the premises concerning predomination and balance particularly, and is a relationship between the various values of a painting. It results in a feeling that no area is too large or small, none too dark or light, but belong together. The Italians called it chiaroscuro; the Japanese, notan.

A very important element of interest is COLOR. It is here considered as nearer to the harmony of a design, rather than a recording of whatever is seen. In a very condensed version, a simple color harmony starts with the featuring of one color, which is varied, but still in the family of the featured color; then a note of complement is introduced. Color and tonal quality are closely related.

"California Mission"

Volumes could be written concerning the above propositions. It is all a subject for discussion, and in no sense a dogma or set of arbitrary regulations. However, over a period of years some paintings were seen to have qualities possessing definite characteristics, which were ferreted out and identified as accurately as possible.

Their understanding and use have noticeably favorable results, apart from whatever subject matter or surface realism is present, and produce a peculiarly direct and effective impact. This has been the primary purpose for an untold number of artists.

In fact, perhaps at times the artist has been a bit blinded by his need to excel and by the intensity of his search for the new and different. Perhaps he has been too close to his own efforts, overly influenced by group, class or creed, or has been too determined in his aim toward the different and innovational.

For near at hand and in distant lands, the whole world and everything in it holds messages of unlimited scope; from the sunsets, the oceans, the prairies, to children playing; quaint houses and quiet streams; from horses in the field and boats at the dock to the old man in a chair smoking his pipe.

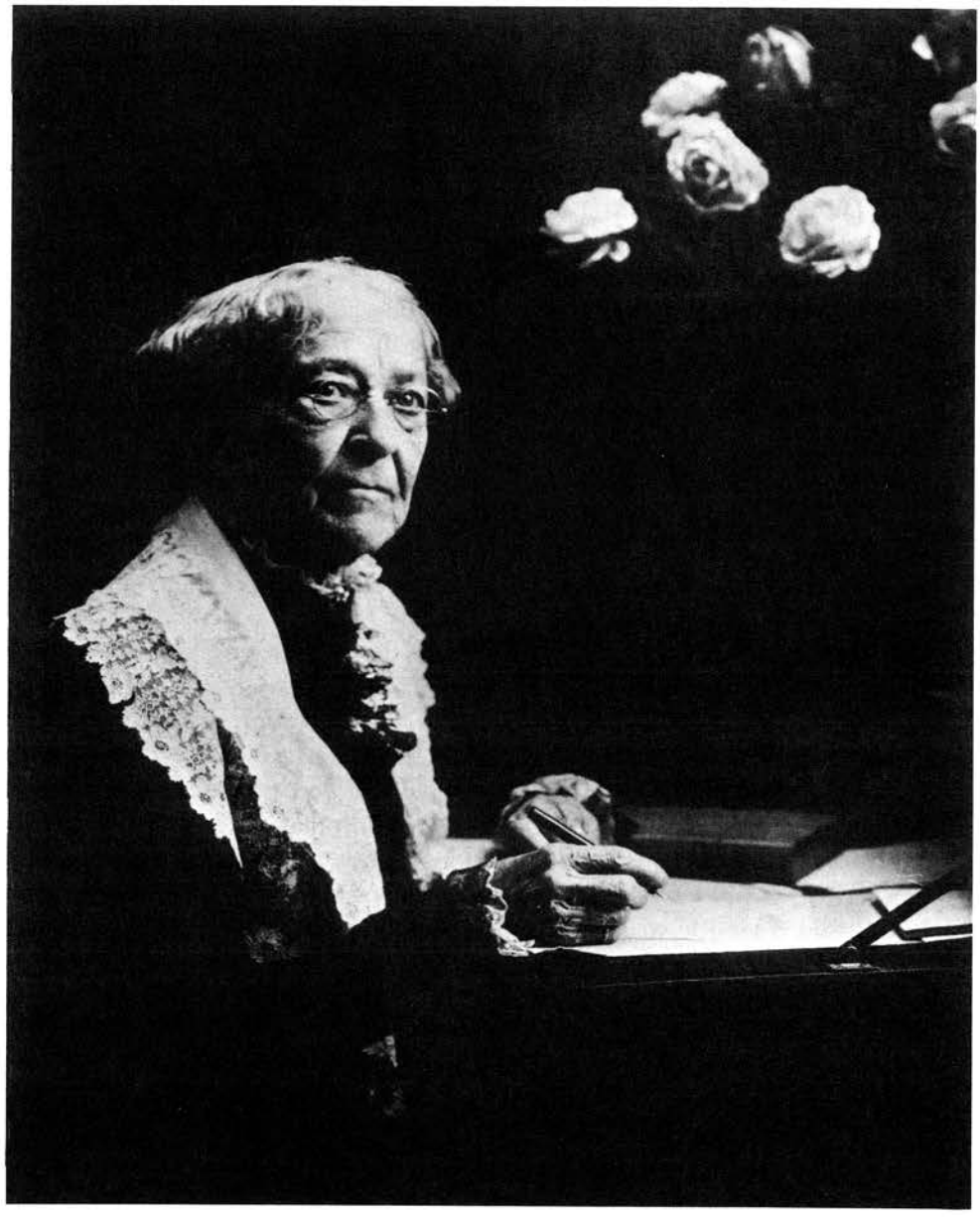
Material extends from the drama of the battlefield and sports arena to desert isolation and mountain solitude. Everywhere is the language of nature, people and things; everywhere are areas of different size and shape, having divergent angles and direction, with various darks, lights, and colors, waiting to be put on canvas, organized and qualified in a manner most easily acceptable and appreciated by the human eye.

And we resort to "isms" and deviations!

And yet it is not easy for an artist to produce a canvas really satisfying to himself; not a simple matter to substantiate that urge to do something his own, to produce that which is complete, gratifying and conclusive, and at the same time receive the general acceptance needed for both emotional and material reward.

But in the constantly evolving process of time, it is conceivable that the painting of the future will reach standards not formerly attained, and in general, there may be a clearer definition of the concept of painting, resulting in greater conciliation between an artist and the viewer of his work.

Perhaps modern art is that art to which people relate regardless of time; thus is always today's art. Perhaps, in the long haul, that sought-after approach, that most satisfying and rewarding quality is that which, first of all, really communicates, defines and accentuates the dignity of the human race.



Caroline M. Severance—PHOTO COURTESY LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Women and the Western Frontier:
The Untold Saga of Three Southern California Heroines

BY GLORIA RICCI LOTHROP

"We have come to the dawn of a glorious tomorrow . . . when woman is historically released from the bondage and superstitions of the past. . . ." With these words, spoken in 1911, a leading California suffragist, Caroline M. Severance, heralded the granting of suffrage to the women of California. But woman's legal anonymity, the limits placed upon her opportunity and the sporadic recognition of her accomplishments have not been altered to the degree predicted by Caroline Severance in 1911.

For example, to the questions: "Who were the women who contributed to our history? What are their names?" The answers are scant. The circle of silence which surrounds time past grudgingly yields a pale vignette or fragmentary anecdote to document woman's pilgrimage to America's western shore. Only these muted remembrances belie pioneer woman's acceptance of the travail which confronted her as she joined in completing the nation's untransacted destiny.

Indeed, the story of the westering woman is as yet untold. In the historical surveys she exists as a sturdy, nameless stereotype, her stark profile posed against the western sunset. Popular literature has provided pictures of "soiled doves of the prairie," whose favors relieved the tedium in forlorn outposts of civilization like Gouge Eye or Piety Hill. There is passing reference to Indian women whose practical knowledge proved

indispensable to the survival of many an isolated fur trapper. And cow town lore is rich with references to Cattle Kate, Belle Star, and Calamity Jane, each celebrated for the degree to which she mastered skills associated with male society. However, the saga of thousands of woman settlers deserves more than the gracious euphemism or tale of eccentricity usually accorded them as being sufficient.

Perhaps this incomplete portrait of the pioneer woman is in part a response to Oswald Spengler's axiom that while women are history, it is men who make history. But Clio's domain is strewn with the wreckage of such unproven assumptions, which suggests that it may be in order to examine this cavalier dismissal of women to the outer vestibule of history.

Another reason that the frontier woman's story has been forgotten is that her narrative is not found in military reports, treaties, or in governmental communications. The fugitive elements are found in letters, diaries, Bibles, and cookbooks, in woman's crafts, songs and art; in census records which reveal that by 1890, 936,534 women lived in the area designated as the Trans-Mississippi West. Thirteen percent were employed and twenty-five percent were single. While the West claimed five percent of the nation's population in 1890, thirteen percent of the female professionals lived in the West, the majority in California.

Some who came West were sternly independent widows like Eliza Farnham, others like Louise Amelia Clappe, author of the *Dame Shirley Letters*, accompanied their husbands in search of health and opportunity. Most were mothers with half-grown children who helped care for the younger ones, while "God took care of them all." Some came by sea around the Horn. Others like Jessie Frémont endured the rigors of portage across the Isthmus. But the majority lurched and bumped their way West following the path of Nancy Kelsey and her infant daughter Rebecca, the lone female members of the Bidwell-Bartleson wagon train, the first to penetrate the harsh and punishing wilderness as far west as California in 1841.

The California woman's story is also told by native daughters like Ella Sterling Cummins, cradled in a frontiersman's gold rocker as an orphaned infant in 1853, and later named the state's first literary historian, as well as by native daughters who were to garner national acclaim like Lotta Crabtree, Isadora Duncan, and Gertrude Stein. Many more were to make California their home: writer Mary Austin, architect Julia Morgan, actress Helena Modjeska, and Kate Kennedy whose life in eastern sweatshops forged a lifelong commitment to fair labor practices. As a San Francisco school teacher, she was undaunted and ultimately successful in securing equal pay for equal work as well as tenure for California teachers.

But among many of the pioneer women who helped give reality to the California dream, success was mitigated by tragedy. Many did not survive disease and the effects of frequent childbirth. Until the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the average pioneer woman failed to live to her fortieth year. Even more frequent was the melancholia which shadowed the life of the westering woman as she moved ever farther from relatives and friends. In sorrow, Sarah Bayliss Royce observed after crossing the Continental Divide: "I had taken my last look at the waters that flowed eastward . . . where all I loved, save, O, so small a number lived."

What was woman's contribution to the West? It was essential, as recognized by trappers, miners, and isolated settlers. The frontier demanded the complementary labors of man and woman. As one Gold Rush miner ruefully observed as he helplessly beheld his unmended laundry, "A bachelor has no place on the frontier." A humorous extreme to this view of woman as economic helpmate is captured in the following passage from the *Dame Shirley Letters:*

> Magnificent woman, that sir . . . a wife of the right sort, she is. Why she earnt her old man nine hundred dollars in nine weeks, clear of all expenses by washing. Such women ain't common, I tell you. If they were a man might marry and make money by the operation.

Such burdensome physical labor was the predictable lot of many a pioneer wife. As a result, one of them, no doubt, was the first to lament, "There's nothing that lasts us but trouble and dirt."

Women also carried books in their baggage. It was their responsibility to teach the young and instruct them in the ways of godliness. In his biography of his mother, Josiah Royce, recalling his boyhood home near a Sierra Nevada mining camp, describes a canvas tent filled with books, a globe, maps, astronomical charts and a melodeon.

If, indeed, as the historian Frederick Jackson Turner claimed, the frontier cracked the "cake of custom," what replaced it? Women provided the crucial margin separating the civilization left behind from the unfamiliar environment of an unsettled land. Upon their arrival women called for churches. Under the direction of such teachers as the Presentation sister Mother Maria Comerford, schools were established in San Francisco and Los Angeles. In addition, they formed women's organizations devoted to sustaining the cultural ties and to supporting growth in new communities. As a result of participation in these public forums and as a result of the educational training of the California woman, for education was a treasured ornament of culture in the recently settled West, women became involved in a variety of reform movements by the last quarter of the Nineteenth century.

Harriet Strong (holding her hat) and her two daughters at Rancho del Fuerte, 220 acres near the present town of Whittier.—PHOTO COURTESY THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY

Without question, this gallery of pioneer women deserves more than the cursory epithets of praise accorded in the past. The drama of their lives should be shared and would inspire. Particularly inspirational are the many who mastered more than one career, first as mothers and later in their more mature years as professional women. This is the pattern of Clara Shortridge Foltz, a widowed mother of five, and the first woman admitted to the California bar who for many years served as Los Angeles' assistant District Attorney. It is the story of Susan M. Dorsey whose second career as superintendent of the Los Angeles Unified School District was marked by success and national honors.

Three among the many second career woman are preeminent because of their contributions, and their refusal to live their lives according to the platitudes of the nineteenth century cult of true womanhood. Harriet Strong, Biddy Mason, and Caroline Severance, despite their diverse backgrounds and political philosophies, present an unforgettable refrain forcefully repeated in the distinctive cadence of each heroine's life.

Harriet Williams Strong understood the humbling transfiguration the West could demand, forcing its people like its mountains to stand alone against elemental challenges. She was born the fourth of seven children in Buffalo, New York, in 1844. By the time she was ten, she and her family had settled in isolated Plumas County, California, in the heart of the Sierra Nevada. As she later explained, a persistent "affliction of the spine" caused her to be a "semi-invalid for many years." During those years of solitude in the quiet valley, before attending the Young Ladies Seminary at Benicia, "Hattie" Russell studied music, art, literature and history.

Henry Russell's westering spirit soon led his family to Nevada's Comstock Lode. Within two years his young daughter became the wife of Charles Lyman Strong. He was conscientious, hardworking, nearly twice her age and one of the leading figures of Nevada. The following years brought four daughters and a move to Oakland necessitated by Charles' resignation of an important mining position as a result of mental strain. In 1883, upon discovering that a mine he had invested in had been "salted," Charles Strong killed himself.

In the midst of this tragedy, opportunity entered without knocking. Harriet Strong was to discover that the bulk of the estate was hopelessly encumbered. But with a dynamic vigor which had been considerably enhanced by the successful treatment of her malady at Philadelphia in 1883, she focused upon providing a livelihood for her family, never letting her mind bend back to the comfort of more protected days.

The breadth of her abilities had already been demonstrated. In 1883, the year Harriet Strong became a widow, the Department of the Interior acknowledged one of her earliest inventions with the following communication: "Sir,—Your application for a patent for an improvement in Hook and Eye filed August 9, 1874, has been examined and allowed." Correspondence with Sargent and Company, a Connecticut manufacturer of hardware, indicates that Mrs. Strong's improved hook and eye was to be manufactured for mass distribution.

Even though Harriet Strong's practical innovation placed her among the exclusive number of women, one and one-tenth percent of the whole in 1880, who had been granted patents, random inventions were not sufficiently profitable for a responsible head-of-household. Instead the young widow determined to farm Rancho del Fuerte near Whittier, 220 acres of semi-arid land her husband had purchased from Pío Pico and the only one of his many land parcels which was unencumbered by creditors' claims. Fortuitously, the studiousness cultivated during the years of ill-health was to reap unexpected benefits. The housewife turned agriculturalist ordered the planting of citrus crops, pomegranates, pampas

grass and walnuts. The latter crop was just coming into favor with California farmers with an eye toward markets in the East. Recognizing that sales were as important as the harvest, Mrs. Strong studied and applied the most recent marketing techniques.

As she beheld her modest legacy of land, parched in summer and often without benefit of rain the rest of the year, she pondered the challenges of both irrigation and flood control. As a result, in 1887 and 1889 she was granted patents on her designs for sequential storage dams so placed that the water impounded in one would back up and help support the next higher dam. Other inventions followed, while her marketing successes earned her the title of the "Pampas Lady" and the "Walnut Queen" and even prompted the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce to admit her as its first woman member. At the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893 international recognition was achieved. Both her water storage devices and exhibits of her pampas grass, particularly popular on the German market, were prominently displayed there.

In the decade after the death of her husband, Harriet Strong had demonstrated the traits of a "Renaissance woman." For example, in her "Legend of Puente" she reveals a beguiling literary skill, capturing the flavor of Mary Austin in a passage describing a spot on the southern slope of the Puente Hills near Paso de Bartolo:

> It rejects the soft influence of the sun and rain; year after year no fertility harmonizes, no bloom lessens the hard touch that past tragedies have given to what now appears to be the basin of an extinct sulfur spring.

During these years of personal discovery, Harriet Strong's endeavors were numerous. In 1894 she served as the first secretary of the feminist Business League of America. Perhaps this contributed to her becoming an unequivocal exponent of women's suffrage for years to come. On April 10, 1907, a year after the first ballot appeal for women's suffrage had been defeated in California, she quite bluntly observed in the *Whittier Register:* "It isn't any more masculine for women to vote than for men to cook dinner, and it would be all right for either to do both!"

As hostess at Rancho Del Fuerte to suffrage leaders Reverend Ann Shaw and Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Strong was introduced to both the practicalities and the polemics of the suffrage movement. The practical realities prompted her to observe as early as 1895:

> Our People will become *ideal* people when its girls and women are all—everyone—educated in every particular, until they are able to be and become not only the mothers but the educators of men. Then, and only then will "scorn of the petticoat," be wiped out.

Although in the 1890's Susan B. Anthony warned that her ideas were ahead of the times, Mrs. Strong urged that the nation establish thousands of schools to train women horticulturalists. In 1912 she was still not disabused of this idea as she wrote in the *Los Angeles Examiner*. "Farms are not worn out; it's the farmer," observed Mrs. Strong. "It takes brains, not brawn to make a farm pay these days. Why don't more women become farmers?"

Harriet Strong's own business experience convinced her that women suffered from several handicaps when dealing with the marketplace. Not only, she urged, "must ladies learn business methods and their present relations to the laws of the country," but also they should learn the value of time and money. "To men, 'time is money,' but to women," she regretfully observed, "time has no commercial value."

The greatest drawback, however, in her estimation, was the absence of the vote for women. After a trip to New York, she astutely reported to the press on January 14, 1911, the opponents to the suffrage movement were to be found among the liquor interests and the political machines. But she added with undeniable political acumen: "As to the machine politician, he will be ready with good eleventh hour work, when he finds suffrage is bound to win." Until their support was garnered, however, she asserted that one half the property of this country is deprived of a voice, and "one half the population is placed in a position where they are powerless to speak." She further observed: "They are held responsible for their acts without due process of law."

Though women were deprived of the vote in California until 1911, Harriet Strong's public activities were undeterred. She was a member of the Friday Morning Club, the Los Angeles Symphony Association and the Advisory Board of the Arizona and California Water Regulation Committee for Los Angeles. In 1894 she established the Wilshire Ebell Club. In a speech before that group just nineteen days after Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila Bay, she revealed yet another facet of her personal philosophy. "The pen may be, in some matters mightier than the sword, but until now, when the sword fails," she warned, "the arbitrament of war is a necessity."

Manifest in the political statements is Harriet Strong's confidence in the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon legacy, and in the fulfillment of the untransacted destiny of that race. A curious variation appears, however, in a speech before the Wilshire Ebell Club in 1898 in which she embellishes the doctrine of manifest destiny with the observation: "This way of liberty has fashioned a great movement, the advancement of women." With a sweep she successfully yoked what her conservative contemporaries might term the sacred and profane.

The fact that many officials who pledged to uphold the Constitution, in Mrs. Strong's estimation, were as ignorant of the meaning of that document as they were of the Bible upon which they took their oaths of office, prompted her to found the Hamilton Club in 1920. With other members of this Republican woman's study group Harriet Strong shared her vision of a supreme court of nations which, as she explained in 1918 in the *Los Angeles Evening Herald,* would take up matters of international arbitration and settlement. But failing in a settlement and "one nation be determined to go to war," the well-equipped armies of the others would fight. "Wars would not last long on such a basis," she concluded with assurance.

Though issues of international peace may have interested her, agriculture and irrigation were of paramount concern. Her competence earned her the position of "expert witness" before a Congressional committee concerned with irrigation in the Southwest. In the December, 1917, issue of the *New American Woman* which displayed a cover portrait of Harriet Strong, her water program was clearly outlined in an essay entitled: "Can the United States Feed the World?" To that rhetorical question she responded with a proposal for government development of an irrigation project on the Colorado River. Promising undreamed of supplies of food to meet the demands of World War I, she suggested that not only the lands below the Grand Canyon, but the Grand Canyon itself be considered for water storage and the production of hydroelectric power.

Already inspired by the success of the Imperial Valley irrigation program she proposed her plan for a dam and for the construction of a six million dollar "American Canal" based upon the engineering principles perfected in the construction of the Panama Canal. Her plan was presented to the Congress by her son-in-law, the Honorable Frederick G. Hicks. The viability of her solution for the semi-arid Southwest is validated by present reality. The significance of Harriet Strong's role in the history of this land is unquestionable. Too long has she been a tenant of silence.

While Harriet Strong spoke in the rhythms of Theodore Roosevelt, another leader of Los Angeles women was convincingly marshalling arguments in support of Christian Socialism, claiming that: "It believes that cooperation is as much a fact and a factor in evolution as competition has been in the past." The white-haired speaker concluded with forceful eloquence: "It is the next step to industrial democracy—the only sufficient instrumentality for averting a destructive revolution." These words were spoken at a Socialist gathering in 1898 by Madame Caroline Severance, also known as the Mother of Clubs. She had founded and presided over the New England Woman's Club from 1868 to 1871, and in 1891 it was she who

Caroline M. Severance

established the first women's club in Los Angeles, the Friday Morning Club. With its members she became a city builder whose visionary proposals have continued to meet the changing needs of successive generations.

In a life of prismatic variety Caroline Severance worked as an abolitionist, as an architect of the kindergarten movement and as a determined laborer for women's suffrage. She was a student of diet, hygiene and Oriental philosophy, and before her death wrote an imaginatively prescient essay describing the ideal Twentieth Century man. She was born on one side of the continent in 1820 and died on its opposite border in 1914. During her ninety-four years she witnessed a westward migration, civil war and emancipation, the building of transcontinental railroads and an isthmian canal. Two international wars were to touch the United States and fill Caroline Severance with a repugnance for military conflict and praise for those women who had publicly vowed "to bear no more sons for butchery on the battlefield." While firm in her convictions, time and age did not deter from examining new issues in light of those principles. Change always lived at the edge of her seemingly conservative life.

Caroline Severance spent her childhood in upstate New York, where she graduated from Miss Recerd's Female Seminary as valedictorian of her class, an avocation that was to be with her her entire life. Briefly, she attended Auburn Female Seminary, and subsequently she taught there and at Mrs. Luther Halsey's boarding school in Pennsylvania.

In 1840 Madame Severance proclaimed she was forced from "bondage of authority, dogmas and conservative ideas." For this she credited her marriage that year to Theodoric Cardenio Severance, a banker. Soon after

the ceremony at her grandfather's home, the young bride and her husband, whom she described as a "light hearted man of affairs and a banker," left for Cleveland, Ohio, where Theodoric had accepted a position with the Canal Bank and Caroline wrote book reviews and was launched as a reformer. The years in Ohio were marked by the birth of five children and the death of their first born.

They offered their hospitality to such New England literary nobility as Bronson Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips as well as other touring New England lecturers. Nevertheless, Caroline was heartened by her husband's acceptance of a position with the North Bank of Boston. She was convinced, she wrote, that Cleveland "did not offer the kind of companionship I craved." In contrast, her years in Boston she described as "my university course."

Caroline Severance regularly attended sermons by the liberal Unitarian Theodore Parker and enthusiastically joined in the intellectual life of Boston. Reports of her success as the first woman speaker before Cleveland's Mercantile Library Association led to another invitation to deliver her discourse, "Humanity: a Definition and a Plea," as the first woman to speak in the popular Parker Fraternity Lecture Course. The Severances both considered themselves among the "intellectual disturbers of Boston's peace." Theodoric continued his work with the Republican Party. Caroline was soon made an officer of several organizations while also serving on the first board of the New England Hospital for Women and Children founded in 1862 by Dr. Marie Zakrzewska, a proponent of advanced antiseptic techniques and medical treatment. No doubt, the ideas regarding health exchanged during the long friendship between these two women contributed to Caroline Severance's frequently expressed endorsement of "plain living and high thinking."

As the slavery issue grew, the Severances openly declared their commitment to the abolitionist cause. Caroline joined her friend William Lloyd Garrison delivering lectures from 1856 to 1861. She also became a corresponding secretary for the Boston Anti-Slavery Party while Theodoric campaigned to strengthen the abolitionist wing of the Republican Party.

Along with other New England reformers Caroline Severance recognized the congruent injustice in the treatment of Blacks and women. As early as 1852 when she first met Elizabeth Cady Stanton at a suffrage gathering at Syracuse, New York, she sat "spell bound under her eloquence and enthusiasm." Later she wrote: "I marked these as 'white days' in my life-calendar, predecessors of many which followed. . . ." In 1854 both she and Theodoric were elected to offices for the Fourth National Women's Rights Convention held in Cleveland. In addition, Caroline presented a

memorial to the Ohio Legislature arguing for the right of women to hold their own inherited property and earnings.

Her excitement was to be forged into relentless commitment over the years as she sought to achieve for women: "Equality with the son she has borne and the husband she has so often protected from himself." To this end she joined Miss Anthony in 1866 in opposing the inclusion of the word "male" in the Fourteenth Amendment, and became with her a founder and corresponding secretary of the American Equal Rights Association. While her conviction that the issue of woman suffrage should be pursued through state governments led her to join Lucy Stone in the formation of American Woman Suffrage Association in 1869, the bond with Miss Anthony was firm. In 1900 the renowned suffrage leader wrote to Madame Severance: "Well, my dear, it is a grave and heroic work we have done through all these more than forty years since the day you started in Ohio."

But congratulations for past successes were not enough. That same year Caroline Severance assumed the presidency of the newly reorganized Los Angeles County Woman Suffrage League, a position she held until 1904. More than a decade would pass before the franchise was granted to women. The defeat of the woman suffrage issue in California in 1896 had all but decimated the suffrage ranks. The women recognized that the issue of civil rights for women and Blacks had been replaced with a concern for civil service and business reforms. Only the indomitable efforts of women like Caroline Severance turned distraction and defeat to victory. In 1911 the unrelenting ninety-one year old champion for woman's suffrage was the first to register under California's new woman's suffrage law, an event which prompted her to prophecy that women had reached "the dawn of a glorious tomorrow."

This honor bestowed under the California Woman Suffrage Law had been granted to one of many Californians by adoption. In April 1875, the Severances traveled west to be near their sons Seymour and Sibley who had come to California, one to engage in business in San Francisco, the other to assume the presidency of the new Santa Barbara College. Caroline came to terms easily with the "new and unapproachable West" as Emerson had described it. She humorously conveyed her enthusiasm for California when she wrote: "One who abhors sea and desert travel may indeed say that it is Paradise because it is reached only through a Purgatory of sun and desert."

From her California home, "El Nido," located at 807 West Adams in Los Angeles, Madame Severance declared to all that she and Theodoric resided in "Nueva Italia" and those of the new Italy might well say as did the loyal citizens of olden time, "why go away when all men come to us?" Unreservedly, she gave herself at once and wholeheartedly to Los Angeles

which she called, "the city of my later years as fair as Italia's own."

Caroline Severance had already proven that she was a designer of great projects and was an irresistibly persuasive organizer. She promptly began to energize the sleepy pueblo. The first Unitarian Church service was conducted in the drawing room of El Nido and soon she had lured Reverend John D. Wells, a Massachusetts clergyman with weak lungs but a strong mind to head the group. While she conducted the Sunday school, the junior Severances sang, Theodoric handled the collection, and a young lady named Kate Douglas played the piano.

Young Kate is a leading figure in yet another facet of the Severance drama. While in New England, the tireless reformer listened to reports of the emerging European kindergarten movement offered by an enthusiastic witness and convert, Elizabeth Peabody, who had recently returned from abroad. Later, in 1876, while Theodoric and his son Mark Sibley tended his 9000 acres of oranges on the Muscapaibe Ranch in San Bernardino, Caroline, still inspired by those reports, inaugurated the Los Angeles Free Kindergarten Association with the assistance of a "small band of earnest, thoughtful and public spirited women. . . ."

In order to develop the programs she had initiated through the New England Woman's Club in Boston and initiated by Susan Blow in St. Louis, Caroline Severance enlisted the assistance of Emma Marwedal, an apostle of Friedrich Froebel techniques. To greet this famous master teacher Caroline Severance secured a garden, twenty-five children and three young ladies for training in guided play. Among them was lovely, musical Kate Douglas of Santa Barbara. Of her first class Kate wrote: "If I had been made of tinder and a lighted match had been applied to me, I could not have taken fire more easily."

Kate Douglas headed the state's first free kindergarten, San Francisco's famed Silver Street, of which the writer Joaquin Miller wrote: "First see Yosemite and next see Silver Street Kindergarten." Before her marriage and her flourishing writing career compelled her to move to New York, California could boast thirty-four kindergartens. The greater number of the teachers had been trained by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

From El Nido, not only issued forth ideas for kindergartens and the establishment of the children's orphan asylum, but also on Sunday afternoons the two tastefully appointed front parlors were opened to the thirty or forty who came each week to the one-story dwelling sheltered by rubber trees, magnolias and an orange grove, to meet, discuss and enrich the cultural life of the "soon-to-be-city." Shortly after her arrival, Caroline Severance established the town's first book club and the Los Angeles Library. From El Nido Caroline Severance also issued an invitation to women to organize, "to

associate effort and council and recreation." Her idea of a club where women interested in reform might meet for companionship and cultural stimulation had resulted in 1868 in the organization of the New England Women's Club—the pioneer with New York's Sorosis among women's clubs. Madame Severance was its president until 1871 when she was succeeded by Julia Ward Howe. In Los Angeles her third effort to organize a women's club resulted in the establishment of the Friday Morning Club in 1891. The radical idea was attacked in a Los Angeles *Herald* editorial which attempted to prove that virtue and intellect were not compatible in women. The club was also criticized because its meetings were not opened with a prayer and at the founder's insistence, the constitution did not include the stipulation that "only respectable women of Los Angeles" were eligible.

Under her presidency and later leadership the group successfully crusaded for the maintenance of separate detention facilities for adult and juvenile offenders as well as a juvenile court, the creation of the first child-care center in the nation, the determination that school board positions would remain non-partisan, and the organization of the predecessor of the United Way, the Children's Protective Association. The Friday Morning Club campaigned to save the sequoias, helped organize the Los Angeles Philharmonic and lobbied to bring a branch of the University of California to Los Angeles.

Caroline Severance proved the truth of her personal conviction that the women's club is a "power for good which is almost limitless, to which nothing can be impossible if it once joins hands and hearts." By 1902 the promise of progress through unity led to the organization of such groups in Finland, Iceland, China, Russia, and India. When the newly formed General Federation of Women's Clubs met in Los Angeles that same year, Caroline Severance's welcome revealed the breadth of her concerns and the depth of her humanity:

> My own profoundest wish, my unquenchable longing is that the power of organized women in our club and in all kindred efforts by women toward social betterment—will make its united protest against war,—that ghastly anachronism of our civilization and our century.

So spoke an architect of ideas for the ages, a visionary among women, an unyielding titan among reformers and a builder of undaunted foresight. She was a Unitarian, an abolitionist, a woman suffragist. She was an enemy of corsets and the cult of true womanhood. She befriended such unpopular ideas as birth control and a single standard of morals for both sexes. She was an advocate of peace. She once wrote to J. Pierpont Morgan asking, "Will you not, dear sir, make it your aim to use your untold wealth in the bettering of the conditions of manual laborers in your employ by the system of profit sharing?" She was the champion of the young, the homeless and the

disenfranchised who like her did not have the opportunity to inscribe their names in the history books, and thus record their triumphs, inspired in some cases by their mentor and model, Caroline Severance.

Across the open canvas of women's untold history strides yet another courageous but little known heroine by the name of Biddy Mason. When she died in 1891, the city of Los Angeles lost an inspiring citizen of the West. By then she had given herself and much of her wealth to the people of the city. For though she died a wealthy woman, she had compassion for the poor. Biddy Mason had been born into the shameful thralldom of slavery. Despite such beginnings, she turned poverty into profit. She successfully challenged the craven institution of slavery which had made half the nation freedom's jail, and in her stoutly fought claim to freedom she helped others who shared her hopeless beginnings.

Biddy Mason was born in 1818 in Hancock County, Georgia, of slave parents whose names she did not know. While still a child she was bought and reared by the Smith family of Mississippi. ". . . they were treated as children of my own family," Robert Smith said of Biddy and her daughters.

By the 1850's the westering spirit which was sweeping across the nation lured Smith and his family to Utah. His slaves purportedly decided to join him on the long westward trek. Biddy and another slave woman by the name of Hannah, were among those who followed Smith's ox team which was to join the three hundred wagons rolling west. Years later in the celebrated trial in which Biddy sued for her free status, Smith testified that they had "left with their consent to go to Utah."

At thirty-two Biddy set out with her three daughters, Ellen, Ann and Harriet, the two younger daughters, it has been claimed, fathered by Smith. The four walked most of the long dusty trail to Salt Lake City for it was Biddy's job, with her daughters, to help keep up and care for the several hundred livestock belonging to the wagon train, as well as to care for her own and her mistress's children.

Beyond Utah, California beckoned, and the settlers followed the paths trod by increasing numbers of emigrants. Biddy and her daughters remained with the Smith household in San Bernardino from 1851 to 1856, although in 1850 California had adopted a constitution which prohibited slave holding. The resulting ambiguity of Biddy Mason's status and the status of the other Blacks in the household may have prompted Smith's decision to return to the South. Of course, his plans to establish a cattle ranch in Texas included his family retainers, who, Smith averred, understood that they were not slaves, but "members of my family." Nevertheless, during the caravan's unexplained stop near Santa Monica Canyon, acting upon information supplied by a Mrs.

Rowan of San Bernardino, Los Angeles County Sheriff Frank Dewitt issued a writ against Smith and placed the eleven Blacks under protective custody. A significant court battle followed.

The genuineness of Smith's assurance that the Blacks were not slaves was questioned in the court of District Judge Benjamin Hayes who noted that Texas law forbade the importation of "free Negroes," thus Smith's family would have to be sold back into bondage within six months after arrival in Texas. The provisions of the compromise of 1850 had given further legal sanction to the institution of slavery well-established there at the time of Texas' admission to the Union in 1845. Nor could Smith, warned Judge Hayes, then remove them to his original residence in Mississippi which prohibited the importation of slaves.

Furthermore, Article I, Section 18 of the California constitution provided the legal justification for seeking the benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus* on behalf of fourteen person's of color namely Biddy Mason (age thirty-eight), and her three children and Hannah (age thirty-four) along with her children and grandchild. "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude unless for the punishment of crimes," it was clearly stated, "shall ever be tolerated in this state." The constitutional statement drafted in 1850 directly affected the Smith family retainers who arrived in 1852. It was argued that they were emancipated by the operation of the Constitution "as if by the act and deed of the former owner."

Faced with the opportunity for freedom, but also at the mercy of their former master, and without friends or money, Hannah and several of the children did not participate in the court action. Biddy Mason fearlessly faced her former master, for as she declared privately to Judge Hayes, Dr. J. B. Winston and the Honorable Abel Stearns: "I have always feared this trip to Texas, since I first heard of it."

Her apprehension was justified. On the second morning of the trial in January, 1856, the petitioners' attorney sent a note to the attorney on the opposite side indicating he was no longer authorized to prosecute the writ. Upon examination it was determined that the attorney had been threatened by an unnamed person to drop the case. Judge Hayes' remonstrance reminded the intimidated counsel that he should have first conferred with the petitioners. Furthermore, the Judge observed: "No attorney can desert his clients at his own pleasure without good reason."

The dramatic incident reported in the *Los Angeles Star* cast doubt upon Smith's protestations that he had secured the consent for the move to Texas from the petitioners since neither neighbors, witnesses, nor those in question stepped forward to corroborate the claim. Rather the "speaking silence" in the estimation of Judge Hayes, further indicated that "the desire

to return to slavery is inconsistent with knowledge of human nature." At stake he observed was not the "gratification of mere feeling" but the "dearest interests for life and for unborn generations of fourteen persons, all of them minors, save two. . . ."

To Smith's further plea that he assume guardianship for the minor children, it was asked if there was not a "stronger impulse beneath his 'patriarchal complacency' to incur the cost and toil of taking this number of Negroes through a wilderness of two thousand miles." Furthermore, California law entitled the two mothers to guardianships "if competent to manage their own business and otherwise suitable." (Comp. Law p. 155) Only a strong reason could supersede this claim for as Judge Hayes observed: "No guardianship in itself is so sacred as this."

The trial had cast doubt upon Smith's scruples of conscience and the welfare of Biddy and her cohorts. Fearing further attempts to limit the free movement of the fourteen, Judge Hayes placed them under the protection of the sheriffs of Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties, and admonished Smith: "Under no specious pretext are they to be conveyed into bondage."

When the Smith caravan finally decamped, Biddy Mason and her daughters Ellen (age seventeen), Ann (age twelve) and Harriet (age eight), along with Hannah and her children and grandchildren were forever freed from the institution of servitude. As Judge Hayes had promised the small band, with Biddy Mason in the lead, they were free to establish themselves "in peace and without fear." For some time the group lived with the family of Robert Owens, a free Negro who upon settling in Los Angeles in the early 1850's established a livery stable. Two years later the Owens' only son, Charles, married Biddy's eldest daughter, Ellen.

From the day she was assured her freedom in 1856 until her death, January 15, 1891, Biddy Mason was to reach out and grow and prosper along with the city she had chosen as her home. After her free papers were duly recorded, the independent Black woman secured work as a confinement nurse. It was then that she made a solemn vow that she would save her money and purchase a home for her children.

On February 12, 1909, the *Los Angeles Times* published a Lincoln Edition documenting the history of the Los Angeles Black community. The following observations were included in Biddy Mason's profile:

> Following the occupation of Nurse Mrs. Mason accumulated sufficient means to buy a share in a large lot in what was then represented as the "Map of the Plains"; later through her business tact, she purchased the remaining interest in the property and secured for herself and her children a clear title to the land.

With surprising rapidity Biddy Mason acquired other property, while always admonishing her children and grandchildren: "The first homestead must

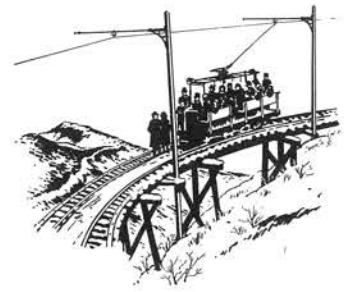
never be sold." For many years that homestead, purchased for $250, remained intact as the Owens block in the heart of the city's commercial district.

With the compassion characteristic of one who has been disadvantaged, Biddy Mason gave her heart and will to those who had bent under the stern realities of Negro life in nineteenth-century America. She was a frequent visitor to the jails, bearing cheer and a prayerful hope as well as a small token to every prisoner. In the slums of the city she was known as "Grandma Mason." She paid taxes and expenses for insolvent churches so that her people could continue to worship. During a flood in the early 1880's she made sure that families rendered homeless had enough to eat. They picked up their groceries at a store at Fourth and Spring streets, after which Biddy Mason discreetly paid the bills.

As years passed, her home on First Street below Main Street became a harbor for the homeless and needy. Until the day of her death at age seventy-three those in need would gather in a silent queue assured of help from one who had stoutly refused to make concessions to the dictates of servitude. As a slave she had been denied education and the right to ownership and freedom. Her life as a freed woman proved the potential that had been held in bondage. The impact she made on the growing city and the hand she extended to the many are proof, documented in the annals but unknown to those who followed.

Such triumphs demand that women be drawn from beyond the penumbra of history into direct focus where their contributions can be added to the body of historic data to change, to leaven, perhaps to complete the human narrative. Such contributions deserve more than a nameless litany of praise for the women of the West. The story of the California woman should not simply be an anonymous chronicle of courage and industry. The faceless and untitled gallery of pioneer women deserves dimension and personality. To these ends the stories of Harriet Strong, Caroline Severance, and Biddy Mason must be recorded. Beyond this, their success over adversity gives reality to our own dreams for tomorrow.

Thaddeus Lowe



Railway to the Skies

BY JOHN W. ROBINSON

Professor Thaddeus Sobieski Coulincourt Lowe was restless. After a lifetime of frenetic activity, it was difficult for him to retire and live at a slower pace. Fame had touched Professor Lowe three decades previously with his widely publicized Civil War balloon exploits. In the post-war years, he had occupied his energies in a series of scientific enterprises. Among the Professor's inventions had been an ice-making machine, a refrigerator ship, a gas-from-water process, and an incandescent gas light. Indeed, he had accumulated a small fortune, largely through his gas enterprises.

Thaddeus Lowe came to Southern California in 1888, ostensibly to retire. For a man of Lowe's energy and vision, retirement was a temperamental impossibility. Shortly after his arrival, he put this boundless vitality to work founding a gas works and an ice-making company, and helping to organize two banks. Lowe lived in Pasadena then, having moved there after buying the Pasadena Gas Company. But even with his many business enterprises, the Professor had time on his hands. Lounging on the veranda of his palatial home, the view north to the towering Sierra Madre brought back fond memories of the White Mountains in his native New Hampshire.

Unknown to Lowe, another energetic Pasadena citizen had his eyes on the Sierra Madre as well. He was David Joseph Macpherson, a brilliant young engineer who had been a resident of the city for several years. Macpherson

was born in the Canadian province of Ontario in 1854. After graduating from Cornell University with a degree in engineering, he had come west, eventually settling in Pasadena. Here he lived quietly; never given to self-aggrandizement, he shunned all publicity about himself. His mind was presently occupied with the idea of constructing a traction railroad to the summit of Wilson's Peak. Finally, Macpherson could resist the temptation no longer. In February 1890, on his own, he decided to survey a rail route up the mountain.

The idea of a railway up Wilson's Peak was not original with Macpherson. As early as 1883, Byron Clark and H.C. Kellogg—Pasadena merchant and civil engineer respectively—ran a line of levels up Millard Canyon and across the ridges to the mountain-top with the plan of constructing a wagon road or rail line. In 1887 a survey was made by Colonel J. E. Place, who proposed a cog-wheel rail line from the mouth of Eaton Canyon to the top with a maximum grade of 25 percent. That same year another Pasadenan, Clarence S. Martin, had sent east for an engineer named Horne to determine whether a railway up the mountain was feasible. Horne concluded that such a line could be built only on the cog-wheel system used on Mount Washington in New Hampshire. But the anticipated cost of construction was prohibitive, so the plan was dropped. However, these failures only served to whet Macpherson's appetite.

Macpherson disappeared into the mountains for ten days. The day after he emerged from his wilderness survey, he stated that he had found a practical electric rail route to the summit of Wilson's Peak, and that he could see no extraordinary difficulties in constructing the railroad. Macpherson talked up his plan with leading Pasadena citizens, who expressed interest in his proposal but declined to advance capital. The scheme remained dormant until late in 1890, when Macpherson happened to hear about a newcomer to Pasadena, Professor T. S. C. Lowe. Through a banker friend, Macpherson was introduced to Lowe.

Macpherson and Lowe hit it off at once. Both men were visionary, yet grounded in knowledge of science and engineering. Lowe exhibited great interest in Macpherson's scheme. One day early in 1891 Lowe took a horseback trip to the summit of Mount Wilson. Enraptured by the spectacular panorama, he reportedly vowed then and there to build the mountain railway, even if he had to finance it himself. All at once the Professor's life had purpose again.

The two visionaries immediately plunged into the prodigious amount of work necessary to turn idea into reality. Within four months they had completed a practical plan for an electric railway via Eaton Canyon to Mount Wilson's summit.

In June 1891 the Pasadena and Mt. Wilson Railway Company was incorporated with Lowe as president and Macpherson hired as chief engineer. The Professor demonstrated his confidence by investing a large share of his own fortune, and Pasadenans, dazzled by the persuasive eloquence of the ex-inventor, pledged to purchase the remaining bonds.

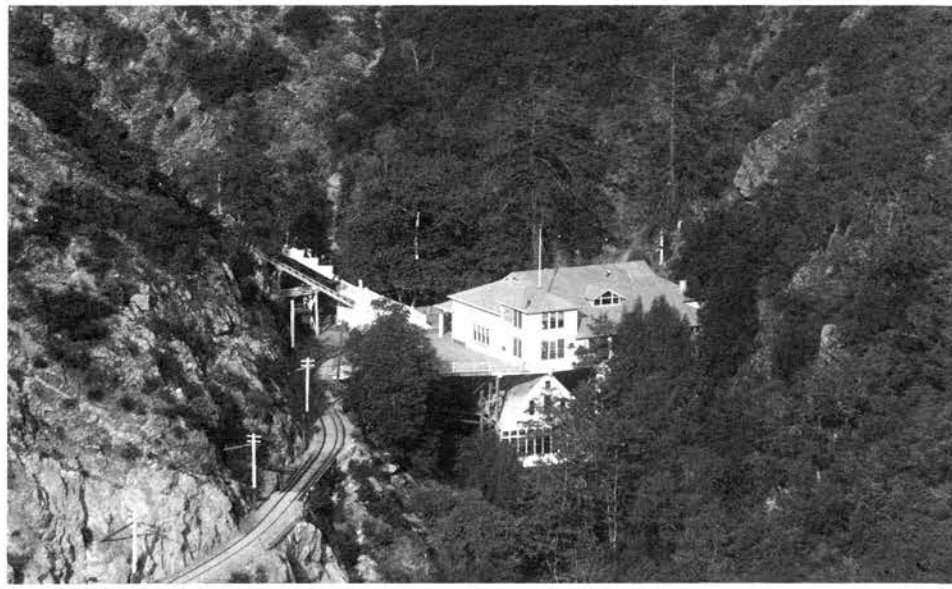
Almost at once, the fledgling company hit a roadblock. The Mount Wilson landowners, most of whom were financially involved in the building of a toll road to the summit, were not anxious for any form of competing enterprise on their mountain. Lowe was unable to obtain the concessions he desired there, and after several weeks of impasse, he gave up on Mount Wilson but not on his mountain railway scheme. He asked Macpherson to find him another mountain whose summit was flat enough to permit construction of a hotel.

Macpherson, thoroughly familiar with the topography of the local mountains, suggested Echo Mountain, a promontory between Las Flores and Rubio Canyons, about halfway up the southern slope of the Sierra Madre. Lowe at once concurred, the enterprise was renamed the Pasadena Mountain Railway Company, and plans went ahead without delay.

It was first assumed that the railway would circle its way upwards to the summit. But Macpherson noticed that a ridge running almost directly up from Rubio Canyon to Echo Mountain offered the possibility of a direct cable incline railway. The challenge appealed to Lowe—an incline railway powered by electricity, something never before attempted on any mountain in the world. Unwilling to wait for outside financial arrangements, Lowe enthusiastically decided to underwrite the venture himself. Details were quickly worked out and preliminary work started in December 1891.

Actual construction commenced in April 1892, with Macpherson directing operations. The first stage was relatively simple compared with what was to follow. An electric narrow-gauge railway was built from what came to be known as Mountain Junction in Altadena into Rubio Canyon, a distance of two and one-half miles. The last half mile had to be blasted from the steep rock slopes of the canyon, then graded and tracked.

While construction was in progress in September 1892, Lowe took a party of leading Pasadena citizens on a horseback tour of his proposed mountain railway. The climax of the trip was an ascent of 5,593-foot Oak Mountain, a tri-crested peak about four miles west of Mount Wilson. While on the summit, one of the party proposed to rename the peak "Mount Lowe," in honor of the railway builder in their midst. The motion was carried by a chorus of ayes, and in the words of author George Wharton James, "there, above the clouds it was named and will continue to be named when every one of the party present at the christening shall have been laid away in



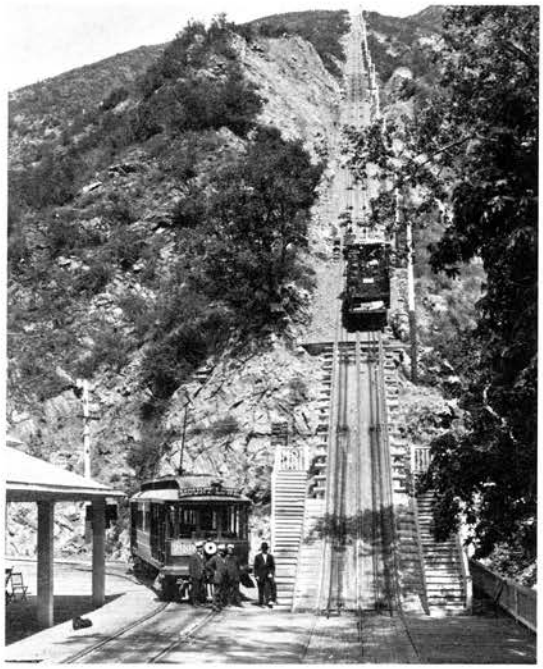
The Rubio Pavilion and bottom of the Great Incline, ca. 1900.—PHOTO COURTESY THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY

Mother Earth, and generations yet unborn will trace its rugged outlines on their physical geographies and call it Mt. Lowe."

Lowe was evidently stimulated by this mountaintop excursion. It was soon afterwards that he decided to extend his mountain railway beyond Echo Mountain—all the way to the summit recently named in his honor!

With the completion of the first stage from Mountain Junction into Rubio Canyon, Lowe erected the first of his three mountain resorts—the elegant Rubio Pavilion. Set amid a forest garden of sycamore, live oak, ferns and wild flowers, the pavilion was a beauty to behold. The building was constructed on two levels, one atop the other, spanning the narrow gorge directly above the stream bed. Its spacious dance floor was an immediate hit with Pasadena citizens and the scene of numerous social extravaganzas. Radiating from the pavilion was more than a mile of planked walks and rustic stairways, leading through a picturesque setting of ferns, mossy nooks, and miniature waterfalls.

Lowe and Macpherson now turned their attention to stage two of their fantastic mountain project—what came to be known as the Great Cable Incline, a direct rail line from Rubio Pavilion to Echo Mountain. This was the most perilous task of the entire undertaking. The plan for the incline railway was patterned after an engineering principle applied by Andrew S. Hallidie, engineer for San Francisco's Clay Street Hill Railroad, a cable railway built in the previous decade.



The Pacific Electric delivering passengers to the foot of the Great Incline.

The projected grade of the cable incline began at 60 percent, then increased to a maximum of 62 percent before easing near the top to 48 percent—rising 1,300 vertical feet in 3,000 feet of roadway. The rise was so precipitous that construction materials and supplies had to be brought up by burro, then carried by men across rough, unstable slopes the animals could not negotiate. Blasting was accomplished with meticulous care in order to avoid dangerous rockslides.

Eight months of strenuous work were required to grade and shape the ground surface for the incline. Temporary rollers were then arranged across the roadbed. A huge manila rope was carried to the top by muleback, fastened to a large winch, and by means of manpower slowly drawn down the incline. At the bottom it was attached to a wire construction cable weighing 3,000 pounds. The drum of the great winch on Echo Mountain was slowly rotated by four securely-hitched horses, and the heavy construction cable was carefully drawn to the top. The heavy machinery parts for the Echo Mountain powerhouse were brought up over rollers by the combined strength of the four-horse winch and the heavy cable. Ties, trestle timber, spikes, rails, and building materials soon followed.

About a third of the way up the incline, a chasm 40 feet deep crossed the roadbed. A bridge 200 feet long on a 62 percent grade, later known as the Macpherson Trestle, was constructed to span this depression. With the

Professor Lowe's famous "White City" on the summit of Echo Mountain.

completion of this trestle in January 1893, workmen began laying track. The incline was laid with three rails from top to bottom, with a turn-out for passing at the halfway point. The powerhouse machinery on Echo Mountain, including the great "Bullwheel," was placed in position and attached to the permanent incline cable one and one-half inches thick and weighing more than six tons.

Electric power to operate the incline cable was generated in two ways. Water was piped from Sycamore Springs in upper Rubio Canyon to a reservoir on Echo Mountain, then down to dynamos beneath the Rubio Pavilion. To provide supplemental energy during dry seasons, gas engines were located at Mountain Junction in Altadena and on Echo Mountain. Large copper conductors led to the Echo Mountain powerhouse, supplying current to a geared engine that revolved the bullwheel, or grip-sheave, a huge wheel fitted with 72 steel jaws to grip the incline cable.

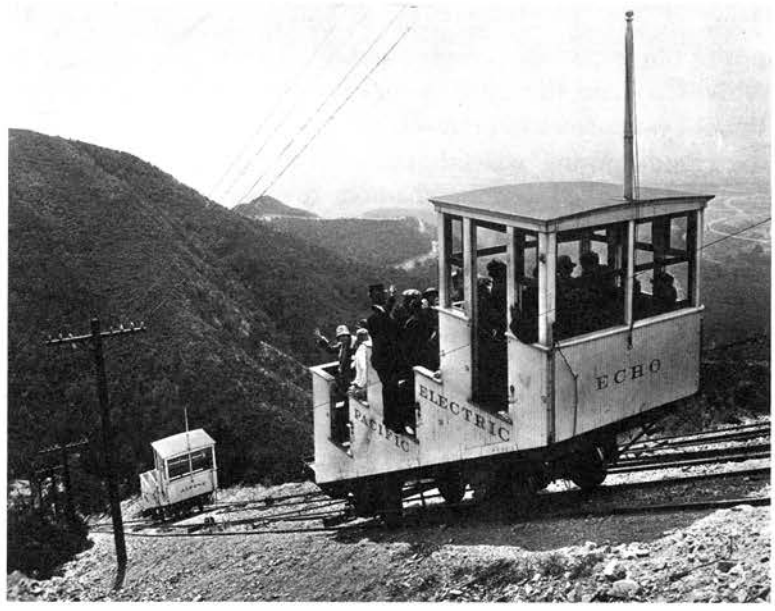
Two specially constructed cars were fastened at each end of the cable, so balanced that ascending and descending cars would pass midway on the incline. The uncovered cars allowed an unobstructed view of the surrounding mountains. Painted white, they became known as the "White Chariots."

While workers looked on in suspense, the great incline cable was successfully moved by electricity on June 21, 1893, and the chariots first tested up and down on June 29th.

The Chalet, a small hotel, was constructed a short distance east of the top of the incline. The building sat astride the ridge, and the dining room, overlooking the valley, was served through a tunnel from the kitchen on the opposite side of the ridge.

The long awaited, highly publicized grand opening took place on July 4, 1893. More than 400 passengers, including many of the business and social elite of the Southland, made the round trip that first day to the strains of "Nearer My God To Thee," softly played by a small orchestra assembled for the occasion. Persons crowding the Rubio Pavilion platform stood in reverent silence as the chariot with the musicians aboard slowly ascended toward the distant skyline, the sound of the hymn becoming fainter and fainter until it was inaudible. The ceremony moved many to tears, never to be forgotten.

The Echo Mountain House, a large white hotel with a veranda encompassing a sweeping panorama of mountain and valley, was completed the following year. Also added on the mountaintop were a dormitory, a machine shop, a museum, and even a small zoo. Easily visible from below, the Echo Mountain complex became known as the White City, or City on The Mount. To salute his eagles' perch after dark, Lowe purchased what was then the world's largest searchlight, an eleven-foot high, three million



The Incline cars *Alpine* and *Echo* prepare to pass at the turnout, midway between Rubio Canyon and Echo Mountain.

candlepower monstrosity featured at the 1893 World Columbian Exposition in Chicago. It was installed on a knoll near the top of the incline. At night its brilliant beam would illuminate the White City and play on the surrounding mountains and the valley below. On clear evenings its pinpoint of light was seen from as far away as Catalina Island. According to one account, any Pasadenan wanting his house illuminated could arrange this by building a bonfire in his backyard. In short order the blinding light would turn night into day around the home. However, the beacon was reputed to be unpopular with nocturnal lovers, and it terrified horses.

Inspired by an interest in astronomy, Lowe erected, at his own expense, an observatory on the slope behind Echo Mountain. Dr. Lewis Swift, a distinguished Eastern astronomer, was brought out to become its first director. The Lowe Observatory, with its small 16-inch refractor, commenced operations in late 1894. For the next 34 years, most of the time under the direction of Swift's successor, colorful Professor Edgar Lucien Larkin, the observatory was a popular attraction for Echo Mountain visitors.

Lowe constructed more than 30 miles of bridle paths and hiking trails, radiating out from Echo Mountain, to allow visitors to enjoy more intimately the surrounding mountain scenery. The most popular trail was the "Mount Lowe Eight." This pathway formed a figure 8 while ascending and descending Mount Lowe, travelers crossing their path but once on the double loop. A corral behind Echo Mountain supplied visitors with an assortment of horses, ponies, mules and burros.

The White City and the cable incline made news throughout the United States. People came from near and far to ride the White Chariots up to the city in the clouds. Many arrived at the behest of George Wharton James, sort of a one-man, tub-thumping chamber of commerce employed by Lowe to publicize his mountain venture. James produced an endless flood of pamphlets and news releases, shouting the glories of the incline and comparing Echo Mountain with just about every famous peak in the world and finding it much superior. In one publication, James referred to the San Gabriel Mountains as "The Alps of America," probably the grossest exaggeration ever accorded the range.

Typical of the rash of overblown writings concerning Lowe's mountain railway that appeared nationwide was this graphic description by a Midwest magazine writer of his trip from Rubio Pavilion up the incline to Echo Mountain in 1895:

> Reluctantly we leave Rubio Pavilion, with its hospitable Music Hall, where social, scientific, literary and religious entertainments and exercises are frequently held; but the White Chariot is awaiting to carry heavenward, up the Great Cable Incline, that most marvelous piece of railroad engineering known to modern civilization, with all its

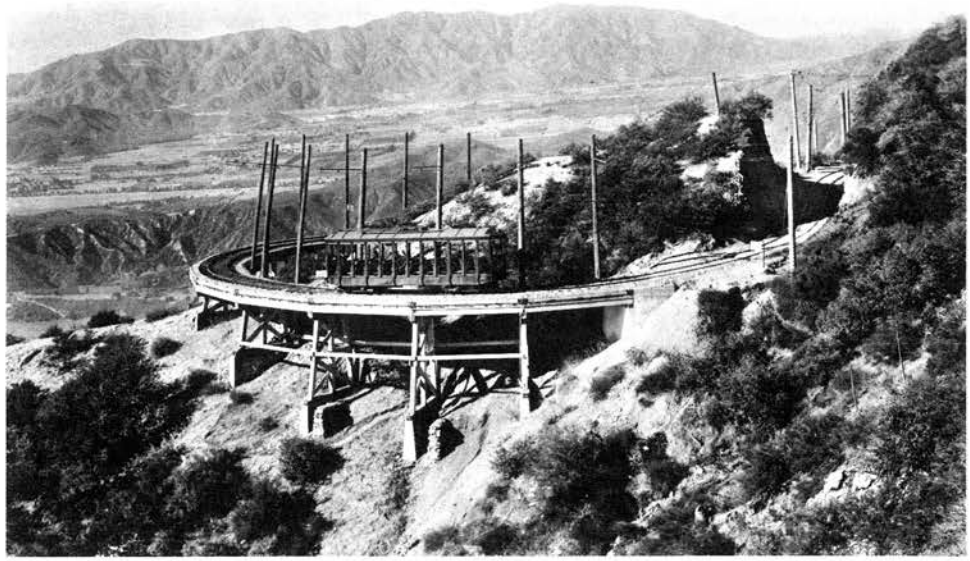
scientific triumphs. . . . Frightful, you say? Not at all! But awe-inspiring, faith-uplifting, God-and-man-revering in its effect upon the human mind.

At last we have reached Echo Mountain, and our guide directs us to the edge of the canyon, where a cannon is fired, reverberating like the distant peals of thunder as the vibrations of sound come in contact with rocky mountain upon mountain until the full circular sweep is made.

The crowning glory of the mountain is Echo Mountain House, a magnificent hotel, the most pretentious architectural silver-domed mountain hotel in the world. The most equable climate known prevails here, and without question this spot is destined to be the mecca of many travelers, who after weary search elsewhere will cry 'Eureka' when planting their feet upon this glorious soil.

With the Great Cable Incline and White City completed, Lowe became anxious to proceed with stage three—an electric trolley line winding upward four miles to Crystal Springs, a forested cove nestled a thousand feet below Mount Lowe, then on to the summit, two and a half miles farther. Digging and blasting began early in 1894. A winding shelf of granite was painstakingly gouged out of the mountain-side. In the total distance of the roadbed from Echo Mountain to Crystal Springs, there were 127 curves, with the longest

Above the Clouds on the Mount Lowe Railway—PHOTO COURTESY THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY



The Circular Bridge, with present-day Glendale in the background.

stretch of straight track a mere 225 feet. The most spectacular feature was the Grand Circular Bridge, 95 feet in radius, where the rails spanned a gully and rounded a promontory to form a complete circle. Other breathtaking points were later named Cape of Good Hope, Horseshoe Curve, Sunset Point, and where the roadbed had been blasted through solid rock, Granite Gate.

At Crystal Springs Lowe constructed Ye Alpine Tavern, a stonewalled and wood paneled structure somewhat resembling a Swiss chalet. The building's main floor consisted almost entirely of the dining room, capable of seating over 200 persons, and the lobby. On cool days and evenings, the great fireplace, loaded with burning logs, radiated warmth and hospitality. Upstairs were guest rooms. All the rooms including the main dining room were finished in natural woods. Small cabins to accommodate extra overnight guests were built outside the tavern. Surrounding the building were pines, spruces and several immense live oaks, their branches forming a canopy over the roof. Lowe wished to keep the setting as natural as possible, removing only those trees that interfered with construction.

The formal opening of what became known as the Alpine Division of the Mount Lowe Railway and Ye Alpine Tavern was on December 14, 1895. A

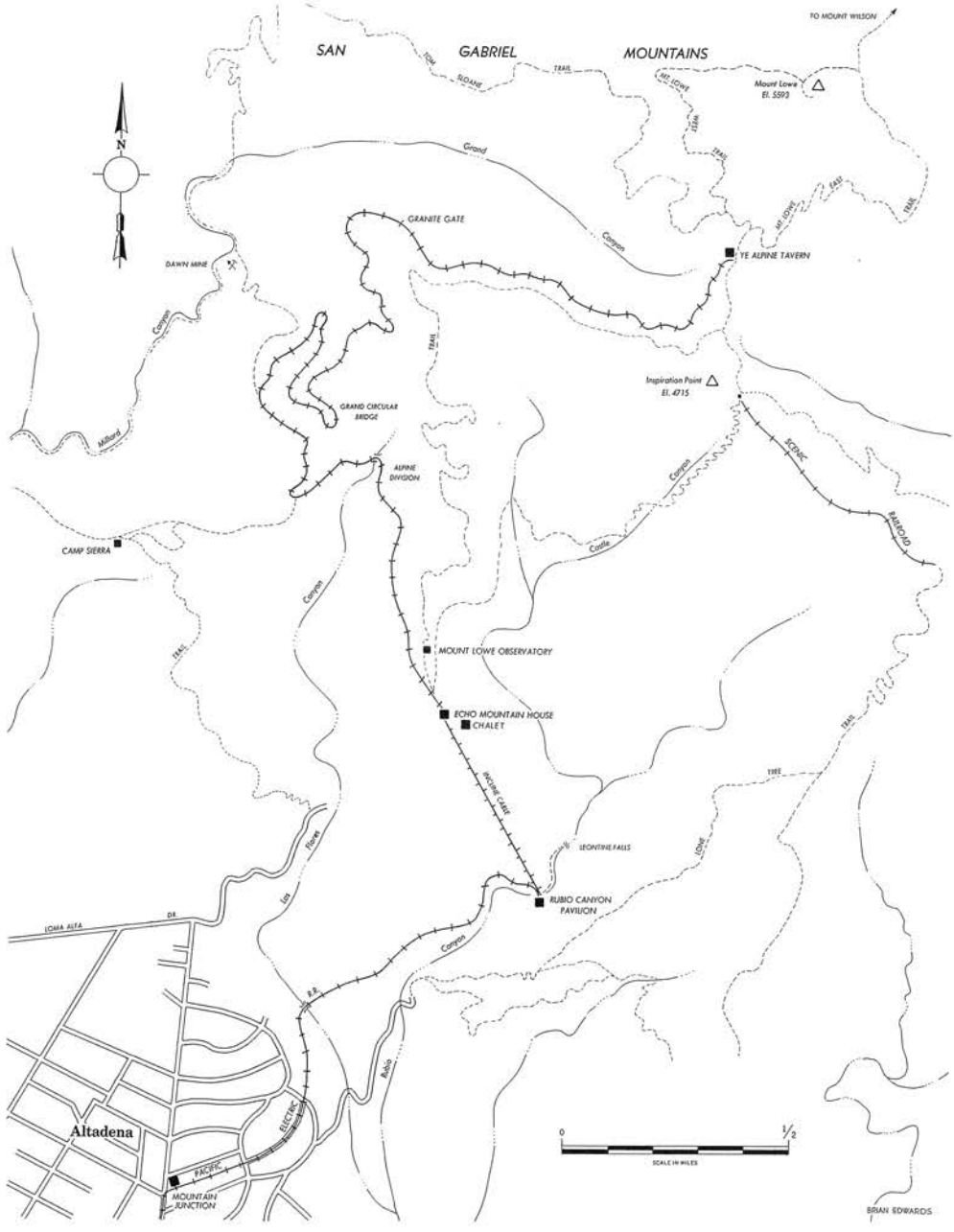
gala occasion it was, attended by many of the Southland's business, civic and social leaders.

Thousands made the spectacular trip every weekend in ensuing years. It became one of the premier tourist attractions in Southern California; no visit was complete without a breathtaking journey up the railway to the sky. One awed traveller described it thusly:

> I doubt if there is anything in the world more 'hair lifting' than the road over which that car conveys its startled occupants. Its very simplicity makes it the more horrifying; for, since the vehicle is light, no massive supports are deemed essential; and, as the car is open, the passengers seem to be traveling in a flying machine. I never realized what it was to be a bird, till I was lightly swung around a curve beneath which yawned a precipice 2,500 feet in depth, or crossed a chasm by a bridge which looked in the distance like a thread of gossamer, or saw that I was riding on a scaffolding, built out from the mountain into space. For five appalling miles of alternating happiness and horror, ecstasy and dread, we twisted round the well-nigh perpendicular cliffs, until at last the agony over, we walked into the mountain tavern near the summit, and, seating ourselves before an open fire blazing in the hall, requested some restorative nerve-food.

Radiating from Ye Alpine Tavern was a complex of trails and bridle paths. A short, popular walk took visitors out past Proposal Arbor, a tree shaded recess favored by those romantically inclined, to Inspiration Point, where superb vistas of almost the entire Los Angeles basin were enjoyed. Two trails

Alpine Tavern


SAN GABRIEL MOUNTAINS
TO MOUNT WILSON
Mount Lowe El. 5593
SLOANE TRAIL
MT. LOWE TRAIL
Grand Canyon
MT. LOWE EASY TRAIL
GRANITE GATE
DAWN MINE
Millard Canyon
YE ALPINE TAVERN
Inspiration Point El. 4715
GRAND CIRCULAR BRIDGE
TRAIL
ALPINE DIVISION
SCENIC RAILROAD
Cattle Canyon
CAMP SIERRA
Canyon
TRAIL
MOUNT LOWE OBSERVATORY
ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE
CHALET
INCLINE CABLE
LEONITINE FALLS
TREE TRAIL
Lower Rubio Canyon
RUBIO CANYON PAVILION
LOMA ALTA DR.
Arroyo
Rubio
Altadena
PACIFIC ELECTRIC MOUNTAIN JUNCTION
SCALE IN MILES
BRIAN EDWARDS

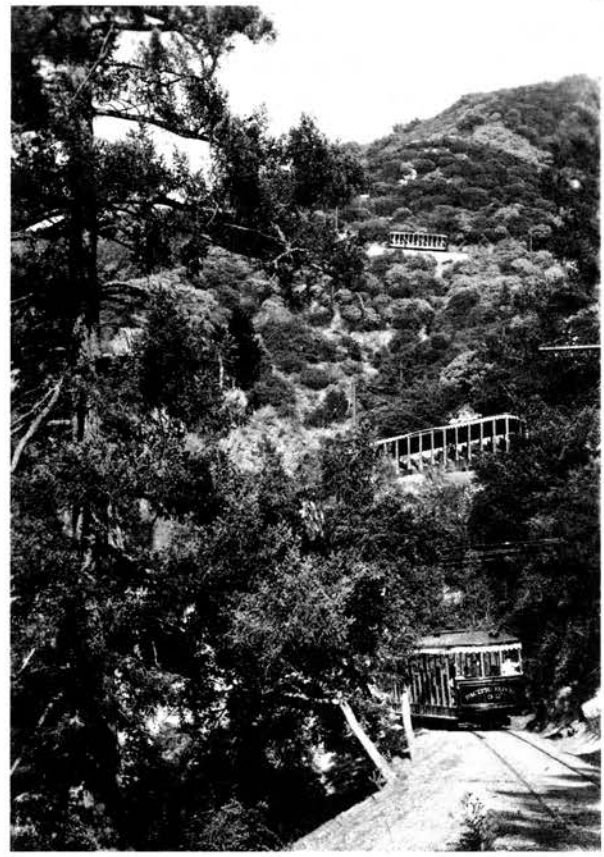
went to the top of Mount Lowe. The visitor had his choice of hiking or, later, if not so physically inspired, taking the pony train that left the Tavern for the summit twice daily. Later, other well-traveled trails went over to Mount Wilson, down to Camp Idle Hour in Eaton Canyon, and to Switzer's resort in the Arroyo Seco.

There was seemingly no end to the Professor's dreams. Lowe planned to extend the electric railway to the summit of Mount Lowe and to erect a stately hotel there. He talked of adding branch lines to Mount Wilson and Barley Flats. He envisioned the world's largest astronomical observatory on "Observatory Peak" (San Gabriel Peak). He hoped to establish the Lowe Institute, an academy of science perched high in the mountains where serious students could study undisturbed in nature's seclusion. He even planned to bridge a gorge so that his remote institute could be reached by way of a suspended cable railway. Perhaps his most fantastic scheme—envisioned in his later years—was the proposed Lowe Airship, a roomy gondola to be carried aloft by a huge balloon that would transport passengers from Pasadena to Echo Mountain and Mount Lowe.

But sadly, these visions were not to be. In pursuing his grandiose projects, and partly because the nation was experiencing financial hard times, Lowe outran his finances. Even though his mountain railway complex was world renowned, he steadily lost money. His fortune was mortgaged to the hilt to keep his railway and hotels operating. His debts mounted alarmingly, exceeding $200,000 by 1896. Unable to meet bond payments, his holdings were placed under receivership for a period of two years. During this period Lowe struggled mightily to regain at least partial control of his famed mountain railway. But his efforts were in vain. The complete railway property and all equipment was sold by the court in 1899 to Valentine Peyton, through his lawyer Arthur L. Hawes, for $190,000, a fraction of the original cost.

Lowe was still trying to win back his enterprise when disaster struck. Just before dawn on the quiet winter morning of February 5, 1900, a fire, caused by a defective stove vent, broke out under the roof of Echo Mountain House. By 8:00 A.M. the splendid hotel was a smoldering ruin. The heart was gone from the White City, and with this tragedy Lowe's heart was broken. He was obliged to give up all efforts to regain his beloved enterprise.

Lowe, reflecting on this sad turn of events in later years, wrote, "I lost the road and with it my entire fortune, because I was ten years ahead of the times, and the time for such a venture was not ripe. Therefore I lost, though I have no regrets, for I realize that many millionaries would sacrifice their fortunes to attain a monument for themselves such as Mount Lowe will be to my name when I shall have passed away."



The three levels of track on the Alpine Division known as Horseshoe Curve.

The Old Professor lost everything but his pride, even his home. He spent his last years in Pasadena with one of his daughters, dying in 1913 at the age of 81.

In 1902 the whole system passed into the hands of Henry E. Huntington, just then organizing his Pacific Electric Railway Company. Within a short time, the Mount Lowe Railway became an integral part of the famed interurban line that served Southern California commuters for more than five decades. The "PE" would successfully operate the mountain railway and hotel complex for the next 34 years.

The Pacific Electric immediately began making numerous improvements on the Mount Lowe Railway system. The section between Altadena and Rubio Canyon was completely rebuilt and converted to standard gauge. The two cable incline cars, named *Rubio* and *Echo,* were rebuilt, and a third car

called *Alpine* was added in 1920. These cars were interchangeable, one being held in reserve. New roofed trolley cars replaced the old open cars on the Alpine Division of the railway.

The greatest changes were made at the end of the line. Ye Alpine Tavern was enlarged with the addition of two wings and became known as Mount Lowe Tavern. A large cottage, known as *The Bungalow,* was built alongside the tavern to accommodate the increasing number of guests during the 1920's, as were some forty small guest cabins. Tennis courts, shuffleboard and ping pong tables were added, and later a miniature golf course. During 41 years of operation, this alpine city in the clouds was visited by more than 3,100,000 persons.

Around 1915, a narrow gauge scenic railway was constructed from a point near the tavern out past Inspiration Point to the end of a ridge overlooking Eaton Canyon, a distance of 1.5 miles. The story goes that one day a young man suffering from tuberculosis and supposedly with but a few months to live came up to the tavern and decided to stay, hoping that the clean mountain air would cure his disease. During the man's long struggle to regain his health, he built this subsidiary line that soon became known as the O.M.& M. Railroad (One Man and a Mule). The open observation car was pushed, not pulled by a rather eccentric mule named Herbert—truly a case of putting the cart before the horse! For years the O.M. & M. R.R. was a popular side attraction for Mount Lowe Tavern guests.

Ironically, the mountain named for Lowe remains his only lasting monument in Southern California. (The Lowe Army Airfield at Fort Rucker, Alabama was dedicated to him in 1957 in recognition of his Civil War balloon exploits.) One by one the hotels he built with such pride met with disaster.

Already mentioned was the destruction by fire of Echo Mountain House in 1900.

A disastrous windstorm and fire engulfed Echo Mountain in 1905. The devastation began when powerful gusts of wind demolished the Chalet. The roof of the small hotel went flying through the air and smashed into the incline power house, whereupon a conflagration broke out, completely leveling every building of White City except the observatory. The incline cable broke loose and slid hissing down the 3,000 feet of incline railway, finally coming to rest in great coils on the Rubio Pavilion platform. Service was suspended for one month while the incline railway was rebuilt, but never again did Echo Mountain regain its fame as a tourist attraction.

In 1909 nature dealt another blow to the mountain enterprise. A severe thunderstorm sent huge boulders crashing down the walls of Rubio Canyon and directly into Rubio Pavilion, demolishing the double-decked structure and causing the only death in all the 45 years of the Mount Lowe operation.

The Pavilion was never rebuilt; instead, a small transfer shed was erected at the base of the incline and Rubio Canyon became nothing but a transfer point for passengers bound for Mount Lowe Tavern.

Fate and the years spared Professor Lowe the pain of witnessing the final series of disasters that would spell the end of the Mount Lowe Railway.

In 1928 a violent wind blew the dome off the Lowe Observatory, wrecking the telescope housing and causing its abandonment. Later the 16-inch telescope itself was sold to the University of Santa Clara, where it is still in operation.

A fire on the Macpherson Trestle caused $20,000 damage to the incline railway in 1935. Service was suspended 30 days while the trestle was repaired and the incline cable replaced. By itself, the damage to the incline was relatively insignificant. But these were depression days, and even minor setbacks caused financial strain to an enterprise barely holding its own.

The crowning disaster was the 1936 fire that gutted the grandest and last of Lowe's popular edifices, Mount Lowe Tavern. It was 2:00 a.m. Tuesday, September 15, 1936, when the night watchman, making his rounds, noticed a flickering glare through the Tavern windows. Investigating, he was startled to see huge flames rising from the kitchen. Quickly he sounded the fire warning siren, just in time to allow the sleeping guests to escape with their lives. Within ten minutes the entire Tavern and several adjacent cottages were ablaze.

Seth Van Winkle of Sierra Madre, conductor on the Mount Lowe Line, never forgot that awful night. He was sleeping in Cabin 10 when suddenly awakened by the fearful wail of the fire siren. Rushing outside, he saw the Tavern enveloped in flames and people milling about. Van Winkle managed to collect the terrified guests and herd them aboard his trolley car, and began the long journey down the mountain. The ride was painfully slow—there were frightening thoughts that flying sparks might set the entire forest afire, or possibly burn one of the trestles ahead. It required two hours to negotiate the four miles to the incline—the next to last load of passengers ever to ride down the Alpine Division of the Mount Lowe Railway (the last passenger trip was a special excursion to the Tavern ruins in 1937).

Only through the heroic efforts of the Tavern staff, a handful of Forest Service workers, and fifty boys from the Civilian Conservation Corps who hurried over from their Angeles Crest Highway work camp, were 29 cabins saved and a general forest conflagration prevented. When it was all over, Mount Lowe Tavern and thirteen cottages lay in smoking ruins, the loss totaling an estimated $150,000.

An investigation failed to determine the cause of the blaze. Recurrent rumors have suggested that the fire was deliberately set, but to this day no

concrete evidence to this effect has been uncovered. Perhaps the truth will never be known; those who insist the fire was of incendiary origin remain adamant in their belief and probably will remain so to their dying day, while those who believe otherwise are equally convinced that no such "plot" ever existed.

At first there was talk of rebuilding the Tavern and restoring the mountain railway service. But, because of the poor economic situation of the 1930's, Pacific Electric Railway officials decided against investing any more money in the enterprise. In November 1937, the company filed a petition with the State Railroad Commission to abandon "all that part of the Mount Lowe Railway system north of Lake Avenue and Mariposa Street in Altadena."

As if to add insult to injury, the great rainstorm of March 2, 1938—the most destructive ever in man's memory in the San Gabriels—washed away so many sections of track and trestle work that the prospect of rebuilding the railway became virtually unthinkable.

Permission to abandon the line was received in November, 1939. By early April of 1940, the silence of the mountains was broken by the clang of sledges against steel rails—the Mount Lowe Railway was being dismantled. The curtain finally rang down on the most amazing, stupendous recreation project of man ever undertaken in the San Gabriel Mountains.

With the abandonment of the railway, vandals set to work. These human termites of willful destruction shattered every piece of unbroken glass, broke down every door, tore gaping holes in frame walls, dismantled everything possible and carried away anything removable. They wrecked the trolley cars, rolled tanks and spools of cable down the mountainside, as well as anything else that could be moved to the edge in any conceivable manner. They heaved large boulders into the beautifully polished searchlight mirror. Man's destruction was worse than nature's, and with forethought and malice.

The Forest Service completed the demolition by dynamiting the stone walls of Mount Lowe Tavern in 1959 and the Echo Mountain Powerhouse in 1962.

Today, little but ruins remain. The scars of the mountain railway are clearly visible, and it is possible to hike to the tavern site along its broken bed, the upper section of which is now part of the Mount Lowe fire road. On Echo Mountain, the great bullwheel has been embedded in concrete alongside a bronze plaque commemorating the efforts of Lowe and Macpherson. For those with vivid imaginations, it is possible to stand among the foundations of the mountain railway and picture oneself a part of Professor Lowe's dream-come-true. The iron rails, the buildings, the crowds are long gone, but the stone foundations and scars on the mountainside remain as slowly fading legacies to this man's creative talents.

President Theodore Roosevelt participated in the ceremonies transplanting one of the "parent" navel orange trees at Riverside's Mission Inn.—HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY

Sunkist's Southland

BY JO BETH JACOBS

Although *Gold Is The Cornerstone* of California according to John Walton Caughey, to the south of the Tehachapi the gold that became most prominent was that of the Golden Apples of the Hesperides. From China, by way of a long and slow migration through the middle East to Spain and thence to the New World on Spanish galleons, the orange and its cousins in the citrus family had arrived in California with the mission padres.

San Gabriel Mission possessed the largest grove until 1841. In that year, William Wolfskill, retired trapper and Santa Fe trader, decided to settle in Southern California where he might profit from the commercial planting of orange groves. In the center of today's downtown Los Angeles, Wolfskill developed a grove of some 17,000 trees within a few decades. Others followed his lead until by 1882 some half a million trees flowered between the Mexican border and Tehama County to the north. The story has often been told of the experimental planting of the Navel oranges from Brazil by the Tibbets in Riverside in 1873. The famed "Mother Tree" remained a landmark for years. Its offspring provided a delicious fruit, almost seedless, that ripened in the winter when there was minimum market competition from the more common deciduous fruits. The more common Valencia predominated in the summer. Other varieties of oranges, such as the Mandarin, were planted but failed to attain commercial acceptance of any importance. Kumquats and limes also remained in the home garden in

California. The lemon trees had been brought to California as early as the oranges, but the difficulty in seasoning them for market delayed their commercial production. Not until 1890 was the grapefruit introduced into California where desert regions produce a marketable product, but not one as succulent as that from the dryer, more tropical areas of Arizona and Texas. The golden orange, then, became the basis of the citrus industry in California and, at times, the symbol of the state.

Fruit was marketed locally and shipped to San Francisco where there was a brisk demand, but widespread development of the industry was limited by problems of transportation to more prosperous markets. The completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad in 1876 enabled Wolfskill's ideological heirs to ship the first carload of fruit east to St. Louis in 1877. Fruit from the Mediterranean, produced by very cheap labor, competed with the California product on the eastern coast, but profits for the early shippers from the West still ran very high.

The apparent easy wealth to be won from the cultivation of the orange appealed to many easterners and especially to midwestern farmers who yearned to retire to less rigorous pursuits than milking cows or fighting blizzards. The great real estate boom of the 1880s in the Southland which inflated both land prices and population was based in large part on the appeal of the orange grove. Admittedly, that same boom was based on a fantastic amount of advertising and optimism with no little chicanery and outright fraud. When the boom collapsed, the towns which endured were those with realistic economic bases. Citrus appeared to be one of the more viable bases of the economy.

In reality, the citrus industry was itself in trouble. Oranges were not the indispensable part of the daily diet from infancy to old age that they are today. In the nineteenth century an orange was an exotic item, a luxury to be served as a special dessert at the Waldorf Astoria for the wealthy or to be presented by the average family as a treat for Thanksgiving or Christmas. The tradition of tucking an orange into the Christmas stocking, hung by the fireplace with care in hopes that St. Nicholas would soon be there, goes back over a century. With the rapid increase of shipments from California as railway transportation improved, the market for such a luxury item was soon saturated. As soon as shipments were more than 2,000 carloads a year from the West, the prices had to be lowered in the East. By 1885 many growers made incredible profits, according to historian Robert Cleland, through shipping when the market was high. Other growers with less luck in timing received statements from the eastern sales agents showing that the fruit had been sold for less than the amount of the handling and freight charges. Many a grower had to subsist on his savings and pray for a better season next year.

Picking oranges in a young Pomona Valley orchard.
—PHOTO COURTESY POMONA PUBLIC LIBRARY

During this period those who lost seemed to have remained quiet while those who won in the marketing lottery bragged in exaggerated terms of their profits. Newcomers to the Southland were eager to share this profitable and pleasant way of life. Land prices skyrocketed where soil, climate, and water were suitable.

Lush greenery soon replaced the natural barren landscape of much of Southern California as young groves grew to maturity. The greenery did not necessarily become money in the bank, however, as marketing conditions deteriorated from difficult to unbearable for many growers. The early sales system, controlled by the buyers, lacked either equity or coordination. Growers soon learned to retain the ownership of their fruit until it was delivered to the jobbers in the market, yet they lacked control over the wholesalers in the East, had no leverage in dealing with the railroads over shipping rates, and lacked continuing information on market conditions and other shipments so that there might be a glut of fruit in New York while there was a shortage in Boston.

Several organizations were formed to attempt to unite the growers and dealers for their common good but proved impractical until cooperative associations of growers alone began to appear during 1892 in Riverside County, Redlands, and Claremont. Finally, October, 1895, saw the incorporation of the Southern California Fruit Growers Exchange as a reorganiza-

The Charter Oak Citrus Association, a member of the California Fruit Growers Exchange, proudly displays the Sunkist name on the side of its packing house.—PHOTO COURTESY FRASHER COLLECTION, POMONA PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sorting Oranges—PHOTO COURTESY POMONA PUBLIC LIBRARY

tion of the preceding organization of 1893. The first organization recognized that the growers must control the marketing operations and return all profits from the central Exchange to the growers but lacked sufficient executive authority. The 1895 incorporation granted more control to the central executive board and the cooperative marketing of fruit was established on a comparatively secure basis. The structure and operation of the Southern California Fruit Growers Exchange, which changed its name in 1952 to match its trademark, rapidly became a model for agricultural cooperatives from Australia to South Africa. It is a pyramidal structure based on the individual grower, of whom there were more than 14,500 at one time. Growers formed local packing house associations. These elected representatives to the district associations which were concerned with broader policies. The district associations, in turn, elected the members of the central Exchange, who employed experts to carry out the specialized functions to more effectively market increasing tonnages of fruit.

The evolution of the California Fruit Growers Exchange from the first tentative efforts in 1893, through successive reorganizations, to the form in which it was to flourish in 1904, was marked by uncertainty and an irregular and fluctuating membership. Much of this was due to a lack of sufficient control of shipments to stabilize the markets. As the central Exchange developed expertise, confidence and membership grew until Sunkist represented some 75% of the growers of citrus in California and Arizona.

Research, both horticultural and for uses of citrus fruits, and traffic management are large areas of Exchange work, but the ultimate task is the marketing of the fruit. Again, it is possible to get the fruit to market, sold, carefully displayed, and still have it left on the counter. To actually sell rapidly increasing amounts of fruit has been the continuing challenge. Sunkist advertising was fortunate in its beginnings and steadfast in its continuity until it represents the most remarkable advertising and sales achievement of any agricultural product.

An unusually large surplus of oranges faced the growers in 1907. In prior years the increasing crops had been absorbed by increased distribution of the new marketing system. Sporadic local advertising had been used from time to time and a publicity committee was appointed as early as 1896. Francis Q. Story, president of the Exchange, had been urging for years that an aggressive advertising campaign be undertaken, but some of his directors balked at supporting widespread advertising which would aid the sales of non-members of the Exchange, without exacting any contributions from the 50% of the growers not then in the Exchange. These directors were won when the Southern Pacific Railroad, anxious to build traffic, promised that the railroad would match the Exchange expenditure for citrus publicity for a

major advertising campaign.

Charles C. Teague, longtime president of the Exchange after Story, wrote in later years that while "some people like to belittle the effect of Sunkist advertising" and to credit other factors with the increased demand, the truth is that such fruits as apples, pears, and bananas actually lost ground without advertising. Although a maximum expenditure of $10,000 had been authorized for advertising on September 18, 1907, only $7,000 to $8,500 was actually spent the first season with an equal amount presumably provided by the Southern Pacific Railroad. In addition to the $6,912.42 used for consumer advertising in Iowa, scene of the first promotional campaign, a carload of oranges was given away as prizes in essay and poetry contests in the schools, banners were attached to railway cars, and other efforts were made.

Iowa was chosen for the first campaign of 1907-1908 as the result of the efforts of two District Agents, a Mr. Foster, and R. J. Grassly, later to become Exchange advertising manager. From Peoria and Des Moines they had been proposing advertising for several years. The national advertising agency of Lord & Thomas had prepared several earlier proposals for the central Exchange which had been rejected by thrifty directors. Now they were ready to prepare the new campaign. The noted historian Oscar O. Winther attributed the large number of former Iowans in California, as contrasted with lesser numbers of migrants from Nebraska and the Dakotas for example, to the Sunkist advertising in Iowa. The slogan "Oranges for Health—California for Wealth" caught the imagination of the Iowans so that they not only bought 50 percent more oranges during the test campaign, but were ready to retire to the golden state.

Special fruit trains were put on by the Southern Pacific for the first campaign. Exchange agents aboard sent frequent wires to newspapers on the progress of the trains and extracted a vast amount of free publicity. Along with consumer advertising, one of the major activities of the advertising department of the Exchange was the dealer service work, which also began in Iowa when an Exchange employee travelled with the jobber salesmen in a horse and buggy from store to store to use the railroad car banners as display posters. The total cost of the advertising had been about a tenth of a cent per box. Later advertising would grow out of a budget that varied from one to more than ten cents per box.

The success of the first major excursion into advertising persuaded the directors to approve a budget of $25,000 for the following season. Identification of Exchange fruit in the market prior to the winter of 1908-1909 had been possible only through the use of the initials "C.F.G.E." or the name "California Fruit Growers Exchange" on the labels of the

—PHOTO COURTESY POMONA PUBLIC LIBRARY

shippers. Buyers were urged to look for the name on the box. As early as 1901 more than 200 brands and labels were listed in an Exchange handbook. Large sums were invested in the designing and printing of these elaborate, multicolored box labels to identify the fruit of each grower or packing house association, which usually had at least two brands. In recent years these old labels, often found stored in unused warehouses, have become "pop" art and are sold in frames for a goodly sum. One universal trademark was needed to identify the fruit. As early as the summer of 1907 Lord & Thomas had suggested "S-U-N-K-I-S-S-E-D", quickly amended to "Sunkist" by an officer of the Exchange. For some reason the Board of Directors apparently did not see the suggestion until April of 1908 when they promptly adopted it. Since the first campaign was already underway the new trademark could not be used in it.

The name and Sunkist brand design were soon patented, rather than copyrighted. The timing and intricacies of the copyright procedure are beyond the scope of this article, but one should note that the lack of a copyright led the Exchange into years of litigation until the growers finally had to purchase the right to use the trademark on their own processed juice.

Adoption of the "Sunkist" trademark in 1908 for the highest grades of fruit sold by the association gave California citrus an identity and a guarantee of

quality. Irritation with the limitation of the Sunkist label to extra choice or top quality fruit was soon evident among those growers who produced lower grade crops. This remained a point of friction within the association for many, many years as growers resented paying an assessment of a few cents on each box of packed fruit to promote Sunkist (and oranges from California) if their own fruit failed to win the right to use Sunkist.

Advertising of the Sunkist label on packing boxes was begun in Iowa and the adjoining states in the campaign of 1908-1909, and for the second year a multiplicity of promotional activities accompanied the consumer advertising. One hundred thousand cards were distributed to retailers showing them the cost of fruit by the dozen, when they bought by the box, to help them establish retail prices. Trade papers told dealers about both the fruit and the advertising. Messengers were sent with the special fruit trains both to send news ahead and to make sure that the fruit was kept properly chilled and moving eastward. District managers began on a larger scale the contacts with jobbers and retailers which evolved into the major Dealer Service division of the advertising department.

Help to housewives, again to become one of the major promotional activities, was begun in 1908 with the distribution of 800,000 copies of a recipe pamphlet. This first group of recipes was almost ready for publication when the growers on the committee decided to eliminate all recipes using alcohol. The abstemious policy thus adopted became a permanent and important one for the public image of Sunkist. Such recipe and bar uses for oranges and lemons were important outlets before prohibition and, after repeal, became increasingly so. Even in recent decades when liquor dealers frequently advertised the use of oranges and lemons to flavor their products, Sunkist felt constrained from appealing to this major market in public print, though privately welcoming the free publicity, as it does today.

So successful was the campaign of 1908-1909 that the directors of the Exchange doubled the advertising appropriation for the 1910 season and extended the territory to cover the northern section of the United States as far east as the western half of New York State. However, the thorny problem of the "Sunkist" trademark remained. Not only did growers resent being forbidden its use for lower grade fruit, but many of them substituted inferior fruit in the boxes. Retailers added to the problem by doing the same thing, as indeed many supermarkets today mix Sunkist with other fruit, under a Sunkist banner. The Board of Directors brought the matter to a vote on July 14, 1909, and decided to retain the use of the Sunkist name "temporarily." In view of the international reputation of "Sunkist" oranges and lemons and the adoption of that name as a corporate title by the growers' cooperative, it seems incredible that it was almost discarded in those early days.

Identifying fruit which was properly sold as Sunkist led the cooperative to begin the use of individual tissue wrappers for the fruit. Then came the question of how to keep the wrappers on the fruit in the store and how to induce buyers to demand the wrapped fruit. An unknown genius suggested the use of premiums for wrappers. Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd., silversmiths, were finally commissioned to design a special orange spoon with an orange blossom on the handle. The pattern was to be the property of the cooperative. Retail customers could claim a spoon for twelve wrappers and twelve cents. From this tentative beginning, the Exchange became within a decade the largest buyer of silverware in the world. At first the premiums were heavily advertised as a means of selling oranges. Customers asked for matching teaspoons, then other pieces. Within six years there were forty-six matching pieces in the set, ranging in size from sugar tongs to coffee pot and tray. These were "self-liquidating" premiums, which meant that the cash received paid the cost of the merchandise and handling. In general the demand for wrappers successfully protected the identity of Sunkist fruit.

Quality control of the fruit as a prerequisite for success was early apparent. The idea that Sunkist was to oranges what the Sterling mark was to silver was imperative to protect the market from the inroads of competitors. Florida and California growers were sending increasingly large quantities of fruit to market in the years from the beginning of the Exchange until World War II, and only the best could be marketed fresh at a profitable price. "Red Ball" was adopted in 1910 as a trade mark for choice fruit, neither so attractive nor so expensive as Sunkist, to be advertised in the South, except the southeastern states, where Florida controlled the markets.

Increased advertising activities demanded the doubling of the budget again for 1910-1911, and the growers initiated the practice of paying the bill by a fixed assessment on fruit shipped. Beginning with one cent per box, it would rise in the years ahead. Indeed, by April of 1911 it was evident that the budget for that year would not provide enough advertising to sell the large crop at good prices. An additional $15,000 was provided for spring and summer advertising. The action was taken so quickly that it is evident, but not provable, that the Advertising committee of the Exchange was working closely with the agency. Both the direct mailing of recipes and the premium business were handled in Chicago where extra clerks were added to the staff of the Exchange district office to handle the burden. By 1911 sixty-one percent of the total California citrus crop was shipped through the Exchange and returned some $20,600,000 to the state.

One of the severe frosts that were to bedevil the citrus industry through the years hit in the winter of 1911-1912. The loss of a substantial part of the crop meant also that the advertising had to be cut at once. Problems arose

Advertisement in *The Ladies Home Journal* urging orange juice for babies.

with newspapers where space had already been bought, and with employees who were either laid off or suffered drastic salary cuts. When growers saw their livelihood wither away in the frosts of the night, they moved quickly to cut the overhead of the central exchange, both in this and many following years. Devastating weather in 1912 and 1913 from a succession of hot desert winds followed by sharp frosts destroyed much of the crop. Heating of the orchards was not yet common and almost two thirds of the estimated crop had been ruined when the winter was over. Neither the citrus growing nor its advertising were fields for the nervous in those days.

The following year the Florida Citrus Exchange began advertising its fruit and practically took over the market when California lost some 60 percent of its crop again in 1913 to freezing weather. However, so rapidly was the production increasing that the remaining 40 percent of the crop that was marketed constituted the largest amount sold to that date by the Exchange in spite of a national depression and Florida competition. Immigrants to both Florida and California saw the citrus industry as a way to turn unproductive land (desert in California, semi-swamp in Florida) into wealth with time, capital, and patience. The warmer climes offered midwestern men of substance a hospitable environment and a pleasantly profitable agricultural pursuit. The nightmares of frozen crops, red ink on the shipping ledgers, and horticultural pests were not nearly so apparent as the more pleasant aspects of the operation of citrus groves.

Selling the ever increasing crops of fruit required new advertising techniques. Albert Lasker, advertising genius and head of Lord & Thomas, and Claude Hopkins, pioneer in consumer surveys and direct mail advertising, had developed the writing of copy to a fine art. Early advertising had simply announced the sale of a product. By the time Sunkist advertising appeared the writers were ready to tell the customer why the fruit was good for them as well as delicious. Robert P. Crane took over the Sunkist account for Lord & Thomas at this time. He developed copy based on scientific research, applied psychology and imagination in well balanced proportions. Lemons were always difficult to sell since very few people pick up a fresh lemon to eat. Uses of the fruit had to be found and presented to the housewife buyer.

Working with the advertising agency and reorganizing the eastern sales division, was G. Harold Powell, agricultural expert, who became the new General Manager of the Exchange in 1914. Powell considered national advertising one of the prime operations of the Exchange and convinced Lord & Thomas that they should establish an office in Los Angeles in 1916, the first national advertising agency to do so, in order to more effectively work with the Exchange. Much of California's growth from the Spanish explorers to this day has been built on publicity. The Southern Pacific Railroad had started the magazine "Sunset" for this purpose. Now, Sunkist was to draw California into the orbit of national advertisers.

The *Saturday Evening Post* of February 21, 1914, carried the first national advertising for the Exchange, and the *Post* remained basic in the media used for several decades. The years between the first tentative advertising of 1908 and 1914 were testing years for advertising of citrus. Powell pointed out in his Annual Report of 1914 that the population of the United States had increased only 21 percent in a decade while the sales of California oranges had increased 79.6 percent. The cost to the growers had been only six-tenths of one percent of the gross value of their fruit while increasing the premium price which Sunkist brought in the auction markets of the country. The citrus industry was ready to become the most important factor in the agricultural economy of California.

Several aspects of citrus advertising became prominent in the widespread adoption of the daily use of the fruit in the American diet in the succeeding decades. It was imperative for the ever expanding production in the years prior to World War II that markets be expanded as rapidly. The first advertising stressed the use of the whole fruit to be served fresh and the use of lemons in cooking and a variety of household uses in the winter and for lemonade in the summer.

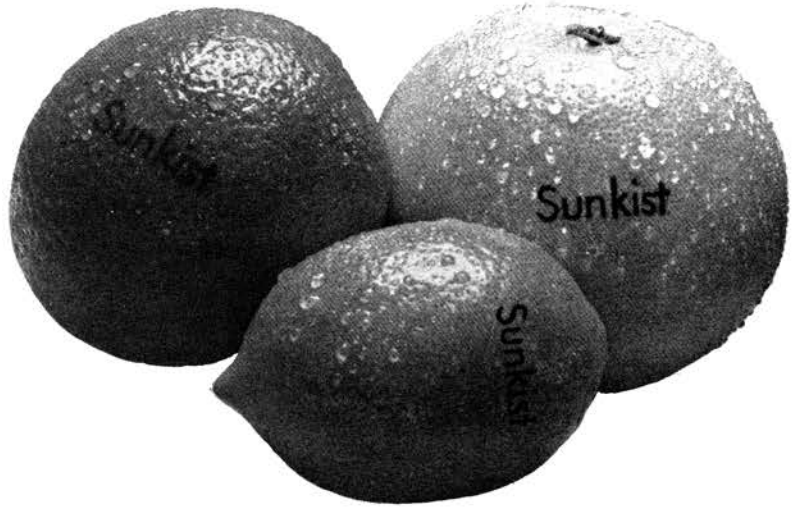
Although the advertising was prepared by writers and artists at the agency

and controlled by the Board of Directors of the Exchange through the grower Advertising Committee, the tenor of the advertising inevitably reflected the personality of the Sunkist Advertising Manager. Superficially, he might seem to have been a mere go-between. Actually, he sold his ideas to the Directors and imposed them on the agency in many cases. Most of the time the Sunkist Advertising Manager worked well with the Lord & Thomas agency and had the cooperation of the President of the Exchange and the General Manager, who was often a former advertising man himself. On the whole Sunkist advertising has been marked by dignity and good taste. Although all advertising is commercial, designed to sell a product, the flamboyant huckstering of medications or cigarettes has little in common with the dignified educational program of a great insurance or computer company. Sunkist, too, reflected the nature of the organization behind it.

For the most part the advertising which brought so many millions of dollars into the California economy through the profitable sale of citrus was based on solid research, either in the scientific laboratories of the Exchange or of universities. Part of the advertising budget for many years was devoted to grants to various universities to do research on the nutritional, and later, during World War II, the medicinal benefits of citrus. Incidentally, the major part of the medical findings were never advertised to the general public but only in medical journals. As far as the consuming public was concerned, the major benefits of citrus were vitamin C and its role in the prevention of tooth decay.

The first appeal was that of taste, of course, and Charles Johnson made a good living for forty years by painting luscious fruits and the foods made from them. From his initial work as art director of Lord & Thomas in 1913 until he was in his eighties, Johnson was the foremost artist of the Sunkist world. Robert Crane, creative writer on the same account, also was active for many years telling the world of the glories of the sunny citrus. Between them the sales flourished. One of the major changes in the second decade of the century was the introduction of juice as a way to consume oranges. Don Francisco was later to be credited with the idea and go on to become a nationally famed advertising man after he left the Exchange to move to New York, but the task had been charted by the time he joined the Exchange in 1914 when he graduated from college.

Like many of the later advertising managers, Francisco began as a fruit inspector, spent time working with retailers in New York where he formally set up the Dealer Service work, and finally made his way into the central office of the Exchange. During Francisco's first year, and while he was still going through cold fruit cars in the dawn, the management of the Exchange approved a budget of $275,000 for national advertising, including some



200,000 recipe booklets. Both newspapers and magazines were used, including the *Saturday Evening Post* and fourteen others with national circulation. All offered the recipe booklet and the silverware premiums with the art showing both fruit and silver. Much of the art was good promotion for California, showing missions, mountains and groves of citrus. How many of these advertisements lured settlers to California we shall never know. Under the leadership of G. Harold Powell, the advertising of oranges, lemons, and grapefruit was separated into individual divisions to suit the demands of the growers and the needs of the marketing.

While the orange budget remained the largest and the heart of the advertising, the lemon campaigns were really more provocative. There were four major fields of use for lemons: as a soft drink (for example, cool lemonade in the summer), a food product (pies, gelatins, and with tea), a beauty aid (hair rinse, skin bleach) and as a medicine (with water and baking soda as a laxative or as hot lemonade for the flu and winter colds). All of these, plus many minor uses, were advertised through the ensuing years. The big bonanza for the citrus advertising, of course, was the use of orange juice for babies. The decision of the nation's pediatricians to prescribe the juice when babies were a tender age came after long indoctrination by the Exchange, but when it came it was worth hundreds of millions of dollars in sales. Hardly anyone now under sixty years of age was reared without a regular infusion of orange juice.

The advertising campaign of 1915-1916 pioneered almost all of the consumer uses of citrus. Following years were to see refinements in presentation of the merchandise. Two innovations were an ill-fated experiment into marmalade production, which lasted only a short time, and the introduction of canned and then frozen juice in large quantities after World War II.

Equipment to sell more fruit was designed, produced and distributed at the behest of the Exchange. The famed hand juicer, sold for ten cents for decades, has now become a "collectible," if not a true antique. Larger hand and then electric juicers were developed for the home and for soda fountains and bars. Since one glass of juice holds three to six oranges, the market potential for California fruit was enormous. Market expansion was surely needed with ever-growing competition from Florida and from Texas. As the struggle to sell vastly increasing amounts of fruit grew more heated, California and Florida were rivals in claims for their juice. Sunkist's "Best for Juice and Every Use" competed with Florida's "25% More Juice in Florida Oranges." Actually, the Florida fruit does have the added quantity, thanks to the swamps, but the California juice is richer.

One of the men who had done much of the work on the distribution of the juicers and the early juice stands was young Paul Armstrong. From the time

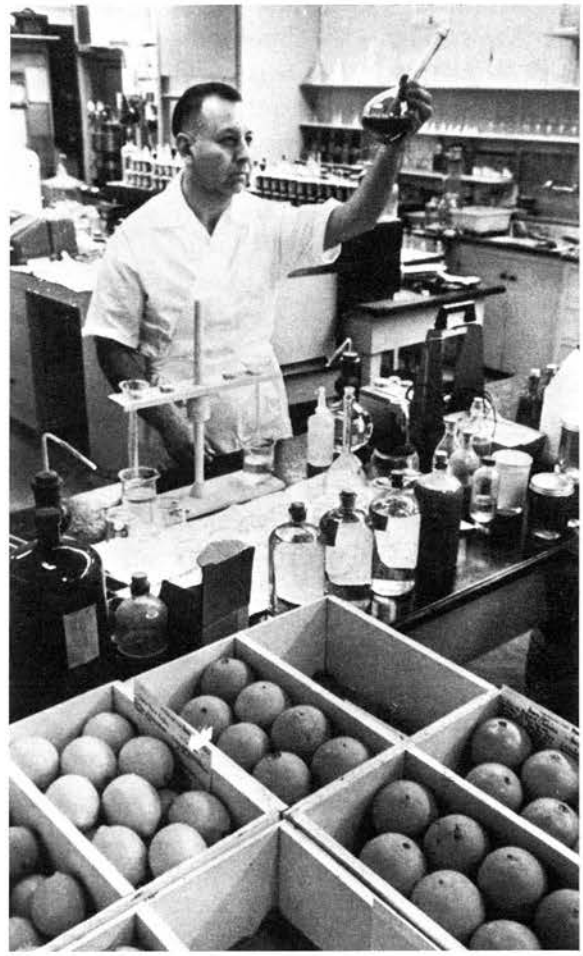
"Best for Juice and Every Use"— PHOTO COURTESY POMONA PUBLIC LIBRARY

he joined the organization as a fruit inspector, through his dealer service days, to the advertising department (where he became Advertising Manager), Paul Armstrong was almost the personification of Sunkist. Armstrong was conservative, quiet and steady as a rock in his leadership, first of the advertising department and then of the whole central Exchange as General Manager until his retirement in 1957. His reaction to freezes and the financial debacle of the Great Depression was to go into the Pomona Valley and buy a citrus grove of his own with the avowed intent of rehabilitating it into a model grove.

Armstrong's innovations were based on long research. Having done much of the work on the production of commercial juicers, he wanted them distributed as widely as possible by selling them at cost. Having followed the research on vitamins, done especially at the University of Wisconsin for some nine years, he was anxious to tell the story of vitamin C and its presence in oranges and lemons. The Lord & Thomas agency was the first to be ready to advertise vitamins in the 1920's. Indeed, vitamins A, B, C, and G had been identified in generous amounts in oranges, but the directors were more concerned with selling oranges than vitamins and the campaign had to be introduced cautiously, though it won their full acceptance within four years.

Much market and consumer research was done on ways to reach the buyer more effectively. Street car cards were a popular and inexpensive way to supplement newspaper and magazine advertising, as were billboards in many cities. The advertising budget topped one million dollars for the first time in the 1923-1924 season when a record-breaking crop had to be moved. The essence of success in advertising citrus was to expand the market fast enough to keep up with the ever expanding supply without suffering a price break. So conservative was Armstrong that he resisted the use of radio commercials as an invasion of the privacy of the American home. However, 1924 was the year Sunkist tested the airwaves. Under Armstrong's successor, Wayland B. Geissinger, Sunkist began regular radio advertising, first with music, then with the dulcet gossip of Louella Parsons, who promoted movie stars and citrus sales in her chatty, catty style.

Wayland B. Geissinger, quite a different type of character from Armstrong, became advertising manager when the latter moved up to Assistant General Manager in 1926 and General Manager in 1931. Armstrong continued to speak across the nation on behalf of the citrus industry, but increasingly his concerns were with railroad rates, proration of shipments to maintain prices, and government policies. In advertising, Geissinger, a flamboyant character with vivid imagination, was more nearly the legendary huckster than anyone else ever sheltered under the Exchange roof.



Much of the Exchange's advertising was based upon research continued in scientific laboratories.—PHOTO COURTESY POMONA PUBLIC LIBRARY

Although the citrus industry had been one of the very few agricultural groups to make enough to pay the cost of production in the early years of the depression, there was no continuing assurance. The nearest Sunkist ever came to questionable advertising was the "Acidosis" campaign, launched by Geissinger over Armstrong's protests. This controversial campaign stopped at almost nothing to promote sales through attributing most of the ills of mankind to an excess of acidity in the system. If one suffered from fatigue,

"under-par" energy, headaches, bad disposition, or a number of other symptoms, including having a pearl necklace lose its lustre, one was urged to drink more orange juice. But to be safe and escape the patent medicine stigma, the public was also urged to see the doctor regularly. Testimonials from famous athletes and motion picture stars were also used, especially in lemon advertising. Lemonade as soft drink, laxative, or cold remedy, and recipe uses was rivaled by cosmetic uses. Beautiful actresses urged the use of lemon juice for hair rinse, hand softener, and skin bleach. Truthfully, all were valid uses. The 1970's vogue for "natural" cosmetics of milk, avocado, honey, lemon, etc., are but a revival of an earlier age.

Promotional activities centered on consumer advertising but were backed by a multitude of other efforts, including recruitment of growers. By the end of the depression about 75 percent of the California citrus crop, the produce of some 14,500 growers, was marketed through the Exchange. Medical and professional journals for dieticians, nurses, teachers, and agriculturalists all told varied aspects of the Exchange story. Geissinger introduced the use of motion picture films for students and for sales personnel as well as the public. Literature was distributed to teachers, doctors, dieticians, and housewives. Even the illiterate were pursued through the use of billboards and posters in street cars, subways, and elevated trains.

In the years between 1900 and the outbreak of World War II, Sunkist fruit had doubled in price even though production had risen some 300 percent. California's share of the lemon market in the United States had risen from 15 percent to 90 percent in spite of cheaper foreign fruit. The years of the depression had been grim ones for the growers but most of them survived and prospered when rising consumption was possible in the economy. When Geissinger resigned as advertising manager in 1939 to seek more creative and less restrictive advertising opportunities, a colorful era in Sunkist advertising came to an end. Russell Eller returned to a more conservative approach and held a steady helm as he brought the pioneer advertising into the modern age. Until 1966, when he retired, Eller guided Sunkist advertising through World War II, into television, processed by-products, and medicinal uses, and finally full circle back to the eating of succulent, fresh, whole Sunkist oranges. Eller had a long and successful career and deserves much recognition. By the time he took over, however, Sunkist was the dominant brand for the largest cooperative of the leading crop in California.

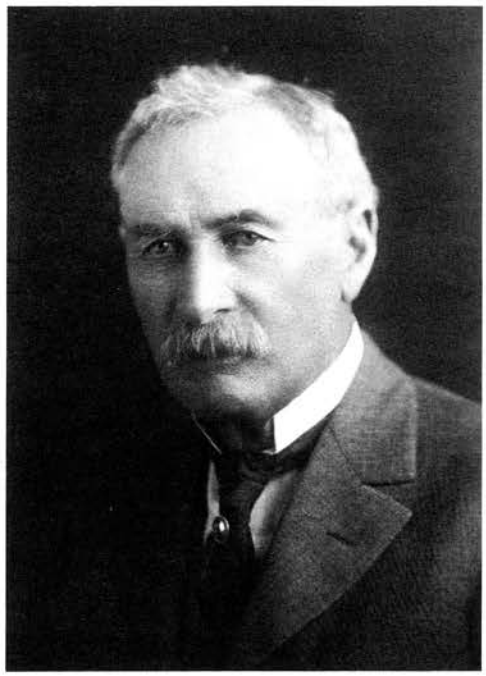
At work on the Los Angeles Aqueduct.

Fact and Fiction in the Owen's Valley Water Controversy

BY ABRAHAM HOFFMAN

The conflict between the Owens Valley residents in Inyo County and the City of Los Angeles is now in its eighth decade, with the issues still unresolved. The success of the recent film *Chinatown*, its excellent story supported by a distorted version of history, assures new misunderstandings. There are authors who still insist on a conspiracy theory in which Los Angeles deliberately plotted to defraud the Owens Valley of its water supply. People revered in the city, remembered for posterity on street signs and public edifices, are still vilified by Owens Valley residents. Small consolation exists in the money poured into Inyo County gasoline stations, motels, and restaurants by weekend vacationers from Los Angeles; the fact is that Los Angeles continues to be the largest single landholder in the Owens Valley, and the construction of a second aqueduct to supplement the first one has hardly healed wounds originally opened in 1905.[1]

This long-standing controversy falls into three general phases. In the first period, 1903-1924, occurred the major events by which Los Angeles secured its rights to Owens River water. The United States Reclamation Service had been considering the Owens Valley as a possible reclamation project site, but it deferred to the greater needs of the city, a move endorsed by higher officials in the Department of the Interior and by President Theodore Roosevelt. Under the direction of William Mulholland, construction of the aqueduct was begun in 1907 and completed in 1913. There followed a period of relative



William Mulholland—SECURITY PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK COLLECTION

quiet between city and valley.

The second phase lasted from about 1924-1940 and earned the title of "the water wars." During this period the growing city, citing serious water shortages, increased its consumption of Owens River water, to the anger of the valley farmers. On several occasions the farmers dynamited the aqueduct pipeline; a state senate investigating committee found the city remiss in its obligations to the valley. In the 1930's the city purchased extensive acreage in the valley and rather tardily constructed a reservoir for water storage there.[2]

After 1940 the controversy left the area of confrontation and sensational headlines for the courtroom. Spokesmen for opposing viewpoints passed away. Newcomers to the city drank glasses of water and turned on lawn sprinklers without thinking too hard on how a semi-arid region could supply the needs of the expanding city. The Los Angeles Department of Water and Power continued to grow in service and influence, its power symbolized by the impressive building constructed in the 1960's in the revitalized civic center. Meanwhile, the towns in the Owens Valley—Bishop, Lone Pine, Independence—survive through the beneficence of tourists and recreation seekers.

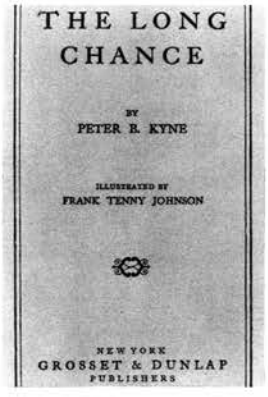
Recently a fourth phase has commenced out of the increasing concern for protection of the environment. Inyo County has protested against the second aqueduct, and the "greatest good for the greatest number" slogan rings hollow

in an age of overpopulated areas, overcrowded freeways, and environmental impact reports.

The struggle for control of water rights has long been a favorite theme of Western writers and, not unexpectedly, the Owens Valley-Los Angeles water controversy has received the attention of several novelists. While the five novels to be discussed here carry no special enduring merit as literature, they do deserve attention as an indication of how the city-valley conflict has developed as a historical experience.[3] Despite several attempts to document the history of the Owens Valley-Los Angeles struggle, no definitive account has appeared to date. Major historians of California history still draw on earlier, biased works, as do recent monographs. Indeed, the conspiracy theory, dismissed by some writers and supported by others, persists to the present day.[4]

The first novel to utilize the Owens Valley water conflict as a theme appeared in 1914.[5] Peter B. Kyne, a prolific writer of adventure novels, set *The Long Chance* in California in the first years of the twentieth century. The locales include the Mojave Desert, Bakersfield, and the Owens Valley, with some side trips to San Francisco and Los Angeles. The hero is Bob McGraw, a young man uniquely qualified to practice law, work as a mining engineer, or live as a desert rat. The heroine, Donna Corbley, was brought up in the fictional town of San Pasqual, on the fringe of the Mojave Desert. Her mother brought her there as an infant after her father disappeared while on a prospecting trip. Orphaned at 17, Donna works as a cashier in a restaurant.

The plot is extremely melodramatic, full of coincidences and turnabouts. McGraw envisions a private reclamation project in the Owens Valley; all he needs is money. The villain is T. Morgan Carey, a millionaire who controls the operation of the state land office. Through means of a cleverly planned ruse McGraw obtains options on the land he hopes to develop with the water rights he has already secured. On meeting Donna, it is love at first sight, and the


THE LONG
CHANCE

BY
PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK TENNY JOHNSON

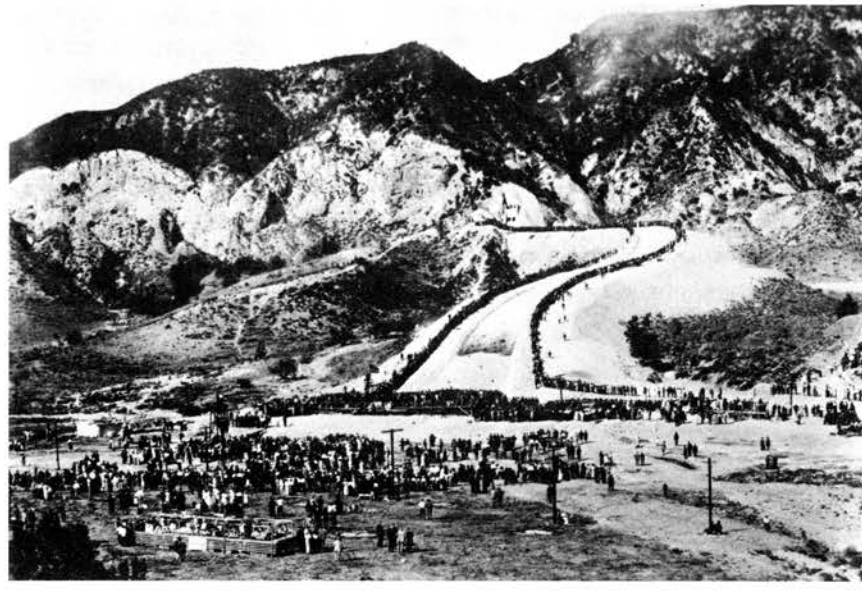
NEW YORK
GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS

Title page of the first novel to utilize the Owens Valley water conflict as a theme.

ending is quite predictable—for it was Carey who caused the death of Donna's father twenty years earlier. McGraw forgives Carey for his evil past and Carey, repentant of his ill-gotten fortune, offers to support McGraw's plans for Donnaville, the community McGraw hopes to develop in the Owens Valley. On this happy note the story ends.

It is important to note the date when this novel was published—shortly after the completion of the Owens Valley-Los Angeles Aqueduct. The reality of the aqueduct appears in the background of the novel, although no direct mention is made of it. The time frame of the novel is deliberately vague, but Kyne drew on actual events for background detail. At one point Donna tells Bob:

> For several months something very mysterious has been going on in our part of the world. There has been a force of surveyors and engineers in the valley searching for a permanent water supply for some great purpose, *though nobody can guess what it is.* But it's a fact that a pile of money has been spent in Long Valley, above Owens Valley, and more is to be spent if it can buy water. The chief engineer of the outfit read in the paper at Independence the account of your filing at Cottonwood Lake and he has had men searching for you ever since. One of them called to interview you. . . . An engineer was with him and while they were at luncheon I overheard them discussing your water-right. The engineer declared that the known feature alone made the location worth a million dollars.[6]



Celebration opening the aqueduct spillway, November 5, 1913.— SECURITY PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK COLLECTION

Assuming that the novel follows proper chronology in events concerning the Owens Valley, this conversation had to have taken place prior to July 29, 1905, for after that date everyone knew that the City of Los Angeles intended to obtain water rights in the valley. But Kyne played with the historical record, utilizing artistic license to switch events in time. Earlier in the novel Bob told Donna that while he was exploring the Owens Valley area in search of irrigable land, "a very strange thing occurred. The lower portion of the valley, including the stretch of desert on which I had my eye, was suddenly withdrawn from entry and thrown into a Forest Reserve by the Department of the Interior. It was a queer proceeding that—including a desert timbered with sage-brush and greasewood in a Forest Reserve! Withdrawing from entry lands that would not even remotely interest settlers!"[7]

Since the date of this withdrawal—April 20, 1908—is a matter of historical record,[8] it seems to have bothered Kyne not at all to switch these events around, even though the withdrawal was made in open support of Los Angeles's hopes for an aqueduct route free from land speculation, not as a secret proceeding as Kyne suggests. In other words, this novel does not consider the background events as part of a conspiracy to swindle Owens Valley out of its water. Kyne's hero has noble intentions for the use of the water and land he hopes to obtain:

> I'm going to give it to the lowly of the earth. . . . I'm going to subdivide it into ten-acre farms, with a perpetual water-right with every farm. I'm going to build a town with a business block up each side of the main street. . . I'm going to gather up a few thousand of the lowly and the hopeless in the sweatshops of the big cities and bring them back to the land! Back to *my* land and *my* water that I'm going to hold in trust for them, the poor devils! Back where there won't be any poverty—where ten acres of Inyo desert with Inyo water on it will mean a future to every poor family I plant in my desert.[9]

If Kyne, writing in 1914, can place such a dream in the mouth of his hero—a dream still to be actually undertaken at the end of the novel—it can be presumed that with the aqueduct completed, Kyne still felt a credible novel could be written envisioning a reclamation project in the vicinity of the Owens Valley. Therefore Kyne wrote his novel in the belief that there was water enough for both the city and the valley. The Owens Valley settlers, in the context of Kyne's novel, did not believe themselves defrauded of their water. Had such a belief existed, Kyne's novel could not have ended the way it did. The settlers of Owens Valley may have been unhappy with the arrangement by which Los Angeles had secured its water rights to the Owens River, but in 1914 no one believed the city intended to obtain *all* the water.

Mary Austin's novel *The Ford*,[10] which appeared in 1917, continued the optimism of *The Long Chance*, although its characters lacked the aggressive energy of a Bob McGraw. Austin's involvement in the Owens Valley

controversy was painfully personal. It was her husband, Stafford W. Austin, who as land registrar in Inyo County in 1905 publicized and protested Los Angeles's plans to acquire Owens River water. Stafford Austin became a temporary hero in Inyo County, but he was also an inveterate speculator, and Mary Austin had had enough of their marriage by the end of the year. The marriage ended in divorce, and the author of *Land of Little Rain* continued her literary career in other regions. A dozen years later she recorded her interpretation of the Owens Valley water controversy in *The Ford.*

The theme of *The Ford* is speculation—the search for opportunity, the chance to "get into" something that will produce economic success at a time when such aspirations were held by all. There are no villains as such in this story, only the strong and the weak. Typifying the strong element is Timothy Rickart, a wealthy, influential capitalist, a combination of Henry Miller, Harrison Gray Otis, and other men of power and position at the beginning of the twentieth century in California, symbolized in *Chinatown* in the powerful portrait of Noah Cross given by John Huston. Opposing him are the farmers and ranchers of Tierra Longa, weak because of their belief that their strength as men comes from their individuality. Throughout the story Rickart manipulates these settlers in a cat-and-mouse game that first involves oil and then water resource development.

Familiar as she was with California topography, Austin chose to make her setting a fictitious one. All of the place names are fictional except for San Francisco and Hetch Hetchy. Tierra Longa is a combination of Owens Valley and the San Joaquin Valley; Summerfield is Bakersfield; and so on. The complex plot contains many digressions and subplots. Kenneth Brent comes of age in Tierra Longa; he watches his father lose the family homestead and sees it regained years later by his sister Anne, who becomes successful as a real estate agent. Awed by the power of Rickart—a power that contributed to the defeat of his father in oil speculation and led indirectly to the death of his mother—Kenneth goes to work for Rickart as a clerk, hoping to learn at first hand the key to Rickart's success.

If oil speculation dominates the first half of the book, the mystery of the possibilities of the Arroyo Verde (Austin's counterpart of the Owens River) occupies everyone's attention in the second part. A mysterious dilletante named Elwood (a thinly disguised Fred Eaton, the former mayor of Los Angeles who first recognized the Owens River's possibilities as a source for the city's water needs) comes to Tierra Longa and starts buying options on ranches in the valley. It later develops that he is working for Rickart, and that the pattern underlying his expenditures is to acquire enough of the Arroyo Verde water rights to supply San Francisco (Austin's substitute for Los Angeles) with a new source of water for its needs. Elwood corrupts a government engineer

Fred Eaton

Joseph B. Lippincott

named Lattimer (again a fictionalization of Joseph B. Lippincott, supervising engineer for California for the U.S. Reclamation Service) and successfully passes himself off to some ranchers as a government agent. When Anne learns of the scheme, she alerts a reporter who publicizes it in his paper, "a plan by which the waters of Tierra Longa were to be brought through a cement conduit across the valley and tunneled, through a flanking coast range, to the city faucets."[11] Once the word is out, the Hetch Hetchy faction successfully presses its campaign to supply San Francisco with water, and Tierra Longa remains intact. Kenneth, who obtained the surplus water rights to the Arroyo Verde, hopes to build a dam for irrigation purposes; Rickart accepts defeat gracefully and implies he might lend his acumen to the development of the valley. On this and other positive notes the novel ends.

Austin's fictionalizing of the Owens Valley-Los Angeles water conflict is fairly transparent, though she transcended actual events by combining the water needs of two cities into one. Her view of Elwood and Lattimer, however, comes directly from her ex-husband, whose experiences had been bitter ones. Austin paints both men in an unsavory light, in effect accusing Lippincott/Lattimer of accepting generous bribes, as shown in this passage, where a drunken Eaton/Elwood reveals his machinations to Kenneth:

> It *is* rather fine, that exalted cult of Locality, by which so much is forgiven so long as it is done in the name of the Good of the Town. But it had required a high percentage of alcoholic dilution to carry off the process by which the interest of the Government expert was transferred to the city in which recently acquired property had established the Good of the Town as his prime moral necessity.

> It was, no doubt, due to Elwood's being not quite drunk enough that there were so many gaps in his account of how the views of Lattimer on the advisability of creating a national irrigation district in Arroyo Verde had been made to coincide with the views of Elwood on the necessity of establishing it as a city water supply.[12]

Although Austin hardly conceals her contempt for Elwood/Eaton and Lattimer/Lippincott, in 1917 she believed Tierra Longa, the typification of her Land of Little Rain, the Owens Valley, still had a future. The Owens Valley-Los Angeles Aqueduct was an accomplished fact, yet it seemed possible for the valley to retain its promise of potential development.

The situation had drastically changed by the time the next novel using the aqueduct theme was published. The water wars of the 1920's had given way to the despair of the thirties as Owens Valley residents saw Los Angeles dominate their region. With the deaths of Eaton and Mulholland, personality had given way to bureaucracy, and the aqueduct was institutionalized as a part of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power. Los Angeles suffered the severe criticisms of Inyo newspaper publisher Willie A. Chalfant and former Associated Press editor Morrow Mayo, whose books castigated the city for its methods of obtaining water. The city also experienced the indignity of a state senate investigating committee. The committee's report found fault with the way Los Angeles had acted towards the valley since 1905.[13]

With the controversy very much alive in the 1930's, a young British journalist and film critic named Cedric Belfrage incorporated the water struggle as part of his 1938 novel of the development of Hollywood, *Promised Land*.[14] The novel follows the Laurie family from its arrival from Kansas at the start of the twentieth century to the 1930's. The central figures are Ed and Ma Laurie; three children, Fanny, Ann, and Clark; Ed's grand-uncle Si, a pioneer settler in the Owens Valley; and Don, Si's grandson. Most of what befalls the family is tragic. Fanny, hooked on marijuana, goes insane and is institutionalized; Ann commits suicide after a love affair ends badly; Si and Ed perish when the St. Francis Dam crumbles.[15] All Ed wanted out of the new land was to grow lemons, but Ma saw the value of land held for speculation. She dominated her husband, scrimped and saved every penny to pay for taxes and assessments, and wound up a paper millionaire—only to see it all dissolve in the 1929 crash. Only journalist Don manages to keep his bearing in the fantasy life of Hollywood (his cousin Clark eventually also becomes aware of the tinsel surrounding him), and Don manages to preserve his integrity only by taking assignments abroad.

Belfrage performed creditably in setting up the historical framework of the novel, though his bias against profit-making amusement as an economic wellspring for Hollywood's growth is clear, as are his dislike of ostentatiousness, abuse of the poor, and unearned and undeserved wealth.

Throughout the book Belfrage returns to the theme of the Owens River. The settlers who worked the land with their sweat came to Owens Valley, while those who sought wealth through speculation went to Los Angeles. Belfrage openly acknowledges his debt to Mayo's *Los Angeles* and Chalfant's *Story of Inyo* "and others whose books I have raided for details." While Belfrage names names in their historical context (e.g., William Mulholland, Aimee Semple McPherson), he gives Lippincott the fictional name of Jackson. David Laurie, Don's father, writes his cousin Ed in 1905 that "a fellow from Los Angeles" (i.e., Eaton) came up to Owens Valley "and goes around showing papers and maps belonging to this Jackson of the Govt. Reclamation Service . . ." Belfrage also includes the controversial episode of a land syndicate buying up chunks of the San Fernando Valley and reaping huge profits with the completion of the aqueduct.[16]

Belfrage's story contains much more than the city-valley conflict. He skillfully wove the events that took place historically into his fictional narrative, and he successfully captured the growth of Hollywood from the viewpoint of the ordinary person. What emerges from *Promised Land* is a devastating indictment of ostentatiousness and waste, mingled with an admiration for the very scale on which so little of importance was measured.[17]

By 1950 enough time had passed for the city-valley feud to cool somewhat. Major participants had died, and Los Angeles' growth was a fact of life, as was its rather tarnished image as a group of suburbs in search of a city. Author Remi Nadeau interviewed old-timers and used their reminiscences as source material for his 1950 nonfiction book *The Water Seekers*, recently reprinted. Nadeau sought the middle ground in his narrative, avoiding the conspiracy theory while putting the blame for past mistakes on human failings. His book presents an amazing contrast to a novel dealing with the water controversy that was published the same year.

Frances Gragg and George Palmer Putnam's *Golden Valley: A Novel of California* [18] is a highly fictionalized version of the Owens Valley-Los Angeles water controversy. The authors exercised considerable artistic license, compressing time and oversimplifying a number of complex events. The conspiracy theory is implicit in the story, for some of the Los Angeles characters are clearly unscrupulous. The story is told from the viewpoint of the settlers, in the words of Grandmother Weston, whose family has lived in Inyo for forty years.

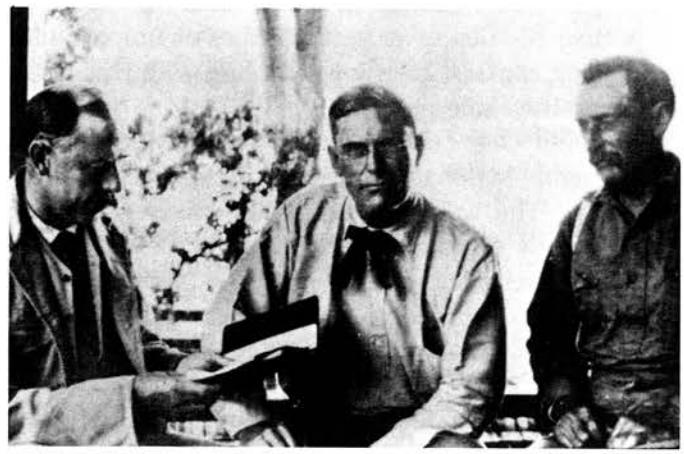
For no clear reason other than artistic license the authors set the initial events in 1910 rather than 1905.[19] Joseph B. Lippincott appears as James Enderby, a dishonest government official who openly admits he is working for the city. The settlers, believing he was in charge of a reclamation project in the valley, are amazed when he tells them:

> I am not chief engineer of any reclamation district here or elsewhere. I never have been. The government employed me to survey the water potentials of this valley and make a report. I've done so. This report is in Washington. If you people jumped to conclusions, it's not my fault.[20]

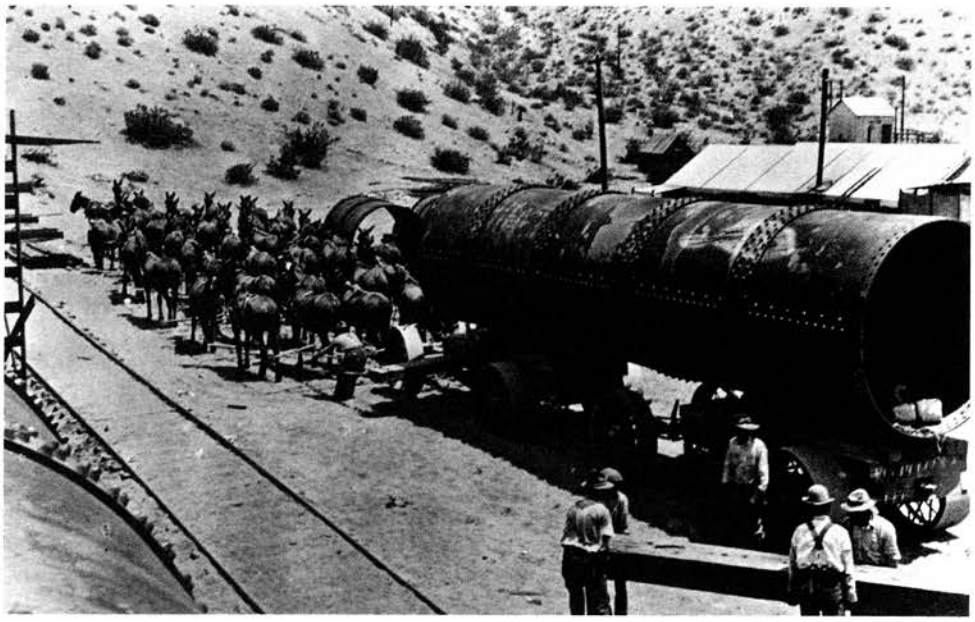
When the settlers demand that he reveal who is his real employer, Enderby replies bluntly, "The city of Los Angeles." John Weston, patriarch of the Weston clan, learns that Los Angeles engineer Angus MacAndrew (the author's fictionalization of William Mulholland, in charge of aqueduct construction), while anxious for the city to obtain Owens Valley water, is nonetheless an honest man. When MacAndrew is informed of Enderby's duplicity, he *fires* him from the job! In actuality, Lippincott was assistant chief engineer on the aqueduct construction project.[21]

Other characters are transparent masks for real people, but the roles in which the authors cast them are gross distortions of the historical record. George W. Bushnell, who buys up land and options right and left in the novel, is probably Eaton; John G. Sayville, member of the board of water commissioners of Los Angeles and devious speculator, portrays a role attributed by adherents of the conspiracy theory to Southern California enterpreneur Moses H. Sherman.

In view of the date when the book was written, it seems odd that the authors would fictionalize so much that is generally known to have happened.[22] The dynamite war of the 1920's is merged into the period of the aqueduct construction, even though over a decade intervened. Early in the novel Inyo's congressman, Harry Sansene, learns of the reclamation project fraud and has



J. B. Lippincott, Fred Eaton, and William Mulholland

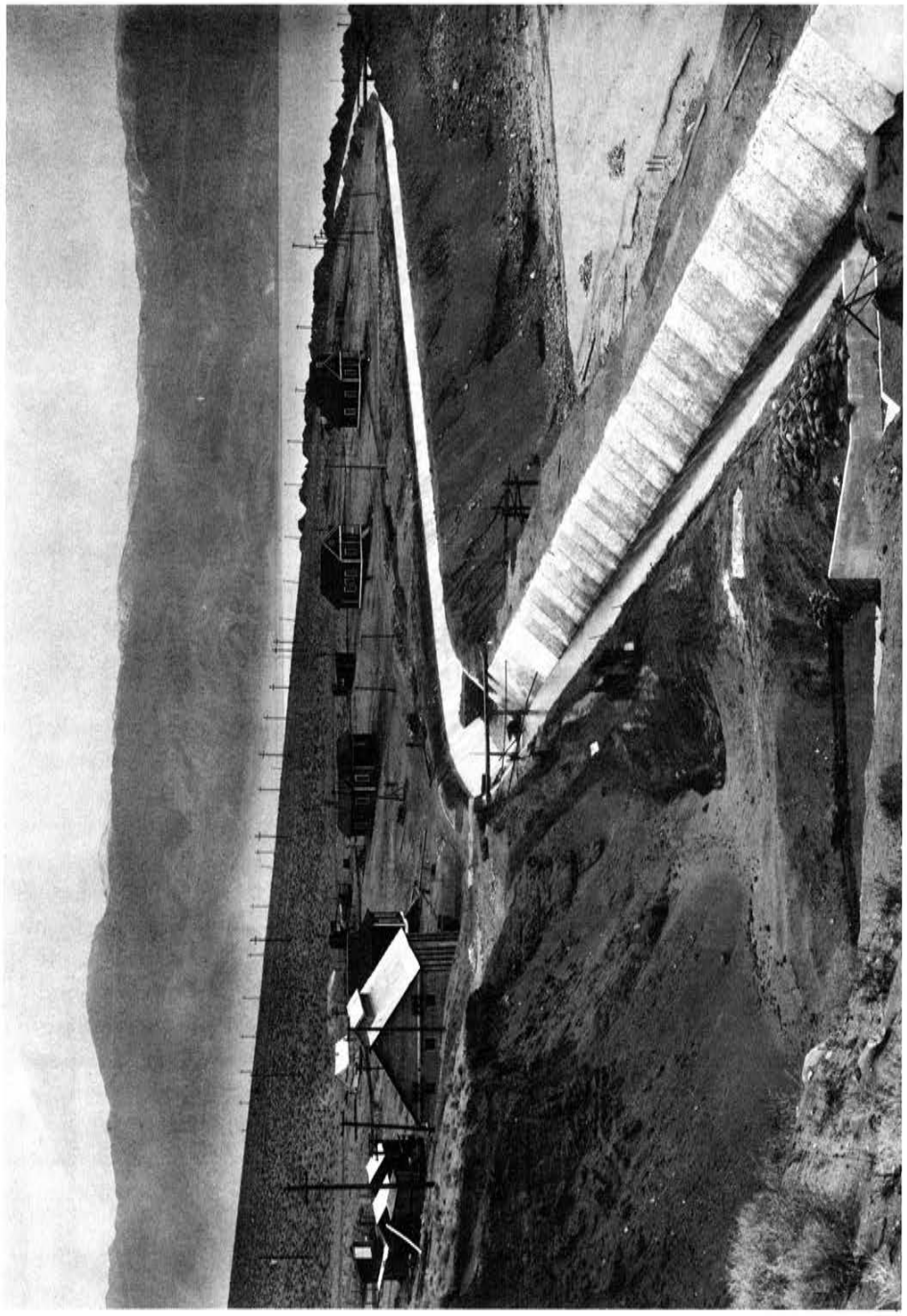


Teams of mules were used to haul pipe for the aqueduct.—PHOTO COURTESY LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER

an audience with the President. Since it is 1910, the President must be Taft; but it was Theodore Roosevelt who lectured Sylvester C. Smith, Sansene's real-life counterpart, about "the greatest good to the greatest number."

One high point of the novel occurs when a dynamiting of the aqueduct is averted; but in fact such dynamitings did occur. Frank Masters, the Inyo banker who is a composite of the real-life Watterson brothers, goes broke while the aqueduct is being built, and dies; but the Wattersons went to prison on charges of bank peculations. The authors conclude the book on a highly optimistic note: Los Angeles obtains a needed site for a storage reservoir, MacAndrew sees to it that settlers owning seepage land receive equitable compensation for their ranches, Sayville is ousted from the water board, and Bushnell is run out of the county. Unfortunately, *Golden Valley's* distortion of the historical record leaves it as little more than an entertaining, if lightweight, story which runs a poor second to the nonfiction account presented the same year by Nadeau.

The final novel to be considered here, Victoria Wolf's *Fabulous City,*[23] utilizes the water controversy for its climactic scenes. Using the tremendous expansion of Los Angeles between 1870 and 1905 as the setting for her novel, the author wove a story of opportunity, greed, and finally tragedy involving



Aqueduct skirting Owens Lake.—Security Pacific National Bank Collection

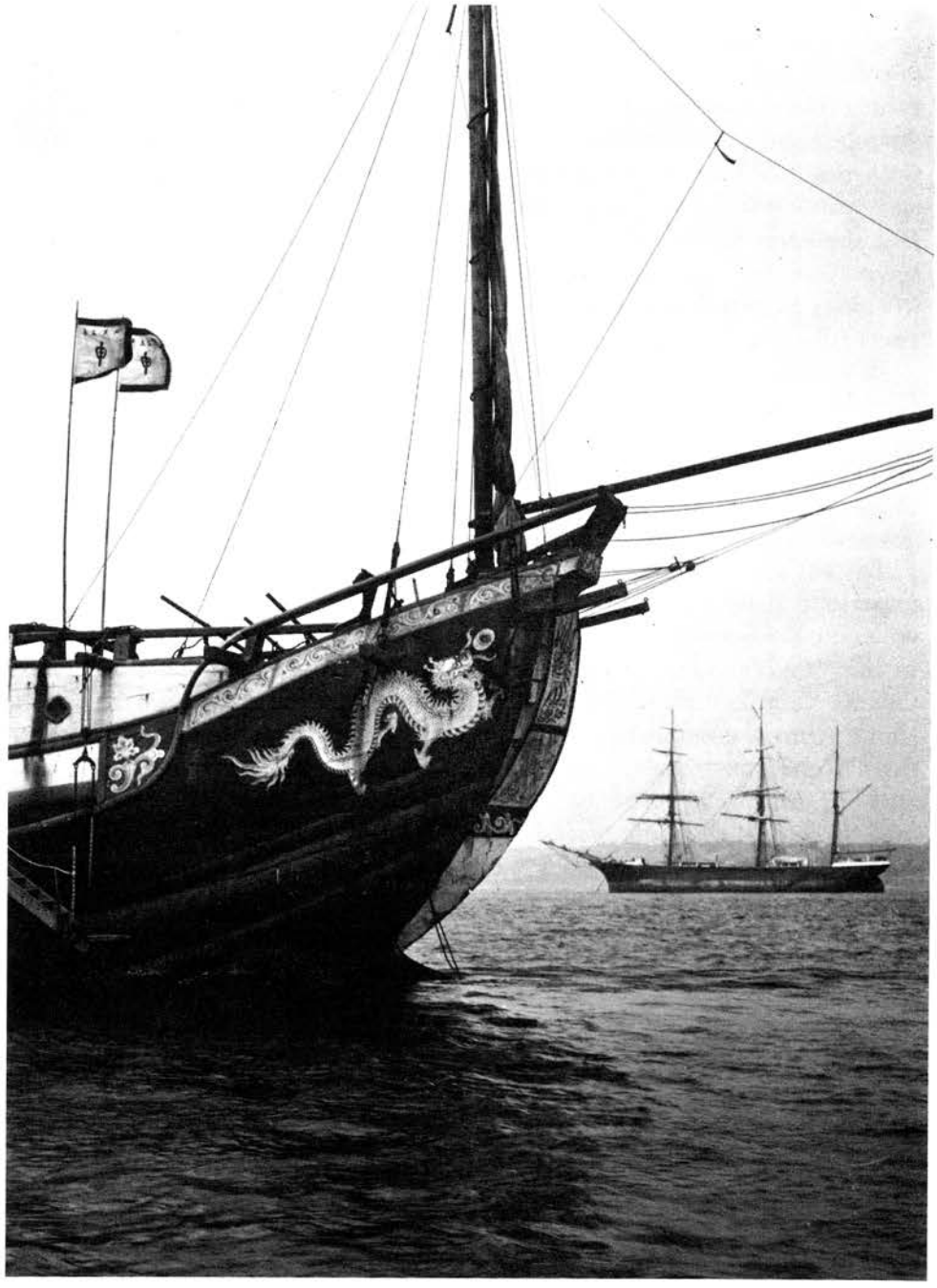
two cousins and the girl they both loved. The plot is well constructed, and the reader can easily empathize with the characters and their relationships. The cousins, Leigh Ramsey and Philip Donaldson, as young boys, see their fathers lynched by a Los Angeles mob. But their destinies lay with the future of Los Angeles, and upon growing to manhood they see their fortunes come and go with those of their adopted city. Philip weds Gwen Dewitt, daughter of a newspaper editor who had befriended the cousins when they were orphaned. But she loves Leigh, who is too involved with the pursuit of a law career to have time for anyone or anything else. Philip, obsessed with ambition, becomes involved with one scheme after another; though he is moderately successful, his drive pushes him into plans which are ethically questionable.

In one of these schemes Philip poses as a government representative in Owens Valley and secures water rights. A farmer comes to the Donaldson home to demand redress. There is a fight, a struggle for a gun, and Gwen accidentally shoots her husband. He dies. The farmer then dies of a heart attack, leaving Gwen to face the law alone. Gwen and Leigh finally acknowledge their love for each other as she faces a prison term.

The author sees to it that her characters share in every major development experienced by Los Angeles. They witness the lynching of the Chinese, welcome the Southern Pacific Railroad, invest in real estate and oil, speculate in the '80s boom, and fight in the free harbor contest. At the last there is Owens Valley. Wolf sticks fairly faithfully to the events as they occurred, though time is condensed here and there (from the "Boom of the Eighties" to the Owens Valley water options Gwen's daughter ages only six years). The author's interpretation of Owens Valley is, at the least, highly original. Philip enacts the role allegedly played by Eaton—only Eaton lived to prosper from it. Wolfe's view of Los Angeles is basically negative, the price of ambition a tragedy for everyone.

Most recently, the film *Chinatown* has again recalled the Owens Valley-Los Angeles water controversy, now encrusted with the legends and distortions of 75 years.[24] Despite the excellent plot structure, author Robert Towne hardly helped in demarcating fact from fiction when he made engineer Mulwray (Mulholland) the dupe in a story involving incest, murder, and fraud. *Chinatown* has not yet appeared in novel form and, regardless of its excellence as a motion picture, hopefully the cause of history may be spared yet another contrivance manipulating time and events.

None of the novels described here challenges Frank Norris's *The Octopus* as California's epic novel of confrontation and tragedy. A story based on the facts of the water controversy instead of its aberrations has yet to be written. But for that matter, the nonfiction version itself has so far eluded a definitive historical hand.



Stern view of the *Ning Po* in San Diego Bay, 1915-1916—TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY HISTORICAL COLLECTION

The Ning Po, A Fabled Chinese Junk in Southern California Waters

BY ANNA MARIE and EVERETT G. HAGER

"Strange Chinese Craft is Expected Today!" read the banner headlines of the San Pedro *Pilot* on February 19, 1913, announcing the arrival of the fabled *Ning Po* in American waters, a ship whose very presence has provided an almost never-ending source of articles about her past. These often garbled and ludicrous stories, supposedly based on the *Ning Po's* past, have so taxed the credibility of readers that her true history has been as much obscured as are her splintery remains resting on the floor of Catalina Island's harbor at the Isthmus.

Over the years we have been collecting data and photographs about this interesting and unique Chinese junk. Then, through a fortunate and very happy meeting with historian William T. Corbusier of Long Beach, sadly now deceased, it was felt that by merging our materials and photographs, a more accurate history of the old *Ning Po* could be compiled.

Some say that the *Ning Po* was built in 1753, others in 1806, but she was definitely modeled after the Chinese idea of a sea monster. Her open bow represented a mouth, her bulging portholes the eyes, masts and sails the fins, and the high, fantastically carved stern, the tail and with painted dragons whose scaly lengths, on each side of the stern, further carried out the dragon image.

Launched as the *Kin Tai Fong*, a Chinese merchant ship, she was the fastest and best equipped vessel afloat at that time, but all too soon she developed

into a smuggler of silk, opium and slave girls.

Reputedly captured by the Chinese government in 1841, the *Kin Tai Fong* served the next seven years as a prison ship for pirates and smugglers. It was on her deck that one hundred and fifty-eight prisoners, whom the Chinese government found too expensive to feed, were beheaded. Seized again in 1861 at Taiping, the *Kin Tai Fong* was converted into a transport because of her size and speed and renamed *Ning Po.* It is claimed that the redoubtable Colonel Peter "Chinese" Gordon re-christened the *Kin Tai Fong,* choosing *Ning Po* which, translated in various forms, means "Calm Waves," or "Peaceful Waves," and for the city of that name which meant, "A place of contentment."

The most complete and detailed description of the *Ning Po* came from the pen of a woman writer, Della Phillips, who visited the *Ning Po* when it was exhibited at San Diego. The following description was taken from her article, "A Peaceful Pirate," published in the April, 1917, *Overland Monthly:*

> The *Ning Po* was almost entirely built of camphor and ironwood. The seams and cracks of the vessel are plastered with a cement of a sort that English speaking races have sought for in vain. Intermixed with cocoa-fibre, this cement does not crack with the motion of the vessel and is as good today as when first applied. The secret of its making remains with the Chinese who discovered it.
>
> The huge mainmast is of ironwood and its weight is estimated at twenty tons, ninety feet in length and nine feet in circumference. A great strip of mahogany braces the vessel amidships, to keep her from straining herself apart there. From this mast one huge sail, criss-crossed by bamboo spreaders, extends to the stern. The boom for this sail weighs five tons, so it can be readily seen how strong a mast must be to sustain such a weight.
>
> The thick ribs are placed only two and one-half feet apart, and the heavy beams and timbers are so ponderous that the caretaker estimates that there is sufficient wood in this old hulk to build six ships of modern construction.
>
> The camphor wood ribs and outer sheathing of logs are all paired. That is to say, a tree of the right curve was selected, whipsawed in halves, and a half used on either side of the ship, thus preventing the slightest discrepancy in shape and symmetry.
>
> No bolts were used in the ship's construction. Instead, sharp-pointed iron spikes, about one foot in length, were driven slantingly into the wood, for greater security. The rough decks are full of these spikes.
>
> With the exception of the ribs and sheathing, the old boat resembles a crazy-quilt in construction, odds and ends of wood being pieced together. All is neatly and carefully spiked and cemented together, but the joining is plainly visible.
>
> Another striking feature of this ancient craft is that she has nine water-tight compartments. (Raymenton noted that the compartments below deck were separated by water-tight bulkheads, an ancient device of the Chinese. They could only be entered by hatches from the deck).

True to the Oriental way of doing things, in direct opposition to the Occidental, this craft was navigated from the stern; the captain stood on the sea-monster's elevated tail to direct the vessel's movements.

The rudder, a cumbersome affair, weighing two tons, was not fastened to the vessel, but was attached to a special windlass by cables—two that held it upright and two more that passed from the rudder stem down underneath the vessel from stern to bow. Here they were fastened, thus holding the rudder to the vessel. On coming to anchor, the crew slacked up on the bow-lines, and by means of the windlass lifted the rudder clear of the water. The steering was done by means of two tillers, six men at each tiller.

A great coil of split bamboo rope lies near the mainmast. This rope is stronger than a steel cable of like thickness because of its great tenacity.

The old wooden anchor and great mahogany windlass for hoisting it are very interesting objects, very rough and ungainly contrasted to the steel affairs of today but it was no doubt durable and served its purpose well.

The walls of the officers' quarters are decorated with panels from the Chinese classics and over the door of the commander's cabin, characters denoting tonnage and the date of the vessel's construction.

Back of the officers' quarters is the old smuggler's chamber of horrors. In this dark dungeon compartment there was originally only one very small entrance, and the compartment itself a deep well of darkness extending clear to the hold.

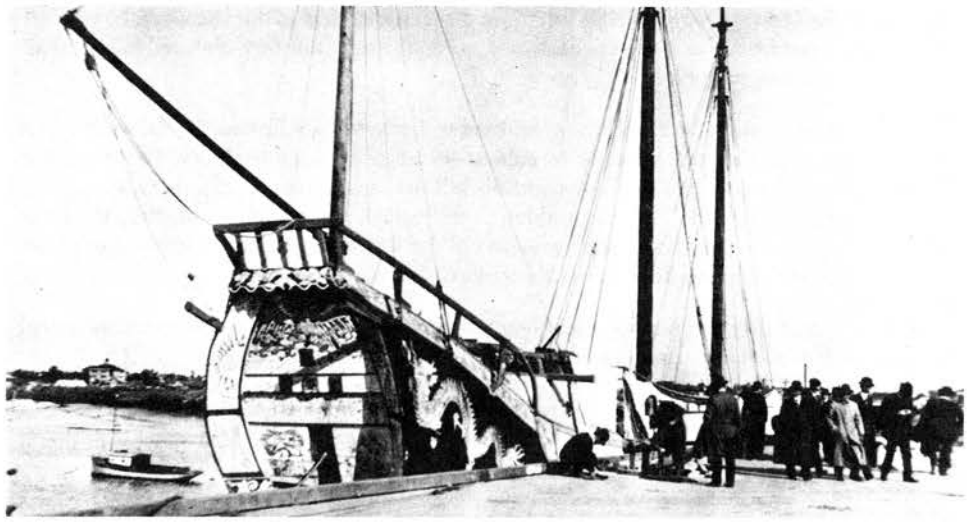
As it was impractical to show visitors such a ventless, rayless place, the exhibitors of the ship had sawed a large section out of the thick wall and put floorings across the deep chasm. Even then the way amidst the thick blackness of this gruesome chamber could not be found without the aid of a lantern.

From the misty, dim interior of the old ship, redolent of the smell of camphorwood, we at last emerged on the upper deck that was warm and bright, in the California sunshine.

Here, also are shown some of the modes of torture that were practiced in China. The *Kee-long* is the wooden cage in which persons accused of piracy or crimes against the government were suspended without food or water until death came. Other torture instruments, on board, included a two-handed sword, a big beheading knife, iron flairs (bone-crushers), thumb crews, the *Kang* double and single-boards that were fitted about the neck, a "weazened rusty little gun" 3-feet long, estimated to be 400 years old and a capstan whose iron bands litter the decks."

In 1911, a group of tourists in China greatly admired the *Ning Po* and raised sufficient money to purchase her and arrange for her passage to the United States where she would be placed on exhibit in various ports.

Twice the *Ning Po* attempted to leave the Orient and sail for the States only to be turned back because of typhoons and a mutiny. On her third attempt, under the command of a Danish sea captain, Captain Ues Toft, and a crew of fourteen men, Scandinavians and Orientals, the *Ning Po* left Yokohama on



Ning Po anchored off Long Beach Pier, Admission 25 cents.— HAGER COLLECTION

December 12, 1912, and after a journey of 7,000 miles in 58 days reached San Pedro on February 19, 1913.

According to Jerry MacMullen, maritime historian and writer of San Diego, the *Ning Po* before crossing the Pacific had had her matting sails replaced with gaff-headed sails of a typical schooner.

The first word of her pending arrival was sent over the wireless by Captain Fred Bennett, of the Matson liner *Honolulu*, headed for San Francisco from the Islands. Bennett was mystified when sighting on the horizon a weird-looking craft which bore gaudily painted sides and a high poop deck. Captain Bennett reported that the strange craft was indeed the famous old war junk the *Ning Po*, and it was headed for Southern California.

Upon notification, W.M. Milne of Pasadena, the new owner of the *Ning Po*, was on hand to meet his strange craft upon her arrival. The junk had no clearance papers and she was liable to a tonnage tax which amounted to about $600 or $800. The San Pedro *Pilot* described the *Ning Po* as a three-masted junk of 500 tons burden, 158-feet long with a 37-foot beam and a very high poop with a massive wooden rudder. After clearance at the Port of Los Angeles, the *Ning Po* left San Pedro on the 22nd of February and was towed to Venice for exhibition purposes.

It evidently did not pay very well to be exhibited at Venice, for by April the junk was towed down to San Diego and on April 10th, while in that port, the *Ning Po* was seized with an attachment for debt issued by the United States

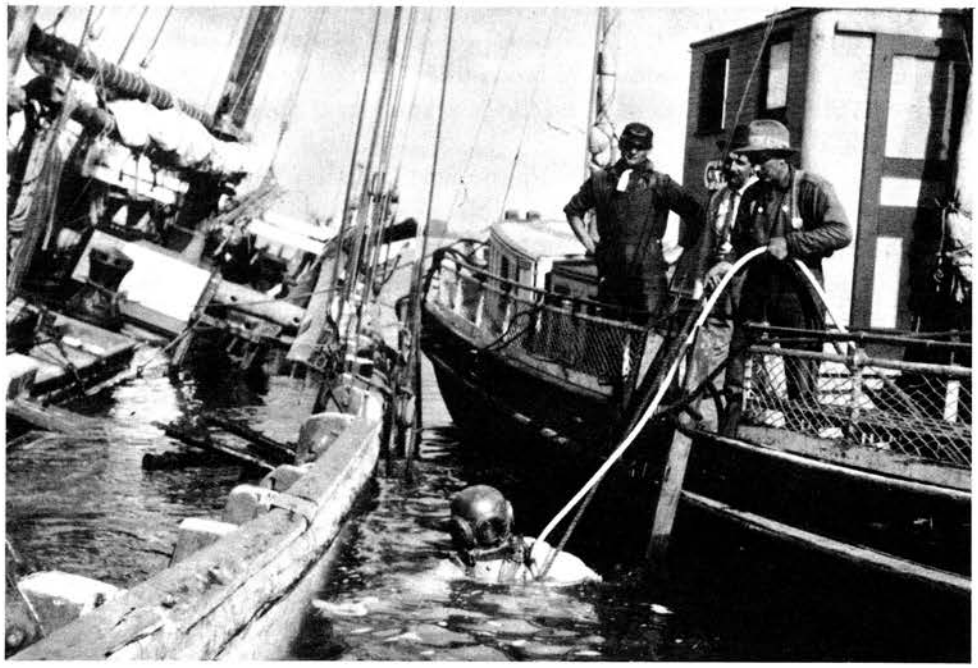
Court at Los Angeles. The proceeding was a civil one in which the members of the crew sought to recover $450 in back wages allegedly due them.

While in San Diego, Mr. Milne expressed the hope that he would be able to take the *Ning Po* through the Panama Canal and exhibit her on the eastern seaboard after being displayed in San Francisco during the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition, but neither ports nor the dream were ever reached.

In October, San Pedro papers called attention to the return of the *Ning Po* which was once again moored off the breakwater.

On October 18th, Mr. Milne tendered a "farewell tea" aboard the *Ning Po* to which all well-wishers were invited as he planned to have her refitted for a voyage to New York. Milne also expected to take the *Ning Po* across the Atlantic and visit all the principal ports of Europe.

But Nature provided a "farewell" party of an entirely different style. A month later, the *Ning Po* was still anchored east of Dead Man's Island, in an anchorage used by smaller boats and by the Navy submarines. On November 18th, southeaster storm signals were up and prompted the submarines and the tender *Alert* to move inside for safety, but the *Ning Po* remained outside. Except in cases of a southeaster, the area east of Dead Man's Island provided a good anchorage, even though not fully protected by the breakwater.



On the rocks of the jetty off Dead Man's Island. Divers at work from tug *Cresent*.— HAGER COLLECTION

First Officer Albert Wiborg, who had accompanied the *Ning Po* when it made its memorable voyage across the Pacific, was the only man on board her during the height of the storm. Wiborg managed to escape from the *Ning Po* after it grounded by using a "slipper" boat, one of the small craft which crews of the junk had used in years gone by. Members of the former crew only came aboard the *Ning Po* on Sundays, when the junk was "dressed" for visitors.

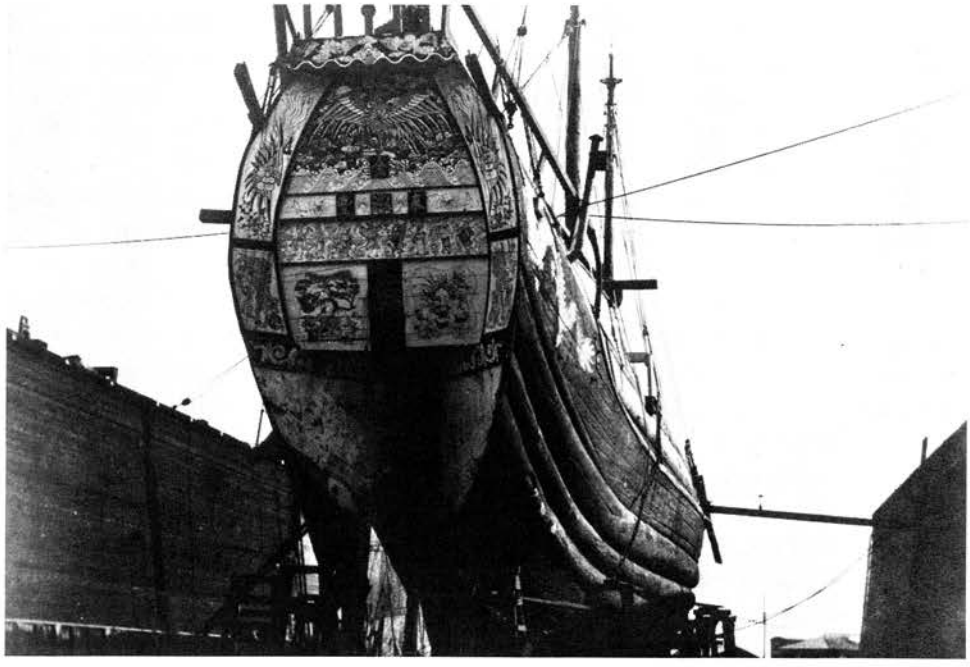
The junk parted her anchor chains late on Tuesday night and in the stiff southeaster drifted onto the rocks and sand about a quarter of a mile east of Dead Man's Island. The *Ning Po* lay in about 12 feet of water and within 15 feet of the rocky side of the easterly jetty at the harbor, upon which small boys managed to climb most of the day to view the strange Chinese junk.

Mr. Milne came down to San Pedro immediately after receiving word from First Officer Wiborg about the storm and the wreck. He managed, under the circumstances, to take off as many of the relics and curios as was humanly possible. By 10 a.m., the *Ning Po*, her stern and rudder badly damaged, had almost seven feet of water, and by 2 p.m. she had sunk to the bottom with only a part of her upper deck above water. At high tide, portions of her deck were covered and her masts lay over to starboard at an acute angle. Because of the steep slant of her deck it was difficult for the salvagers to keep their balance.

Numerous efforts by the tug *Crescent* to pull the *Ning Po* off the rocks proved unsuccessful. After almost four days of heavy and dangerous work, salvagers managed to install a 10-inch pump and get enough water out of her, and with the aid of divers patched the hole stove in at the port bow and floated her at high tide.

At first she was taken to the Fulton and Woodley Shipbuilding Yard on Mormon Island, but they were unable to complete the extensive repairs required and so the *Ning Po* was towed to the Craig Shipbuilding Company at Long Beach, where the heavy repairs were completed by mid-December.

During the time the *Ning Po* was at Fulton and Woodley, George Childs, with another boy, discovered that the port "eye" of the dragon head at the bow could be moved. The wooden "eye" had been so perfectly and securely placed at the bow that the ravages of earlier storms and fires had not dislodged it until the San Pedro southeaster hit the *Ning Po*, some 160 years after her launching. Childs and his companion found, after moving the "eye," a silver plate underneath, which had been fastened to the hull with one-inch silver nails. The thin silver plate measured two inches by two and three-quarter inches, and had small holes in the center of each two-inch side and had been mounted vertically with the dragon characters at the top, facing forward. According to Chinese boatbuilding tradition, such a plate under the "eye" served as a sacred talisman or secret fetish, and its placement was attended with the greatest of care and secrecy.



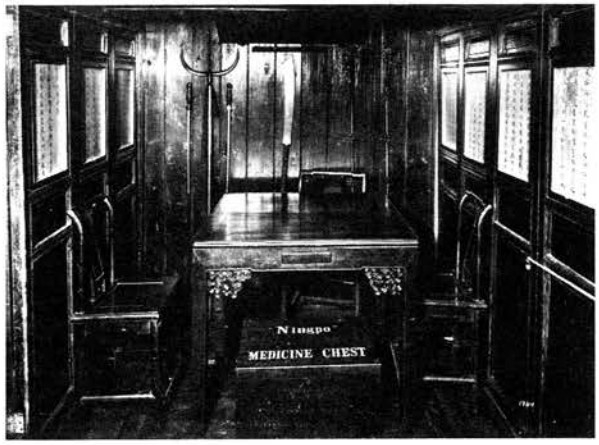
Above: In drydock at Craig Shipbuilding, 1913. Left: The silver plate found under the starboard "eye." Translated freely: "The eye of the dragon is bright and colorful."—HAGER COLLECTION

Mr. Corbusier spent long and almost fruitless months trying to secure a correct translation of the three Chinese hieroglyphics on the precious silver plate. Through Chinese friends in Los Angeles and in San Francisco, the Chinese characters, of a conventional form in early Mandarin, were freely translated to read: "The eye of the dragon is bright and colorful."

When she was in drydock at the Craig Shipyards, Mr. William J. Courtiour, who assisted in repairing the large hole in the *Ning Po's* port side, stated "that the work could only be done from the outside." And as far as he could remember there was no new work done on the inside, such as runways or stairs for exhibition purposes. In repairing the hole "amidships, aft, below the water line," it was found that the large bottom logs had been caulked with fish nets laid in the seams with tallow, and the beams fastened with "tree nails," or pegs of wood driven into tapered holes. It was impossible to use oakum for the caulking. Galvanized spikes six or seven inches long were used, first drilling undersized holes about two inches short and then driving the spikes in. After the required repairs were completed, the *Ning Po* once again was anchored in the west channel of San Pedro near the yacht club and safe from storms.

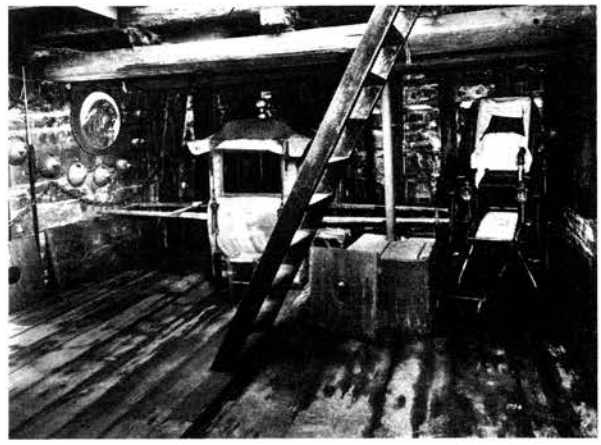
Dressed for visitors in San Diego Bay.— TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY

Anna Marie and Everett Gordon Hager

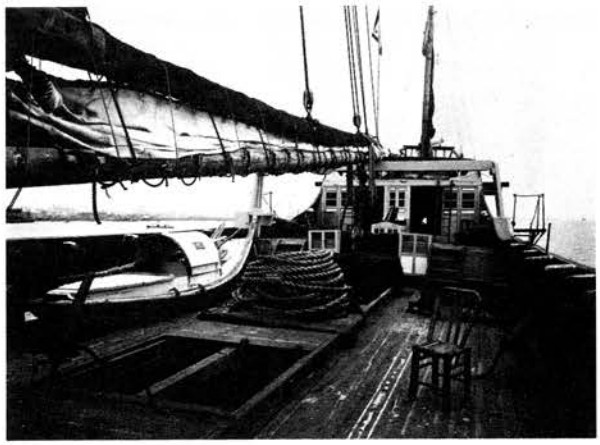


Ning Po—Cabin view.

Relics in the hold.



—PHOTOGRAPHS THIS PAGE COURTESY TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY HISTORICAL COLLECTION



Deck of the Ning Po.

Mr. Milne's dream to take his Chinese junk to New York and return in time for the San Francisco Panama-Pacific Exposition suffered an early demise when he sold the *Ning Po* to the Meteor Boat Company of Los Angeles.

The new owners promptly announced their plans to take the *Ning Po* to Catalina Island for exhibition purposes. Contrary to their announced plans, the Meteor Boat Company surprisingly requested and was granted permission on February 4, 1914, by the Long Beach City Council, to tie up the *Ning Po* alongside the municipal dock. The junk was opened for visitors on the following Sunday, February 5th. Captain J. D. Loop's launches, the *Music* and the *Camiguin,* provided the sole transportation to and from the Pine Avenue Pier with fifteen minute schedules, between the hours of 9 a.m., and 6 p.m., when the *Ning Po* was open for visitors.

The Long Beach *Daily Telegram* remarked: "Outside of its very great age and interesting points of construction, the ship's contents, though gruesome, would have a great educational value to the ordinary person."

The Meteor Company, or perhaps it was Milne's doing after the wreck and loss of some of the torture artifacts, re-stocked the *Ning Po* with a larger collection of artifacts, some of dubious antiquity and authenticity, but all were calculated to make the countless visitors shudder.

The Long Beach Board of Public Works extended the permit for the *Ning Po* to remain anchored at the municipal dock, but by early 1915 the junk had been towed down the coast to San Diego where she remained until 1917. Numerous visitors, during the Panama-California Exposition of 1915 and 1916, took small launches out to visit the *Ning Po* and one important visitor, Della Phillips, left a valuable legacy in her splendid article published in the *Overland Monthly.*

Other observant visitors must have toured the *Ning Po* but few of their reminiscences have come to light. One very personal account of the *Ning Po* was published in the *San Diego Historical Society Quarterly* in October, 1958, H. K. Raymenton's "The Venerable Ning Po," in which portions of his diary

At the Isthmus, Catalina Island.— HAGER COLLECTION

were reproduced. Mr. Raymenton, in 1965, most generously sent other entries to Mr. Corbusier in which he described various visits to the *Ning Po.*

A friend of Mr. Raymenton's father, Charles Hoyle, who served as the custodian and guide aboard the *Ning Po,* entertained them at dinner and permitted the younger Raymenton to sleep on board her. On another occasion, Dr. George Wharton James, a Captain Glendenning and the Raymentons were Hoyle's dinner guests aboard the *Ning Po.*

After World War I, the Wilmington Transportation Company brochures and maps depicted the *Ning Po* as anchored at the Isthmus of Santa Catalina Island. Among one of their more choice descriptions written to entice visiting tourists to the Isthmus was the following: "A sight to see is the old Chinese ship, the *Ning Po,* built in 1753, of camphor and ironwood. Her ribs have been crimsoned with the blood of the most desperate outlaws of the Orient. At one time 158 pirates were beheaded on her decks. She is called "Ning Po" after the city in China."

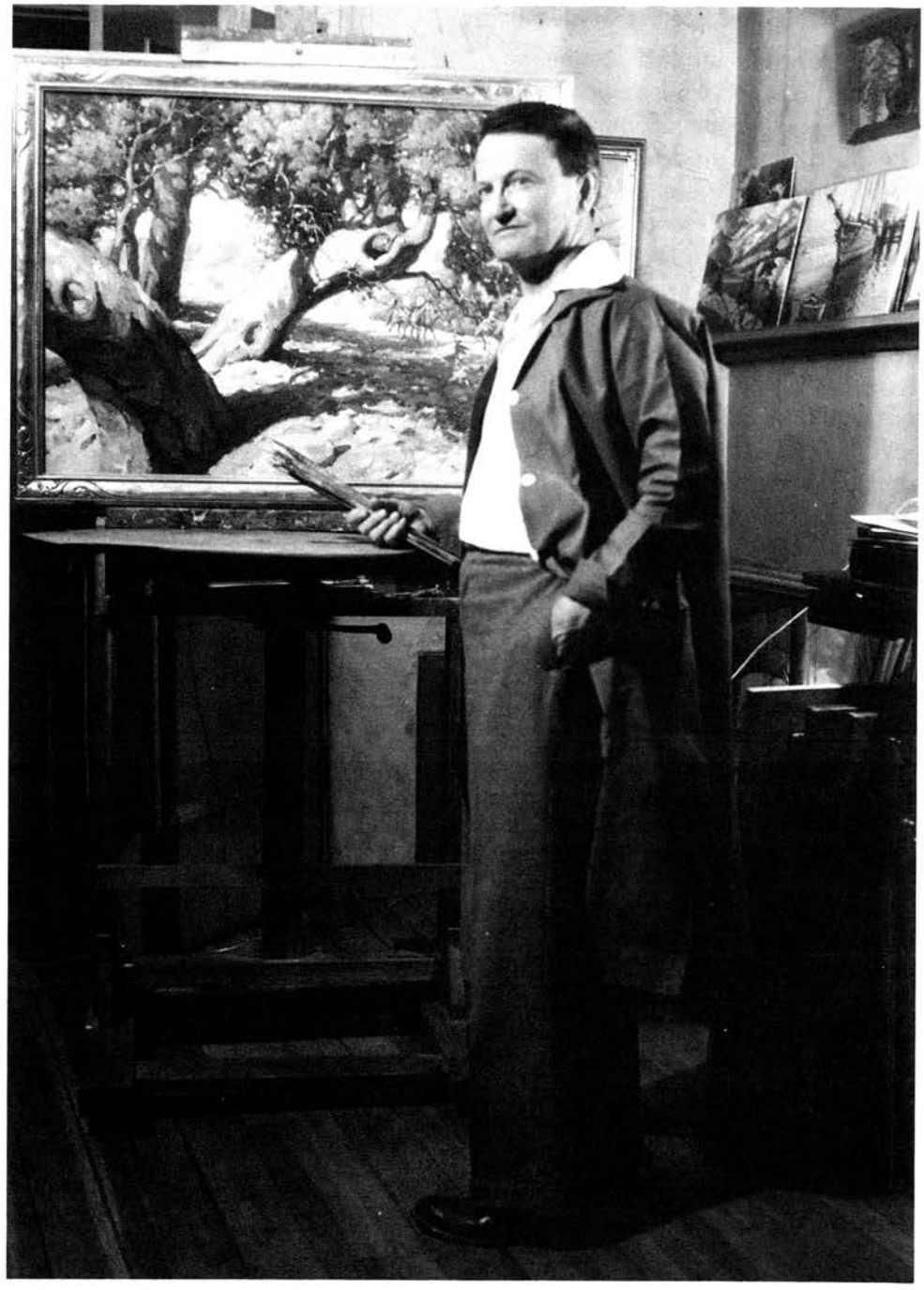
The *Ning Po* never visited San Francisco, the Panama Canal, New York or the famous European ports but remained in Southern California waters until a disastrous fire in 1935 destroyed her and she sank on the shore of Catalina Harbor at Santa Catalina Island. In that same fire several wooden ships which had been used in filming motion picture "spectaculars" were also destroyed. Among them was the famous old down-easter, the *Llewellyn J. Morse,* which ended her active days as the *U.S.S. Constitution,* re-rigged for the silent film, "Old Ironsides." It has been claimed that the *Ning Po* provided scenic background interest for various motion pictures made at the Isthmus.

For many years the ribs of the *Ning Po* and her rotting hulk lay half-submerged at the Isthmus before falling prey to vandals and skindivers who hacked away at her few remains with a vengeance, seeking mementos of camphor and ironwood for souvenirs of the once famed *Ning Po.*

Displayed today in the Catalina Island Museum at Avalon are various artifacts taken from the *Ning Po,* as well as some hand-crafted items carved by Island residents from woods taken from the fabled Chinese junk.

Stories will continue about the *Ning Po's* past. Some tell of the *Ning Po's* service as a floating restaurant advertising Spanish food and Chop Suey! Others of musical entertainment, dancing, and vaudeville acts to keep land-lubber patrons happy on board the *Ning Po.* One need only study the photographs taken of her deck and meager accommodations to realize such stories are but the fantasy of an imaginative pen.

Her history needed little embellishment, for she holds a unique part in the Californian maritime history. It is hoped that future articles, based on personal reminiscences, will uncover additional nuggets to add to the unusual history of the *Ning Po.*



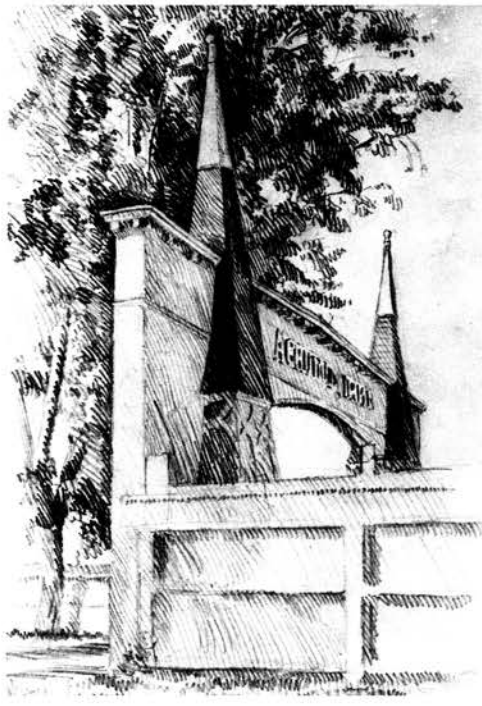
Duncan Gleason

An Artist's View of Los Angeles, 1895-1959

BY TOM MCNEILL

A narrow winding street in the Los Feliz hills section of Los Angeles led to the imposing Spanish style home-studio of J. Duncan Gleason, eminent marine and landscape artist. I had an invitation to a family supper, my first visit to this beautiful and interesting home. The wind was crisp and dry, a typical January evening, in 1959. Inside I found an atmosphere of warmth and friendliness created by the host and his charming and talented wife, Dorothy. A family interest in the history of California was evident. Just beyond the front door was a display of Indian and Mexican artifacts including decorated pots, a mortar and pestle, woven baskets, sombreros, spurs, lariats, and a branding iron. In one corner of the living room a large ornate Victorian sofa once the property of Pío Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, filled the space. By the fireplace was an Empire table on which the original Constitution of California had been signed. On the way to the dining room, I noticed plaques and medals related to sea going activities, and to the many personal achievements of Mr. Gleason.

Across the heavily laden table, a hand-created model of a sailing ship stood staunchly on the side board. The off-white walls were hung with colorful oil paintings of square riggers plowing through deep blue water, their sails full in the wind. Other sailing ships and steamers were tied up securely to landside piers, motionless, the smooth backwater reflecting the

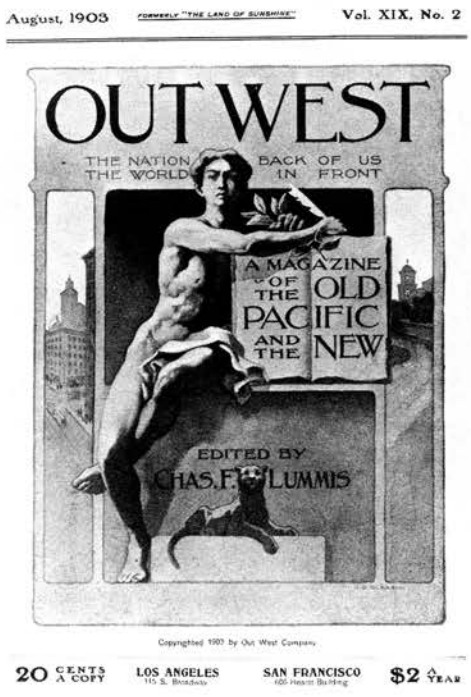


Portal, Agricultural Park, Los Angeles, circa 1895.—AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

dull red of their hulls. Our host, Duncan Gleason, known to his associates and family as "Joe," was occupied at the head of the table measuring serving portions of his special entree, salt water fish. Approaching 77 years of age, he was an unusual man of average build, his shoulders well developed from years of gymnastic practice on the flying rings, giving the impression of a much larger man. His eyes were bright and clear, his smile genuine. Gleason was indeed a happy man.

Los Angeles had been home to him for most of his life. One of a handful of California born painters of distinction, Gleason was born in Watsonville in 1881. His family soon moved to Los Angeles to establish residence. Encouraged by his mother, Eleanor Duncan Gleason, who had come to California soon after the Gold Rush, young Gleason began sketching scenes around Los Angeles as a small boy. Boats were his fascination. At every opportunity he slipped away to San Pedro harbor with his sketching pad. Throughout the years, ship paintings became his trademark and his most dramatic and popular work.

His first paid job in Los Angeles as an artist-designer was with the Union Engraving Co. in 1896. Three years later he was employed by the Sunset Engraving Co., also in Los Angeles.[1] Magazine covers for *Out West*, edited by Charles F. Lummis, followed in 1902, '03, and '04. *Loom of the Desert*

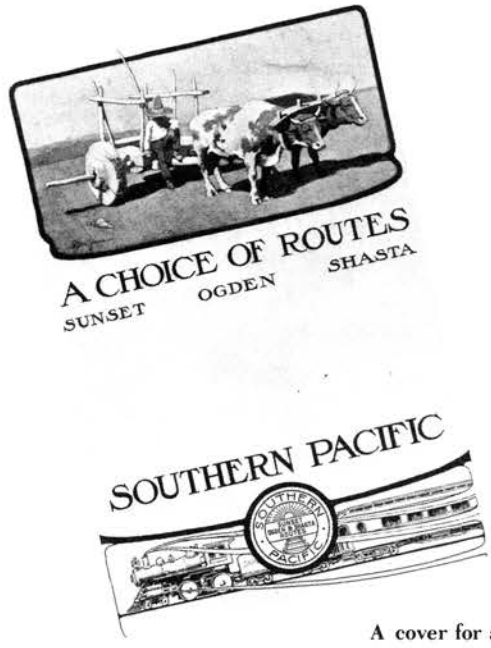


A Duncan Gleason cover for *Out West*

(1907) and *In Miners' Mirage Land* (1904), two books by Idah M. Strobridge published in Los Angeles, carry chapter heading vignettes drawn and hand colored by Gleason. The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe Railroads also used Gleason's talents in advertising posters and booklets before 1910, and financial institutions such as Pacific Mutual used his color decorations in their monthly publication in 1919.[2]

During this time Gleason did not forsake his easel. His early oil paintings reveal a certain freshness and freedom of expression surprising for such a young artist. He began exhibiting with the California Art Club in 1914.[3] A silver medal was awarded to him at the Southern California Art Exhibition, held as part of the Southern California-Panama Exposition in San Diego in 1915.[4]

In search of more formal art training Gleason enrolled at the University of Southern California. He spent some time at the Mark Hopkins Institute in San Francisco. Later, at the Chicago Art Institute, where he had gone for additional work, he won the highest award ever given to a student for his drawing of anatomy studies. Granted a scholarship at the Art Student's



A cover for a Southern Pacific brochure.

"The Ensenada Race"—GLEASON STUDIOS

"Trimming the Sheets"—GLEASON STUDIOS

League in New York, he attended classes there. Additional courses were taken at the Academy of San Carlos in Mexico City.

New York became the temporary home for Gleason and his young family in 1920 and 1921. Long the center for national magazine publication, many of our western artists traveled to New York to work as illustrators. Success came to Gleason as he painted illustrations for *Red Book, Cosmopolitan, Motor Boating, Ladies Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Sea Magazine* and others. While on the east coast, he perfected the exacting art of etching. The book *Windjammers* was published in 1922 in New York by Bernhardt Wall with etchings and decorations by Duncan Gleason, text by Dorothy Gleason. The book is now a treasured collector's item.

Returning to Los Angeles in 1923, Gleason found painting in Southern California in a state of tranquility. The "look" of Los Angeles at this time is aptly portrayed by Arthur Millier, former art editor and critic of the *Los Angeles Times:*

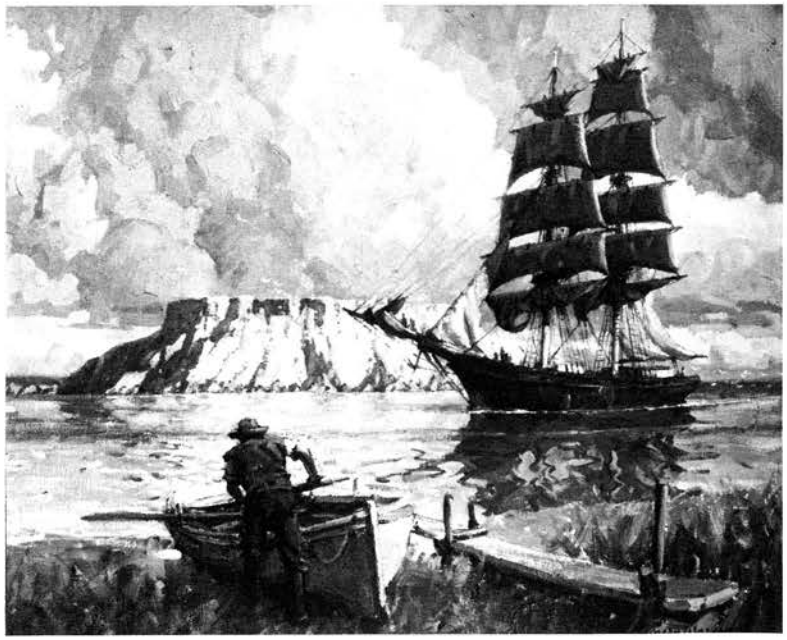
> Southern California in the 1920's was not seriously affected by World War I. Agriculture. was still the dominant industry. It was a naive period. People in Los Angeles were optimistic. There was a placid and harmonious feeling in the paintings. Landscape painters were influenced by the back country, not yet cluttered with housing projects. There was no tension in the work of the artists. Colors were usually soft. A limited palette was the norm.[5]

Gleason was comfortable with this kind of painting. His colors were brighter than some, as he took full advantage of the strong California sunlight. His scenes were beauty spots, with happy people enjoying the seaside, the tree-lined canyons, or sailing near the local harbors. There was trouble ahead, however, for those artists who were content with the realistic, conventional style of painting. The ogre of "modernism" was creeping across the land from New York. These newer forms of art expression were not accepted by our local artists, who neither liked nor pretended to understand their meaning.

In an attempt to combat the modern art movement, a national organization called "Sanity in Art" established branches in Los Angeles and San Francisco.[6] Gleason became an active participant, and in 1939 there were 76 members and patrons in Los Angeles who belonged.[7] Exhibitions were held by the group in both cities, and some of Gleason's large and important canvases were entered.

"Sea Urchins"—GLEASON STUDIOS

Tom McNeill



"Dead Man's Island, San Pedro Harbor"

"The Lineman"—GLEASON STUDIOS

"Spanish Dancer"—GLEASON STUDIOS

Another challenge to the local traditional artists was the W.P.A. movement directed in Los Angeles by S. MacDonald Wright, himself an accomplished painter steeped in the modern forms of art. All over Los Angeles blossomed sculptures, building friezes, murals, mosaics, and prints reflecting the new mode.[8] Local artists were offered a living wage to work in art projects within the W.P.A. structure. Artists were encouraged to use new forms, to try newer techniques.

The Los Angeles County Art Museum, then located in Exposition Park, became involved in the modern art movement through its exhibitions during the 1930's. Ever vigilant, the conservative artists of Los Angeles challenged the policies of the Museum. Gleason, as chairman of the Coordination Committee for Traditional Art, accused the County Museum management of displaying one style of art to the near exclusion of another, and he noted that "this practice was climaxed in the recent Centennial Exhibition when two large galleries were devoted to the abstract."[9]

In a letter to Jean Delacour, director of the County Art Museum,

Gleason wrote in part:

> Since the first exhibitions of the Art Rental Gallery have been of the modernistic trend, we feel that to be fair to all tendencies, alternate showings of traditional art should follow.[10]

Not content with this sole protest, Gleason then wrote to Los Angeles County Supervisor John Anson Ford:

> The Coordinating Committee for Traditional Art, of which I am chairman, has asked that two juries, one for the Radical and one for Traditional Art be appointed to eradicate the unfair discriminatory practice of showing only the Radical paintings, which the general public does not like. You long ago referred me to the Board of Governors of the Museum, which I canvassed and found that most of them hated the stuff but seemed to be afraid to take any action.[11]

Mr. Ford answered as follows:

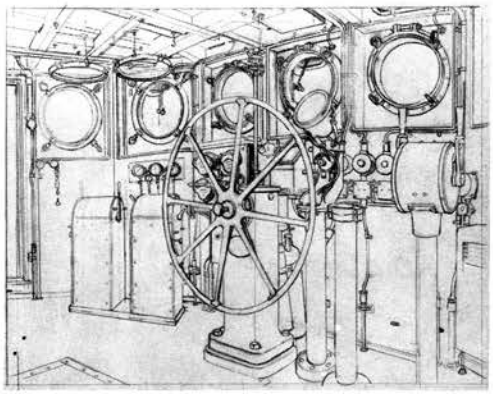
> The problem of art selection for exhibition is one that should be in the hands of those competent to appraise such matters. Personally, my art appreciation is limited almost exclusively to the traditional framework. I am sorry you have decided to turn against the Supervisors but a more objective appraisal of the whole situation will modify your attitude.[12]

Duncan Gleason realized some comfort from his battle to promote "sane" art. On better terms with the Los Angeles City Council, he found some support. In a letter to Fletcher Bowron, mayor of Los Angeles, Gleason thanked him and the council for providing the Greek Theater in Griffith Park as an exhibition hall for the local artists of conservative persuasion, ending his letter by noting that record breaking crowds were enjoying the kind of art they could understand.[13]

During these years Gleason also drew upon his talents as an illustrator and designer at the Warner Brothers and Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios in Hollywood. There he worked on designs and action pictures for such well known films as "Anthony Adverse," "Robinhood," "The 49 ers," and "Charge of The Light Brigade." He was well paid for his work.

Always ready to take an active role as a patriotic citizen, Gleason took a leave of absence from the studios to make on the spot drawings of a submarine chaser. The ship was under construction in Los Angeles Harbor, and the interior could not be photographed because of restricted space. An artist of modest physical proportions was needed to crawl through the maze of pipes, conduits, and valve handles. Gleason filled the physical requirements, and his skill as a draftsman was well known. He was therefore happy to carry out the assignment as he was able to spend the nights in his favorite little boat, "The Dorothy G.," moored nearby. A number of superb pencil drawings were eventually made into blueprints

Above: "Puffy Billy" Left: The artist at work mending a sail.—GLEASON STUDIOS



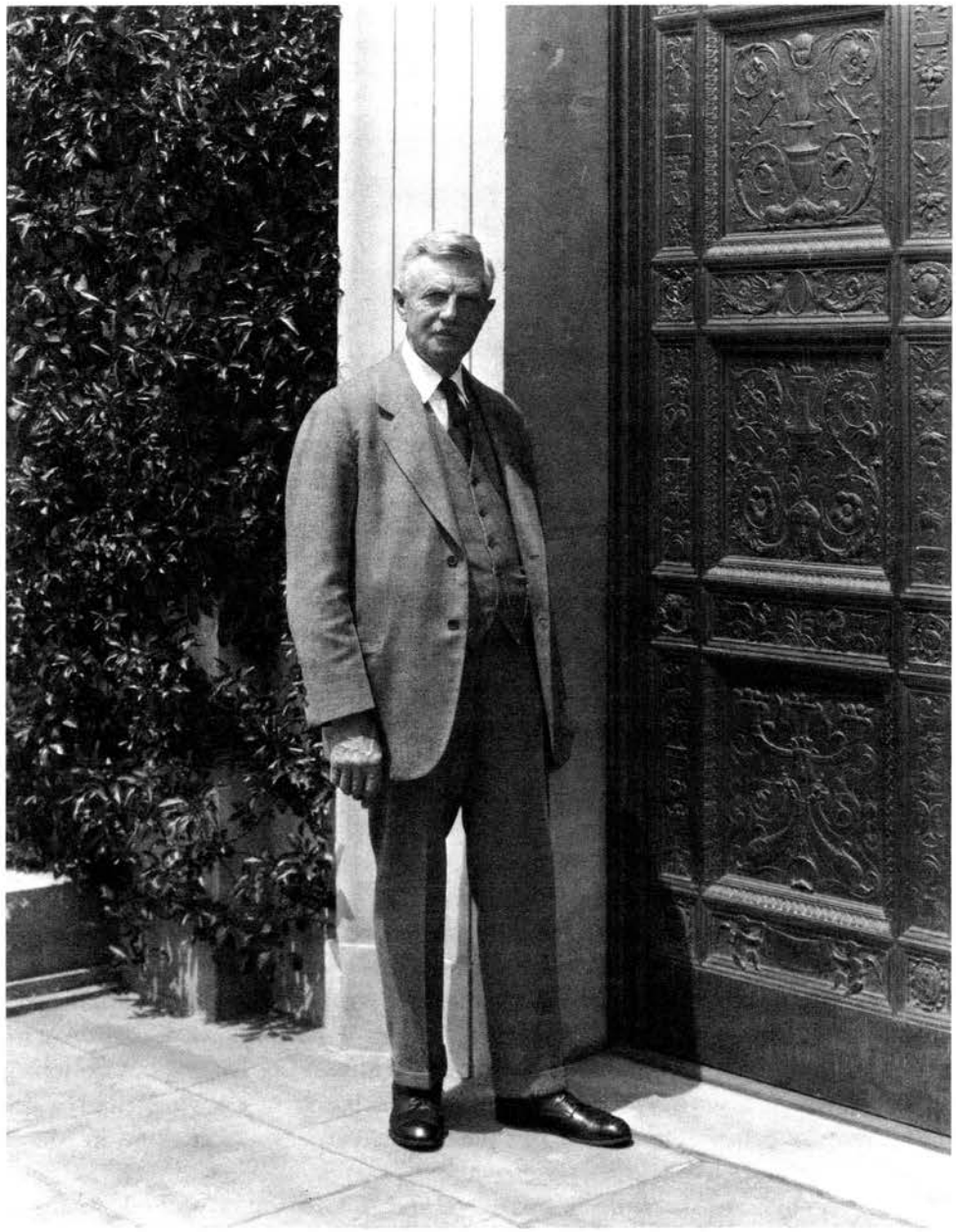
Drawing of the wheel house aboard the submarine chaser.

and turned over to the government. One of the drawings was a special challenge for the artist, the wheel house. Mrs. Gleason explained the problem:

> Mr. Gleason related that in sketching the wheel, he measured the separation of the spokes and judged the distance accordingly, which was very well except that every workman who passed through the pilot house gave the wheel a little whirl just for the fun of it.

There was little slowing down by Duncan Gleason in the remaining years. He compiled and illustrated an article about his grandfather, who came around the Horn to California.[14] Three books written by him and Dorothy, with Gleason illustrations, were published within the final ten years of his life. He designed a color cover for the annual report of the Harbor Commissioners, City of Los Angeles. And as a member of the Coast Guard Auxiliary, as well as the Los Angeles branch of the United States Power Squadron, he recommended that the Isthmus at Catalina be designated as a state park.[15] A marine mural for the dining room of the Clark Hotel on Hill Street, plus a large harbor scene mural for the Harbor Department rounded out his career as a muralist. His final work for the Harbor Department was a framed oil painting, "Puffy Billy," a depiction of the first train plying between the harbor and downtown Los Angeles. A sketching trip to Mexico with Dorothy resulted in a batch of drawings and a few watercolors completed before the end of his career, which came in March 1959.

From boyhood to full maturity, Duncan Gleason sketched, painted, etched, and sculptured the kind of world he idealized. He loved his family, his home, the sea, and his work. His style changed little over the years. He seemed to know almost instinctively what the average American appreciates and understands in the visual arts. This is what he painted.



Frederick Jackson Turner standing at the door of the Huntington Library.
—HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY

Frederick Jackson Turner in Southern California

BY RAY ALLEN BILLINGTON

Frederick Jackson Turner's future was expertly planned when he retired from the Harvard University history faculty in 1924, two years before the compulsory age of sixty-five. He would return to the University of Wisconsin where his teaching career began, secure an office amidst the superb collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and complete the book on American sectionalism on which he had labored for some twenty years—THE BOOK, his friends were calling it. This meant walking an economic tight-rope, for faculty annuities were small in those days, but he could count on lecture fees to supplement the family income. After all, he was the nation's most eminent historian; his "frontier thesis"—advanced in 1893 when he read his famed paper on "The Significance of the Frontier in American History"—was at the height of its vogue as historians, economists, political scientists and students of literature re-wrote the past to show that frontiering had altered the traits, politics, and economic practices of the United States. The Turners would get along.

Three years in Madison convinced him that lecturing and the interminable cold drained his energy so completely during the winters that writing was impossible. Day after day he huddled before a log fire and dreamed of warmer climes, but he would only dream for his bank account, like the thermometer, hovered near the zero mark. Then came a stroke of good fortune. His sister, who was married to a prospering Chicagoan, sized up the

situation during a Christmas visit in 1926. The Turners must accept a present of funds needed for a holiday in the South. For once Turner's needs overbalanced his pride. Here, he told a friend, was a chance to "get into shape by the warming-pan route."[1] He would take the money, and gladly.

Their plans were intentionally vague when they boarded the Panama Limited at Chicago at 2:30 on the afternoon of January 20, 1927, with the thermometer hugging the zero mark. By noon the next day they were expensively housed in the St. Charles Hotel, one of New Orleans' finest, ready to sally forth for a luncheon of oysters Rockefeller and pompano at Antoine's. The Turners were delighted by the warmth of that southern city, but appalled by the prices, even after moving to a cheaper hostelry, the Bienville, which was convenient to libraries where he hoped to do some work on THE BOOK. These well-intentioned plans were forgotten as he and his wife roamed the old city, stuffed themselves on sea food, enjoyed a rubber-neck tour to Lake Ponchartrain, rode a train through swamps to the Gulf coast at Biloxi, and luxuriated in the balmy weather as they read of 39-degrees-below-zero in the Middle West.

A few days of sight-seeing were enough; Turner missed his friends (he complained that not a single person recognized him as a professor) and was overwhelmed by the bigness and newness of the bustling city. They were ready to move on, but where? Florida and California both beckoned. Turner found the choice easy. For a lifetime he had studied the westward movement of the American people; now he would join the trek. They left New Orleans on January 28, tarried for a time at San Antonio to pay their respects to the Alamo, and settled into the Santa Rita Hotel in Tucson for their first taste of the *real* West. Turner was delighted with the ornate decorations of the Mission San Xavier del Bac and with the primitive simplicity of the Indian huts nearby. He reveled in the desert warmth and the sight of cactus that marched across the valleys and up the mountain sides. But most of all he was intrigued by the western spirit that he sensed everywhere. The Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, he learned to his delight, was seeking to restore the fair name of an early rancher who had been accused of stage robbery. If he *had* committed the crime, the society argued, he had done so "in an adventurous frame of mind" due to a lack of enough water to dilute his whiskey. "Isn't that the real stuff?" Turner asked a friend.

His cup of happiness overflowed when he and Mae were driven over a 160-mile "Apache Trail" to the Roosevelt Dam, braving mountain roads and hair-raising curves, seeing Mexican adobes and Apache hogans and Mormon houses, passing the smoke-belching smelters of the Inspiration Copper Company at Miami, loving each new vista as the desert unfolded before him. Turner could not have been happier when he found that their driver was an

ex-cowboy who had ridden the range and conducted pack trains all over Arizona and New Mexico. "The real sort," Turner called him. Here was a land that he could love. "I am," he wrote, "not at all sure that I don't 'belong' out here in this dry, warm, high, desert air—dryness and hot air seem to be natural to me."

Southern California was still their destination, however, and on February 9, 1927, the Turners reached Pasadena and the guest room of an old Wisconsin colleague, Professor Carl C. Thomas, now a member of the California Institute of Technology faculty. Their search for a more permanent residence ended when they found the Casita del Jardin at 1111 Harvard Avenue in Claremont. Here was Valhalla at last: a flower-decked garden aflame with roses, palms and bamboo to lend a tropical atmosphere, the largest lemons and oranges they had ever seen, birds everywhere—"humming birds and mocking birds [Turner wrote a friend], blackbirds and a kind of sparrow, and big frogs in the fountain, are doing a symphony, the frog coming in as the big bass drum with a 'swallow, wallow, ahlow,' which in the morning mingles with the far-off roosters' crowing." Beyond the garden were snow-clad mountains, flooded with sunshine after an "unusual" rain. "I am convinced that I do not belong to civilization," Turner confessed to his daughter, "but to desert and mountain, the uninhabited seashores, and life among the wild creatures—barring rattlesnakes and Gila monsters!"

Notes for THE BOOK soon arrived from Madison, but they could wait, for everywhere friends waited to show the Turners California's wonders. "I hope to get at it today," he confessed to his daughter on February 24, "but the temptation of the open road is too strong." Strong enough to lead the Turners into rides about the Claremont countryside through orange and lemon groves dwarfed by the nearby mountain peaks, silvery and blue beneath their mantles of snow; to the rambling Mission Inn at Riverside; to the top of Mount Robidoux where they marveled again at the white-crested mountains rimming the sea of orange trees; into the desert to be awed by the "fierce beauty and solemnity" of the countryside; to the high reaches of Mount San Antonio to picnic as they watched the children in the party romp in unfamiliar snow. "If I stay much longer," Turner wrote his daughter, "I'll never leave unless you and the kiddies break the spell."

Fate, in the person of his old friend Max Farrand, helped keep that spell intact. Farrand, himself an eminent historian, had just been named director of the newly opened Henry E. Huntington Library, entrusted with the task of converting the unrivaled collection of rare books and manuscripts gathered by Mr. Huntington into a research library useable by scholars. How better to accomplish this aim than with the advice of Frederick Jackson Turner? The trustees agreed; Turner would be offered $500 to spend a

Dr. Max Farrand—Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery

month looking over the collections now, then invited to return the following winter as Senior Research Associate with a similar financial inducement. A few days later Turner was invited to Pasadena and the arrangement was completed. Farrand, who was in the East at that time, was overjoyed. "Congratulate Mr. Huntington and Trustees," he wired, "and kiss Turner for me."

On March 15, 1927, the Turners moved from Claremont to a bungalow in "The Court of the Oak" at 1067 San Pasqual Street, not far from the library. Thus began one of the happiest months in Turner's life. Each day he wandered among the books and manuscripts, pencil and notepad in hand, marveling at the treasures that he found. "The more I sample the Library," he told Farrand, "the more I am astonished and delighted at its riches in many fields." Fresh materials for his own book on sectionalism were so plentiful that a year would be needed to read them all. Colonial historians would for the first time understand the background of governmental policy when they used the manuscripts in that field. The whole history of the westward movement would have to be re-written to embrace the new findings. Here were treasures beyond belief.

There were also gaps to be filled before the library would be useable to researchers. The modern period had been neglected; the Huntington Library must not make the fatal mistake of the Bancroft Library by over-specializing on the Spanish Southwest and the gold rush-era, for history was yesterday as well as the day before yesterday. Books and manuscripts in allied fields must also be purchased, for the complexities of modern society demanded use of the tools of sociologists, geographers, economists, and the whole galaxy of the social sciences. Above all Mr. Huntington must be

persuaded to buy the reference works needed to make the rare books and manuscripts useable: government documents, magazines, newspapers, secondary monographs. "The nuggets are mined," Turner told Farrand; "what is needed is the machinery and the materials for treating this gold, for minting it." Scholars could not be expected to journey to the Los Angeles Public Library for those essential tools. "In a factory," he pointed out, "it would spell bankruptcy, if the workman had to take a railroad trip for a tool or material immediately needed for his regular operations."

The Library and its staff gained immeasurably from this sound advice, but Turner gained even more. "It has been a real rebirth of enthusiasm for me," he told a friend. His wife, watching his health and vigor return, felt that a miracle had occurred. "I hope," she wrote, "that you believe in resurrections. Fred is certainly proof that a man can be resurrected here and now. Before we left Madison his depression over inability to work and hear and endure was too heavy to be thrown off . . . California has made him a new man."

There were still problems to be solved before the Turners decided to cast their lot permanently in California. On the positive side was the promise of financial security and better health; Turner was also attracted by the prospect of sharing in the cultural emergence of a frontier-like community as it grew to maturity. Pasadena, he was increasingly convinced, would one day become the Athens of the West, and eventually of the United States. The California Institute of Technology had already attracted the world-leading scientists in Robert A. Millikan, Arthur Noyes, George Ellery Hale, and their fellow faculty members. The Huntington Library and Art Gallery was certain to lure an equally imposing galaxy of stars in the humanities. The result would be "a new center for civilization in America with breadth of vision both in sciences and the humanities." Art and music were already playing a role unrivaled elsewhere; they were embraced with love by Pasadenans, not accepted with condescension. This cultural renaissance would flower as the Huntington Library's impact was felt nationally. "Treasures of the Old World in books and pictures," Turner told a friend in the East, "are set here in an inspiring landscape, and no American scholar of real quality will know what this country offers without visiting the Huntington Library." Building on this base, western energy would soon create a higher civilization than that of New York or Boston.

Yet life in that golden land posed problems. Costs were high—so high, indeed, that the Turners wondered whether they could afford permanent residence there. These were magnified by the sprawling vastness of Southern California. "But the distances!" Turner complained, "the automobile expenses! the cost of a home and the care thereof! Pasadena is a

Top: Caroline Mae Sherwood Turner on a visit to the desert near Los Angeles.
Bottom: The cottage at 26 Oak Knoll Gardens.—HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

rich man's land, without the urban industrialism." Higher costs could be partially offset by unexpected opportunities that multiplied as word spread of his arrival; several colleges in the area hinted of full-time teaching, lectures, or even a modest paying role as "historical uncle." The Huntington Library, of course, was eager to continue his services at $500 monthly. But a teaching program would end progress on THE BOOK, while even the Huntington post would slow its completion. Moreover, should not such a post go to a younger man who would use the Library's materials more effectively?

Max Farrand was ready with the answers. Of course Turner was wanted, and would be assured a liveable salary, a chauffeured car if needed, and anything else necessary for his happiness. He would earn his keep just by continuing work on THE BOOK and being available for consultation. "Let me say," Farrand told him, "you are the one person in the universe whose advice and judgment I should like to have at every step." That was enough. Before the Turners left Pasadena for their summer home that spring of 1927 they were committed to return in October.

Their summer in Maine underlined the wisdom of their decision; day after day of rain, fog, and soggy air sent Turner into bed with recurring colds and ended all writing. They reached Pasadena on October 15, 1927, laden with boxes of books and notes, and began house-hunting at once. Their hope was a small home costing less than the astronomical $70 monthly they had paid at the "Court of the Oaks," but this was an un-Pasadenaish pipe-dream. In the end they settled for a pleasant bungalow at 23 Oak Knoll Gardens costing $100 a month, complete with a combination study-bedroom for Turner, a bedroom for Mae equipped with a bed that revolved into a dressing room, a small sunroom, and a gas fireplace, not to mention a kitchen and bathroom. A spreading walnut tree in the front yard promised food for birds, while a tiny garden assured Mae flowers for her bouquets. The wild life that the Turners loved was everywhere: rabbits in a hutch next door, a friendly airedale who trotted in for regular calls, and enough grackles, mocking birds, and milkmen to make alarm clocks unnecessary. A Negro woman who could cook, if you gave her time, came with the house, easing Mae's kitchen duties.

The Turners settled happily into this peaceful setting, their colds gone and a renewed vitality heightening the pleasure of each day. Mae busied herself about the house, made the "calls" demanded by the social etiquette of that era, explored the art galleries, and undertook an occasional dinner party. "Our days are much alike," Turner told his daughter. The abundant bird life provided constant pleasure as they fed walnuts to a flock of finches with unending appetites, a mocking bird who demanded more than his share, and shy Brewer blackbirds who were content to clean up the remains. Humming

birds visited them occasionally, along with a cocky bluejay who was more lordly than those of Madison.

Now and then the routine was broken when friends invited the Turners for automobile rides about the countryside—so often, in fact, that Turner complained that each time he started to write someone appeared with an invitation to visit Ojai or Claremont or La Jolla, or "to go to lunch or dinner at the Patio, or La Ramada, or La Solano, or some other place with a Spanish name and Boston clam soup to start with." Once they were taken to "a Coney Island type of thing" near Santa Monica, and once to the Riviera Hills which, Turner noted with delight, advertisers proclaimed to be "the only Riviera in the world where sewers and concrete pavements are under construction." "Days idyllic," Turner described them, for the fall rains came early that year and the air was sparkling and the countryside fresh and green.

His own life followed a comfortable pattern. Each morning at nine Max Farrand appeared in his Studebaker for the drive to the Library. Each noon the two lunched together in Farrand's Gothic office, discussing library problems; occasionally when Farrand was occupied Turner joined the male staff members who gathered in a basement room to share their paper-bag lunches, talk fishing or history, and smoke countless cigarettes with Turner proclaimed champion for both numbers and shortness of stub. Each evening he left at 4:30 to walk a mile to the bus stop, sweating a bit on warm afternoons and proudly carrying a walking stick, not because he needed it, but because "I get a lot of respect for the aged with my limp and cane." Turner was completely happy. "The Huntington Library," he told his friends, "is quite a paradise."

These daily stints at the Library were much to Turner's liking, but they also proved invaluable to the staff. His suggestions on books to buy were immensely helpful, but even more useful was his role in educating the librarians on the needs of researchers. Long associated with Henry Huntington, most staff members were tuned to the interests of collectors, not scholars. They needed a practical lesson in historical research, and this Turner gave them, gently and with understanding, as he went about his labors. Gradually they adjusted their views to their new approach, and to the part that librarians must play in stimulating scholarly investigation. Had Turner not been in residence, or had he been impatient and critical, Max Farrand could not have converted the Huntington collections into the research library of his dreams.

This service was performed with no loss of time needed for THE BOOK, but such could not be said of the demands from the community. Turner was a famous man, and must pay the price in a series of invitations to lecture that cost him hours of precious effort and energy. Some, to the Harvard Club of

Los Angeles and various historical groups, proved fairly easy to prepare, for he need only describe and praise the Huntington collections to captivate his audience. Others required more preparation. The Pasadena Library Club was treated to a rambling hour-and-a-half discourse on the value of bibliographies, the need to study sociology and economics to understand the frontier, and the importance of comparative studies. Turner hated that assignment, but he hated even more a lecture in the Pasadena Lecture Course on Current Topics. This was the community's most prestigious series, meeting in the California Institute of Technology's largest auditorium, costing a dollar a lecture, and attracting such notables as Lincoln Steffens, Will Durant, and Judge Ben Lindsey of "companionate marriage" fame. Turner chose "Sectionalism in American Politics" as his subject, subjecting his audience to a learned historical disquisition that most of them were unable to understand. "This will be all," he wrote his daughter. "I have been declining courses before various colleges to my financial sorrow." He must get on with THE BOOK.

That meant settling the Turner financial problems by sinking roots more deeply in California. The summer of 1928 reinforced that decision, for Maine was again cold, wet, and foggy. On their way back to Pasadena the Turners paused in Madison to box the last of the notes and books, place furniture in storage, and rent their home there for $90 a month on a two-year lease. In Pasadena they settled on another modest house so near the last that their bird friends found their front-porch feeders without difficulty. Their new establishment, at 16 Oak Knoll Gardens, was also a trifle larger and boasted a fireplace that burned real orange wood rather than gas, but was crowded on a lot so small that, as Turner wrote, "we can hear our neighbors change their minds." The Turners were clearly settling in to stay. They made their final commitment in January, 1929, when they sold their Madison home for $10,000, taking $5,000 in cash for deposit at four per cent interest in the First Trust and Savings Bank of Pasadena, and a six per cent mortgage on the remainder. These sums, supplementing the tiny retirement annuity from Harvard and his salary from the Huntington Library (reduced from $5,000 to $3,500 in 1929 at his own insistence), allowed Turner to live comfortably—even in such a high-priced community as Pasadena—and even entitled Mae to Irene, a maid who performed the household chores with modest efficiency.

The Turners were indisputable Californians now, and he was free to concentrate all of his energy on THE BOOK. This had been inching forward slowly, for Turner was a perfectionist who could never rest content so long as a single scrap of evidence remained unexamined. These were so many amidst the riches of the Huntington Library that at times writing was

abandoned entirely, as Turner pored over unused manuscripts or rare books, adding to his gargantuan files of research notes but not to the pages of a completed manuscript. "The Library," he wrote during such a happy interlude, "is as delightful a workshop as ever, but the book moves more slowly than I want it to."

Then came the stroke of good fortune that promised to turn the tide: Merrill H. Crissey was available, and eager to become Turner's secretary. He could find no better. Crissey, as an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin in 1905, had served as Turner's stenographer during the writing of *The Rise of the New West;* he was highly skilled, irrationally devoted to Turner, and a rigid taskmaster. When Crissey was added to the Huntington staff in January, 1928, Turner was assured not only expert aid but an exacting disciplinarian who would demand a quota of manuscript each day. "I am," he reported a few weeks later, "working daily under the need of furnishing copy to my efficient, but very driving stenographer." Writing was a necessity now, not a luxury. By the autumn of 1928 there seemed every possibility that THE BOOK would be finished within a year or two.

That progress was made at the cost of Turner's health. The first sign of trouble showed in late February, 1929, when he suffered a violent attack of vertigo when leaving the Library. "If it hadn't been amusing," he reported, "it would have been rather tragic, to see me and a very kind lady doing a round dance about one of the portable signs of 'no admission to visitors' which I grabbed, as I began to reel, and which refused to stay put. She and I did a war dance about it for a bit, but she held on until I got my balance again." Turner might joke, but his doctor did not. The dizziness, he warned, indicated tension, high blood pressure, and a weakened heart. Two weeks in bed were prescribed, and a work stint of only an hour or two daily thereafter.

This was bad enough, but worse were the recurring periods of vertigo. Turner's physician, Dr. Willard J. Stone, was sufficiently alarmed to call in Dr. Paul Ferrier, Pasadena's best-known surgeon, for consultations. A malfunctioning bladder, they decided, was poisoning the system and must be repaired. This would require two operations, the first to insert drainage tubes, the second to mend the bladder. Turner took the news philosophically, although he was disturbed that his summer in Maine might be delayed. "I shall not be able to go East when I expected," he complained to a friend, "—I hope not 'go West'."

The initial operation was performed shortly after he entered the Pasadena Hospital on April 26, 1929, and was so successful that by May 7 he could write his daughter—in a hand that wobbled badly—that he was seated in the hospital gardens, basking in the sun amidst palms and flowers and birds. He was improving so rapidly that if he behaved himself he would be able to play

the part of a cut-up in another week or so. The second operation, on May 15, was as successful as the first. Less than two weeks later Turner was again enshrined in the gardens, "pillowed in my wheeled chariot with my nurse on guard to see that I don't write a long letter"— or so he told his daughter. He was, he assured her, "kept as wet as Al Smith's twin (thank you) with water, grape juice, grapefruit juice, orange juice, pineapple juice every few minutes." But he had had squab for lunch and was "smoking again like an incinerator, as well as irrigating like a desert ranch." If all went well he would be able to start for Maine in mid-June.

Turner did start for Maine in June, even though he suffered a succession of dizzy spells accompanied by nausea after he left the hospital. For a time the change of scene worked wonders; he wrote glowingly of the rich green colors of the Maine woods in contrast with the silver greys and purples and browns of Southern California. "I love them both," he added. Then in August came more attacks of vertigo, more consultations with doctors, more warnings that his troubles were traceable to a malfunctioning heart. "I am not worth much," he confessed sadly.

Even Pasadena's bracing impact failed to restore sufficient strength to take up work on THE BOOK until well into November. His friends, too, noted that Turner had changed; his face was flushed, his hands trembled, the zest for work had lessened. His secretary, Merrill Crissey, was particularly aware of the contrast between the Turner he had known in 1905 and the Turner of 1929: "In the attic study of his Frances Street house, near Lake Mendota in Madison, the earlier book *The Rise of the New West* was dictated to his stenographer, who vividly recalls the tingling vitality of the man—often chewing an unlit cigar. From his bed in his Pasadena bungalow much of the latter book was dictated to the same stenographer—but with none of the gusto of 1905-1906. The years had brought slackened energy and impaired hearing, too—and the cigarette had replaced the cigar. But there was still the same sparkle in his eyes."

So THE BOOK inched along—"like molasses," Turner complained—through the winter of 1929-1930. Even this glacial progress took its toll. The doctors warned Turner's friends that spring that his heart was slowly deteriorating, and might give out, without warning, at any time. Another trip to Maine that summer could well be fatal. Turner accepted their decision, but still demanded escape from Pasadena's summer heat. The solution was a commodious rental house in La Jolla, where the Turners could be joined by their daughter and three grandchildren. This proved unfortunate; Turner disliked the Spanish-style house with its up-and-down steps between every room, the sultry air, the manicured lawns, the sea-side-resort atmosphere that contrasted so markedly with the rustic simplicity of Maine. Work went

on, goaded by Merrill Crissey, who spent part of the summer in La Jolla, but not fast enough to satisfy either Turner or Crissey. "I was unable to do very much in the way of writing on my book," Turner told a friend that fall, "but I made some progress in going over my material." Translated into realistic terms, this meant that he had done almost nothing.

The return to Pasadena brought another interruption. By this time the Great Depression was casting its shadows; the Turner's income shrank from $4,772 in 1930 to $4,312 in 1931. If they were to live comfortably they must sell their summer home in Maine and purchase a reasonable property in Pasadena. Buying proved easier then selling that year. Every effort to dispose of their Maine property failed as prospective buyer after prospective buyer backed down with the deepening financial crisis. Dreams of buying a new home with proceeds from the sale of the old vanished, but they must still have a place to live. In the end they settled on a small house at 26 Oak Knoll Gardens, paying a rental of $75 monthly with an option to purchase before January 1, 1931, at $8,500. Their real estate broker, Arthur Laack, believed they should pay no more than $7,500, but the owner proved stubborn and in the end a price of $8,000 was agreed upon. This necessitated a $3,500 mortgage, but Turner estimated that they would still pay less monthly than when renting. Besides Mae liked the house, and Turner had a new suit of clothes and a new hat and a new necktie. "So I am quite pepped up this week," he wrote his daughter.

Especially when his health, slowly but miraculously, began to improve. By the end of November he was able to resume brief visits to the Library and to enjoy occasional drives about the countryside once more. On one such occasion he even visited an "Angling Club" near Azusa, paid the usual fee, and pulled a hungry trout from a well-stocked pond. This hurt. "Profaning the art of angling," Turner called it, adding: "I blushed." But he longed to see trout again, and "the rainbows were at least good eating." He was also well enough to resume smoking like a volcano (in his own words), and to write enough pages to begin to wonder if a two-volume work would be necessary.

Progress was hurried when the Turners decided to spend the summer of 1931 at Carmel rather than in Southern California. Here was a new-found paradise; the rocky shores, the forests of cypress and pine, the fog, temperatures in the fifties, all reminded Turner of Maine, and he was utterly happy. For a time they stayed at the Carmel Highland Inn, but when their daughter and grandchildren arrived moved to a furnished cottage perched almost on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea. "A dream of a house," Turner called it, and toyed for a time with buying it as a retirement home. Contentment spelled better health, and better health ability to work. Crissey was not there, precluding more dictation, but Turner could rework

the 675 pages of manuscript he had brought with him, revising sentences, polishing the style, adding marginal notes, and pencilling in reminders to search out fresh material on this or that. These "Carmel Revisions" supposedly produced a manuscript ready for the printer, but Turner knew better. As he packed away the crowded pages in his trunk for shipment to Pasadena he wrote on the folder: "Revised (final?) to page 676." Even he could recognize his fatal perfectionism now and then.

Nevertheless he was in high spirits when he resumed work at the Library that autumn, sure that THE BOOK would be finished within months. These hopes were dashed when a painful phlebitis of the leg condemned him to a long period in bed, but by February, 1932, he was back at work, dictating to Merrill Crissey, or spending happy hours amidst the Huntington's treasures questing for tidbits of unessential information. So well did he feel that in early March he began working for a few hours even on Saturdays. A friend, visiting there, found him "vivid, alert, keenly interested in human beings and their thought."

On the morning of March 14, 1932, he dictated a memorandum to his secretary summing up his conclusions on one troublesome problem he had been investigating. Then, having a few moments left before starting home for lunch, he added a brief letter to a former student giving sound advice on certain sources that would prove useful. As he left the Library several of the staff commented on how well he looked, and on the buoyancy of his step. He and Mae lunched together as usual, then Turner laid down for a short rest while she took her customary walk. When she returned she found him complaining of pains about the heart. The doctor who was hurriedly summoned gave an injection and assured them both that he would be fine. Turner stirred himself to answer. "I know this is the end," he said. Mae remonstrated, reminding him that he had survived such attacks before. "No," Turner answered. "I know this is the end. Tell Max I am sorry that I haven't finished my book." Then, after a few joking words with the doctor, he lapsed into a coma and by 7:30 that night was dead. His heart, so often abused, was unable to absorb the clot that stopped its beating.

His friends, and especially Max Farrand and Merrill Crissey, knew that a final rite must be performed before they could rest in peace. THE BOOK, so long awaited by the historical profession, must be finished. Their dedicated labors, completed during the next three years, accomplished what Turner could never have accomplished had he lived forever. *The United States 1830-1850: The Nation and Its Sections* finally appeared in 1935, as a fitting monument to Turner's last happy years in Southern California.

Footnotes

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1878-1879

[1]Starr, Kevin, *Americans and the California Dream 1850-1915*, New York, 1973, page 132. This is truly an excellent book treating California history in an illuminating and subjective manner. The quotation is with the permission of the copyright holder and publisher, The Oxford University Press.

[2]Guinn, J.M., *A History of California and an Extended History of Los Angeles and Environs*, Los Angeles, 1915, Vol. 1, page 255.

[3]Urbanization in Southern California is well told in a book by the prolific writer on the southern scene, W.W. Robinson, *Ranchos Become Cities*, Pasadena, 1939.

[4]The Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles, in 1963 published a facsimile reprint of the Los Angeles 1872 directory in a limited edition of 1,000 copies.

[5]Swisher, Carl Brent, *Motivation and Political Technique in the California Constitutional Convention 1878-1879*, Pomona College, Claremont, California, 1930, page 17, hereinafter cited as Swisher.

[6]The basic material on the convention is in the State Archives at Sacramento; otherwise the literature is not very extensive. The principal source is the official report published by the state and entitled, *Debates and Proceedings of the Constitutional Convention of the State of California, Convened at the City of Sacramento, Saturday, September 28, 1878*, three volumes, Sacramento, 1880-1881; hereinafter cited as Debates. While sketchy, and sometimes inaccurate, *Biographical Sketches of the Delegates to the Convention to Frame a New Constitution* (T.J. Vivian and D.G. Waldron, Editors and Publishers) San Francisco, 1878, provides information as to the delegates not otherwise easily available. All of the histories of the state consider the convention, but the only study in depth is Swisher cited above. There is also considerable information in *Political Conventions in California*. Sacramento, 1893, by W.J. Davis.

[7]The following were the delegates from Southern California:
James Joseph Ayers, Los Angeles, newspaper editor and publisher.
Eli T. Blackmer, San Diego, musician.
Joseph C. Brown, Tulare, farmer.
Edward Evey, Los Angeles, farmer.
Eugene Fawcett, Santa Barbara, judge of the district court.
Charles G. Finney, Ventura, farmer.
V.A. Gregg, Kern, lawyer.
Volney E. Howard, Los Angeles, lawyer.
John Mansfield, Los Angeles, lawyer.
Patrick Reddy, lawyer, Mono-Inyo.
Horace C. Rolfe, San Bernardino and San Diego, lawyer.
George V. Smith, Kern, lawyer.
George Steele, San Luis Obispo, farmer.
Randolph S. Swing, San Bernardino, lawyer.
Byron Waters, San Bernardino, lawyer.
John P. West, Los Angeles, farmer.

[8]Cowan, Robert G., *The Admission of the 31st State by the 31st Congress*, Los Angeles, Calif., 1962, page 119.

[9]One of the most important works on the Vigilance Committee of 1856 has been produced by the organization publishing this book; it is, *The San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856—Three Views, Introduced and Edited by Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.*, Los Angeles, 1971. The introduction by the editor is outstanding.

[10]An example of the "forced to leave San Francisco" story may be found in, *William Andrew Spalding* by Robert V. Hine, San Marino, California, 1961, page 99.

[11]There is a good short biography of Volney E. Howard by Samuel L. Kreider in the *Quarterly of the Historical Society of Southern California*, Vol. XXXI, 1949, p. 119.

[12]Most of the biographical information on James J. Ayers is from his book, *Gold and Sunshine*, Boston, 1922.

[13]William Andrew Spalding (cited above) page 114.

[14]Debates, Vol. 1, pages 180-216.
[15]Debates, Vol. 1, page 193.
[16]The most complete study of this tragic incident is found in Brown, J.L., *The Mussel Slough Tragedy*, N.P., 1958.
[17]Newmark, Harris, *Sixty Years in Southern California*, Second Edition, New York, 1926, page 504.
[18]*Ibid.*, pages 505-506.
[19]Swisher, page 47.
[20]Debates, Vol. 2, page 667.
[21]*Ibid.*, page 864.
[22]*Ibid.*, pages 806, 880, 902.
[23]Johnson, Kenneth M., "California's Constitution of 1879: An Unpaid Debt," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, Vol. XLIX, No. 2 (June, 1970).
[24]Swisher, page 109.

POOR TOM COVER

[1]Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of Washington, Idaho, and Montana 1845-1889*. San Francisco, The History Company, Publishers, 1890, p. 628.
[2]*Ibid.*, 628-30.
[3]*Los Angeles Times*, Dec. 22, 1885.
[4]Grace Raymond Hebard, E.A. Brininstool, *The Bozeman Trail*, Glendale, The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1960, pp. 221-25; this reference spells the name "Coover," which is in error.
[5]Riverside, Calif., *Press and Horticulturist*, Nov. 15, 1884.
[6]Cover was reported to have reached Los Angeles in 1867 or thereabouts.—*Ibid.*
[7]Southern California's silk enterprise is well documented by contemporary newspapers and later historians.
[8]Most of the information herein on early Riverside depends upon Patterson's fine history, *A Colony for California*, Riverside, Press-Enterprise Company, 1971. Additional information comes from numerous articles on that community and its origins in the *Los Angeles Times*.
[9]*Press and Horticulturist*, Nov. 15, 1884.
[10]Patterson, p. 146.
[11]*Press and Horticulturist*, Nov. 15, 1884.
[12]The Pegleg Smith "find" has generated a vast literature; for an entertaining account of Smith see Charles L. Camp, *New Light Shed on Mr. Pegleg Smith*, Los Angeles, Lawton and Alfred Kennedy (privately printed), n.d. (c. 1965), a copy of which was kindly loaned me by Sid Platford.
[13]Information on Cover's various trips to the desert is based upon the lengthy *Press and Horticulturist* story of Nov. 15, 1884, elaborated by personal research of the terrain and other sources of information.
[14]Rickards points out the possibility that Cover was a Mason "and that Masonry played a strong part, I believe, in the Vigilante movement, or at least its core," referring to a report that "11 of the 12 Executive Committee members were Masons," or at least those of one of the vigilante executive committees. This, he believed, was not "particularly strange, for the Masons would be an ideal group, being public-spirited and being able to trust each other because of their fraternity."—letter to author, August 14, 1975. I am not sufficiently familiar with the vigilante committees' makeup to express an opinion on this, one way or the other.
[15]Colin Rickards, "Boone Helm—Man Eater!" *True West*, Vol. 20, No. 4 (March—April, 1973), pp. 6-9, 18-21, 30-32, 46-54.
[16]Manly wrote two articles in which he referred to the Helm brothers. They appeared in the *San Jose Pioneer* Oct. 20, 1877, and March 15, 1894.
[17]Thomas J. Dimsdale, *The Vigilantes of Montana*, Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1953, p. 262.
[18]Powell's lengthy letter describing this adventure is in N.P. Langford, *Vigilante Days and Ways*, Missoula, Montana State University, 1957, pp. 51-54.
[19]Dimsdale, op. cit., p. 260.
[20]See below for discussion of the possibility of their presence in Montana at this time.
[21]*Press and Horticulturist*, Dec. 26, 1885.
[22]*Press and Horticulturist*, Oct. 18, Nov. 4, 1884.
[23]*Press and Horticulturist*, Dec. 26, 1885. At the time of his own tragic death many years later, the incident was so far forgotten that obituary articles failed to even mention the one outstanding incident of Russell's life: his role in the Cover disappearance.
[24]My gratitude goes to Don Meadows for helping ferret out information on Wright's background and life at Orange; at the time in question Orange, founded in 1868 and incorporated in 1888, was in Los Angeles County, whose sheriff in 1884-85 was George E. Gard; Orange County was formed in 1889.
[25]A stone marker is placed over his grave east of Warner's Ranch, San Diego County, with the date clearly chiseled.

[26]According to the still sharp memory of Florence Damron, daughter of Turner Helm, who was born July 9, 1886, at Warner Springs, there were 21 boys and one girl in her father's family with Turner, born c. 1832, the youngest. He came to California from Missouri at 18 in 1849, reaching Tehama County, of which Red Bluff is the county seat, and later moved to Los Angeles. Chatham E. Helm, other sources reveal, was born April 12, 1824, in Missouri or Kentucky, and died Oct. 18, 1905, at Los Angeles; Weid (whose full name, according to Colin Rickards, was William Johnson Helm; Turner's name, he believes was Harmon Turner Helm, but it may have been Turner Harmon Helm), was born c. 1822 (conjecture), and died about 1910 at Elsinore, Calif., being returned and buried next to Turner who had died about 1898 of a prostate condition at Santa Ysabel, Calif., being buried on his ranch. Daunt was born c. 1820 (conjecture) and died about 1888, according to speculation. Either he was buried next to John Helm in an unmarked grave, or his grave is that marked by John Helm's stone, and Daunt and John were the same individual. Turner's first Indian wife, Jesusa, gave birth to Mary Jane in 1870; Louisa, 1872, and Teofulio, who became a noted and long-lived pioneer of eastern San Diego County, in 1874. The couple separated (Jesusa marrying again), and Turner took a second Indian wife, Mary, who gave birth to John Helm in 1888, and three other children, John being the father of John T. Helm Jr. Chat married a woman named Rosie, fathering three boys and perhaps some daughters; Weid married a woman named Mary and fathered 10 children, including three sets of twins by her (plus three sets of still-born twins) and assorted illegitimate children "mostly from midwives attending his wife in childbirth . . . his attitude was any squaw he could catch was fair play," according to John T., who had no illusions about the rugged natures of the clan, frankly conceding, for example, that his grandfather, Turner, "was a mean bastard."

[27]*San Diego Union*, Dec. 27, 1885; Joe Stone in *San Diego Union*, August 26, 1974. John T. Helm said that his father, son of Turner, "was very uncertain about the reasons for the migration of his father and brothers westward and once told me that they were very reluctant to discuss their past. He was of the opinion that they were professional gamblers that migrated to the gold fields . . ."

[28]Helen Hunt Jackson mentions this in *A Century of Dishonor*, Boston, Roberts Brothers, 1891, p. 489; Joe Stone, *op. cit.*

[29]Some of Weid's cattle turned wild eventually, and ranged the Hell Hole region below the Warner highlands as late as 1915, being eventually killed off by hunters, according to John T. Helm.

[30]Bushyhead, of part Cherokee origin, was born in Tennessee in 1832 and died at Alpine, Calif., in 1907. A printer by trade he founded and was silent publisher of the *San Diego Union*, which appeared Oct. 10, 1868, selling out in 1873. He served as sheriff for San Diego County beginning in 1882, and in 1899 became chief of police for San Diego. He had an adventurous career and seems to have been a competent lawman.—Dan L. Thrapp, *Dictionary of Frontier Characters*, manuscript in preparation.

[31]Born in Canada, Moulton became a Rocky Mountain trapper, reaching California in 1844 and settling at Los Angeles. He was a dairyman, among other occupations, and died in 1902.—Thrapp, *Dictionary of Frontier Characters*.

[32]Foster, who lived at Los Angeles for a time following undefined occupations, may be the Steven C. Foster who died in Riverside County in 1931; if so, he was born in 1853.—See *Los Angeles City and County Directory 1884-85*, etc., Los Angeles, Burton-Taney Printing House, 1885.

[33]Dec. 26, 1885.

[34]Dorothy Johnson to author, Aug. 6, Aug. 13, 1975.

[35]The theory that Cover met his death at the hands of a Helm is suggested in Elmer Wallace Homes, *History of Riverside County California . . .*, Los Angeles, Historic Record Company, 1912, pp. 83-84, and in John Brown Jr., James Boyd, *History of San Bernardino and Riverside Counties*, Los Angeles, Western Historical Association, 1922, Vol. II, pp. 648-52, but the extent to which these versions are based upon Wright's narrative is not known. I am indebted to Patterson for copies of these references. Among the many theories aired from time to time about Cover subsequent to his disappearance, the *Bozeman Chronicle*, March 23, 1887, reported him in Old Mexico; the *Bozeman Avant Courier*, on May 25, 1901 reprinted a lengthy story from the "Galcon (Ohio) *County Leader*," reporting that "a surveying party working for the United States government came across the skeleton of a man buried in a few inches of sand . . . (with) a ring on one of the fingers bearing a Masonic emblem . . . (with) the name, 'Thos. Cover' " engraved on it. Supposedly the ring and relics were delivered to the widowed Mrs. Cover at Riverside. This story apparently never reached or was accepted at Riverside and so far as known, no credence was placed in it if it did get to Cover's surviving relatives, nor was the insurance company which held a $2,500 policy on Cover's life willing to pay on the basis of the tale; eventually it did put forward half that sum in view of his long disappearance and therefore probable death. Boyd (see above) reported in 1922 that a drunken tramp, presumably at Riverside, was found bearing a letter from Wilson Russell to Cover, implying that Cover was hiding out somewhere for personal reasons. This story, too, seems not to have been believed by any of the principals, although some descendants or relatives do cling to an opinion that Tom took off for South America or somewhere else rather than return to Riverside; there is little apparent evidence to support such a theory and not much likelihood therefore that it is valid.

FACT AND FICTION IN THE OWENS VALLEY WATER CONTROVERSY

The author acknowledges the assistance of the Sourisseau Academy, San Jose State University.

[1]The standard account is Remi Nadeau, *The Water Seekers*, 2nd ed. (Santa Barbara: Peregrine Smith, Inc., 1974). The

strength of Nadeau's study lies in the personal interviews given by surviving participants in the controversy. However, Nadeau did not use National Archives documents, his work is unfootnoted, and new source materials have come to light since his book appeared in 1950. The new edition contains no substantive changes.

[2]Irving Stone, "Desert Padre," *Saturday Evening Post*, 216 (May 20, 1941), 9-11, 105-107.

[3]Franklin Walker, *A Literary History of Southern California* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1950), Ch. VIII, "The Drama of Reclamation," discusses several novels utilizing the reclamation theme, but his analysis of the Owens Valley-Los Angeles Aqueduct controversy lacks intensive research into the issue's complexities.

[4]For a discussion of the various interpretations as to causes and consequences of the controversy, see Abraham Hoffman, "Joseph Barlow Lippincott and the Owens Valley Controversy: Time for Revision," *Southern California Quarterly*, 54 (Fall 1972), 239-240. The conspiracy theory is dismissed as myth in W.W. Robinson, "Myth-Making in the Los Angeles Area," *Southern California Quarterly*, 45 (March 1963), 83-94.

[5]Peter B. Kyne, *The Long Chance* (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1914).

[6]*Ibid.*, p. 201. Emphasis added.

[7]*Ibid.*, p. 119.

[8]Nadeau, *Water Seekers*, p. 29.

[9]Kyne, *Long Chance*, p. 157. Emphasis in the original.

[10]Mary Austin, *The Ford* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917).

[11]*Ibid.*, p. 359.

[12]*Ibid.*, p. 368. Lippincott defended his actions in several personal letters, one of which, to artist Fernand Lungren, is reproduced in Hoffman, "Joseph Barlow Lippincott and the Owens Valley Controversy," pp. 245-251.

[13]Morrow Mayo, *Los Angeles* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1933); W.A. Chalfant, *The Story of Inyo*, 2nd ed. (Bishop: the Author, 1933). Cf. the first edition, 1922, which discussed the aqueduct episode far more optimistically. See also Andrae B. Nordskog, *Communication to the California Legislature Relating to the Owens Valley Water Situation* (Sacramento: State Printing Office, 1931); California State Senate, *Report of Senate Special Investigating Committee on Water Situation in Inyo and Mono Counties* (Sacramento: State Printing Office, 1931); W.F. McClure, *Report . . . Concerning the Owens Valley-Los Angeles Controversy to Governor Friend Wm. Richardson* (Sacramento: State Printing Office, 1925); and Marian L. Ryan, "Los Angeles Newspapers Fight the Water War, 1924-1927," *Southern California Quarterly*, 50 (June 1968), 177-190.

[14]Cedric Belfrage, *Promised Land* (London: Victor Gollancz Ltd., 1938).

[15]The definitive account of the failure of the St. Francis Dam in 1928 is Charles F. Outland, *Man-Made Disaster: The Story of the St. Francis Dam* (Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1963).

[16]Belfrage, *Promised Land*, pp. 55-57.

[17]Belfrage, an early casualty of the House and Senate Committees on Un-American Activities in the McCarthy era, now lives in Mexico. He regretfully reports that "the research material for Promised Land has long since gone up in smoke, and I recall almost nothing about it except that it was mountainous." Belfrage to the writer, July 19, 1973.

[18]Frances Gragg and George Palmer Putnam, *Golden Valley: A Novel of California* (New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1950).

[19]*Ibid.*, p. 13.

[20]*Ibid.*, p. 55.

[21]Los Angeles Department of Public Service, *Complete Report on Construction of the Los Angeles Aqueduct* (Los Angeles: Department of Public Service, 1916). After leaving federal service in 1906, Lippincott became Mulholland's assistant on the aqueduct project, a decision critics have found to be rather less than judicious, as even Lippincott afterward admitted.

[22]Nadeau's account provides a good general summary.

[23]Victoria Wolf, *Fabulous City* (London: Hammond, Hammond and Company, 1957).

[24]Jacoba Atlas, "The Facts Behind 'Chinatown,'" Los Angeles *Free Press*, September 27, 1974, p. 23, presents one of the most recent revivals of the conspiracy theory. Other recent endorsements are in T.H. Watkins *et al.*, *The Water Hustlers* (San Francisco: Sierra Club, 1971), and R. Coke Wood, *Owens Valley as I Knew It: The Owens Valley and the Los Angeles Water Controversy* (Stockton: University of the Pacific Center for Western Historical Studies, Monograph #1, 1973); the latter work is based on the author's 1934 Master's thesis.

Another motion picture has featured the city-valley water controversy—*The New Frontier* (also titled *Frontier Horizon*), a 1938 film featuring John Wayne. In this film citizens of New Hope Valley are amazed to learn that their water supply has been appropriated by Metropole City. Technological anachronisms abound in the film, and the plot sacrifices logic for action and melodrama. But this minor film does reflect an awareness of the alleged injustices perpetrated by the city against the valley. Even the phrase "the greatest good for the greatest number" finds its way into the film.

AN ARTIST'S VIEW OF LOS ANGELES

[1]Nancy Dustin Moure, *Los Angeles Painters of the Nineteen-Twenties* (Claremont, California, Montgomery Art Center

Gallery, Pomona College), 1972.

[2]The *Pacific Mutual News*, 18(1919), pp. 35 and 69 contain a frontispiece and decoration by Gleason.

[3]Nancy Dustin Moure, *Artist's Clubs and Exhibitions in Los Angeles Before 1930* (Los Angeles, California), 1974.

[4]*American Art Annual*, ed. by Florence N. Levy (New York, 1915), p. 55.

[5]Notes taken by the author from a lecture by Arthur Millier on April 5, 1972 at Pomona College, Claremont, California.

[6]Los Angeles Branch of the Society for Sanity in Art, *Directory* and *Catalogue of Paintings, Sculpture, and Miniatures* (Los Angeles, 1940); and Society for Sanity in Art, *Sixth Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture* (San Francisco, 1944).

[7]A typed roster of members and patrons appears on a copy of the printed stationery of the Sanity in Art organization in the possession of Mrs. Dorothy Gleason.

[8]S. MacDonald Wright, *Southern California Creates* (Washington, D.C., Federal Works Agency, Work Projects Administration, n.d.).

[9]Typed statement by Duncan Gleason titled "Coordinating Committee for Traditional Art" in the possession of Mrs. Dorothy Gleason.

[10]Letter from Duncan Gleason to Jean Delacour, November 18, 1953.

[11]Letter from Duncan Gleason to John Anson Ford, Los Angeles County Supervisor, December 21, 1953.

[12]Letter from John Anson Ford to Duncan Gleason, January 4, 1954.

[13]Letter from Duncan Gleason to the Honorable Fletcher Bowron, Mayor, City of Los Angeles, September 23, 1949.

[14]Duncan Gleason, "James Henry Gleason, Pioneer Journal and Letters 1841-1856," *Southern California Quarterly, XXXI (March, 1952)*.

[15]Jack Smith, "Catalina Studied As New State Park," *The Los Angeles Times* (October 18, 1953), Part II, p. 1.

FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

[1]Material for this article has been drawn from the Frederick Jackson Turner papers housed in the Henry E. Huntington Library.

Contributors

RICHARD POURADE is essentially a newspaperman who refers to himself as an historical accident. His family, Americans in business in Mexico, came to California as refugees from the revolution of 1913-1915. Misfortunes sent him to work before finishing high school, and as a Western Union messenger boy got a job as an office boy on the now defunct San Diego *Sun*. He was its managing editor when it closed, and subsequently, after a time, joined the San Diego *Union* as a political writer, later Washington correspondent, then returning to become city editor, managing editor, associate editor and finally editor. A leave of absence to write a book on the history of San Diego, somehow, he says, grew into two volumes, then three, and finally six, with one more still to go. He never returned to strictly newspaper duties, except for editoral volumes which he either wrote or edited, including *The Explorers, Time of the Bells, The Silver Dons, The Glory Years, Gold in the Sun, The Rising Tide, The Call to California, Anza Conquers the Desert,* and *The Sign of the Eagle.* Mr. Pourade is a director of the San Diego Historical Society, and in 1975 was elected a Fellow of the California Historical Society.

RONALD DEAN MILLER was born in Eureka, California, and has studied at Stanford and USC. He received his M.A. from the University of Redlands and his M.S. from USC. He is at present teaching in the Ontario-Montclair School District, but for 9 years was a ranger-naturalist for the Department of the Interior at Joshua Tree National Monument. His published works include: *Shady Ladies of the West, Mines of the High Desert, The Chemehuevi Indians of Southern California, Delta Country, Mines of the Mojave, Hell's Belles* (for Westerners' Brand Book) and numerous works published in periodicals. He is a corresponding member of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, a member of the board of Death Valley '49ers, a member of the board of Malki Indian Museum Association, an XNGH of the Billy Holcomb Chapter of E Clampus Vitus and heads a small publishing house called Taxat Press.

RAYMUND F. WOOD was born in London, England, but was educated in California and in Washington. He obtained his first master's degree from

Gonzaga University, in medieval philosophy, which he followed some years later, after service as an officer in World War II, with a doctorate in medieval history from UCLA. He also obtained a master's degree in library science from the University of Southern California. He is the author of several books dealing with California history, principally concerned with Mariposa and Kern Counties and Mission San Jose. He has written many articles in scholarly journals in the two fields of history and librarianship. For eight years he was the editor of the quarterly journal of the Fresno County Historical Society. Presently he is a professor in the Graduate School of Library and Information Science at UCLA. An Associate Member of the Los Angeles Corral, he resides in Encino and continues his research and writing on California history.

KENNETH JOHNSON is a native Californian, born in San Jose. He is a graduate of Stanford University and the Stanford Law School, being admitted to the California Bar in 1928. He practiced in San Jose, and was on the legal staff of the Bank of America in San Francisco for many years, retiring as Vice-President and Counsel. In 1963 he received an award of appreciation from the State Legislature for work done as a member of the Advisory Committee on the Uniform Commercial Code. In 1966 he received the Award of Merit from the California Historical Society. In addition to being the author of numerous articles in historical and legal journals, Mr. Johnson has also written ten books dealing with western history, including *Aerial California*, *The New Almaden Mine*, *San Francisco As It Is*, *The Pious Fund*, *The Fair Will Case*, and *The Fremont Court Martial.*

DAN L. THRAPP, born June 26, 1913, at West Chicago, Illinois, is a graduate of the University of Missouri School of Journalism, with an honorary doctorate from Chapman College, California. He had extensive western experience before 1938, having punched cows in New Mexico and north, herded sheep in Montana, and explored the then-wild canyons of southern Utah on horseback and alone. He also worked for the American Museum of Natural History at New York and took part in a dinosaur expedition to Wyoming in 1934. Thrapp joined the United Press Assns. in 1938 and worked for this organization, with time out for Army World War II duty for a decade, being stationed at Buenos Aires, London, Greece, Rome and in North and Central Africa. The war erupted while he was at Buenos Aires and with another he traveled by pack mule along the Andes from Argentina to La Paz, Bolivia, and thence to Lima, Peru, enroute home. With the Army he served in Burma and China. His publications of frontier interest include: *Al Sieber: Chief of Scouts*, *The Conquest of Apacheria*, *General Crook and the Sierra Madre Adventure*, *Juh: An Incredible Indian*, and

Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches. Now retired after 25 years with the *Los Angeles Times,* he and his wife, the former Janice Anathan Fisk, make their home at Tucson.

GLORIA RICCI LOTHROP was reared and educated in the city of her birth, Los Angeles. She received her B.A. degree from Immaculate Heart College. Embarking on a career in secondary education, she taught first at Sacred Heart High School, followed by a tenured position in the Beverly Hills Unified School District. In the interim she continued graduate work, taking an M.A. in Education from her alma mater; then pursued further work in the UCLA School of Education. In 1965, she was elected an Oakley Fellow for two years at the University of Southern California to complete her study for the Ph.D. in History. Her doctoral dissertation research on the life and times of Gregory Mengarini, S.J., won the support of a Haynes Fellowship. She has served as a visiting lecturer in the department of history at USC and as assistant professor of history at Loyola-Marymount University prior to her appointment in 1970 to the history faculty in California State Polytechnic University, Pomona.

JOHN WESLEY ROBINSON teaches American history at Davis Middle School in Costa Mesa, California. He earned his B.A. degree in History at the University of Southern California, and his M.A. from California State University, Long Beach. He has been intimately acquainted with the San Gabriel Mountains most of his life, and has authored *Trails of the Angeles,* a top-selling trail guide to the range. His other books include *San Bernardino Mountain Trails, Mines of the San Gabriels, The Mount Wilson Story,* and *Camping and Climbing in Baja.* He has edited two books for Glen Dawson's Baja California Travels Series, and his articles have appeared in *Desert Magazine, Out West, Southern California Quarterly* and *Pomona Valley Historian.* He is presently completing a pictorial history of the western San Gabriels. A Corresponding Member of the Los Angeles Corral, he continues his research and writing on mountain history.

JO BETH KINGSBURY JACOBS was born in Texas and educated in California. She received her Ph.D. (1966) from the University of California at Los Angeles where she was a teaching assistant for two years. Earlier publications vary from "The Last Witch of England" to a history of the "Founding of Inglewood." She has presented papers on "The Westering Male Through Victorian Eyes" and "News of the Grand Prairie: Migration into Fort Worth-Dallas in the 1850's" to academic associations. Currently in press is a chapter on "Sunkist Advertising" from her dissertation in the new anthology on *Los Angeles* by John and La Ree Caughey. She is a Lecturer

in History at Santa Barbara City College and serves on committees of the Western History Association and the Organization of American Historians.

ABRAHAM HOFFMAN was born in 1938 in Los Angeles. After taking his B.A. and M.A. degrees at California State University at Los Angeles, he went on to a Ph.D. in History at UCLA under the tutelage of Dr. John W. Caughey. His research interests are dual: minorities in the West with a special emphasis on Mexican immigration and repatriation, and water resource development in California. In 1973-74 he was awarded a post-doctoral fellowship by the National Endowment for the Humanities to edit the field research notes of Dr. Paul S. Taylor at the Bancroft Library. The author of *Unwanted Mexican Americans in the Great Depression*, his articles have appeared in *Western Historical Quarterly, Pacific Historical Review, Southern California Quarterly, Branding Iron,* and other journals. He is now writing a book on the Owens Valley-Los Angeles water controversy, centering on the role played by the U.S. Reclamation Service.

THE HAGERS, transplanted Easterners, live in the Point Fermin area of San Pedro and have a library covering the history of the Los Angeles-Long Beach harbors and Santa Catalina Island. As a team they have compiled annual indices for the publications of the California Historical Society, Historical Society of Southern California, *The Pacific Historian, The Siskiyou Pioneer and Yearbook,* and the *Western History Association Quarterly.* In addition, they prepared indices for the eleven volume edition of *The Larkin Papers,* edited by Dr. George P. Hammond; Madie B. Emparan's *The Vallejos of California* and for Lawrence Clark Powell's *California Classics* and *Southwest Classics,* as well as for several other books and publications. Anna Marie contributed two volumes to the Baja California Travel Series published by Dawson's Book Shop and a brief article on Los Angeles' Merced Theatre for the Book Club of California Keepsakes. Articles by the Hagers have been published in the *Branding Iron* and in *Brand Book* Number 10. Everett, after a stint of some eight years as Registrar of Marks and Brands, served in 1976 as Sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners.

T. S. MCNEILL, third generation Californian, received his B.A. in history at U.C.L.A. Following a 3 year period of army duty in World War II, he obtained a master's in education at U.S.C. A career in teaching and administration ended in retirement from the Los Angeles City Schools. He is an active member of the California Historical Society, Historical Society of Southern California, and related historical organizations. A recent membership in the Collegium of Western Art has focused attention

on his special interest, the art history of California and the West. He has written articles for the Branding Irons, The Brand Book, and has sponsored many exhibitions of art created by earlier artists. He has developed a western art research library. A member of the Los Angeles Corral since 1962, he serves presently as Corral librarian.

RAY ALLEN BILLINGTON was raised in Detroit, educated at the Universities of Wisconsin and Michigan, and in 1933 earned his doctoral degree at Harvard University. His teaching career began in 1931 at Clark University, and continued at Smith College and Northwestern University where he was William Smith Mason Professor of History. His ascent to the ultimate academic paradise occurred in 1963 when he joined the staff of the Huntington Library as Senior Research Associate. Among the twenty-five books that he has written or edited are *Westward Expansion* (now in its fourth edition), *The Far Western Frontier, 1830-1860, American's Frontier Heritage,* and *Frederick Jackson Turner*, which was awarded the Bancroft Prize in 1974. He served as the first president of the Western History Association, and has been president of the American Studies Association and the Organization of American Historians, as well as Sheriff of the Los Angeles Westerners and president of Westerners International.

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The artistic ability of Burt Procter has long been devoted to supporting this Corral, so I am particularly pleased to have some of his sketches and several reproductions of his fine oil paintings appear in conjunction with his remarkably lucid and sensible article in which he sets forth his credo as an artist. Andy Dagosta, another of our most faithful artist-members, is responsible for the superbly rendered and appropriate silhouette drawings that are used to accompany each individual article. Andy also created the painting which is reproduced on the endpapers.

Victor Plukas, Historian for Security Pacific National Bank, deserves special mention for personally ransacking his company's voluminous archives for some of the illustrative material used in this volume. The index is once again the product of the indefatigable duo, Anna Marie and Everett Hager, whose meticulous indexing work has unlocked so much of California's history.

Lastly, I extend my gratitude to the authors represented in Brand Book 15, each one a member of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners. They proved their loyalty to our organization by sharing their scholarly, yet immensely readable work. They proved themselves to me by their unflagging patience, cooperation, and courtesy.

Anthony L. Lehman

Index

(COMPILED BY ANNA MARIE AND EVERETT G. HAGER)


THE
WESTERNERS