BRAND BOOK 16

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

THE WESTERNERS BRAND BOOK 16

EDITED
by
Raymund F. Wood

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The Los Angeles Corral
Dedicates
BRAND BOOK 16
To the Memory of

DON LOUIS PERCEVAL

1908-1979

Don Louis Perceval

Don Louis Perceval at a Westerners meeting, 1948.

Don Louis Perceval was born January 8, 1908, in Woodford, Essex County, England, a son of parents who also were artists. His first extended visit to the United States occurred in 1920, when he resided with his family, in Hollywood. But from his first contact with America, Don's overwhelming interest was not Hollywood and its glamor, but the nation's historical west; a land stark, rugged, grand and dramatic; a land of horses, riders, cattle and its proud aborigines—the Indians. The arid Southwest, with its colorful landscapes, and equally colorful peoples, seems particularly to have cast a never-ending spell on the eager and sensitive young artist. Already he had set his mind. He would portray its dignity and its wonder on canvas.

To Don Perceval's already evident skills and talent were added American schooling, with years of study at Chouinard Institute of Art in Hollywood. This was followed by study at the Heatherly School of Art, and Royal College of Art, on his return to London. To it he added research studies in primitive art at the British Museum, and at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Further studies were pursued in most of the galleries of Europe; the longest stretch being at the Prado, in Madrid. His travels—sketching and painting—led him across Europe, parts of Africa, and the West Indies. But nothing would or could supplant his first love—the American Southwest. And to that he returned. For his devotion, interest, and pictorial portrayal, Don

Louis Perceval eventually became an adopted member of the Hopi Tribe.

It was during this period of Don's life that Los Angeles Corral of Westerners came into being. One year after its establishment he became a member, and in 1950 served as its Deputy Sheriff. Although he had, as early as 1927, illustrated a book by Harry James, with whom Don had shared student days with the Trailfinders, it was in these later years that his fame as a book illustrator began to emerge.

In 1949, while associated with the art department of Pomona College, Don Perceval was instrumental in promoting that most unique festival and showing of "The Art of Western America"—an exciting event, lasting the full month of November, 1949. It was sponsored and under auspices of Pomona College, one of America's most outstanding liberal arts education institutions. Of special pride to Westerners is the fact that not only did members of Los Angeles Corral aid Don in gathering together one of the most breathtaking shows of western artists ever assembled under one roof—by loaning their priceless Russells, Dixons, Fechins, Borgs, Swinnertons, Weavers, Begays, and Boreins, but crowned the Pomona affair by holding Los Angeles Corral's first "open" meeting, with ladies and guests invited, on the campus, at Claremont. The banquet, amid the glory of "western" art, with the College's own Dr. Kenneth Foster and Don Louis Perceval as speakers, was an unforgettable experience in Corral history.

Los Angeles Corral of Westerners owe a perpetual debt to Don Perceval. His genius as author and artist has been rendered unstintingly over the years to enhance and glorify the organization he never ceased to love and serve. The *Brand Books* especially are treasure troves of Perceval creation at its very best. His full-length articles, written in his inimitable wry and salty style, include "The Art of Western America," in BB No. 3, 1950; "Forty-nine A's (and Other Brand Marks)," in BB No. 3, 1950; a 40-page illustrated dissertation on cattle brands, "Names on Cows," in BB No. 4, 1951; and the magnificent 64-page section titled "A Maynard Dixon Sketchbook" in BB No. 8, 1959.

In addition to humorously illustrating such mundane items as the Corral's original dinner tickets, his sketches for the *Branding Iron*, such as *Down the Western Book Trail, Corral Chips,* and other page art, starting with *Branding Iron* Nos. 9 and 10, 1950, have enlivened the Corral's monthly publication for many years past. And the seventeen whimsical sketches which brighten the *Range Rules* booklets of 1966, 1972, and 1976, have long since changed that utility manual into a collector's item. Even in the 1978 issue of the Corral *Membership Directory* is found the delightful illustration of D.L.P.

But to Los Angeles Westerners, what more lasting remembrance of Don Louis Perceval can there possibly be than the task he assumed after the

death of fellow artist Clarence Ellsworth, of providing the tribute—a painting or watercolor—on the last month of the year—to the retiring Sheriff of the Corral? The presentation, so long as Don was physically up to it, invariably brought Don from Tucson or Santa Barbara, to personally present the treasure in behalf of Los Angeles Corral.

Thus has the attrition of time cut down another Westerner who rode tall in the saddle. Luckily for us Don has left behind—as he would say—"a barmy-assed chunk of himself to mull over." But to those of us who had the privilege of intimately knowing this sensitive, gifted Englishman, whom "Indian country" turned into a fast riding, witty, and sometimes profane barnyard philosopher, with a tenderly spiritual talent for extracting truth and beauty out of the wide and lonely western world he loved, Don is so unique that no man is ever likely again to ride in his stirrups.

Truly indeed has Los Angeles Corral and Los Angeles Westerners been blessed by this man who so early saw the vision, and so long and loyally served the organization toward which he has been so essential and colorful a part. One of Don's greatest paintings depicts a little group of Navajo riders wearily cresting the hill; looking off into the red buttes ahead. Now that Don himself has crested the hill—may his own ride ahead be easier. And may the color be as real and possessive as the day he himself first painted it.

—Paul Bailey

In Memoriam

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Acknowledgements

It goes without saying that this Brand Book, or any other, would not have been possible without the generous cooperation of a good many people. First, the contributors of the articles who responded so readily to the call for original western material that the editor had to turn down several for want of space.

Secondly, the Corral is indebted to Ernie Marquez, who did all of the layout and pasteup work, and in effect produced this book. The Corral is likewise indebted to artist Andy Dagosta, who generously provided his expertise and many of his western paintings to enhance this Brand Book. And likewise to members Anna Marie and Everett Hager, who compiled the Index. Proofreading was done by several members of the Corral, among them Ed Carpenter, Konrad Schreier, and of course the Hagers, as they made the Index. Despite these gimlet-eyed readers, there are doubtless some errors or infelicities of presentation for which your editor will take the blame and will beg your indulgence.

Thanks should also go to various members of the Brand Book Committee for continuing help and encouragement — Arthur Clark, Bert Olson, and Sheriff William O. Hendricks in particular, as well as former editors and sheriffs Doyce B. Nunis, Jr. and Donald Duke. A special word of thanks from the whole Corral should also go to Robert A. Olson, whose firm, The Holliston Mills, Inc. of Hyannis, Massachusetts, made us a gift of the cloth for binding the volumes.

The technical aspects of production — type-setting, printing, art work, binding, and the like — were done with care and precision by the various commercial firms involved. To all of them a heartfelt vote of thanks.

Raymund F. Wood
Editor

Table of Contents

Preface

In preparing Brand Book 16 for presentation to fellow Westerners of the Los Angeles Corral in the late fall of 1981, the year of the 200th anniversary of the founding of our city, the editor is aware of serious dereliction of duty in not seeing to it that at least one article of the round dozen here presented should deal in some way with that historic event. But there is comfort to be found in two considerations — first, that there has already been a plethora of books, articles, dedications of plaques, television specials, and the like, all dealing with the events that began in September of 1781, enough to satisfy even the most avid history buff; and secondly, centennials of states and countries come and go, but a Brand Book (we like to think) is for all time.

So you will find in the ensuing pages no mind's-eye-view of what *might* have happened two hundred years ago, when a handful of *pobladores* were assigned their little plots of sun-baked land in what was to become part of fabulous downtown Los Angeles. Instead you will find a broad spectrum of articles, ranging geographically from England to Southern California, and chronologically from the time of the First Crusade almost to the 1980's. Avoidance of any predetermined "theme" for Brand Book 16 has permitted a wide range of topics, from nudism to rodeo, from maritime history to fur trapping, and from a scholarly dissertation on the origin of the name of our state to an in-depth account of a dramatic but tragic event that took place within the city limits of Los Angeles. May you enjoy the reading as much as I have enjoyed the editing.

Raymund F. Wood
Editor

Sunbathing in Southern California: An Historical Overview

BY JAYNE BERNARD

Sunbathing, the practice of allowing the rays of the sun to warm the human body without the intervention of any clothing, was occasionally advocated, and sometimes even practiced, by several notable Americans of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The *Encyclopedia Americana* mentions the names of Benjamin Franklin, Thoreau, and Walt Whitman as having written in praise of the beneficial results of sunbathing *au naturel.* But modern-day nudism, by which is generally meant the practice of sunbathing, not as a single individual, or in private, but as a group member with persons of either sex similarly unclothed, who have come together, on a piece of property that is both private and secluded, for the common purpose of spending a few hours in the sunshine without encumbrance of clothing—this type of nudism is definitely a phenomenon of the present century.

According to the same encyclopedia article, the practice began in the early years of this century in Germany, where the term *Frei-Korper-Kultur* (Free Body Culture), usually abbreviated FKK, was generally used, and is still sometimes used in Europe in place of the term nudism. In 1929 a German immigrant introduced the FKK movement into the United States, specifically at an outing near Peekskill, New York, on Labor Day of that year.

A few years later an International Nudist Conference was organized in New Jersey, the German immigrant Kurt Barthel being one of its founders, along with the Americans Alois Knapp and Ilsley Boone. The term FKK was dropped, and the plain word nudism substituted. A journal, *The Nudist*, was started in 1932, though its title was changed in 1941 to *Sunshine and Health*. In 1937 the Conference became a permanent organization, incorporated in New Jersey as the American Sunbathing Association, which today has approximately 10,000 members.

I

Nudism Comes to Southern California

It was in 1932, at a summer camp near Highland, New York, that a young couple, Hobart and Lura Glassey, who were destined to bring nudism to Southern California, had their own first experience with practical nudism, in addition to reading articles about it in *The Nudist*. The Glasseys looked forward to a similar experience the following summer, but this was not to be. The camp at Highland foundered, as did many another enterprise during the Great Depression; and the Glasseys, like many other families that winter, came west to try to better their fortunes. Both were graduates of Syracuse University, Hobart in Psychology and Lura in Home Economics and Nutrition. With these backgrounds they believed they would find work opportunities in California.

In this they were moderately successful. Hobart found at least partial employment within the medical profession, and it was a doctor friend, with whom he and his wife were discussing the benefits to be derived from exposure to sunshine and fresh air, who jokingly suggested that they start their own nudist camp, little guessing that he would be taken seriously. Lura Glassey, recalling those first years, said:

> We must have been optimists. We had no money and no backing; just an idea that we thought would be good for people who wanted to get away from the city.

The Glassey's first site was a one-year leasehold in Riverside County, in Merrill Canyon off the old Ortega Highway, which was still a dirt road when they opened on May 19, 1933. The group was called "Fraternity Elysia," and the campgrounds were named "Elysian Fields." Only the crudest of accommodations were offered, two ex-Olympic-Village cottages for a dormitory and a kitchen-dining room. Moveable tent houses were built, but there was a serious scarcity of water. Without the convenience of a

Lura and Hobart Glassey in 1930.
After Hobart's accidental death in 1938, Lura continued to operate "Fraternity Elysia" on her own, but fell victim of a vitriolic newspaper campaign against nudism in Los Angeles during the fall of 1939.

(Photo courtesy of American Nudist Research Library)

pump, water was brought to the surface in buckets and bathing was limited to a dousing from buckets of water poured over the head and shoulders. With the problems encountered without a water supply, a swimming pool was out of the question, and the end of the year saw Lura and Hobart moving down Ortega Highway five miles to a new camp site in Long Canyon. Prior to moving, however, the Fraternity cooperated in the filming of a documentary nudist motion picture, entitled "Elysia."

At the conclusion of this first year, the newly established California nudist group had its first brush with legal authority. The Riverside County District Attorney had taken a dim view of social nudism from the outset, and when the club directors attempted to relocate at their new property, the landowner prevailed upon the District Attorney to arrest both Lura and Hobart, as well as a third individual, Peter McConville. Following an unpleasant weekend in the county jail, all three were released on Monday with no charges filed and with no case recorded on the county docket.

The "Fraternity" format of Southern California's first nudist group reflected the early 1930 academic backgrounds of the Glasseys. Greek names were bestowed upon all members, and a mild initiation ceremony was held prior to their being admitted to membership. Idealistic and sincere, the Glasseys required each new applicant to sign a statement saying that nudist ideals were accepted.

Many precedents established by this beginning group are still in evidence more than forty years later. No one under eighteen years of age was admitted unless accompanied by parents, and all applicants were required to attend for two probationary visits before being accepted on a full membership basis. Hobart Glassey was an intense public relations man who travelled as far as Los Angeles to speak to interested service clubs. He wrote a great deal for *The Nudist*, not only about his own group's activities, but about the principles, ideals, and ethics of the entire nudist movement. But the first schism in west coast nudism developed when Peter McConville became a part owner of "Elysian Fields," and, by the time the Glasseys were expecting their first child, it had become increasingly difficult for the three leaders to mesh their ideas. Lura and Hobart decided to move closer to the Los Angeles area, and, taking with them the club name, "Fraternity Elysia," they established themselves in the San Fernando Valley.

Peter McConville meanwhile renamed the Riverside County site in Long Canyon, "Olympic Fields." Peter, a wiry little Irishman, hardly five feet tall, established a strict set of guidelines for his guests at "Olympic Fields," and enforced some of them by mounting a nightly twilight patrol of the

"Olympic Fields," above Lake Elsinore.
This photo was taken in 1938, after Hobart and Lura Glassey departed, carrying their name "Elysia" with them to the San Fernando Valley, where they operated the "Fraternity Elysia" from 1935 to 1939. *(Photo courtesy of American Nudist Research Library)*

club's perimeter accompanied by a husky police dog. He was a curious mixture of tough, stubborn Irish traits which could utterly dissipate into sentimentality when confronted by a family obviously short of funds for membership. Charging as little as $2.00 per day in the mid-1940's for the use of his expansive grounds, he explained his generosity with the comment, "Kids need this type of life."

It was Peter McConville who, in 1945, displayed untiring efforts when he marshalled his membership to ward off legal threats to the nudist position in California. This was the time when the State Legislature threatened to put an end to the social nudist movement, with Committee hearings on what was then known as the Dills Bill (AB 344, January 17, 1945).

Members from Peter McConville's park joined with nudists from other California groups to converge on the Committee hearings at the state capitol in April, assisted by an attorney from the American Civil Liberties Union. The nudists made an impressive showing before the Committee, and successfully countered the accusations and innuendos of the bill's sponsor, Ralph C. Dills, so much so that the bill was tabled by a vote of 7 to

2, with two members abstaining. Nudists from "Olympic Fields" who attended cite the following facts:

> The Committee more or less side-tracked the representation by the A.C.L.U. lawyer, J. B. Tietz, in favor of hearing testimony from the nudists themselves. On the basis of the testimony given by them, the Committee decided to reject the bill.

Roberta Kiernan, a nudist mother in attendance, stated that the A.C.L.U. attorney "was being argumentative, feisty; the wrong tactic entirely, as we were being factual and explaining things . . . "

During the course of the hearings a few human interest episodes unfolded which noticeably mellowed the legislators' attitude towards nudists. There was a nursing mother present who, when the time came to feed her young son during the meeting, turned aside to perform this motherly duty, and in so doing caught the sympathy of the Committee members by her matter-of-fact and dignified manner—a sort of Bret Harte episode of burly miners listening to the cry of a baby. Later, when a certain Committee member tossed the paper ring from his newly-lit cigar and missed the waste basket, Roberta's small son trotted over and picked up the cigar band and put it in the trash container, which once again impressed the Committee members.

The Dills Bill, which would have added a new Section, Section 317, to the California Penal Code, would have prohibited the practice of social nudism throughout California, if it had passed. But, in response to the good showing made by dozens of nudists at the April hearings, the bill was allowed to die in committee, with no action taken until June 16, when it was formally "returned from committee without further action." This was the last attempt to restrict nudism on a statewide basis, though, as will be shown later, attempts at governmental restriction on the more local level were successful.

On the occasion of Pete McConville's death in 1959, "Olympic Fields" once again changed its name, this time to "McConville," in honor of the Irishman who had engineered its growth into a semi-permanent community of fifty-seven cabins, with a wide variety of supporting recreational activities. This club, though on the fringe of a tremendous urban growth, celebrates its 50th anniversary in 1983. "McConville" is on a mountain top, 2500 feet above the community of Elsinore, which is just six miles away. The park supplies a feeling of seclusion in generous measure, with rolling hillsides encompassing a four-hundred-acre expanse of quiet seclusion. Members have long prided themselves on the unique location of this first nudist park in the west, and consider it to be truly an Elysian Field.

The move of the Glasseys, former partners with McConville, to the San Fernando Valley was marked by two tragedies—one personal, and the other of some enduring social consequences. Just above the community of Roscoe (now called Sun Valley), they established their "Fraternity Elysia" on a piece of property known as the Rancho Glassey. This ranch was only about eighteen miles from the heart of Los Angeles, and about nine miles from Hollywood. As the membership expanded, Hobart and Lura built a swimming pool, cabins, and other modern conveniences which became an integral part of their facilities. The third annual meeting of the Fraternity was held in the Masonic Temple of Glendale on January 3, 1936. The Fraternity continued to flourish, with over 112 memberships listed in *The Nudist* of that year, and crowds of from 70 to 150 persons in attendance on Sundays.

When a flood washed out their entry road in 1938, Hobart Glassey was accidentally killed as he was trying to tear down an old lime kiln to obtain lumber to repair the roadway. With her two young boys, aged only one and three years, Lura Glassey was faced with pioneering on her own. Nudism was still not accepted by a majority of the populace, and the idea of nudist clubs within the limits of Los Angeles County was soon to be bitterly fought by the newspapers.

Through the press, the name Glassey was not only associated with nudism's first encounter with the law (in Riverside County in 1934), but Mrs. Glassey was the major defendant in a series of events in Los Angeles which led to bizarre newspaper headlines and to a major anti-nudist thrust of the local laws.

The event that led to these headlines was the suicide, on Tuesday, July 18, 1939, of Mrs. Dawn Hope Noel, recently married wife of Herbert James Noel, both of whom had been members of "Fraternity Elysia" for about three months. As routinely written up in the Los Angeles *Herald-Express* next day, Mr. and Mrs. Noel had visited the nudist camp the previous weekend, remaining all day Monday; and it was afterwards observed that there was no quarrel or disagreement of any kind between husband and wife while at the camp. Mrs. Noel left the camp on Monday evening about 6:00 p.m. to return to her North Hollywood home to feed the dogs. She was accompanied by three friends, a couple who were family friends, and a Mr. Ray Heuber, also a friend of the family. The four people returned to camp about 10:00 p.m. Next day, Tuesday, the Noels left camp for their home. Some time that afternoon Herbert Noel found out that Mr. Heuber had accompanied his wife to their home on Monday evening; he phoned Mr. Heuber, and started to "bawl him out," as he later testified. It was while he

was on the phone, "bawling out" Ray Heuber, that Noel heard a shot. He went into the bedroom and saw that his wife had turned a 22-caliber rifle upon herself, and was already dead.

Dawn Hope Noel was the daughter of the famous Broadway stage actress Adele Blood Hope, reputed to have been the "most beautiful blonde" of her time. She committed suicide in her home in Harrison, New York, on September 14, 1936, when her daughter Dawn Hope was 16 years of age. These facts were aired in the papers on the days following Dawn's suicide, and comment was made that the tendency to suicide might run in the Hope family. Little if any mention was made of the nudist camp background of the couple.

However, by July 25, a full week later, the *Herald-Express* publishers evidently decided that an "expose" could make a story to spice up the doldrums of the summer news. On page A-1, beginning in column 1, is a long article, by staff writer Dick Washburne, who comments that he has "made investigation and is setting forth what he has found, and why the laws permit so strange a phenomenon of human behavior [as nudism]." From that date until about the end of August, the *Herald-Express* kept up a steady barrage of articles on the evils of nudism, with hints of unspeakable orgies going on "behind those impenetrable walls." They managed to get many local politicians, the chief of police, city councilmen, county supervisors, sheriffs, and similar public officials to express themselves in favor of suppressing all nudist camps in the county. The matter even reached the legislature, when Assemblyman Paul Peek requested Attorney General Earl Warren to investigate, and "if the investigation shows conditions to be as reported in the press, a law to outlaw all nudist camps in California should be introduced."

Nor were politicians the only ones involved in denouncing the three nudist camps then existing in the county—"Fraternity Elysia," operated by Mrs. Glassey; "Shangri-La," near Calabasas, operated by Al Pearson and Harold Thone; and "Land of Moo," near Lancaster, operated by Art Foster—other people were also asked to denounce the practice, and articles by leaders of the WCTU, and by Archbishop Cantwell may be read in the papers during late August; though the impression is gained that the writers didn't really know their subject and more or less repeated what had been said before.

The Los Angeles *Examiner* also printed a few articles, though they did not appear daily, and were more summary in nature. The *Examiner* did interview Mrs. Glassey, and on August 20, in the *American Weekly Magazine* section of the paper, published a full-page story, complete with a

picture of Dawn Noel (a studio pose) and a distant view of the swimming pool at Rancho Glassey, as well as a rather intelligent and sympathetic interview with Lura Glassey. She said that, like all similar camps, there were strict rules of conduct—no liquor of any kind, no profanity, no nude dancing, no rough play, no gestures of affection, even between husband and wife, and, of course, no photography. She also said that persons were admitted only after a "probationary" visit or two, to see if the newcomer really wanted to join; and also that families were given preference over singles. All in all, she made it sound like a rather dull affair, a place where the principal activities were swimming, volley-ball, and loafing in the sun—rather the opposite of the idea that the *Herald-Express* was trying to convey.

However, the legal process had been set in motion, and city councilmen and county supervisors were unwilling to vote against something they had publicly supported in August. On October 5, 1939, Los Angeles County passed, by a three to two majority vote, Ordinance #3428, which effectively prohibited the practice of social nudism anywhere in the county. A similar measure was passed by the City of Los Angeles on November 8, this time by a vote of eleven to two.

But the nudist camps did not suddenly go out of existence. Lura Glassey continued to operate "Fraternity Elysia," and the newspapers, once the news of the outbreak of war in Europe preempted the front pages, quietly dropped the reporting of nudist activity completely. By 1940, however, there were occasional reports of police infiltration into the camps, and finally, by August 1941, the police felt they had enough evidence to make a case. Mrs. Glassey was brought to trial, as proprietress, along with her manager, and both were convicted of violating the city ordinance (since Rancho Glassey, in the San Fernando Valley, was within the city limits), and sentenced to six months in jail. After two appeals to the U.S. Supreme Court failed, the sentences were carried out.

Lura Glassey recently recalled those months she spent in jail in these words:

> It [six months] was more time than most people spend who have committed felonies! But I never believed that we wouldn't eventually win, for I believed in the nudist idea and *knew* that we were not obscene. I knew that the time would come when people would not be shocked by the nude body.

But the jail sentence convinced Mrs. Glassey that the authorities intended to stick by the letter of the law, and she retired from all further nudist resort activities. So also did the managers of "Shangri-La," who had for some time

prohibited children from coming to the camp; and so also did Art Foster, of the "Land of Moo," who turned his former nudist campsite into a rabbit ranch.

For more than twenty-five years after the Glassey trial no nudist resort was able to operate within the boundaries of Los Angeles County, while more and more nudists drove their cars each Sunday from the metropolitan area to more hospitable counties surrounding Los Angeles.

There was one rather interesting spin-off from the interest created in 1939 by the lurid newspaper accounts. This was an utopian venture sponsored by a certain H. B. Henry of Costa Mesa, who envisioned life in the nude on a tropical island, with a self-sustaining community of like-minded persons to make this plan practicable. The island chosen was Chirote Island, about twenty miles off the coast of the Republic of Panama, near the town of David, which is about 270 miles north of Panama City. Mr. Henry ran an ad on page 27 of the December 1940 edition of *Sunshine and Health*, which read as follows:

> Personal freedom, security, independence, friendship, happiness, and a comfortable living can be earned by all members on our large island in Panama. Special charter membership; men $5.00; women or children $1.00.

Periodically Mr. Henry issued small promotional brochures, and he fully expected to launch the project in the early 1940's. However, all plans were deferred with the outbreak of World War II. After the war, a group did leave for the island on a hundred-foot sub-chaser which had been converted into a cargo carrier. But life on this tropical isle was complicated by two factors—some seventy-five uncooperative local inhabitants who were not nudists, and the abundance of pesky insects which had been overlooked in Mr. Henry's "environmental impact study." Disillusioned, the participants in this experiment returned to the states over a five-year period.

II

Nudist Clubs Outside of Los Angeles County

While both Los Angeles City and County continued to offer every obstacle possible to the spread of social nudism, one county to the south, San Diego, and two counties to the east, Riverside and San Bernardino, were being quite receptive to the various camps which were struggling for existence within their boundaries.

A: San Bernardino County

As early as April, 1934, Ray Berry located his "San Bernardino Sunshine League" on the southern border of the Mojave Desert, in the foothills of the San Bernardino Mountains. Though close to a small desert community, Hesperia, any effort to establish a successful sunbathing group there seemed doomed to failure. In those days Hesperia was too remote from any center of heavy population, and too far away to entice many sunbathers from the Los Angeles area. Ray and Helen Berry soon closed their desert fiasco and moved down Cajon Pass toward the town of Devore, only a few miles out of San Bernardino. Here they established "Valley-of-the-Sun," and offered a picturesque swimming pool as their special attraction. Built by hand labor, it was irregular in shape; cobblestones surrounded the rim, and where Ray was unable to remove a large boulder he simply covered it with concrete. Fed by ice-cold, mountain-spring water, this pool was a challenge to the most hardy. Today this site still operates as a successful, well-known nudist operation in spite of the various owners and name changes it has undergone. In the 1950's, under new ownership, the club was known as "Oakdale Ranch," and a new, large commercial pool was built and dedicated to Kurt Barthel, a member of that elite group who had originally brought German nudism to this country. Currently, the club is called "Treehouse," but, other than complying with local building codes and licensing, it is still quite recognizable as the first "Valley-of-the-Sun" which started over forty years ago.

Another group, founded in 1958, was started even closer to San Bernardino, and was owned and operated by Joe and Bessie Smith. A variety of factors brought about its close in October 1964, but certainly the encroachment of the city's population was one of them. In addition, a state college was to be built near San Bernardino, and entry road changes to the Smiths' "Lazy K" resort would have had to be made. Other clubs were started in the less populated areas of San Bernardino and Riverside Counties, such as "Sunset Rancho," "Rock Springs," "The Doffers," and "Desert Garden" near Palm Springs. For many varied and sometimes personal reasons, they did not continue to operate as clubs offering nudism to an accepting membership.

B: San Diego County

The group which boasts of being the second oldest nudist club in the state, dating back to 1934, remained under the direction of one man until the rise in land values increased his taxes to a staggering amount, forcing

Ernie Miller of "Samagatuma," near Ramona in San Diego County, to sell his grounds. Ernie gives credit to nudism and its healthy outgoing activities for saving his life when he was a young man. In 1932 a chance article in a San Diego newspaper caught his attention, and he learned that an enthusiastic group was banding together near Jamul to form a club called "Campo Nudista." With little money, no job, and poor health, Ernie Miller, a former vaudeville actor, took a new hold on life when he became one of "Campo Nudista's" staunchest supporters.

"Campo Nudista" occupied one hundred and thirty-nine acres of ranch land only twenty-five miles from San Diego. It was on a private road only one mile off the highway. Opening on March 18, 1934, under the leadership of Marion H. Nichols, it offered a clothes-optional park, not requiring guests to remove all their clothing if they did not wish to do so. Although encountering no ill-feeling from the law or the press, "Campo Nudista" had problems in locating a permanent site. Within a year it moved to still another location in the Jamul district, outside of San Diego City.

A few of the members, seeking to choose a permanent spot, decided in 1935 to form a cooperative group on grounds near the community of Ramona. On this parcel of one hundred and forty acres, Ernie Miller volunteered to rent the land from the cooperative group and to direct the club's activities. One of "Campo Nudista's" previous sites had been in the Samagatuma Valley east of San Diego and the name "Samagatuma"—meaning "Valley of Peace"—became the camp name for the new Ramona club.

Together with his mother Louise, Ernie established a rugged country environment, honeycombed with hiking trails tucked away in the high hills behind San Diego. Still operating today, still offering only a modicum of comfort, "Samagatuma" continues to improve its facilities and brag about the size of its acreage even in these days of rising land values.

San Diego County also saw the rise and fall of many other groups which offered varying facilities for nudist members. In Lyons Valley, at one time, there was a club called "Cottontail Ranch." In a park-like setting with a delightful pool and beautiful oaks, the driving time required to reach there still presented a barrier to its growth. In addition, there was an entry road that challenged even the expert driver. Another club which flourished for some ten years near Jamul was the "Paradise Health Associates." This group started in the mid-1940's under the direction of Doctor and Gladys Carlisle. Later it was operated by Chuck and Leslie Leslie. Once again, inaccessibility, accompanied by treacherous entry roads which washed out during the rainy season, brought about the closing of "Paradise Health."

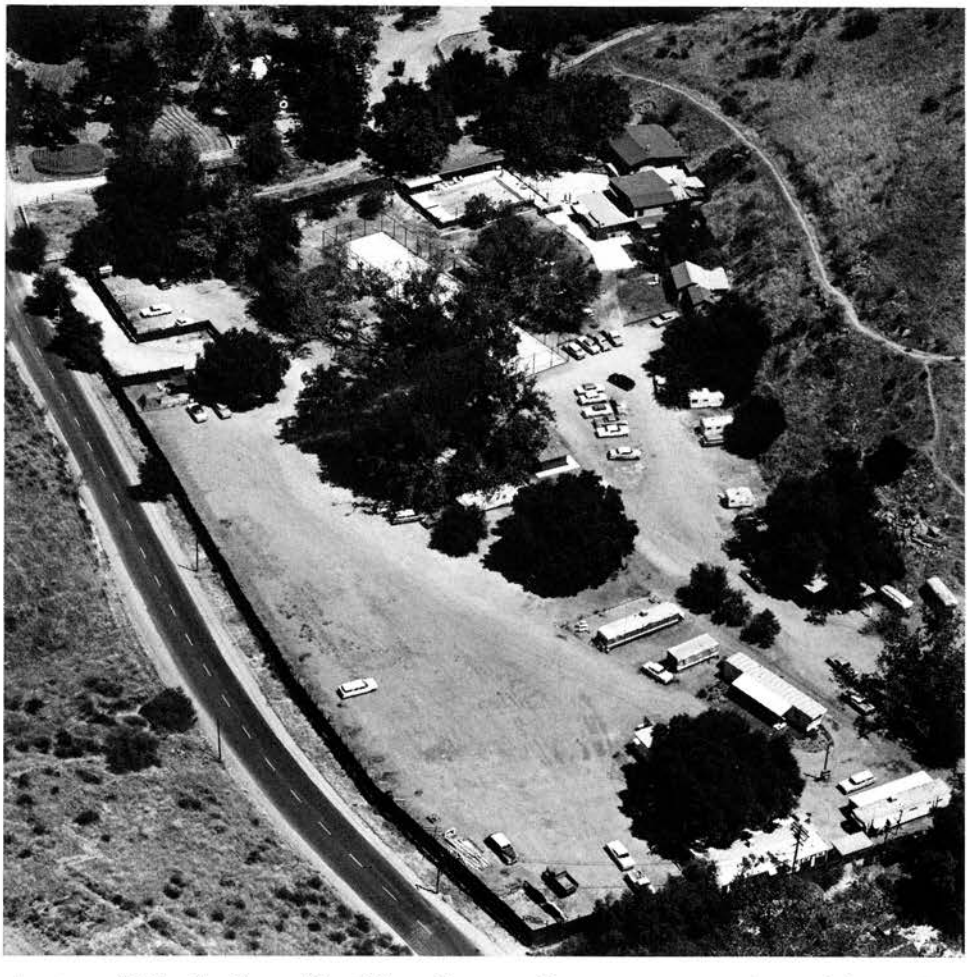
There is a saying in California that if one successful business venture starts on one corner of an intersection, another entrepreneur will open up across the street. This happened just outside of Ramona when the "San Bexar" club opened a scant half-mile away from "Samagatuma." In this incident the second business had to close its doors, for despite a lovely pool and a wooded area for hiking, it could not draw away any large number from "Samagatuma's" membership rolls.

It was San Diego County also which witnessed the rise and fall of a nudist venture involving the largest monetary investment of any in the West. "Deer Park" was built, owned, and operated by Walter Bayne. It offered excellent meals and motel accommodations far exceeding any in existence at that time. Its failure was not due to a lack of interest in the nudist idea, but it served to underscore the fact that sunbathing groups have been established mainly.as camping clubs sponsored by the middle-class, rather than by upper-class, society. Advertised as a new, super nudist resort near Escondido, only a thirty-minute run from downtown San Diego, "Deer Park" operated as a corporate structure, backed by nudist leaders and a skilled staff. The goal of this resort, on its 575-acre site, was to provide deluxe facilities equalling or exceeding those normally found in the average middle-class home. There was a permanent staff of eight residing on the grounds. There were to be no member-owned cabins or homes on the location; instead there would be a fully-equipped motel and restaurant facilities. "Deer Park" was situated in a natural bowl; the grounds were landscaped and immaculately maintained, and there were two swimming pools and a sauna for the members' use.

But "Deer Park" failed to secure the dues structure needed to maintain its investment. It was an unusual nudist venture for its time, and more than a few sunbathers were aware that the success or failure of "Deer Park" spelled out in bold letters the soundness or inappropriateness of believing that the nudist way of life could reach to the country-club level by charging high fees and offering deluxe facilities. "Deer Park's" failure pointed out only too clearly that the survival of a sunbathing group depends upon the outdoor camping enthusiast who can economically spend a weekend with his family. The country-club concept was shelved for the time being, at least in Southern California.

Nearer to San Diego, in the Harbison Canyon area outside of El Cajon, the "Swallows - Sun Island Club" (to give it its full name), founded by "Doc" and Georgia Zehner, has maintained a steady and continuous growth. Offering facilities for mobile homes, as well as camp grounds for the weekend visitors, the "Swallows" has proven to be the hub for nudist

activities in the southernmost part of the state. Small in acreage by comparison with other camps, it encompasses only seventy-five acres. But the members of this club dream big. Not only have they walked off with community honors, but they have also sponsored many firsts. For example, they were the first nudist group to be granted a booth at the annual Southern California Exposition held during the early summer at Del Mar, and for many subsequent years the club has manned a booth there, as a team effort to acquaint visitors with the healthful aspects of family nudity.

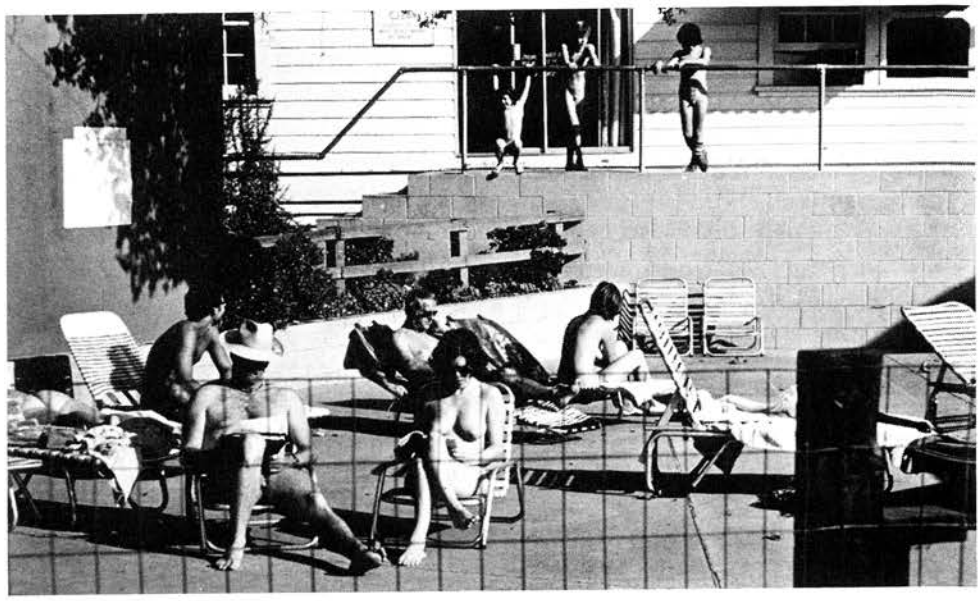


Air view of "The Swallows," San Diego County, taken at noon on a quiet weekday in 1965. This resort, though small in acreage, is able to accommodate large crowds at weekends and has been the site of several nudist conferences. Note provision for mobile homes as well as for day-to-day visitors. *(Photo courtesy of Swallows-Sun Island Club and American Nudist Research Library)*

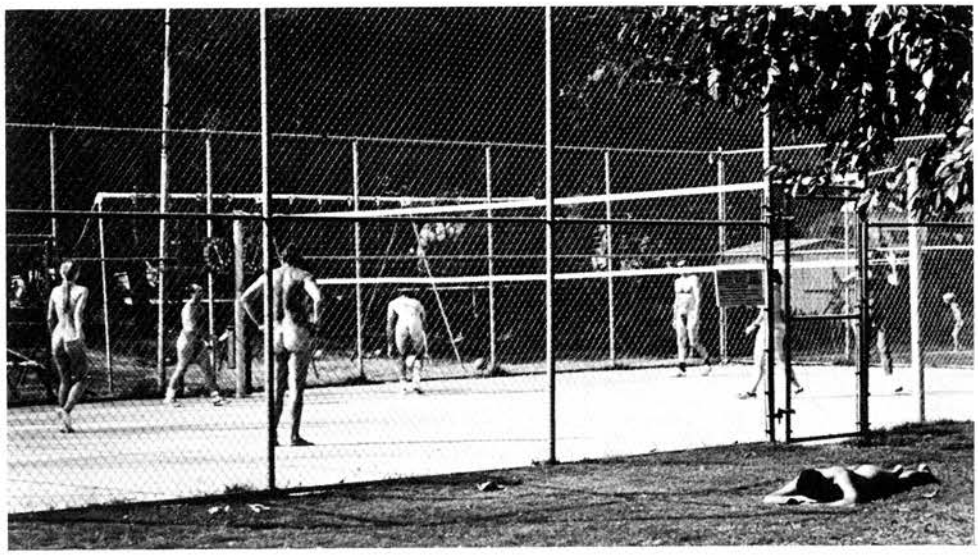
Other "firsts" and ongoing activities include the "Swallows Club" entry in the Mother Goose Parade, sponsored annually by the El Cajon City Chamber of Commerce. The members built and manned the floats which depicted the childhood theme of Mother Goose. For three consecutive years they won coveted awards. In addition, their club newspaper is sponsored by advertisements from local business people. And, not restricting their promotional endeavors only to community activities, the club presents a yearly art festival on their own grounds, during the Memorial Day weekend, when competitors from all corners of the globe are welcome to participate in the competition held at the "Swallows."

The human spark-plug for the "Swallows - Sun Island" group is Sue Latimer. Active in the nudist movement for many years, Sue has served as vice-president of the Western Sunbathing Association and for many years was on its Board of Directors. In addition, she was recording secretary for all American Sunbathing Association conventions for a five-year period, and in 1959 she was chosen to receive the American Sunbathing Association's "Woman of the Year" award. It has been her enthusiasm which has permeated this San Diego County group in its varied undertakings, and has led to its success as a smooth-running nudist operation.

The story of the success of "The Swallows" as a nudist venture points out the need for a strong management versed in the history of the sunbathing movement, with a location which is not only secluded but also adjacent to a cosmopolitan area large enough to provide a satisfactorily large membership. Successful clubs have been those that provided outdoor camping sites appealing to families willing to forego a few extra luxuries. On the other hand, several groups in Southern California which offered attractive woodland locations, but were too far from large cities, were hardly off the drawing boards before they were obliged to close their gates. Some of the earlier camps were located at first too far from metropolitan centers, and were successful only after they moved in closer. Some others were unable or unwilling to try to find another site, and simply folded up. One such club in San Diego County was the "California Health Association," which opened its facilities in Peutz Valley, near Lake El Capitan. Another was "Sunnyvale Farm," which opened in 1941 under the leadership of Jack Harrison. This club was in a scenic location near Fallbrook, where there was even a year-round, trickling stream on the property. But both of these were eventually forced to close, chiefly because they were too far from the main centers of population, though it must be admitted that the gasoline rationing during World War II also had a severe impact on these distant clubs, as week-end jaunts were severely limited.



Sun deck and partial view of club house at "The Swallows."
The fencing in the foreground is to prevent children from accidentally getting into the pool area when not accompanied by an adult .



Volleyball court at "The Swallows," near San Diego.
Volleyball is an extremely popular game among nudists, and is played at nearly all nudist resorts. *(Photo courtesy of Swallows-Sun Island Club, and American Nudist Research Library)*

C: Riverside County and Ventura County

Two of the largest clubs in Southern California, currently appealing to a growing segment of sunbathers, are located in Riverside County. "Olive Dell," the older of the two, has had several different owners, but each has successfully built upon the accomplishments of the others. Bill Kiesel started the original club until it was taken over and operated successfully by Thelma and Reg Manning. Located only minutes away from both San Bernardino and Colton, it also attracts many from the greater Los Angeles metropolitan area. "Olive Dell" is fortunate in being secluded within a valley surrounded by cactus-covered hills. An old map of the area refers to this section of the countryside as "Badlands."

The other mushrooming group is "Glen Eden" near Corona. Started in the 1960's by a Canadian, Ray Connett, it has prospered because its founder brought with him many years of nudist experience. He had been active in all phases of the sunbathing movement since its inception in this country. "Glen Eden" started as a camping group with a corporate structure composed of its own members. Due to its proximity to a metropolitan area, it was able to offer sunbathing activities with a minimum of driving time. "Glen Eden" now owns over one hundred acres for the enjoyment of the hiker, a mobile-home park, a restaurant, and multi-recreational facilities. It not only has the standard outdoor swimming pool, but an indoor heated pool as well as a jacuzzi. Its physical plant appeals to the active young nudist family, with several tennis courts, a volley-ball court, an all-purpose court, and a children's play area as well.

One other club in Riverside County should be mentioned, though it was not very successful. In the early 1960's "Sycamore Valley Ranch" was started near Elsinore, under the ownership of Dalton Atherton, but despite its large acreage, trailer area, and pool, it soon suffered a demise—the contributing factors being too great a distance from either San Diego or Los Angeles, and too close proximity to at least two other clubs—notably "McConville," which, though physically located just across the line in Orange County, is only six miles away from the city of Elsinore.

Finally, mention should also be made of a club in Ventura County that suffered a fate similar to that of "Sunnyvale Farm" near Fallbrook. It will be recalled that "Shangri-La" was the name of one of the three clubs within Los Angeles County singled out for destruction by the newspaper publicity and by subsequent legislation in 1939. It did close down, and, after the trial of Lura Glassey in 1941, neither it nor any other camp dared to reopen as a nudist camp within the limits of Los Angeles County. However, the

Calabasas site was not far from the Ventura County line, and in the early 1940's another group set up a new site in Ventura County, hoping that new members would join who were denied membership in any nudist club because of the Los Angeles ordinances. An entrance road off Ventura Boulevard wound through a spectacular, tree-shaded approach to the new "Shangri-La" in a truly enviable location. But the timing was unfortunate; as gas rationing became more and more severe, fewer and fewer people felt inclined to travel so far for a Sunday jaunt, and the club's membership declined to the point where it was unable to remain operative.

III

The Return of Nudism to Los Angeles County

Although Mrs. Lura Glassey, owner of "Fraternity Elysia," the scene of all the publicity in the 1930's, retired from active participation in nudist activities after her release from prison, the spirit of nudism in the metropolis of the southland did not die out. One of the members of the original "Fraternity Elysia" was Ed Lange, who has made a life-time career of photo-journalism, including nudist journalism, and has epitomized the idea of "nudity without lewdity." Mr. Lange established a clothes-optional mental-rehabilitation center in Topanga Canyon, called "Elysium Institute," after having first obtained Mrs. Glassey's permission to use part of her old title, "Elysia," which she readily granted. But in 1968, when he was arrested on two successive Saturdays and cited for indecent exposure under the 1939 ordinances, Ed Lange decided to attack the constitutionality of the law which implied lewd intent. Not only did he deny any lewd intent in the clothes-optional seminars and group discussions at "Elysium," but he also charged a denial of the constitutional right of peaceful assembly on private property.

He won his case under Judge Merrick in the Malibu Court. On appeal by the County of Los Angeles, the Superior Court unanimously supported Judge Merrick's ruling; and so disappeared the 1939 ordinances which had harrassed Lura Glassey's nudist resort at Roscoe, and imposed a jail sentence on her.

Some years later the Regional Planning Commission of Los Angeles County launched another campaign to close down "Elysium." In 1971 the County approved an ordinance prohibiting nudist camps from operating in A-1 agricultural zones, permitting them only in A-2 zones, Topanga being

(Photo courtesy of American Nudist Research Library)

Ed Lang, outspoken and long-time nudist leader.
Photo was taken in 1978 at Elysium Institute, Topanga Canyon.

an A-1 zone. This zoning, Lange claimed, was purposely done to exclude only nudist groups, since private educational facilities, similar to his, are permitted in A-1 zones, and he has charged that this exclusion is unconstitutional.

As of the present writing the outcome of this latest challenge to social nudism in Los Angeles County remains undecided, but in the meantime the federal government, by Congressional action, has established a federal parkland in the Santa Monica Mountains. It embraces 120,000 acres of a "target zone," and it admits that "Elysium" is located on private land "compatible with park uses."

IV

The Nudist Press and Films

An adjunct to sunbathing activities in Southern California was the role played by various nudist magazines. Donald Johnson, one of the former editors of *Sunshine and Health*, cites the fact that 87% of all visitors to nudist

parks in the 1950's received their first factual knowledge of nudism, and park locations, from the pages of that publication. To a large extent it could safely be stated that magazine publicity was the key to maintaining the steady flow of new initiates to sunbathing activities.

Sunshine and Health orginated as *The Nudist* in May 1933, and through a gradual change in its masthead and cover design it evolved into *Sunshine and Health* by 1940. Ilsley Boone, its founder, publisher, and first editor waged a ceaseless and ultimately successful, though costly, fight with the U.S. postal authorities to have the magazine declared mailable and not obscene, which would entitle it to second-class mailing privileges. The postal authorities never conceded the point, and it was not until January 13, 1958, when the U.S. Supreme Court finally ruled in favor of the magazine, that the publisher's quarter-century-long efforts relaxed. The Supreme Court decision, however, was of such landmark dimensions that the floodgates were opened to the purveying of explicit sex by any magazine, and in the ensuing newsstand circulation battles, and with explicitly erotic illustrations in such magazines as *Playboy, Adam, Penthouse,* and the like, so mild a magazine as *Sunshine and Health,* with its emphasis on family scenes and "snapshot" type photos of nudist camp activities, was soon forced out of the market.

Los Angeles saw the proliferation of many magazines supposedly devoted to nudism. Pretending to espouse the goals of the sunbathing movement, they flourished under many and various names and publishers with Southern California addresses. The vast percentage of these magazines were sex oriented, and differed greatly from the goals which Ilsley Boone had in mind when he won his case with the Supreme Court. As one of the former editors of a Los Angeles based magazine explains this deluge of material which flooded local newsstands, "In order to get a little freedom from the traditional limitations of a true-blue nudist magazine, I created publications which followed the march towards greater and greater degrees of explicitness over the years . . . Most of the magazine tycoons used a variety of subsidiary corporations to help confuse the Post Office censors."

Besides *Sunshine and Health* there were a few other reputable, *bona fide* nudist publications prior to the 1958 Supreme Court decision, which depicted sunbathing activities and which were staffed by well-known nudists. But as the full impact of the Supreme Court decision was felt, and the pseudo-nudist publications proliferated, such genuine titles as *American Sunbather, American Nudist Leader,* and *Sun Fun* simply ceased publication, creating, since about 1967, an almost complete vacuum of

family-oriented nudist literature. Currently the town of Perris, in Riverside County, is almost alone in being the point of origin of a monthly nudist news service, in tabloid format, entitled *Bare in Mind.*

Other nudist publicity which originated in the southland included two pioneer nudist films, whose names are well remembered by longtime residents. The "Fraternity Elysia" campsite in Morrill Canyon, Riverside County, was the location for the filming of the movie "Elysia," billed as the first sunbathing film, made in 1933. The second was photographed one year later at nearby "Olympic Fields," and was entitlted "The Unashamed." Almost totally lacking in plot, and shown generally in second- or third-class theaters, these films produced no revenue for the clubs involved, though they may have provided some publicity for the movement in general. Not until at least thirty-five years later was another nudist film photographed in Southern California on location at nudist club grounds. "Naked Peacock" was produced by a Canadian company, and was filmed partly at the "Swallows - Sun Island" club in San Diego County, partly at "Elysium Institute" in Topanga Canyon. This production utilized club members both as background extras and in certain lead roles.

Mention might also be made here of a play, "Barely Proper," but it should be clearly understood that this play has not been presented outside of a nudist resort, at least not in Southern California. Donald Johnson, a prominent nudist writer, accepted the challenge to revise the script of this rather difficult English production, and aspiring thespians who were members of a Southern California nudist travel club, the "Pacificans," were able to present this stage comedy dealing with nudism. The "Pacificans" have received well-deserved recognition for their efforts by the large attendance every time this play has been presented at a nudist convention. The "Pacificans" have also made another noteworthy contribution to nudist theatrical efforts by staging "living statues," similar to the annual Laguna Arts Festival of living pictures. Masterpieces of painting and sculpture were re-created, using living people as the figures. Each of the statues was an almost exact duplication of a famous piece of sculpture, posed by a member of the "Pacificans."

V
Travel Clubs

Travel clubs, such as the above-mentioned "Pacificans," were a typical Southern California off-shoot of the traditional nudist park. The "Sundial

Club" of Los Angeles was the first to form an organization of sunbathers who did not have their roots firmly fixed within a club owning acreage. One of the "Sundial" members who was active at the beginning of the group's formation was June Lange, known both as a writer and editor of nudist journals. As she expressed it:

> The "Sundialers" wanted to prove that nudists who were not connected to a piece of land in the form of a camp could still have a voice in nudist organization. This was a departure, in that these nudists, by espousing a point of view and by joining a group, could have a vote without maintaining a piece of property. We wanted to associate with a group of people and have some identity and pride in an organization that we would be fully in control of. This was not the case in any nudist park where you had to go as a visitor, accepting the rules of the park you visited. The "Sundial Club" did other things, such as making trips out of the country. We enjoyed our visits to Baja California.

The travel clubs were often criticized by camp owners who wished to control all memberships in the national organization through their own groups. However, since the travel clubs brought in substantial revenue whenever they visited an established campsite, the camp owners generally welcomed the travel groups, and the two types of nudist organizations managed to live in peace. Travel groups, without specific loyalities to any one camp or resort, had more of a feeling of belonging to an idea, an organization, and they initiated the wearing of T-shirts emblazoned with their logo to give their members a feeling of belonging, thus giving rise to the anomalous situation of nudists actually advocating the wearing of an item of clothing. Also, at the various campsites they visited, it was not unusual for them to be in charge of some specific building or improvement project.

Another active traveling group, the "Olympians," which visited a different club each week on a pre-arranged schedule, saw its early beginnings at "McConville," where it started in a cabin owned by Edmund Kiernan, author of *God's Hitchhiker*, and an active nudist on the political scene. At this time "McConville" was not an associate of the American Sunbathing Association, and some of the members wanted to have a voice in nudist politics; with the founding of the "Olympians" in 1953 their voice was heard.

There were several other such travel clubs in the Los Angeles metropolitan area which have operated since the 1950's and 1960's, such as the "Golden Oaks" (which operates out of the "Swallows" home club), with varying numbers of members and with varying degrees of weekly or monthly nudist activities. One club, however, deserves special mention, the "Air-A-

Tans" of Los Angeles, founded as early as 1948 by Alicia Lloyd. This club, which eventually became the largest of the travel groups in the area, not only visited campsites on summer weekends, but also held monthly dinner meetings at a restaurant in the city. They differed from most other travel clubs in one other respect—they did lease a mile square ranch near Perris which they visited monthly. They looked on their group as a placement bureau or service for connecting a new member with the right club for him or her.

Every travel group has its own coloration or distinctive characteristic, but they all agree on one thing—their option to choose the land-based club which they wish to visit; and generally they own no real estate. And it was a travel club, the "Sundialers," who made the first break for a free beach which would allow nudity and sunbathing on the Pacific coast.

VI
The "Clothes-Optional" Lifestyle

The California beaches were the first public places where organized attempts were made by nudists to enjoy the salt water, the sun and the sand, in each other's company, without police interference. The first attempt was carefully planned, and was designated "XB-58" (Experimental Beach 1958). As reported later in the 1959 *Sunbathing Annual*, "To insure careful compliance with American Sunbathing Association principles and standards, two ASA trustees, Sol Stern and Ed Lange, were sought as co-sponsors" by the ASA administrators. "This was on June 29 . . . and was the first time in the nation that an organized group of nudists spent a weekend on a beach within public view." Recalling the event twenty years later, Ed Lange, in *Bare in Mind* for January 1979, wrote, " . . . XB-58 was inaugurated with the hope of obtaining the continuing support of the ASA. It was conducted at Davenport Landing, north of Santa Cruz, with the knowledge of the local police officials and with their cooperation in patrolling the highway nearby. It was conducted on private property." About a hundred people attended.

Similar organized weekends were spent on other beaches, notably on secluded beaches near Avila Beach in San Luis Obispo County, and in select areas in Los Angeles and San Diego Counties. For the most part these activities were either ignored by the local police or were sometimes carried out with their full cooperation. Seldom were arrests made, and the only

serious problems were those caused by "sightseers," not by the nudists themselves. During the 1960's and early 1970's it seemed that the people of California might be broadminded enough to tolerate nudism, at least on secluded beaches.

This tendency found its first legal expression in San Diego County, when Black's Beach, near La Jolla, was set aside as a legally recognized "clothes-optional" public beach. It operated as such for several years, despite Letters to the Editor in the papers, decrying the evils of nudism, and despite the traffic problems created by sightseers, and the dangers to which some people exposed themselves by clinging precariously to the sheer cliffs above the beach in order to get a "peek" at the nudists on the sands below.

In an election of 1977, however, the San Diego County voters favored the discontinuance of "clothes-optional" bathing, and the police were ordered to arrest persons who were in violation. But the local police were either too busy or too unwilling to enforce the new laws, since the *Samagatuma Chief*, a newsletter published by the "Samagatuma" club in Ramona, stated in their July/August 1978 issue that "the beach is alive and still open . . . For the most part nude sunbathers enjoyed the beach without interruption."

This reluctance to enforce a regulation which many people believed was not in the best interests of all finds support in an editorial column in the San Diego *Evening Tribune* for July 30, 1977, just before the election which outlawed nude bathing at Black's Beach. Richmond Barbour, in his column "You and Your Problems," wrote a long article defending Black's Beach and its principles, saying in part:

> Conduct at Black's Beach has been better than at other beaches. There is almost no drunkeness. Sex play does not occur, but is common elsewhere. Thefts are rare. There are no serious fights, the kind I see at Mission Beach. The number of arrests is low.
>
> I don't go to Black's Beach myself. I have a private sundeck, and enjoy sunning myself with or without trunks. It would be hypocritical of me to deny to young people a pattern of recreation which I have enjoyed most of my life. My criticism is that Black's Beach is too small. It is over-crowded, and should be expanded.

Not all of Southern California has been as open-minded about nudism on the beach as the San Diegans. In August 1972, at Pirate's Cove, a small, secluded bay adjoining a county beach near Malibu, there was a classic example of law-enforcement overkill. As related by Jack Swartz and George Campion, in their book, *The Complete Guide to the Nude Beaches of California*, "No less than 25 deputies from the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department, brandishing rifles and bayonets, descended on the cove in jeeps, and forcibly removed six nude sunbathers, charging them—for want of a more impressive offense—with trespassing."

One result of this outrage was the formation of a group entitled "Beachfront U.S.A." founded by Eugene Callen, who was a witness to the Pirate's Cove arrests. Callen was a Los Angeles resident of German origin who had been introduced to nudism as a youth in his native land. As a firm believer both in nudism and in the constitutional freedoms promised by his adopted country, Callen was inspired to form "Beachfront U.S.A." After a year of almost solo effort, he was finally joined by other supporters, and his organization became active in challenging, through the courts, the constitutionality of existing laws pertaining to beach nudity. That their efforts were at least partially successful is evidenced by the fact that after a year law enforcement officers, rather than fight the continuous legal battles initiated by this group, tacitly agreed to cease harassment of nude beachers at Pirate's Cove and Topanga Beach as long as they were on private property.

Eugene Callen himself died of cancer in 1978, but the movement he sponsored continues to challenge the courts on the constitutionality of anti-nudity legislation. A further indication of the success of "Beachfront U.S.A." is the book by Swartz and Campion, published by the Pantec Publishing Co. of Santa Barbara, which is described as a "comprehensive, encylopedic guide to all of California's clothing-optional seashore spots." It contains forty-four detailed maps, and lists the thirty-three beaches throughout the state which offer nude sunbathing.

Heading "Beachfront U.S.A." in Los Angeles in 1979 was J. A. Eckl, an attorney, whose specific objective continues to be to urge supervisors to modify the anti-nudity laws in Los Angeles County and to set aside areas designated as clothing-optional beaches.

But even if these movements are successful in the years to come, and clothing-optional beaches become an accepted part of the lifestyle, there still remains the question—what about nudism away from the beach? Can social nudism exist as a year-round experience in Southern California?

According to an article in the Los Angeles *Times*, November 27, 1977, the answer may well be in the affirmative. A group of apartment house developers, called LIBRE (Living in the Buff Residential Enterprises) plans to offer "clothing-optional" apartments in a new building under construction in San Bernardino. The apartments will be well-screened from view, to conform to present ordinances, say the developers, and the 24-unit apartment houses will in all other respects resemble conventional dwellings, complete with central swimming pool. About the only difference might be the absence of wet swim suits hung out to dry after the day's splashing in the pool.

These experiments in social nudism—the nudist resort, the "free beach," the clothing-optional apartments—are indicative of Southern California's willingness to adopt anything that is new, while the persecution that has attended certain manifestations of nudism is likewise indicative of the Puritan tradition that is the nearest thing that Southern California has to a public conscience. It is always unwise to predict too far into the future. Dr. Edgar Butler, a sociologist at the University of California, Riverside, wisely refrained from over-optimism in an article he wrote for the Los Angeles *Times*, August 14, 1977. He said:

> A lot of people who are into emerging life-styles believe they're in the vanguard, and that others will soon join them. This is not necessarily true. I myself don't visualize nude shopping centers and subdivisions and that sort of thing. I think we're going to find people swimming nude in their swimming pools at home, and maybe there'll be new resorts catering to people who like to play tennis and swim [nude] . . . What is happening now is likely to evolve not into a nudist utopia, but into a culture where more people are "comfortable with nudism," and have "more choices" among life-styles.

VII
Conclusion

Sunbathing in Southern California has run full circle, from its early beginnings in 1933 when Lura and Hobart Glassey first opened their club in the mountains above Elsinore. From the primitive conditions of the "camping-out" groups, based on idealism and the concept of "a healthy mind in a healthy body," which in turned sponsored Greek initiation rites before membership affiliation, to the plush apartment complexes which are planned for the metropolitan areas, appealing to a nudist way of life dovetailed into daily living, we have seen a continual change in the way Southern Californians view social nudity. A growing acceptance of sunbathing *au naturel* among mixed groups has helped to rid nudism of the stigma attached to affiliation with sunbathing groups.

There are still many hurdles for the American public, nurtured in Puritan ideals, to overcome before a general acceptance of social nudity can result. But at the forefront of this liberalism stands a nucleus of clothes-optional minded people in Southern California—be they "free beach" enthusiasts, apartment complex developers, or merely members of the American Sunbathing Association. As is the case with so many social movements, California provides the atmosphere of acceptance for ideas from which social change may evolve.

A Better Country in Which to Settle: a Biographical Sketch of William Wolfskill

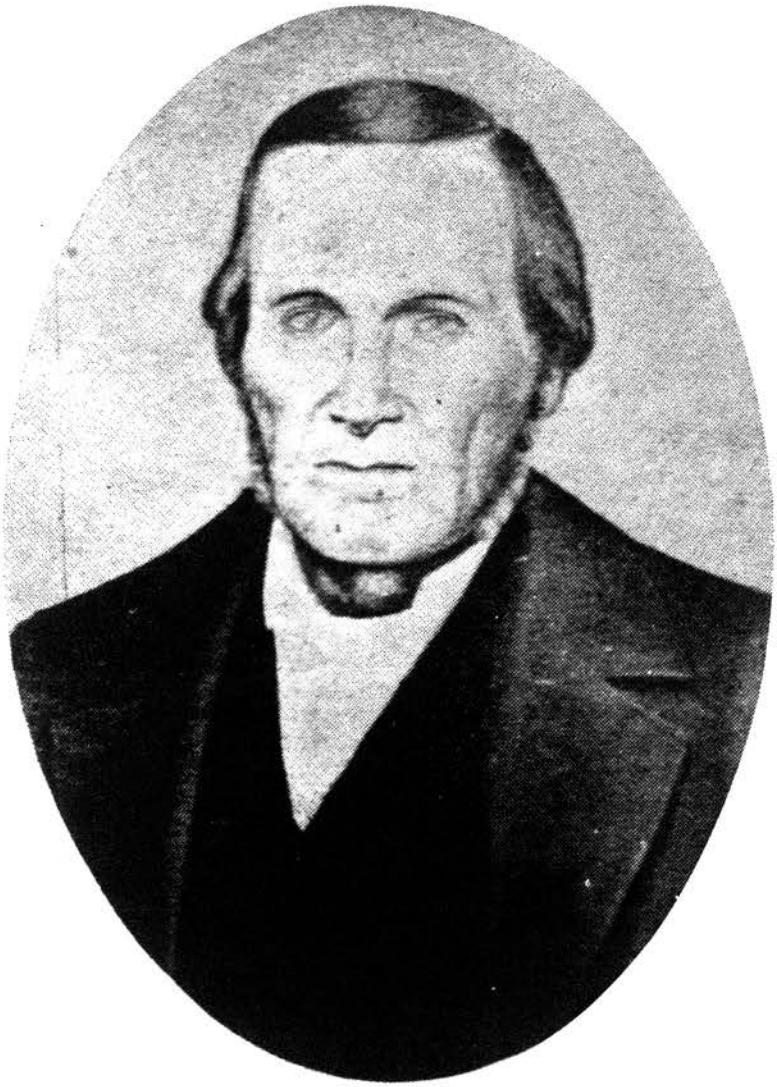
BY WILLIS BLENKINSOP

Monday, January 27, 1823, was a night that twenty-four-year-old fur trapper and Santa Fe trader Billy Wolfskill would never forget. He couldn't. He carried the scars of it for the rest of his life.

The wind sweeping down the Rio Grande Valley along the edge of the dread *Jornada del Muerto* piled snow in menacing drifts until, at nightfall, Billy and his New Mexican trapping partner decided to build a brush hut for protection. Later, aroused from his sleep, Billy noticed that his partner had started a large fire near the doorway. It was nothing unusual. Folding his arms across his chest, he went back to sleep. But suddenly the blast of a large-bore rifle almost shattered his ear drums—and his life.

He reached for his rifle. It was gone! Only the shot pouch was in its place. Bleeding, groggy with shock and pain, he staggered to the doorway to yell for his partner. Only the wind and swirling snow answered his call.

Ironically, Billy's subsequent twenty-five mile struggle to reach help in the bone-cracking cold may have saved his life. In the village of Valverde, examination revealed that his wound might have been worse. The force of the ball had been slowed as it passed through his blankets and grazed his chest; nevertheless, it penetrated his right arm and left hand. Still he had escaped the fate of many others in that desolate wasteland, the Journey of the Dead.



William Wolfskill, 1798-1866
This studio portrait was taken a few days before his death.
(Photo courtesy of Security Pacific National Bank)

Almost equally remarkable, Billy's New Mexican partner appeared in the village with the report that they had been attacked by Indians and that Wolfskill had been killed. His surprise soon turned to fear when he learned that Wolfskill had arrived before him. Much against the New Mexican's will, soldiers marched him back to the campsite. Footprints of the two trappers were still visible, but there were no signs of Indians. After nearly freezing in confinement for several days, the New Mexican promised to show the soldiers where he had hidden the rifle. Upon its discovery he claimed he had shot Wolfskill accidentally.

The alcalde of Valverde ordered the culprit to Santa Fe for trial, but punishment was delayed and after several trips back and forth, he was finally turned loose. Billy Wolfskill was never able to learn what had led his partner to murder, but grateful that he had spared his life which proved to be long and productive.[1]

Billy Wolfskill's preparation for survival had begun early and carried him through a life of danger, hardship, and, finally, fulfillment. As one of that breed of Taos trappers seemingly born with an itch to keep moving westward, his travels delineated much of the geography of the Southwest. His empirical knowledge of a vast and little-known land could not have failed to be of benefit to his contemporaries as well as to those who followed him.

Early in 1831, as one of the first of the Taos Mountain Men to remain as a permanent resident in Southern California, William Wolfskill proved to be a true pioneer in civic affairs and in the agricultural development of the state. He sponsored the state's first public school in Los Angeles. He founded Southern California's commercial citrus industry. And, along with his contemporary vineyardist, Jean Louis Vignes, he pioneered the Southland's wine industry.

William Wolfskill was born in Madison County, Kentucky, on March 20, 1798, the first of thirteen children born to German-Irish parents, Joseph and Sarah (Reid) Wolfskill. In the fall of 1809 Kentucky began to seem overcrowded. Accordingly, spurred on by that tireless pathfinder Daniel Boone, the Wolfskills moved to Boone's Lick in Howard County, Missouri.

Here, during the War of 1812, Indians were numerous and menacing, an excellent environment for a growing boy to learn that "shootin' plumb center," and a consummate knowledge of hunting and trapping, were as essential as a good crop of potatoes or turnips.

Farming, hunting, and trapping put food on the table, but in 1815 the family decided that William and two of his sisters needed a "more formal education." The three returned to Kentucky and for the next two years

attended school there. It may well be that it was here that William developed an interest in reading, writing and ciphering skills that promised to set him apart from most of his contemporaries in the years ahead.

Schooling ended in 1817. William returned to the family home and remained there until 1822, when he decided it was time to get out on his own—time to see if the tall tales of fortune and adventure in the rapidly expanding Santa Fe trade and the abundance of beaver in the rivers beyond were true. Time to find "a better country in which to settle."

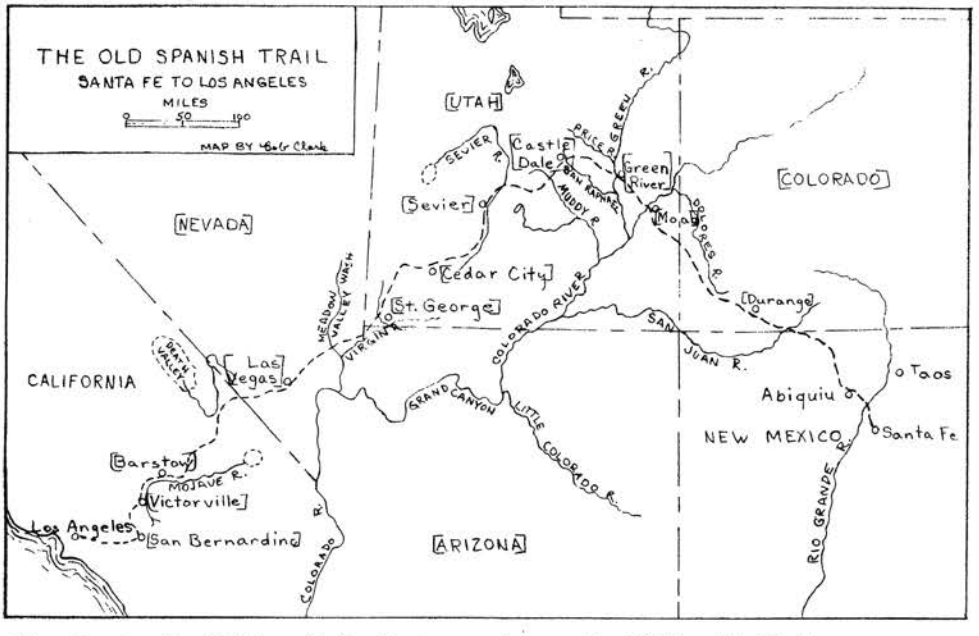
William Wolfskill's quest for "a better country" led him first to New Mexico with one of Becknell's wagon trains in the Santa Fe trade. It was on this journey in the spring of 1822[2] that Billy Wolfskill, Ewing Young and some of the other stronger members of the party pushed on to the Cimarron River and found water. It not only saved the lives of the entire expedition, but established a shorter trail to Santa Fe.[3] Similarly, it was here that he began to meet many of the men who would make history in the Southwest along with him.

From Taos and Santa Fe, often as a partner of the redoubtable Ewing Young, Wolfskill led a succession of trapping expeditions into the Rio Grande, San Juan and Gila River basins as well as to parts of Chihuahua and Sonora for the purpose of buying horses and mules. Danger was always imminent on these forays, and at least twice the parties were attacked and robbed by Indians.

On one of these horse-and-mule-procuring expeditions his partner, Captain Owens, was killed late in 1825. William, exhausted after a long and arduous drive and still suffering from his wounds incurred on the Rio Grande almost two years earlier, returned to his father's home in Boone's Lick in June of 1824 for much needed recuperation. Later, when all of the mules were eventually driven to Missouri, mid-America acquired a new symbol of animal competence and stubbornness, the "Missouri mule." William gave the proceeds of the sale to Captain Owen's family.

Thus William Wolfskill completed his first three years in the great Southwest, having participated in the opening of a new trail on his first trip to Santa Fe with Becknell, penetrated the uncharted tributaries of the vast Pacific Slope of the Colorado River watershed, survived Indian attacks, and escaped after a murderous attempt on his life.

After more than three additional years in the Southwestern wilderness, the lure of good trapping and profitable trade led to an agreement with Ewing Young and William Waldo. Now, a thirty-two-year-old case-hardened Mountain Man with more than six years of the precarious life under his belt, Wolfskill led an expedition to California. He intended to



Map showing the Old Spanish Trail, pioneered in part by William Wolfskill.

(Map courtesy of the Arthur H. Clark Co.)

return to New Mexico by way of the Great Salt Lake after trapping the San Joaquin River and its tributaries in California, but when he left Taos late in September 1830, he gazed on that cluster of mud huts for the last time. Yet between him and that "better country" were hardship and danger that made his earlier experience on the Rio Grande seem like a mere prelude to the ultimate test of courage and physical endurance.[5]

In the hope of finding beaver abundant on the way, William took a route farther north than the one usually used by the Spaniards traveling between New Mexico and California. A wrong turn at a wrong time, however, led the ill-fated party to a high plateau in the Wasatch mountains, probably in the vicinity of today's Panguitch, Utah. Portions of George's Yount's version of the ordeal bring the following days and nights into all too vivid reality:

> Our trappers with much toil reached a strip of table land upon a lofty range of mountains, where they encountered the most terrible snowstorm they have ever experienced—During several days, no one ventured out of camp—There they lay embedded in snow, very deep, animals and men huddled thick as possible together, to husband and enjoy all possible animal warmth, having spread their thick and heavy blankets, and piled bark and brush wood around & over them . . . The snowstorm ended with rain during several hours, and then followed a season of piercing cold; by means of which was formed, on the surface of the snow, a strong crust of ice, which

> would bear the weight of the heaviest animals—then in the whole range of human view, in every direction, nothing could be discerned, . . . by no means agreeable in the stoutest heart.[6]

The descent from the heights was another agonizing struggle, with horses slipping and sliding down precipitous slopes which could end only in the bottom of seemingly bottomless canyons, pack animals wallowing helplessly in deep snowdrifts and ahead only range after range of trackless mountains. At last, however, they reached a pleasant valley abounding in herds of elk, deer and antelope.[7]

After leaving this Elysium, Wolfskill eventually reached the Colorado and then headed for the Mojave River. He followed that "inconstant" stream to the San Bernardino Mountains and finally reached Los Angeles by way of Cajon Pass. There he settled his accounts with his men and sent those who wished to return back to New Mexico. Heavily in debt, his men disillusioned and disbanded, he found himself without money, men or equipment. Yet, there was at least one note of optimism, though perhaps not obvious at the time.

The path William and his men had just completed led directly into Southern California, whereas others established by great explorers such as Garcés and Escalante in 1776, Jedediah Smith in 1826-27, Ewing Young in 1829 and Antonio Armijo in 1829-30 were either somewhat vague, circuitous or had less water. So William Wolfskill's "Old Spanish Trail," as it was soon to be called, was the first route feasible for pack trains covering the entire distance from Taos to the Pacific.[8]

Bleak as the outlook in general appeared to be, William wasted no time brooding about adversity. From early youth he had concerned himself only with prosperity and its cost. And even now in his newly adopted land, he made a few more false starts. One, a sea-otter hunting venture, foundered because of his own lack of skill in the unfamiliar environment. Also featured in this misadventure was a schooner that ended up having two names, "Guadalupe" and "Refugio."[9] A financial refuge it was not, but by the late 1830's William put down some roots in the vocation he had learned the hard way as a teenager in Missouri—agriculture.

Intuitively aware of his environment from early youth, William was convinced that grape vines would thrive in the unfailing sunshine and fertile soil adjacent to the dusty pueblo of Los Angeles. "Don Guillermo," as he had become known to his Hispanic neighbors, petitioned for a tract of land. For this concession he was eligible by virtue of his Mexican citizenship, which he had obtained early in 1830 before leaving Taos.[10]

The land was granted on February 20, 1836 exactly five years after his

arrival in Los Angeles, and while his vines grew to productive age, he "devoted himself to unremitting labor" as a carpenter to support his Los Angeles-born common-law wife, María de la Luz Valencia, and their two children, Maria Susana and Timoteo. By 1838 he owned a vineyard containing 4000 vines, and had weathered the serious economic depression of that and the following year. Shortly thereafter William and his brother John planted an additional 32,000 vines. Before the beginning of the next decade he acquired other land and planted 85,000 vines.

But William's confrontations with adversity were not yet complete. In 1837, while he was devoting himself to his unremitting labor, one Francisco Araujo spent a seemingly inordinate amount of time visiting William's wife in the Wolfskill home on the slope of the hill between present day Spring and New High Streets. Later, when Araujo was exiled from California by Provisional Governor Carlos Carrillo, María went with him, leaving William with the responsibility of a one-parent home.

In March of 1838 William traded one of his smaller parcels of land for a larger tract on the outskirts of the pueblo. It was bounded by the present day San Pedro and Alameda Streets and Third and Ninth Streets. This rural property became the site of his permanent home and remained in his family for more than fifty years.

As might be expected from a man of Wolfskill's energy, he began immediately the construction of a home that would satisfy his standards of excellence. He called it "Old Adobe" and in the years that followed it was not only one of Los Angeles' best-furnished homes, but one of the most popular.[12] Its charm was frequently shared by notable visitors from within the now rapidly growing community as well as from the East.

William enjoyed entertaining his friends and visitors, but life was not complete since his wife had left. He often visited his neighbors and especially enjoyed the lavish hospitality of his oldest friend, Don Antonio María Lugo.

At one of the frequent gatherings, Don Antonio's niece, Magdalena, was visiting from Santa Barbara. Don Antonio presented his "yanqui" friend, William Wolfskill. The couple soon become good friends, and on January 12, 1841, they were married. In the happy and fulfilling years that followed, all but one of the eight Wolfskill children, five girls and three boys, became active and influential members of the community. The eighth child, María Rafael, died of illness at the age of four.

By 1840 the frontier town with the grandiose name, *El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles*, began to take on a new look. Ships from Boston brought hitherto unknown amenities in manufactured goods, much

of it without benefit of customs officials. By and large, smuggling was a way of life, but it provided better building materials, better clothing, many luxury items and a better economic climate. Urban sprawl began to exert its dubious blessing around the once sleepy pueblo, and most of the desirable agricultural land had been granted to a Dominguez, a Lugo, or to some other early Spanish family.

This was of direct concern to William's brother John, who had been a most interested and valuable associate in the ever-expanding Wolfskill enterprises. But early in 1840, John decided he would like to own his own ranch and carry on his own experiments in both farm produce and livestock.

At about this time, through a friend of the Wolfskills, Juan José Warner, John heard that good land was still to be had in Northern California. Obtaining a land grant there took all the influence of Juan Warner, Jacob P. Leese, son-in-law of General Vallejo, Thomas O. Larkin, and any others he could muster. After numerous delays and frustrating documentation, William was granted four square leagues, or about 17,714 acres, of choice land along Putah Creek near Sacramento.[13] (Any amount less than that was considered by the Mexican officials as hardly worth the paperwork, bribes and chicanery involved.) And again William's Mexican citizenship was a vital factor in obtaining the grant. It was agreed that William would own all the land; John would live on it to fulfill one of the numerous requirements, and take care of William's share of the cattle.

Meanwhile, back at "Old Adobe," William quickly grasped the commercial possibilities of the market for citrus fruits which the local missions and farmers had been using only for their own consumption or as gifts for a few California-struck visitors.[14] It was only natural that William turned to his old friends, the padres at Mission San Gabriel. Obtaining enough young trees to plant a two-acre site adjacent to his adobe home was a simple matter. His progress from there on was much the same as it had been with his rapid expansion in the grape and winery enterprises.

In regard to his beginnings in the commercial citrus industry, it is reported that in 1854, while visiting San Francisco, William observed a schooner just in from the Sandwich Islands unloading Hawaiian oranges. Much of the fruit was spoiled and ready to be dumped overboard. He "bought it for a song," shipped it south and had the seeds extracted and sown—thus securing trees to add thirty acres to his holdings.[15]

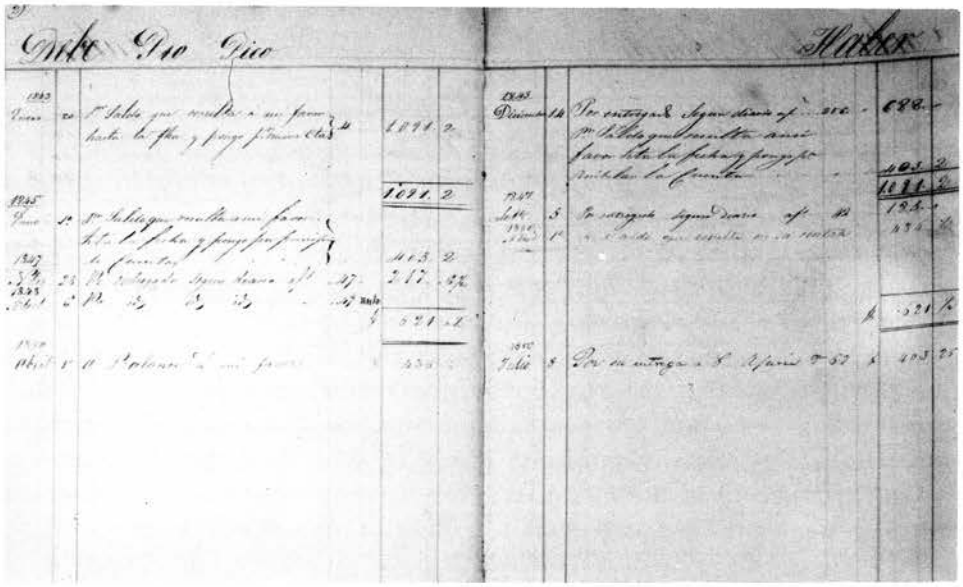
As usual, his recognition of a business opportunity served him well, but he also received help from another quarter. Two of his sons, Joseph and Luis, were not only diligent helpers but genuinely interested in their father's

farming operations. At a time when the future for citrus fruit seemed uncertain and there were only a few dozen orange trees in all of Los Angeles County, the Wolfskills planted several thousand trees making theirs the largest orange grove in the United States at the time.[16] One crop prior to William's death sold on the trees for $23,000.

Involved as he was with all phases of his citrus groves, cattle raising in the Sacramento Valley, vineyards, winery, and brandy distillery, William, like many busy entrepreneurs, found time for other activities he considered essential.

Although "he was a very modest, retiring man and could not endure being put in a conspicious position,"[17] "Guillermo Guisquial" accepted the position of "Regidor or common Councillor in the Ciudad de Los Angeles without fear, favor or affection."[18] And with characteristic energy he served not only an increasing number of Americans sluiced into Southern California from the gold rush, but also the "hijos del pais," the "sons of the region," who sought and received his wise counseling.

But interested as he was in serving the young community with its growing political and economic pains, Don Guillermo's real interest was in the field he held so vital—education. Perhaps because of his own lack of extensive formal education and the need for it, he readily assumed leadership, and fortune favored him.



A typical page from the Wolfskill ledgers, this one being the account of Pio Pico, covering 1843 to 1850. All entries were in Spanish.

In 1854, during a trip north to see how his and brother John's cattle were doing, William stopped at Benicia. There he met a Connecticut schoolmaster, Henry Barrows. Young Barrows had three attributes that interested William Wolfskill; he had a capacity for teaching almost any subject, a talent for playing almost any musical instrument, and a desire to go to Southern California.[19] Wolfskill and Barrows booked passage on the steamship "Goliath." They reached Los Angeles on December 12, 1854.

Barrows moved into the "Old Adobe" and began teaching school the next day. It was a portentous occasion since the move would ultimately involve far more than formal education. Attending classes in English, Spanish and music were not only five of William's children but those of many friends and neighbors of both Hispanic and American origin.

In addition to Wolfskill's privately maintained school, the first American public school was authorized by the city council in its meeting of May, 1854. The one-story brick building was constructed "out of town" on Spring Street where it crossed Second. After its first term it was doomed to failure for lack of funds in the city treasury. And again, with his interest in education and loyalty to his community, William came to the rescue, subsidizing the program for an additional six months and at the same time maintaining his own private school.[20]

Following Barrows' assumption of his duties as school master, an even closer tie with William's activities in education came as a pleasant development. Henry Barrows fell in love with William's daughter, Juana. They were married in November 1860.

William Wolfskill now spent most of his time in the normal pursuit of his numerous agricultural enterprises and his generous support of education and civic affairs. These activities, however, did not prevent him from using talents acquired years earlier as a Santa Fe trader. His achievements as well as private and public records reveal that his rigorous training in the school of harsh experience made him one of the most astute business men in the growing town of Los Angeles.

Literate, where many of his peers were not, William wrote and spoke fluently a second language. He kept ledgers and other business records that would have been a credit to the most meticulous accountant and business organizer of his day—astonishing in a man who was equally expert in driving large herds of horses and cattle across vast distances, weathering unbelievable hardships, and dealing with unpredictable Indians.

William kept his ledgers in the Spanish language. Their indices read like a *Who's Who* of early Southern California: Pico, Bandini, Sepúlveda, Carrillo, Figueroa, Reid and Sainsevain, to mention only a few.[21]

In the process of buying and selling property for his varied agricultural enterprises, William became a land speculator. In 1860 he purchased the Rancho Lomas de Santiago from the Yorba family for $7,000. For these 47,000 acres of gently rolling, oak-studded hills, several natural lakes and a substantial river on the north, William's cost was $6.75 per acre. We know it today as Irvine Park, and the property extends southward to approximately the city limits of Irvine and Tustin.

Seemingly boundless prosperity in the land and cattle business inevitably led to over-buying and over-production in the 1860's. This, followed by a

A member of the Wolfskill family testing ripeness of fruit on the 165-acre ranch, which lay between Third and Ninth Streets and Alameda and San Pedro Streets, with entry at present 339 Alameda Street.

drought of disastrous duration, forced many of the old ranch families toward bankruptcy. In desperation, ranchers sold vast numbers of their starving animals for the trivial value of their hides and horns.

Still unsatisfied with the destruction, nature apparently decreed a late spring in 1863 and, borne on scorching winds from the desert, millions of grasshoppers devastated the countryside. During a trip along the course of the Mojave River William was reminded of his journey down that "inconstant" stream years earlier as a Santa Fe trader. Now, he decided, the twenty-five miles of sub-irrigated grassy bottom lands might be the solution for his dying herds on the Lomas de Santiago and other ranches.

Subsequently, more than five thousand head of cattle and a thousand horses, five hundred at a time, made the journey " . . . through the Cajon Pass, over the summit and across the desert to the Mojave River."[22] The last drive on the return trip was completed in May, 1865. William and those who joined him in the move lost about twenty-five percent of their livestock during the "terrible year of 1864." Most of the others never recovered from their losses, and it was this loss that spurred other notable changes in the economy of Southern California.

As a result of the drought and the fact that many of the other cattlemen and farmers owed William money they could not repay, he was forced to foreclose on their property. He was awarded the 6500 acre Rancho Azusa de Duarte, which included the sites of present-day Monrovia and Duarte. The land was awarded on Williams's own bid of the amount of the debt, $4000 or $1.62 per acre.[23]

In 1865 William bought Rancho Santa Anita, approximately 9,500 acres of fertile alluvial soil washed down from the San Gabriel mountains. Lying directly west of Rancho Azusa, it included the sites of present-day Sierra Madre and Arcadia, the Santa Anita race track, the Los Angeles County Arboretum, and Lucky Baldwin's playhouse cottage.[24] The cost was $20,000, and it was here in the fertile soil and constant sunshine that William experimented with the development of eucalyptus trees, grown from seeds imported from Australia. He was one of the first to grow them in Southern California.

Only ten years later Santa Anita sold for $200,000 to Lucky Baldwin—a tidy 900% increase in land value, and a harbinger of things to come in California real estate.

Most portentous of all, so far as the long range economy was concerned, was Rancho San Francisco, near today's Newhall. William acquired title to a portion of it trying to help his friend, Ignacio del Valle. The rancho was heavily mortgaged as a result of the drought and other adverse circum-

William Wolfskill

and tendered the Mark in the margin as the Mark assumed by him; And having examined the Record of Marks, Brands and Counter Brands, and feeling satisfied that it is unlike any in the County, and as far as my knowledge extends, different from any in the State; I therefore record it as the Lawful Mark of the said William Wolfskill

this 15th day of May 1861

John W. Shore Recorder.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES } ss.

COUNTY RECORDER'S OFFICE.

I John W. Shore,

County Clerk of the County Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, and Ex-Officio County Recorder, Hereby Certify, That the above and foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the original, as the same appears of record in my Office.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official seal this the 29th day of May A. D. 1861.

John W. Shore Recorder.

Document recording the Wolfskill brand, as shown in left margin, dates 15th of May, 1861, with a true copy made a few weeks later.

stances. Confronted with foreclosure from several sources, Ignacio asked William to assume all the debts of the ranch. Eventually the two agreed that William would acquire title to the whole property for the sum of $16,350, the total indebtedness. This consummated, William then deeded five-elevenths of the Santa Clara Valley property back to Ignacio, thus relieving his friend of most of the debts that had been such a burden.

The drought of 1863-64 had left not only the del Valles but numerous other families ill prepared to face a reversal of their easy-going, abundant life style, but a new discovery in the vicinity of Newhall on the del Valle Rancho San Francisco was about to change all that. It was the discovery of a new fuel called petróleo—oil. One of the men most interested in the Wolfskill-del Valle property was Thomas Bard, nephew of the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. On March 18, 1865 William and his partner friend sold the rancho to Bard for $53,320. William's share was $21,307.[25]

Abundant rain during the winter and spring of 1866 quilted the valleys and foothills of the ranchos with patches of golden poppies and lavender lupin. Blossoming, too, were William's now numerous enterprises. For a man "without means or resources and heavy debts in New Mexico" to build an estate of approximately $150,000 in thirty-five years was an almost unparalleled achievement.[26]

As a result of his ceaseless activities, William apparently had little time for writing. No diary has been found. He evidently recorded none of his personal feelings or opinions. But several of his contemporaries have recorded their opinions of him.

Harris Newmark wrote that " . . . despite the disappointments of his more eventful years he 'was a man of marked intelligence and remained unembittered and kindly disposed toward his fellow men." Major Horace Bell, an early California ranger, wrote: "A man of indomitable will, industry and self denial; an American pioneer hero . . . "[27] These and many other testimonials to Wolfskill's character and achievement exist, but as the green of the hills began to wither during the summer and fall of 1866, so did William's health.

On September 16th he suffered a slight heart attack. Four days later he began drawing up his Last Will & Testament, and a few days later his son-in-law, Henry Barrows, approached him about having his picture taken. for the family records. William's innate reticence prevailed for a while, but finally he consented. It was fortunate that the picture turned out well. Six days later, on October 3, 1866, at the age of sixty-eight, William Wolfskill died.

Of those who commented on the man and his achievement none was

better qualified than Henry Barrows. Having lived with the family for eight years prior to his marriage to Wolfskill's daughter, Juana, he was constantly impressed by his father-in-law's charitable attitude toward friends and foes alike, particularly the native Californians whose " . . . veneration for Mr. Wolfskill was unbounded." Barrows was also amazed at the physical strength and vital energy possessed by the man who had treated him as a son and he believed that the ex-Mountain Man could accomplish anything he set his mind to.[28]

He was right. William Wolfskill not only found a better place in which to settle; he left it better than he found it.

A BETTER COUNTRY IN WHICH TO SETTLE

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The Indians and General Scott

BY IRON EYES CODY

General Hugh L. Scott, an 1876 West Point graduate, was the first officer of his time to rise through every grade of service, which in his case lasted forty-three years, to the rank of Chief of Staff. He was noted as a peacemaker, and he saw service among many troublesome and warlike peoples. Pancho Villa was quoted as saying that Scott was the "only honest man north of Mexico" that he had met. For many years he was the great "peacemaker" between the American Indians and the Government. His favorite question to a rebellious leader was: "What are YOU going to do about it?".

Scott went among the various tribes, lived with them, tried to understand their motives, and to gain an insight into their point of view towards the white man.

He discovered that sign language was understood by most tribes, and finding it an impossible task to learn the various tribal languages, he became very skilled in this means of communication. At one time he addressed a gathering of thirteen bands of Plains Indians at the same time, and they all understood his message. The Kiowa honored him with the name of Molay Tay-quop, meaning "Hand Talker."

When Scott first visited the western plains the Indians were still pursuing their old ways of life and hunting the buffalo. He was a patient and honest

man. By his sympathetic understanding of their problems, he was trusted by the Indians. When Indian troubles arose he was sent to deal with them and by his wise counsel several threatened Indian wars were averted.

One of Scott's major victories came after Custer's defeat at the Little Big Horn. In the fall of 1876 he met the Oglala Sioux, Chief Red Cloud, who was a most famous and powerful chief, having eighty coups to his credit. This meant that he had personally touched but not killed an enemy that many times. Red Cloud had not participated in the Custer battle, but had been represented by his son. His village on White Clay Creek was surrounded by eleven units of U.S. cavalry troops under the command of Colonel McKenzie. Since there was no available Indian scout or interpreter, Scott was sent to communicate to Red Cloud through sign language.

Red Cloud and some five thousand of his young warriors were in an ugly mood. He told Scott the soldiers were not welcome and if they wanted to fight he was ready; otherwise they should go home. Scott was in a difficult situation. He persuaded his commanding officer to retreat a day's march away, while he held a three-night session in Red Cloud's lodge. He found Red Cloud to be a very hospitable man and learned that he had been prominent in councils for the negotiation of treaties, and had been a delegate to Washington several times.

Red Cloud told him that the Great White Father had a short memory with regard to treaties. Red Cloud believed he had a right to hold all territory given to his people in the treaty of 1868. He scornfully called all Indians who went over to the white man's way "beggars." They talked of many things apart from the matter at hand. Scott finally convinced Red Cloud that he was fighting a losing cause. He told him that, since gold had been discovered in the Black Hills, great parties of organized prospectors were besieging the country and that the army had his tribe greatly outnumbered. To avoid further bloodshed and hardship, Red Cloud finally surrendered peacefully. He and his tribe were taken to Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and then sent to Pine Ridge, South Dakota, where he lived for the next thirty years.

In 1878 Scott served in the expedition which was tracking down Chief Joseph, a Nez Perce, who made a run for freedom from his reservation, aiming for Canada.

The Nez Perce, a tribe comprising several bands, occupied the Imnaha or Grande Ronde valley in Oregon. While Joseph and his band were at Lapwai, Idaho, other tribal chiefs negotiated a treaty and ceded their lands to the government. Joseph learned of this transaction only when the government agent ordered them to leave. While the old chief, Joseph's

father, was on his death-bed, he had begged his son not to sign away their homeland. Joseph, then in his early twenties, agreed. Being an obedient son he refused to sign any papers, but after much thought he agreed to move. He asked for a thirty-day reprieve in which to round up the tribe's stock. While the preparations for the move were going on, a group of impatient white land grabbers attacked the tribe, killed some Indians, and stole their cattle and horses. This aroused the Indians and in retaliation they attacked a nearby settlement and killed twenty-one people. Troops were then ordered out to punish them.

The Nez Perce were generally a peaceful people, and were primarily hunters and fishermen. Not wishing to fight, Joseph told his people that since there were so many soldiers and guns they should retreat quietly to save sorrow and bloodshed. Their plan was to go into Montana, and try to join up with the Sioux and Cheyenne, who were led by Sitting Bull. Joseph and his band of some 400 people crossed the Rocky Mountains, entered Yellowstone Park and into the Bittersweet Valley, where they rested and hunted. To accomplish this feat, Joseph had a relay system of scouting. One set of scouts would leave the main body at evening and a second group would leave a little before daybreak. Decoy scouts were also deployed, and

General Scott addressing members of thirteen Indian tribes in sign language at Old Fort Union, Montana 1925. General Scott in his early life mastered sign language and made him invaluable during his half-century of service as a mediator between the United States Government and the Indians.

he made use of captured Indian army scouts. Another group was on hand to make a retreat when they became engaged in skirmishes with the army, while the women were busy taking care of the wounded.

At one point Joseph decided that his rear guard should ambush the pursuing U.S. army. He prepared many false trails, and set up his camp in plain sight. The women and children hid in high ridges nearby, while the warriors were concealed on the upper ledges of a canyon. They surprised the troops, killing and wounding many soldiers and chasing the retreating army for nearly ten miles, picking up rifles and ammunition along the way.

The Nez Perce next crossed the Salmon River, detoured and recrossed at another point, then went eastward, a delaying tactic of some six days. General Howard and some 600 soldiers, with a number of volunteer citizens, took up the chase. Joseph continually outwitted them, and continued onward towards Yellowstone Park. He was greatly hampered, since women, children, old men, supplies and equipment were an added burden to his escape, plus a number of wounded warriors, whom he refused to leave behind. At one point in this trek some of Joseph's warriors fired on an army camp and successfully ran off some of their mules.

While passing through the Park Joseph's warriors encountered many white visitors, but he ordered his men not to bother any of them. Entering the Bittersweet Valley at last, where they were only fifty miles from the Canadian border, they rested. Holding a council, early one morning, Joseph and his men were surprised by a force of U.S. cavalry. Joseph rushed to his teepee, where his wife quickly handed him a rifle. His warriors quickly armed themselves and fought back so fiercely that the soldiers retreated.

Joseph then found a favorable place, from which he could not be easily dislodged, and waited. Two Nez Perce army scouts were sent in to negotiate with him and to offer a peaceful settlement. Deciding that the welfare of the remaining members of his tribe was of prime importance, and since many of his leaders had been killed during the fifty-odd days of marching through some thirteen hundred miles of wild country, and the sufferings and privations of the whole tribe had been many, he surrendered on October 5, 1877. Chief Joseph had demonstrated that he was a great leader, for he had outsmarted some of the most experienced army men and scouts.

Following the Chief Joseph episode, routine duties kept Scott busy for the next few years, until in 1890 he was placed in charge of the investigation of the disorders caused by the Ghost Dance movement. In 1888 a young Paiute Indian medicine-man by the name of Wovoka, but called Jack

Wilson by the white people, became ill. He dreamed he was transported to the spirit world, and learned a new religion from the Great Spirit. He said he was told that the buffalo would return, the white man would vanish, things would return to what they were in the old days, and finally that they, the Indians, would be reunited with their deceased family and friends. An eclipse occurred at the time of his revelations, and the Indians were only too eager to practice songs and dances to prepare for the events which were to take place. Delegates from many tribes visited Wovoka and took the new religion back to their homes. It had originated in Nevada, spread to Northern California, then on into Oregon, up into the Dakotas, and on into Minnesota.

In his investigation of this new phenomenon, Scott chose as his guide a Kiowa Indian by the name of Iseeoh, whom he had met at Fort Sill. They went through Indian territory, where they found many sympathetic followers of the Ghost Dance. They visited village after village for almost a month, trying to reason with the Indians. The latter listened to Iseeoh, as they remembered him as the one who had helped them with the Great Medicine Lodge conference. At the end of this time Scott and Iseeoh felt they had convinced the Indians of the futility of this movement, and the Ghost Dance members left the Indian territory quietly.

However, the Ghost Dance movement led directly to the death of Sitting Bull on December 15, 1890. The authorities at Standing Rock became alarmed at the Indians' chanting, and at the men and women holding hands and dancing around in a circle in a trance-like state. Believing that Sitting Bull was behind this movement and was trying to arouse the Indians to a new outbreak, a group of Indian police were sent to his home on the Grand River with an order to bring him in.

Entering his cabin in the early hours of daybreak, they aroused him and ordered him to dress, and then led him outside. Seeing he was surrounded by lawmen he cried out in alarm. Indians came rushing out and Sitting Bull appealed to them. His adopted brother fired, and killed Lieutenant Bull Head, who was holding Sitting Bull; then shots were fired from all sides. Sitting Bull and six of his men were killed, while six Indian police were slain and many were wounded.

In 1892 Scott commanded an all-Indian troop which was made up of Kiowas, Comanche and Apache Indians. This was Troop L of the 7th Cavalry, and was in existence for five years. This was the last Indian troop to be mustered out of the army.

From 1894 to 1897 General Scott was in charge of Geronimo and his band of Chiricahua Apaches at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. This band of Apaches had

been hunted for years in Arizona and old Mexico. It was said that they had killed 2500 people during their twenty-five years of periodic raids. Scott said that Geronimo was "the meanest man he had ever met."

In 1908 General Scott settled the differences with the Navaho in Arizona and New Mexico. He pacified the Hopi Indians at Hoteville, Arizona, and in 1911 and 1912 he calmed the Apache tribes in Oklahoma. In November of 1913 Scott was sent to settle the trouble with the Navaho at Beautiful Mountain, where they had retreated upon the advice of their medicine-man, who had told them there was a great storm coming which would drown all the white settlers and the old way of life would return.

Discovering that the Navaho had an unusual fondness for coffee, General Scott entered their domain with a small pack train and only a few orderlies. But he was well supplied with coffee, sugar, cream, coffee pots and cups. Asking for their hospitality he showed them his gifts. Campfires were lit, and coffee brewed and consumed; and before the night was over General Scott had persuaded them to come down from their perch and they all followed him down the trail to Shiprock.

General Scott's knowledge and human understanding of the Indians helped in negotiating peacefully with them. His adeptness at sign language, while not being useful in the Navaho incident, aided him among other tribes. When I was a young boy I was introduced to General Scott by my father, Thomas Long Plume. I met him again when he came to Hollywood to make a motion picture, and to record every known Indian sign for the files of the Smithsonian Institution, a project with which Colonel Tim McCoy was also associated.

Only the highlights of General Scott's career among the Indians have been mentioned here. In addition he had many adventures and responsibilities as an army officer in other countries and wars — including Cuba, the Philippines, Russia, and France. He was Chief of Staff from 1914 to 1917, and retired from the army in 1919, to serve, until his death in 1934, as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners and as a revered member of many American Indian tribes.

The Independence — 74 California's Ship of the Line

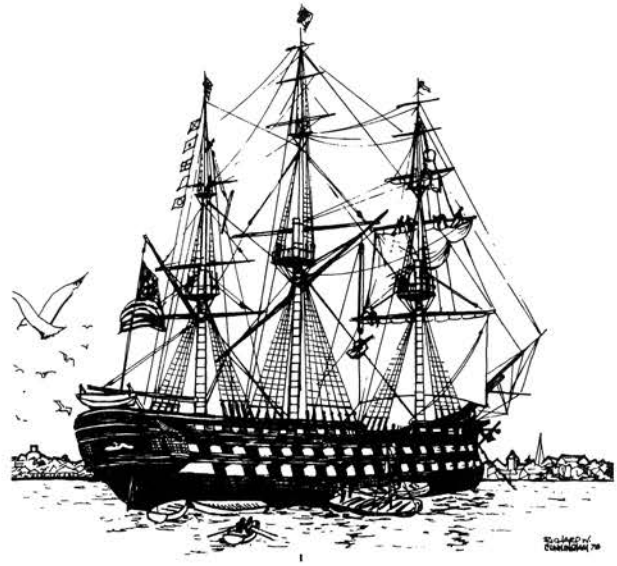
BY RICHARD W. CUNNINGHAM

For the privileged few who were able to be present at San Francisco's Hunter's Point on a chill, misty night, September 20, 1919, the flames that leaped high into the air presented an extraordinary sight—perhaps kaleidoscopic flashes of such historic places as Barbary, Cronstadt, and Mazatlán—as they watched the cremation of a great lady of California history, the Battleship of the Line "Independence 74." The Union Iron Works of San Francisco was burning this 105-year-old ship, on the mud flats of the Bay, for the salvage value of her scrap metal and fittings.

Launched in 1814, "Independence" was an evolutionary product of a Congressional appropriation of 1799. In that year one million dollars was voted for the design and construction of six Battleships of the Line, but with some reservations. After design, only the frames would be built; the hardware and guns would also be acquired, but not mounted, and the lot would be stored as a defense inventory in the event of war.

The designer of this "warehouse fleet" was Joshua Humphreys, whose innovative concepts during the Revolutionary War identified him as one of the world's notable naval architects and constructors, a maritime midwife to the Continental and federal navies between 1775 and 1801.

The warehouse concept, though an unrealistic solution, was a project of staggering proportions at any point in history. The frames and knees



The "Independence 74" fitting out at Boston: gunbarges discharging her battery; spars being hoisted aloft on the mizzen; taking on stores; and bending on her first suit of sails before joining frigate "Constitution."

required the cutting of about 900 Virginia live oaks of at least a hundred years growth, and the casting of over two million pounds of iron for the four hundred and forty-four 32-pounder broadside guns—none of which were ever used as intended.

The flaw in the concept, even having the frames and ordnance on hand, was the task of completion; construction would have taken about three years after any mobilization day, and used up another thirteen million board feet of prime timber, as well as countless accessories.

Flaunting reality, Jefferson and his congressional partners discarded the concept of a balanced navy, consisting of all classes of vessels, in favor of a gunboat navy, or a coastal defense fleet. One result of this policy was the total depletion of the battleship inventory between 1803 and 1811, the material being used for other types of ships and repair. All that was left on the eve of the War of 1812 were Humphreys' plans, and a second-class navy.

Between the surrender at Yorktown and 1810, our seafarers, no longer hamstrung by British restrictions, spread out from their coastal confines like oil on the waters, carrying our flag to every conceivable area of commercial opportunity. They learned about the missions of Alta California, Pacific

whaling, the sea otter and the fur seal, and the markets of Cathay, South Africa, Europe, and the Mediterranean.

It was an exciting period of relatively peaceful increase in all areas except for the Mediterranean, where the Yankees tangled with Algiers in 1795, with Napoleon in 1798, and with the Barbary pirates of Tripoli in 1801. But the bountiful heyday slowed to a crawl when the Royal Navy, desperate for seamen to man its own ships, commenced boarding American merchantmen and removing former Britons to fill out their crews.

The British capture of U.S. ships trading with France, their subsidizing of Indian raids on our frontiers, and their seizure of about three thousand naturalized Englishmen from American vessels by the year 1810, lighted the fuse that touched off the War of 1812.

The rolling thunder of naval gunfire quickly convinced our elected representatives that the only logical seagoing solution (despite the overwhelming disparity in numbers between our navies) was a balanced fleet. The major deficiency was a lack of battleships capable of punching through the formidable British blockade—prompting the almost immediate authorization for the construction of four 74-gun Battleships of the Line, "Washington," "Columbia," "Franklin," and "Independence."

First down the ways, on June 22, 1814, six months before the Treaty of Ghent, was the "Independence," built by Hartt and Barker at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and fitted out at the Boston Navy Yard. Who it was that designed the ship is uncertain; it has been suggested that Humphreys' plans of 1799 were modified for the project; there is also the possibility that U.S. Naval Constructor William Doughty was the designer, while some believe that the lines of the ship were laid off by Hartt's. Regardless, "Independence" was a reality, and on commissioning, flying the pennant of Commodore William Bainbridge, our first battleship joined the frigate "Constitution" in protecting the approaches to Boston.

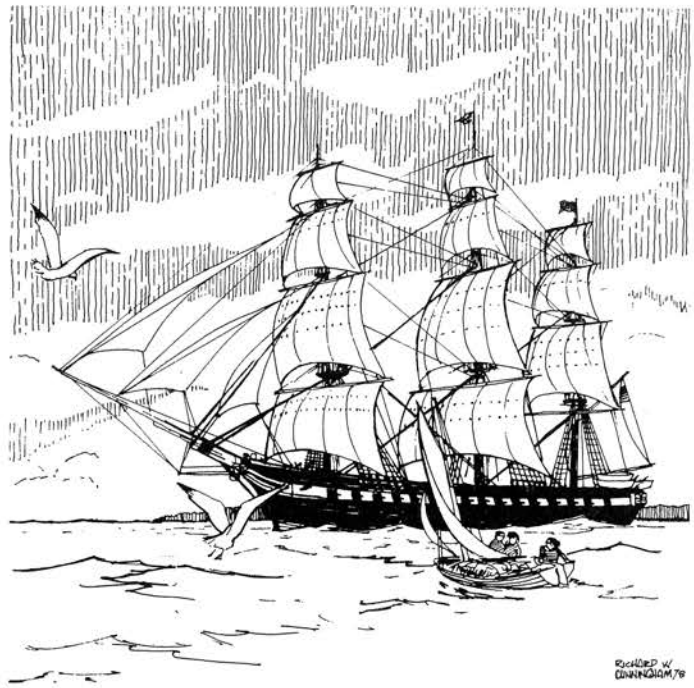
"Independence" was an awesome sight; her main top gallant sail was 190 feet above the spar deck, and she required 700 officers, sailors and marines to work her cloud of canvas and serve the 90 guns with which she was originally armed. Her gun batteries were arranged in three tiers, one on the spar deck (out in the weather), and two levels on the upper and lower gun decks. Her class displaced 2,243 tons, measured 190′ 10″ in length, had beams 54′ 7″, and by virtue of their design were called "quick rollers."

"Liners," a necessary part of every major navy of the times, were magnificent products of naval architecture, lumbering through the seas like great snow-clad mountains from some mythological place, carrying passports to the gates of hell on their gun decks.

If you are confused by the references to 74 and 90 guns, stand easy; it was an old Navy custom. The captains of U.S. sailing vesels had the license to change both the sail plan, or arrangement and number of sails, as well as the armament, and this practice drives present-day scholars up the walls in researching original documents, trying to establish true profiles of specific ships. At various times the "Independence" carried 90, 74 and 54 guns.

Before the smoke had cleared from the War of 1812, the hell-for-canvas merchant marine of our eastern seaboard crowded on all sail to return to their world markets, and just as quickly the Barbary pirates, who had bedeviled our ships during the Tripoli War, emerged to harass American flag vessels again.

Our answer to the Dey of Algiers was to dispatch the 44-gun frigate "Guerriere," flying the flag of Commodore Steven Decatur, and a squadron consisting of the frigate "Constellation," and the brigs "Boxer," "Saranca," and "Enterprise" to straighten out the matter. On June 17, 1815, Decatur



"Independence" razed to 54 guns and underway from Boston to break the trans-Atlantic record to Portsmouth, England.

shot the 44-gun Algerian frigate "Moushada" out of action in twenty-five minutes, and in the battle killed the senior officer of the Algerian navy.

Sixteen days before the Algerian affair, "Independence," under Bainbridge's command, had cleared Boston with frigate "Congress," sloop "Erie," brig "Chippewa," and schooner "Lynx" to reinforce Decatur, arriving on station in mid-August. A truce was quickly effected, and the combined Yankee squadron cruised the Mediterranean, showing the flag until late fall, at which point Bainbridge and Decatur set courses for the U.S., leaving four ships to protect our interests in the area. "Independence" dropped the hook at Newport, Rhode Island, where she became part of the Home Fleet, sporting a commodore's pennant until she was placed in ordinary in 1822.

Being placed in ordinary was a term used up until late in the 19th century to denote inactive status. It was the forerunner of present-day mothballing. Ordnance, powder, stores and material were taken off, the spars and sail were brought down, and a shipkeeper put aboard; and "Independence" swung around the hook in that status until 1836.

During that period, California, some three thousand miles to the west, was experiencing its first major influx of Europeans since the arrival of the Spanish. Ivan Kuskoff, among them, an officer of the Russian-American Co., was briskly expanding operations at the recently established Fort Ross, where the first ship built in Alta California, the "Rumiantsev," was launched in 1819. The gringos were slowly pushing overland into the territory, marching across the Great Divide, the desert, and the Sierra Nevada in a relentless search for new trapping grounds. Jedediah Smith, James Ohio Pattie, and Joseph Reddeford Walker had all made their mark on the California record by 1836, and during the same period a reformed pirate, Joseph Chapman, built one of the first ships in the south of Alta California, at Mission San Gabriel, which he named "Guadalupe," and launched at San Pedro.

During all of this period of American expansion westward the "Independence" calmly swung at anchor in ordinary from 1822 to 1836. There were two reasons for the long lay-up of "Independence"—first, in a period of national frugality and relative calm, it was more economical to deploy smaller ships when needed, and second, as earlier mentioned, she was a "quick roller." On her first cross-Atlantic run it was found that when fully loaded her lower gun deck dipped water through the gunports. This condition made life on the decks worse than normal, and even normal wasn't very good. Though conditions on our ships were better than those of the British and French, it was still a brutual life at best. Flogging was

standard punishment, the crews were berthed in hammocks swung above the guns, medical care was medieval, and the two daily meals, prepared by one appointed member of each gun crew or mess, were variations of boiled salt beef or pork, beans, potatoes, dried peas, rice, and hardtack. The only respite was the half-pint ration of grog which helped take the edge off each day's hardships.

In 1836 "Independence" was removed from ordinary and ordered to the Boston Navy Yard for an overhaul and modifications. The "quick roll" tendency was solved by razing the hull, that is, removing the upper or spar deck, and reducing her battery to two tiers of 54 guns. When completed she was removed from the lists as a battleship, redesignated a "razeed frigate," and recommissioned, flying the pennant of Commodore John B. Nicholson. After a short shakedown cruise, the Honorable George Dallas, U.S. Ambassador to the Court of the Czars, boarded the "Independence" at Boston, May 25, 1837, and twenty-five days later watched the special sea-and-anchor detail drop the hook at Portsmouth, England, marking the fastest crossing of the Atlantic up to that day.

After ceremonies at Portsmouth, "Independence" plowed up through the North Sea to festivities at Copenhagen and across the Baltic to Cronstadt, where the crew manned the yards in celebration of a visit by the Czar. The formidable new frigate, having landed the Ambassador, got underway from Russia and made her way south to Rio de Janeiro where she became the flagship of the Brazilian Squadron, a not particularly exciting assignment. The only break in the monotonous routine was Nicholson's fruitless attempt to mediate a peace between Brazil and France, and shortly after the breakdown of negotiations "Independence" made her way back to New York, where she anchored in March 1840. For the next six years she was consigned to ordinary twice, but in 1846 she was recommissioned for participation in the Mexican War. On August 29, 1846, "Independence" cleared the Boston Navy Yard, and began the long voyage to California to participate at last in our western history.

After beating around the Horn she arrived at the port of Monterey, 146 days out of Boston, and there became the flagship of Commodore William B. Shubrick's Pacific Squadron.

The War with Mexico, of which "Independence" was now to be a part, was no surprise—it had been a long time coming. The Boston men, the mountain men, the "Westward Ho-ers," the "Manifest Destiny" bureaucrats, all moved toward California like lava flowing down the sides of Kilauea and they would accept no boundary until brought up short by the Pacific. The scenario was as steeped in fantasy as the name California itself, and it

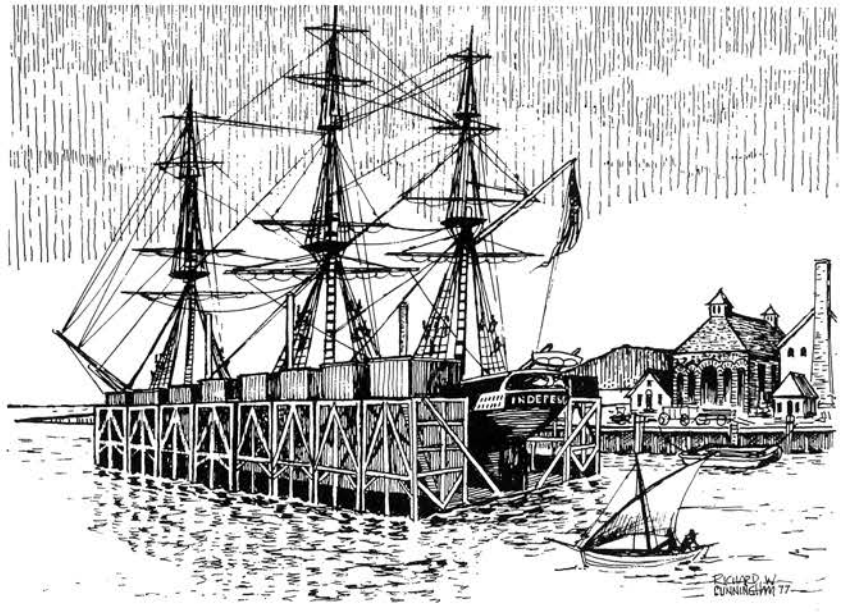
outdid the most illogical contrivance of any novelist. No sooner had the Spaniards, the Mestizos, and the Indios of Mexico renounced the King of Spain then they became embroiled in contests, real or imaginary, with England, France, Russia, and the United States, which resulted in a series of interesting incidents.

One of the fiascos prior to the actual outbreak of hostilities in 1846 was the "Jones Affair." In 1842 Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones, U.S.N., Commander of the Pacific Squadron, misinterpreted a dispatch he had received at Callao, Peru, and forthwith made for California at all possible headway. Convinced that the British were about to prosecute Sir Francis Drake's ancient claim to Nova Albion, Jones arrived at Monterey shortly, as he believed, ahead of any British warship, trained his guns out on the Presidio, sent a landing party ashore, seized the town, and raised "Old Glory" over a Mexican garrison that was hardly in any position to resist.

The following morning, October 20, Jones realized his error—that a state of war did not exist between his country and Mexico—so he swallowed his pride, apologized, returned to his ship, and ordered a gun salute to be fired in honor of the newly restored Mexican flag. He also sent one of his ships, the "Cyane," to Santa Barbara, to inform Governor Micheltorena, then residing in the south, of all that had taken place, and to tender his personal apologies. This, followed by a more formal reconciliation a few months later, effectually ended the "Jones Affair."

Not only did the "Independence" miss all of the above action, but by the time it reached California, January 22, 1847, a great deal else had already happened in the Golden State. The Bear Flag revolt was already over, but the controversial Marine Lieutenant Archibald Gillespie was still making waves; Commodore Sloat had taken Monterey on July 7 of the previous year, this time for keeps; and Fremont's governorship of California, brief though it was, was not yet over. Sloat at Monterey was relieved by Commodore Robert Stockton, who had appointed Fremont as governor, and who in turn was ordered by Washington to turn over his civilian supreme command in California to an Army officer, General Stephen Watts Kearny, newly appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Californias, as well as to turn over his naval command of the Pacific Squadron to Commodore William B. Shubrick as soon as the latter should arrive in California. Shubrick, on the "Independence," did arrive on January 22, 1847, as already noted, after only 146 days from Boston—not a record, perhaps, and certainly nowhere near the records set by the "clipper ships" of the gold rush, but not bad for a frigate.

Shubrick took command of a fleet that included, besides his own flagship



A final acceptance test of the Secor and Hanscom submersible dock at Mare Island Navy Yard lists "Independence" high and dry for overhaul.

"Independence," the "Congress," 44 guns; "Savannah," 5; "Cyane," 18; "Warren," 20; "Columbus," 74; and the "Erie," 6. His squadron captured two Mexican gunboats, a British blockade runner, and twenty-nine merchantmen on sweeps from Yerba Buena to Mazatlan. Between January and November of 1847, the "Independence" itself participated in operations at Monterey, Yerba Buena, Sonoma, San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Pedro and Los Angeles. Heading south from Alta California, various elements of the squadron hit San José del Cabo, San Lucas, and La Paz, captured Guaymas, and put BlueJackets and Marines on the beach in the assault and pacification of Mazatlán.

Three books written during or shortly after this period offer some fine insights into the California and shipboard lifestyles of the period of the War with Mexico; Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast,* Melville's *White-Jacket* (both still in print), and Lt. H. A. Wise's *Los Gringos,* published in 1849 by Baker & Scribner, New York. Melville, a sensitive and civilian sailor hitching a ride home from the Sandwich Islands aboard a battleship bound for New England, describes a brutal transit of the Pacific, the horrors of the Horn, and the drudgery of the rations and the discipline while pounding north through the Atlantic. Dana, writing a few years earlier about a voyage

of personal discovery as a deck hand on a "hide ship," describes the adversities of the deckhand, but delights in the exotic experiences he enjoyed along the California coast, and in a way he coincides with Wise's views. The principal difference between the Wise and Dana accounts is that Wise was a career naval officer who enjoyed better accommodations on shipboard and who devoted more space to his adventures on the beach.

Evaluating wars on a comparative basis, the drill in the Californias was a gentle sort of conflict. At no point in the campaign were more than two battalions of combatants engaged, and since body counts were not stylish most of the participants survived. According to Wise, the gringos reveled in some really unique experiences; bear hunting in Sonoma, a rodeo or two, fiestas, mostly pleasant relations with the civilians, temporary garrrison duty, a naval dragoon contingent, generally mild climate, and, of course, the fleas.

After signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, the squadron ranged the Pacific to Lahaina Roads, Maui, and Diamond Point at Honolulu, where they luaued with King Kamehameha III, topped off water and stores, returned to the Norfolk Navy Yard, anchored on May 23, 1849, and again went into ordinary.

While "Independence" lay in mothballs, the tempo of maritime affairs on the Pacific Coast was growing by Jack-in-the-Beanstalk proportions, and San Francisco was the center of most of the activity. The Navy, aware of the need for chandling and repair facilities on the west coast, for both civilian and naval vessels, contracted for a steam-powered, floating drydock for the Bay area in 1851. The first sections arrived and were assembled off Mare Island in 1852. It is difficult to imagine the staggering logistics of building in New York the eleven cumbersome, copper-clad pine modules of 32 x 100 feet, dismantling them, shipping them around the Horn to Vallejo, and reassembling them there; but so are many of the stories of those times. The answer, of course, was the men.

One of those men, Commander David Farragut, arrived at Mare Island with his family in 1854, with orders to build a navy yard on the recently purchased real estate. The only sign of activity at that time on the barren island was the drydock, a building owned by the Dock Company (the civil contract managers of the operation), and several squatters' shacks. Farragut arranged for temporary offices and housing for his wife, son, secretary (his brother-in-law), as well as a Colonel Daniel Turner and his family in the Secor and Hanscom Dock Company building. He then evicted five squatters, made his first entry in the yard log book on September 16, 1854, and set about erecting a flag pole and a post for the time bell. Farragut's

"Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead" style, so well documented in the later Civil War, soon turned the Isla Plana (Level Island), as the Spaniards had originally called it, before Vallejo gave it a new name, Isla de la Yegua (Mare Island), into a bustling focal point of Pacific maritime activity.

During the first two years of his command, Farragut and his family lived aboard the Station Ship "Warren," finally moving into quarters on the island itself in 1856, but only after completion of wharfs, carpenter and blacksmith shops, and storage sheds. In December 1856 the Navy conducted its final acceptance test of the Secor and Hanscom drydock by raising the recently returned "Independence" high and dry for maintenance, and when this test was successfully passed the Navy took over the dock's operation until its condemnation in 1896.

When Captain R. B. Cunningham relieved Farragut of command of the yard after four years, it was "Independence" that fired the 13-gun salute that sent Farragut back to the east coast where, a few years later, he shot his way into U.S. history. As a matter of fact, records suggest that between Farragut's departure and the Civil War, firing salutes was one of the chief functions of the once powerful frigate. Side-wheelers, spar-decked sloops, and screw sloops armed with more powerful guns were rapidly taking over from the older, pure-sail ships, but the people of the Bay didn't care; "Independence" was becoming a landmark.

The political deterioration in the eastern and central states during 1860 also occurred in California but on a more modest scale. The state, removed geographically and philosophically by a considerable distance, operated and would continue to operate for some years as a sort of separate entity within the Union. But there were currents of Civil War anxiety even in California—such as choosing sides—and the major impact of the movements occurred in the most populous areas; the north was one of these, and the center of its activities was in the Bay area. The situation produced three elements—those who didn't give a hang; patriotic immigrants of the Union who subscribed to Decatur's old naval toast, "My country, right or wrong"; and rebel sympathizers of varying degrees of passion. The record suggests that the most ardent of the secessionists were those with some sort of imagined personal stake, and the most notable of these was a 23-year-old Kentuckian, Asbury Harpending.

In 1861 there was enough concern in Washington for the safety of California for the Army to transfer two batteries of artillery from Oregon to San Francisco in February, just two months before the shelling of Fort Sumter. The outfit, commanded by Brigadier General Albert Sidney Johnston, debarked and took positions at Fort Point covering the entrance

to the Bay. It was common knowledge at the time that Senator William Gwin openly supported the Southern cause, and with the arrrival of Johnston, also a Southerner, there was concern that these two would try to take California in the name of Secession—but the doubt was short lived. Johnston, an old school officer and a gentleman, resigned his commission, departed from San Francisco, and gave his life for the Confederacy a year later in Shiloh.

During 1861 Southern sympathizers organized several secret military organizations, such as the Knights of the Columbian Star and the Knights of the Golden Circle, who engaged in clandestine marksmanship as well as close and extended order drills in the adjacent boondocks. Harpending was a member of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and with twenty-nine other members he was charged by a mysterious general with raising and training thirty 100-man companies. In January 1861, the elite officer cadre, representing a supposed force of 3000 armed malcontents, announced that they were combat ready, conducted a secret ballot, and elected to disband. But that was not the last of Harpending.

Between January 1861 and the spring of 1863, San Francisco lived on a regular fare of war rumors, and went through a series of Gilbert and Sullivan librettos involving the citizenry, the army, and the Mare Island Navy Yard personnel. Even the first detachment of Marines, who arrived in 1863 and were billeted aboard the "Independence," didn't seem to have the situation particularly well in hand. The city, a state of mind since its birth, acted out each fantasy with typical gusto, responding to generally imaginary threats of insurgency or attack.

During this period Harpending slipped out of town and made his way to Confederate President Jeff Davis, where he sold his grandiose plan to take control of the Pacific sea lanes and the state of California. His proposition must have sounded pretty convincing to Davis, for he returned to the Golden Gate with a Captain's commission in the Confederate Navy and blank Letters of Marque for his raider fleet. Harpending's first action on his return was to purchase the newly-arrived 91-ton schooner "J. M. Chapman," hire a crew (captained by William Low), and commence loading aboard uniforms, two brass 12-pounders, a howitzer, 30 rifles, 150 Colt revolvers, eight cases of shells and five cases of powder, in crates marked "machinery".

In classic cloak-and-dagger style he made sure everyone concerned got the word that he was loading for a commercial enterprise voyage to Manzanillo, which was anything but the case. Asbury can never be faulted for lack of imagination; his plan was to steam south and intercept the Pacific Mail steamer on one of its bullion runs and return to the Bay and capture San

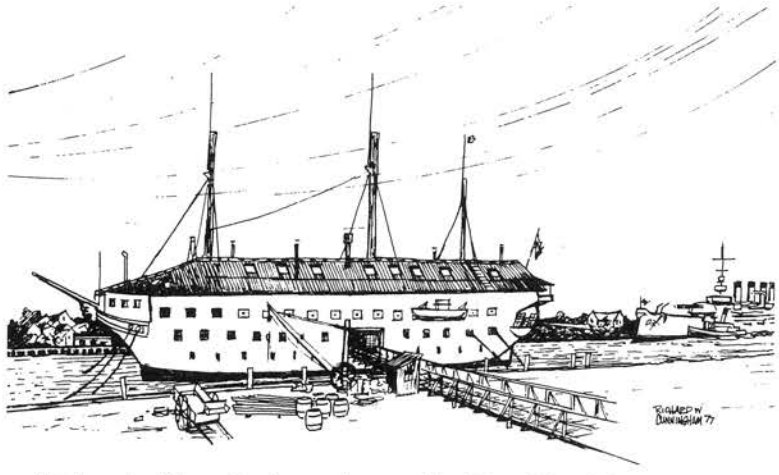
Francisco. The Bay Area operation was to include seizing the Mare Island Navy Yard, the recently-arrived sloop "Cyane," and the first ship to be built at Mare Island, the sidewheel steamer "Saginaw," fitting out the frigate "Independence" as a raider, overpowering the 200-man garrison at Fort Point, taking the 30,000-stand arsenal of rifles at Benicia, capturing the detachment of Alcatraz, and finally raising an army in the gold fields to take California in the name of the Confederacy.

Unfortunately, while he was broadcasting his Manzanillo adventure, his trusted skipper, Bill Low, was making his liberties on the beach in the dockside grog shops where he drunkenly detailed the real plan to anyone who would listen, and quite a few did. On H-hour of D-day Low had not returned to the "Chapman," and the uneasy Harpending opted to clear the wharf and sail without him.

No sooner had Harpending headed out into the stream than he was under the guns of the "Cyane," and was being pursued by two boatloads of Marines and the armed tug "Anashe." His pursuers swarmed aboard, arrested the rebels, and then, in a fitting climax to the comedy, watched the "well-oiled" skipper, Bill Low, rowing out in a jolly boat to catch up to the "Chapman" and to ignominious capture. Harpending was fined $10,000 and was sentenced to ten years in prison. However, after some years of confinement at Fort Lafayette, he was released, in the general amnesty after the war was over, and he went on, with banker William C. Ralston, to build the 400-room Grand Hotel, a predecessor of the even more splendid Palace Hotel, and he finally faded from the California scene as one of the investors in the ill-fated Great Diamond Hoax.

Of the many deficiencies in the Harpending plan, one of the worst was the ludicrous idea of fitting out the "Independence" as a raider. By 1863 the coffee grounds were probably so deep under her keel that it would have taken a dredge to get her underway. In her role as Receiving Ship for the station, she had been reduced to a sort of nautical oblivion; even the Marines had abandoned her for barracks in the Yard. "Independence," Station Ship, U.S. Navy Yard, Mare Island, had become a permanent fixture. The residents of Vallejo, just across the strait, set their clocks by the ship's bell, and countless recruits and hands awaiting transfer had briefly called her their home by the end of the War Between the States. The surrender at Appomattox signaled the decimation of the wartime navy and its stations, and this situation lasted to within a few years of the War with Spain.

The crew of "Independence" emerged as the bright lights of the 1867 pay-cut strike of the Mare Island civilian work force, when the Yard



Stripped of her rigging and guns the Mare Island Station Ship "Independence" lies motionless as Armored Cruiser "California" is warped into one of the Island's docks.

Commandant offered the crew an additional 50 cents a day to work in various civilian capacities until the regular work force returned to their jobs. And those fifty-cent days were the first good days the Bluejackets had experienced since that black day in 1861 when a General Order of September 1 had ordered their daily ration of grog to be discontinued.

It was also in 1867 that "Independence" was moved to San Francisco to function as a School Ship, but the assignment was short lived and she returned to her berth at Mare Island as Station Ship. Photos of the period suggest that it was at this time that her top masts and top gallant masts were taken down and a great shed-like structure built over her spar deck to provide additional berthing and office space. Unfortunately, this land-lubber's monstrosity lasted the balance of her life.

The survivors of the great typhoon of 1889 at Apia, Samoa, aboard U.S. cruisers "Nipsic," "Trenton," and "Vandalia," were accommodated aboard "Independence," and this seems to have been the only change in her daily routine of joinings, transfers and watches through her twilight years.

On November 3, 1912, "Independence" was struck from the Navy List of Ships. On the 19th of the same month the Mare Island Yard celebrated its fifty-eighth birthday, and on that same day a Lieutenant, Ernest Brooks,

read the obituary of the "Independence" as her colors were hauled down and her bell silenced. She was towed from her berth to the mud flats adjacent to the Yard, where she lay until 1914. On November 28 of that year she was purchased by Captain John Rinder for $3,515 and towed to the Union Iron Works at San Francisco.

It was almost opening day of the magnificent Panama Pacific Exposition, and Rinder envisioned rerigging the old girl and docking her at the Fair as a restaurant. Cursory repairs were made and she was moved to Hunter's Point; and then Rinder's plans fell through and she was consigned to oblivion for good.

On Monday, September 9, 1919, wrecking crews commenced removing the pig iron ballast, exposed fittings, and massive orlop deck knees in preparation for her cremation and final interment as ashes committed to the fringes of the great deeps.

On September 20, 1919, the Battleship of the Line, "Independence - 74," was burned for salvage on the mud flats of Hunter's Point.

Postscript

The only vestiges of the "Independence" that remain today are two 32-pounders and her foliated bow ornament standing watch at the Mare Island Navy Yard, and one of her pig-iron anchors sprawled in the rotunda of the San Francisco Maritime Museum.

A figurehead, two anchors, and two guns — all that remain of California's Battleship of the Line "Independence 74."

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A Portfolio of Paintings by Andy Dagosta

It was a quantum leap from the dreams of a young Nebraska youth, to the reality of a position as one of today's emerging painters of the American Western Frontier. But it is a jump which Andy Dagosta has made.

When he was a small boy in Omaha, Andy's passion for cowboy movies and cowboy heroes was shared by most of his contemporaries. In those days, almost all the boys who didn't want to be another Lindy wanted to be cowboys. So with his friends he spent Saturday afternoons at the movies watching Bob Steel, Hoot Gibson, Buck Jones, Randolph Scott, Gene Autry and other Western heroes. Even in the earliest grades, Andy was sketching cowboys, horses and Indians for his grammar school chums and, at the teacher's request, making drawings for classroom display.

The difference between Andy and his classmates was that Andy was also spending Saturday mornings at the local art museum—the Joslyn—which housed the works of Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Jacob Miller, Charles Russell and Frederic Remington. Andy studied their works and he spent much time in the dark recesses of the museum where the Greek statues were, getting his first lessons in life drawing by sketching these sculptures.

It is interesting to speculate on what triggered this almost-obsessive interest in the young boy for Western folklore and art. The Indians were

long gone from the prairies of Nebraska, and, although Nebraska is midwestern, it is very different from the American West.

Whatever their origin, the dreams stayed alive. Through grammar school, high school, at Omaha Tech, and then through the big war and service with the 12th Air Force in Italy.

Discharged from service, Andy headed west with two buddies and he settled in Glendale while he attended the Hollywood Art Center. This was a brief interlude, for what he wanted to learn would come only with experience.

Soon Andy opened a commercial art studio in Pasadena, the same studio he still operates today, some thirty years later. That in itself is some kind of record in the advertising industry where nothing seems to stay the same for long.

Andy married and fathered three pretty daughters. The years went on, the daughters grew, his studio flourished. And all the time Andy was looking, sketching, storing images away in his mind. He went to the desert to photograph and draw. He haunted a boarding stable owned by a longtime friend, Max Barnett, to watch horses running, walking, turning and galloping. He devoted his free time to the study of Western lore. And he painted.

In 1968 Andy met cowboy artist Lloyd Mitchell who had an exhibition of his paintings at the Glendale public library. Andy and Mitchell became friends, and Mitchell became Andy's mentor, offering pointers on style and technique, encouraging him to paint even more, and most of all, urging him to show his work. This close relationship with Mitchell lasted until the latter's death in 1978. Andy also studied with Reynold Brown, who is known for his wide range of styles and techniques in figure drawing and painting.

Andy continued to roam the desert and to frequent the stables. He became familiar not only with the forms of clothing, guns, saddles, stirrups, cookware and buildings of frontier days but he learned every detail of the work of those days, such as the loading and unloading of pack animals. So it is no surprise that one of the hallmarks of Andy's paintings is exquisite detail. The saddles, chuckwagons, lanterns, guns, buildings, clothing—each is exactly what it was in that place at that time for the function portrayed.

The long years of research and study have not ended, but they have come to fruition. His boyhood dreams are alive on the canvases he paints and he is being recognized as a Western frontier artist.

Camaraderie has developed between Andy and others interested in Western lore. Andy has become a member of the Westerners, and an exhibitor at the Invitational Show which is the highlight of the Death Valley

'49ers famed annual encampment at Furnace Creek. Here, just below Coffin Peak in the Funeral Mountains each fall the art show and competition take place. In 1970 Andy was awarded first place with his painting "Obvious Intentions," an achievement which he repeated two years later with another oil, "Gonna Rain Like Hell".

There is special pride in being honored both by the art committee which chooses what will hang and also by the participants at the encampment—those who know the West, who are exposed to Western art and who acknowledge the Dagosta flair for bringing alive the Western legend.

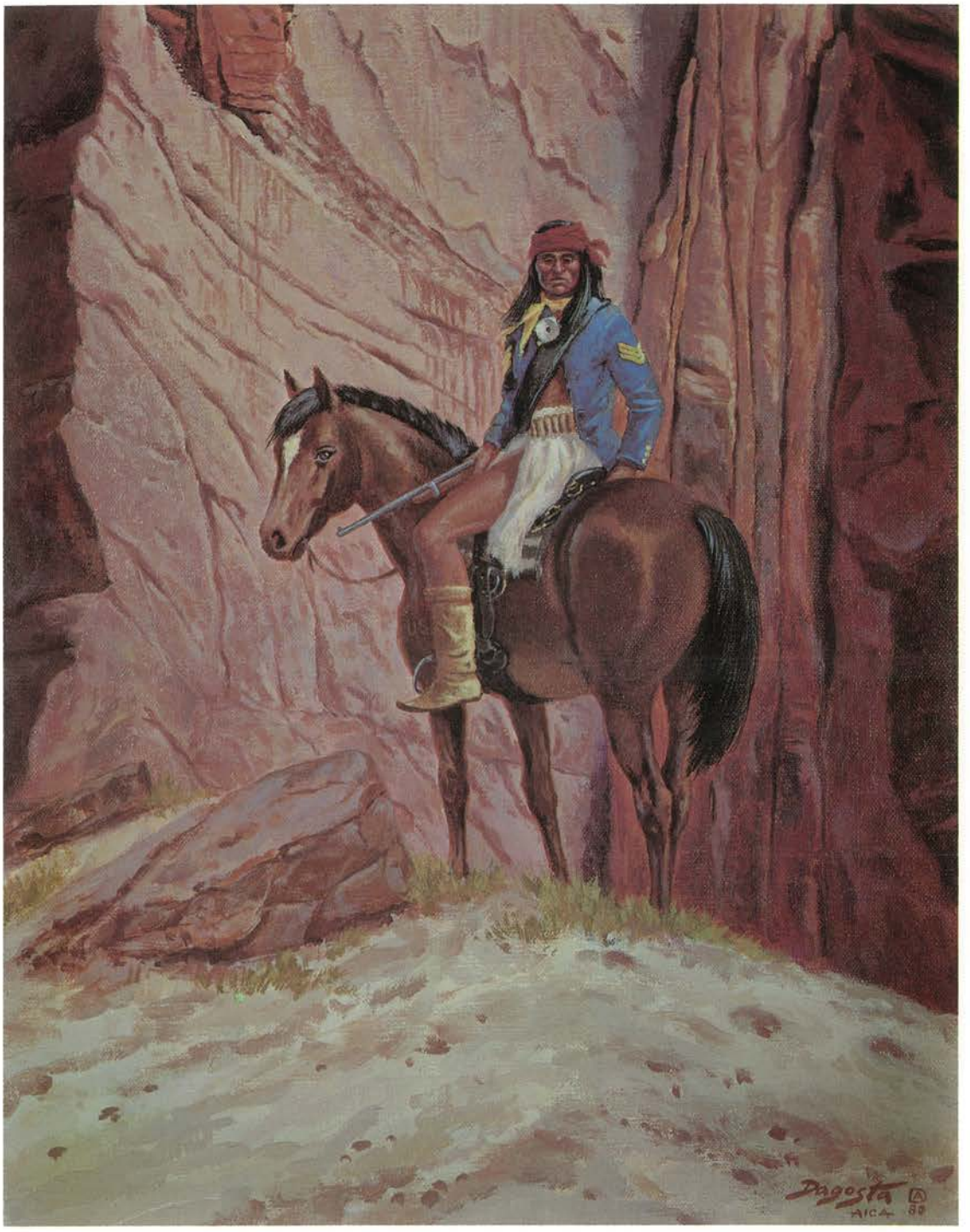
More recognition has followed. Andy's work has been exhibited at the Cattlemen's Convention in Las Vegas, the California Fine Arts Gallery of Pasadena, and the Paul Metcalf Gallery. He has won a first, a second, and an honorable mention in the San Gabriel Art Association's shows during the '70s. Increasingly individual collectors are adding a Dagosta to their collections.

Andy is one of the founding members of the American Indian and Cowboy Artist Society, a fitting achievement for one whose boyhood ideal was Will James, the famous writer-artist. The members of the Society dedicate themselves to the appreciation of the American heritage through the visual portrayal of the life styles, ideologies and courage of the peoples of the American West.

As a member of the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners, Andy is always willing to put his talents to work. Reproductions of two of Andy's paintings were used for the end papers of the last two issues of the Brand Book, and for Brand Book XV he produced an original line-cut as a headpiece for each of the chapters in the book. Andy also belongs to the Collegium of Western Art, a group of Western art lovers who meet monthly, either at a gallery or in a studio to discuss trends and to exchange ideas. Sixteen of his illustrations are featured in "Water Trails West," a book published by the Western Writers of America.

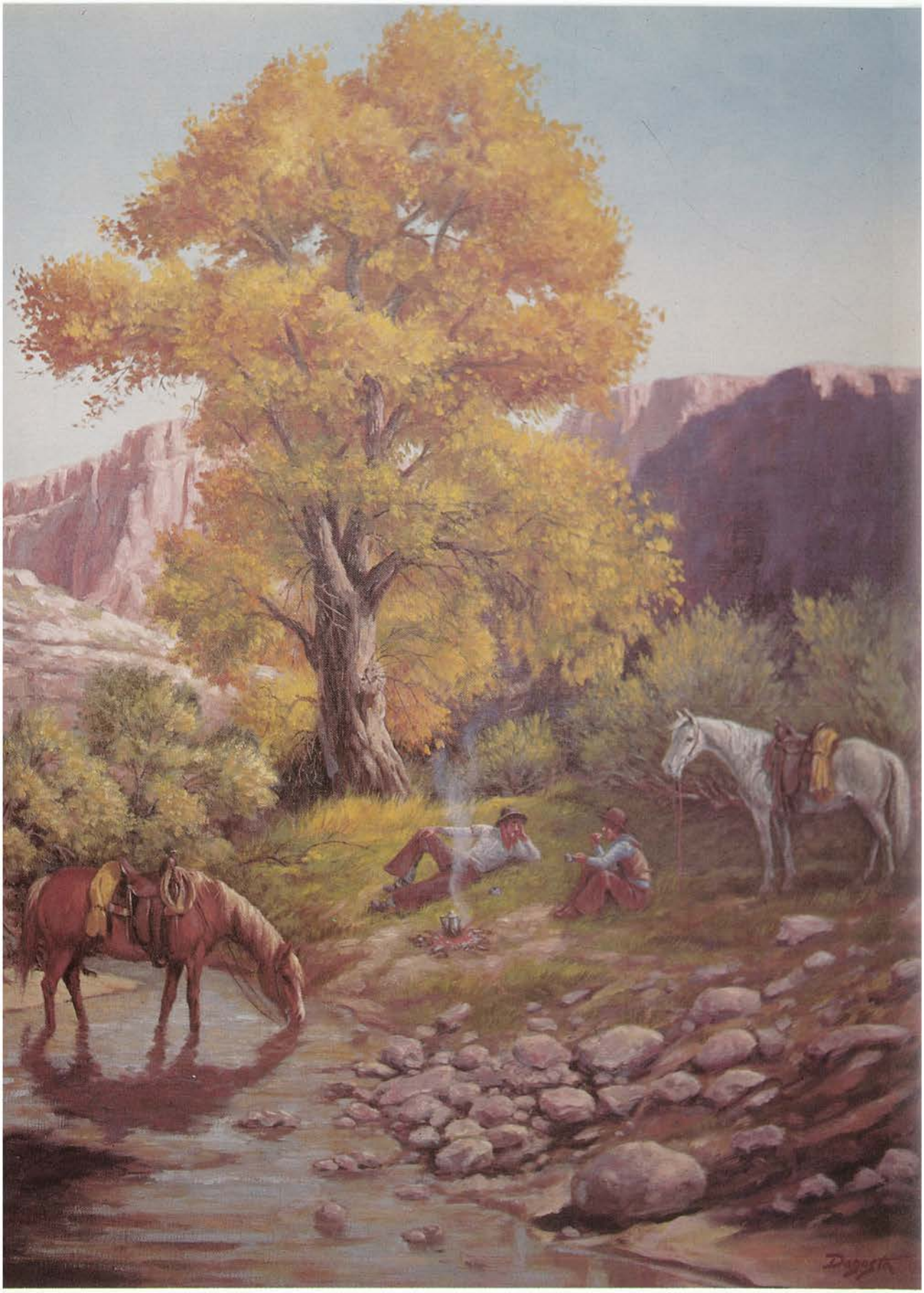
It is the editor's great pleasure to present to his fellow Westerners a selection of Andy Dagosta's paintings, and to make this fine artist's work even better known to lovers of Western art.

Blackfoot Warrior



Apache

Next Stop, Yuma



Heading Home

Cottonwood Kitchen

Strong Man of the Woods

Mountain Man

In Search of Buffalo

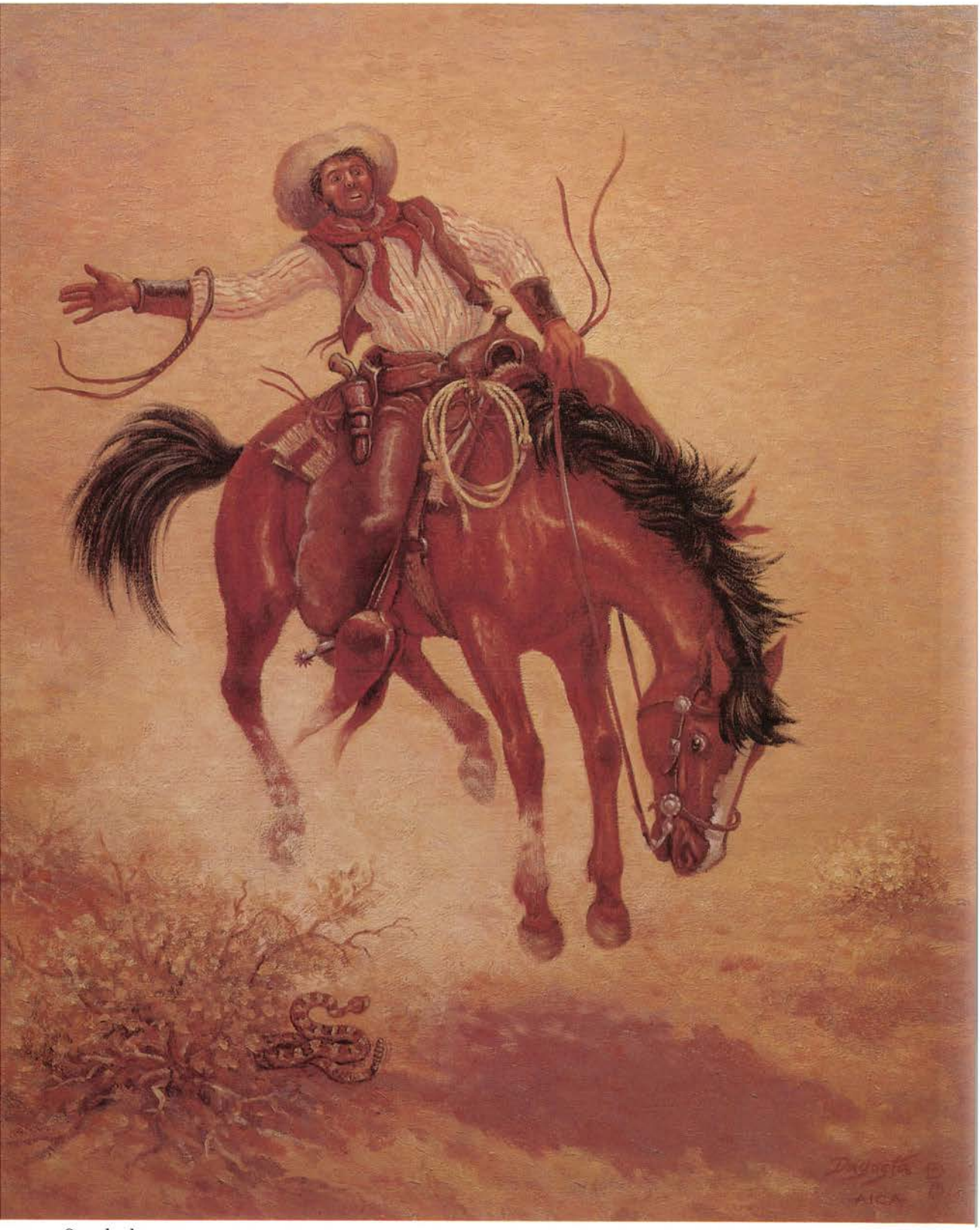
Obvious Intentions

Old Ken

"Gonna rain like hell"

Hard Day's Pay

Old Redbeard



Spooked

Warriors of the Plains

Sixty Years of American Rodeo in England, 1887-1947

BY KRISTINE FREDRIKSSON

The West held a fascination not only for people in the United States itself but also in Europe. The fact that a large number of Europeans emigrated, many of them settling on the Western frontiers, bears witness to the attraction it exerted.

For those who remained behind, their first opportunity to acquaint themselves with the dazzling spectacle of a Wild West show came when Buffalo Bill brought his troupe to London in 1887. With a company of over 200 cowboys, Mexican vaqueros and Indians — not to mention Annie Oakley — 180 horses, eighteen buffaloes, ten elk, ten mules, five Texas steers, four donkeys and two deer, he sailed, fittingly for a Nebraskan, on the "State of Nebraska" to take part in the American Exhibition. This was a trade fair whose full name was An Exhibition of the Arts, Industries, Manufactures, Products and Resources of the United States,[1] a part of the celebration of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee on the British throne.

To say that the Wild West was a success, with the royalty as well as the commoners, is an understatement. Before the Exhibition was even opened, a special performance, a dress rehearsal, was held before the Prince of Wales (who later became King Edward VII). For the first time in history, the American and British flag in combination adorned the Royal Box. Then followed a command performance for Queen Victoria, which also marked

the first time the 68-year-old monarch had attended a public entertainment since the death of the Prince Consort in 1861. She noted in her diary that she had seen "a very extraordinary and interesting sight — a performance of Buffalo Bill's Wild West."[2] The Queen paid another visit to the show three days after its opening. When the American flag was presented, she rose and bowed. This marked another first: never since the Declaration of Independence had a ruler of Great Britain saluted the American flag.[3] In all respects, Buffalo Bill's undertaking was a diplomatic triumph.

It was during the run of this Exhibition that four kings — Leopold II of Belgium, Christian IX of Denmark, George I of Greece, and Albert of Saxony — together with the Prince of Wales took their famous ride in the Deadwood coach.[4] Prince Albert, who liked playing poker, is said to have asked Buffalo Bill, another poker player, driving the coach, "Colonel, you never held four kings like these before," to which Cody replied, "I've held four kings, but four kings and the Prince of Wales makes a royal flush, such as no man has ever held before."[5]

The show's success had been heralded already before the troupe's arrival. Henry Irving, a famous stage actor of the time, who had earlier witnessed a performance of the Wild West in New York, wrote in the London *Era:*

> . . . It is an entertainment in which the whole of the most interesting episodes of life on the extreme frontier of civilization in America are represented with the most graphic vividness and scrupulous detail. You have real cowboys with bucking horses, real buffaloes, and great hordes of steers, which are lassoed and stampeded in the most realistic fashion imaginable . . . It [the performance] is simply immense, and I venture to predict that when it comes to London, it will take the town by storm.[6]

Visitors to the camp included the elite of British nobility, politics and theater. The common people were just as enthusiastic. Twenty to forty thousand spectators saw each performance. In one day, Easter Monday, 83,000 people entered the Exhibition Grounds at Earl's Court. Enormous sales of James Fenimore Cooper and Prentiss Ingraham's books resulted, and an increase in the public's interest in the American West followed such as had never been seen before.[7]

The newspapers abounded with accounts of the show, expressing thorough admiration not only for its execution but for the American people at large. The reports were not without some credit to the British themselves, as forebears of the American cowboys, referring to these as "men of our own blood" and to England as "the motherland."[8] The cowboy events were

described with excitement and awe, such as in The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News:*

> Saddling and mounting these "outrages" (as Mark Twain calls them) by the cowboys, Buck Taylor, Jim Mitchell, Billy Bullock, and other celebrities, is perhaps the most interesting part of the performance. Some six or eight skinfuls of iniquity are successfully dealt with, amongst them the well known mare, Dynamite. This is a fiend. Born a buckjumper, and encouraged in her wickedness from a foal, she humps her back like an angry tomcat, rises from the ground with her head between her hoofs, her legs stiff as area railings, and comes down with that diabolical jerk, and at that uncomfortable angle which implies to the ordinary good rider, not only a peremptory notice to quit, but an injunction to emigrate to the adjoining parish. Her squeal is of itself sinful; it approaches bad language as near as a horse ever got... Happy creature! Appreciated only on account of her perversity; valuable in direct proportion to her viciousness . . . The show will be popular, and well deserves the popularity it will enjoy. It is genuine, and it is a healthy sign of the times that the great British public will appreciate and applaud it solely for that reason.[9]

And the *Times* wrote upon the show's departure from London:

> Those who went to be amused often stayed to be instructed. The Wild West was irresistible.... Civilization itself consents to march in the train of Buffalo Bill. Colonel Cody can achieve no greater triumph than this . . . But the Wild West, for all that, is racy of the American soil. We can easily imagine Wall Street for ourselves; we need to be shown the cowboys of Colorado. Hence it is no paradox to say that Colonel Cody has done his part in bringing America and England nearer together.[10]

The reference to "civilization itself" alludes to a movement agreed upon between the two countries for the establishment of a Court of Arbitration to settle disputes between them. The influence Colonel Cody and his show exerted is said to have contributed to the origination of this movement, and the *Times* commented in the same article, "At first it might seem a far cry from the Wild West to an International Court."[11]

These quotations are offered as part of an effort to illustrate, by way of comparison, how British opinion of the American rodeo has changed since the Wild West was first introduced.

Buffalo Bill became a celebrated figure in London society, and it was quite clear that a repeat visit could not be far away. Following the London performance, the Continent was given an opportunity to view the show. Success followed success, except in Spain where the crowds lost interest as bullfights were not included.

In Rome, Cody's cowboys were challenged to tame Don Onorto, Duke of Sermoneta, Prince of Teano's Cajetan stallions, which they did before an amazed crowd of 20,000. It took the cowboys a mere five minutes to subdue the recalcitrant animals, using their traditional range methods. However, when Buffalo Bill, in a counter-challenge, sought to have the Italians ride his Western broncos, he had to put a stop to the proceedings after thirty minutes. The Italians used irons and chains to restrain the horses, which Cody found too brutal.[12]

The show revisited England in 1891, now with the Congress of Rough Riders of the World added, an international assemblage of expert horsemen. The popularity of Wild West continued unabated there, as all over Europe, and greatly contributed to an even more successful reception than ever before upon its return to the United States in 1892.[13]

Cody's third and last European tour began in 1902. It had been a decade since the Europeans had seen his popular figure, and the welcome was again enthusiastic. Royal patronage of the show continued. It is believed that Buffalo Bill's Wild West set in train the interest in the American West in Europe which still prevails,[14] although, as we shall see, the part which is rodeo has ceased to enjoy that favor.

There were other shows as well which visited Europe: Pawnee Bill's Historic Wild West, in 1894, and Col. Frederic T. Cummins Wild West, in 1907-1911, the latter featuring such personages as Red Cloud, Chief Joseph, and Geronimo.[15]

In no instance was there any indication of criticism or protests of cruelty. The crowds were astounded at the feats of the performers and their skillful way of handling the animals. The humane movement was by this time well established among the British. They would doubtless have voiced their displeasure with anything that might be found contrary to the regulations set forth by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which by then had been in existence for nearly eighty years.

The next time a Wild West show of any consequence appeared on European shores was when the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch Show took part in the Anglo-American Exposition at Shepherd's Bush Stadium, London, in 1914, commemorating a century of peace between the two countries. In addition to the by now standard fare for Wild West shows, this troupe had among its members Bill Pickett. He was the Millers' black ranchhand at the 101 on Salt Fork, Oklahoma, and is credited with having invented steer wrestling.[16]

In Colonel Zack Miller's words, "He slid off a horse, hooked a steer with both hands and then sunk [sic] his teeth in the steer's nostrils to bring him

down." As time went on, Pickett eliminated the part where he "sunk his teeth in the steer's nostrils."[17]

By the time of the 101 Ranch Show's visit to England, Pickett had already dispensed with his earlier "bulldogging" methods, ostensibly through pressure by American humane societies. Now he was simply wrestling the steer to the ground in much the same way it is done in rodeo today. However, the humane societies in England disapproved of this technique as well, never, of course, having witnessed it before. Criticism of his "horrible steer torture" appeared in the papers. He was arrested and charged with "cruelty to dumb animals." Colonel Miller made an arrangement with the authorities to pay the fine of the equivalent of twenty-five dollars a week in order to enable Pickett to continue with his act. A warrant was ceremoniously presented to Miller every Sunday morning, whereupon the weekly payment was made. The publicity which the event received contributed greatly to the attendance, and the show was the subject of conversation all over the country.[18]

Despite everything, Wild West still received full royal approval. King George V and Queen Mary, along with other royalty, attended a performance, insisting on shaking hands with each member after the show. Their comment, "Most wonderful exhibition!"[19]

Notwithstanding the success and adulation that British society showed the star performers, the show ended unhappily. The Great War had broken out, and by an Impressment Order, all but six of the Millers' horses, a couple of wagons and some harness were confiscated by the British government.[20]

It was ten years before England would see another representation of the American West. In 1924, John Van "Tex" Austin took his International Rodeo to London where it performed at Wembley Stadium as a feature of the British Empire Exhibition.

Tex Austin had earlier experience as a rodeo promoter with productions to his credit in Madison Square Garden, New York City; the Boston Garden; Soldier's Field, Chicago; and Hollywood, California. In all, he had built himself a reputation as promoter of rodeos on a grand scale.[21] In London, the rodeo was being organized by Charles B. Cochran, a theatrical producer from that city. In addition to the American cowboys who had been invited to take part, contestants from Canada, Australia, and Argentina made up the rest of the international group,[22] whose aggregate number has been given variously as anywhere from 140 to 200.

This was actually the first time the British had seen a real rodeo *per se*, without the added frills of a wild-west show. Although all the earlier American shows had featured cowboy sports, the majority of the program

had always been made up of wild-west-show components and tableaux of various incidents in American frontier history. Added to this, it must be remembered that the population of Great Britain — or that of any other European country — was and is not familiar with our type of range-bred cattle and horses (sometimes referred to as "wild"). That a different method, even though humane, of dealing with that kind of animal is necessary seems to be beyond comprehension. The same lack of understanding is, of course, shown by those Americans who have never been exposed to livestock.

It is only natural to allow the perception of a new experience to be colored by what has gone before and to interpret it in the light of one's particular circumstances and background. Curiosity, naturally, was the initial force which drove the Britishers to Wembley Stadium, breaking all attendance records. Once there, they were committed to the spectacle and gave expression to their feelings. John L. Balderston, London staff correspondent for the New York *World*, reported:

> . . . for the first time in their lives [they] really let themselves go. The shouting, waving of hats, ear-splitting yells of applause, occasional groans and catcalls of disapproval, these things are what one expects at bullfights or World's Series, but never at any sporting event within these islands. The crowd has already its favorites, who receive ovations that would please a champion bull-fighter when they prance across the turf . . . I think a permanent new amusement for the world's largest capital has been discovered. . . . The amazing thing is that it has been left for London, not New York, to discover the fascination of contests between men and animals, *not bloody and brutal* as in antiquity or Spain to-day, but with all odds against the man.[23].

One of the participants from the United States, trick rider, bronc rider and relay-race rider Vera McGinnis, states in her memoirs, *Rodeo Road*, "The rodeo was one of the finest in which I have ever appeared. And England was definitely rodeo conscious. The first afternoon we showed to 93,000 people who loved every 'blimey, blinking, bloody' second of the performance.[24] After the close of the Exhibition, Miss McGinnis and seven other performers remained in England where they staged their own production at the Coliseum Theater, playing to packed houses for the entire thirty-day engagement.[25]

Quite a bit of comparison was made in the British press with Hollywood "Westerns," and to some extent also with bullfights and Roman gladiator games. Rodeo is still today placed in analogy with the latter two by opposing forces. Of the three types of entertainment, the Western film

would likely be the only spectacle the English had seen. In those days of silent films, the Western was unquestionably filled with more breakneck stunts than the later, talking variety. However, in one reporter's opinion, the live show at Wembley topped them all, "One begins to wonder seriously whether it will be worth while going to see a cowboy film again," wrote *Punch*.[26]

But this time around, the British press was not unanimous. That which may have precipitated the controversy was quite possibly the fact that, during the premiere performance on June 14, a steer broke its leg during the steer-roping event. This *can* happen, although infrequently, and it is not the intent of the event. When it does happen, it is an accident, and these do occur from time to time in every phase of this very dangerous sport.

Steer roping has long been under more criticism in the United States than any other rodeo contest, and is currently only allowed to take place in three states: Wyoming, Oregon and Oklahoma. It is a particularly rough feature of rodeo, and the chances for injury to the animal are greater than in any other event. The American Humane Association which monitors rodeos and which, in cooperation with the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association (PRCA) has worked out twenty Rules to Insure Humane Treatment to Livestock, is deadly opposed to the continuation of steer roping and is demanding a time schedule, in writing, from the PRCA for its final elimination.[27] The PRCA itself believes it will finally be dropped from its sanctioned rodeos. General Manager Bob Eidson comments, "I don't like it. It's hard to defend. I can defend about every other event."[28]

However, the accident at Wembley in 1924 was to mark the beginning of the end for rodeo in England. At the behest of the R.S.P.C.A., the public, the police, and Exhibition authorities, steer roping was eliminated from future performances.

Summonses were issued against the producer, the manager, and one of the cowboys (presumably the one who had roped the steer). Some accounts say that more than one cowboy were cited. These summonses were taken out not only by the R.S.P.C.A. but also by the police.

The *Denver Post* reported:

> After the rodeo defense had produced twenty witnesses . . . attempting to prove that steer roping and wrestling were not cruel, the trial of the American cowboys whose show at the Empire Exhibition was stopped was adjourned a week. . . . Laughs abounded when the Counselor for the defense asked the S.P.C.A. inspector who declared steer roping cruel, "Have you ever been at the Grand National Polo matches or at the Steeplechase?"[29]

This is an interesting comment, as, today, it is generally felt that horseracing receives too little supervision by humane societies while irregularities are allowed to proliferate, whereas rodeo has to bear the brunt of the criticism.

After three days of hearings, the Bench dismissed the cases by a vote of six to five. Nevertheless, the *Solicitor's Journal* termed the action " . . . a useful service in calling attention to the cruelty of the performances . . . This case stands to the credit of the R.S.P.C.A., and upon the well-known facts as to the Rodeo Exhibition there is no doubt that the summonses would have succeeded had the justices applied the law."[30] The law then in force was the Protection of Animals Act of 1911.

The R.S.P.C.A. had even before the arrival of the rodeo lodged protests with the Exhibition authorities, at the advice of American humane societies. The Society claimed being denied the right to have its inspectors examine the animals before and during the contests.[31]

The organization objected to the presence of the International Rodeo at the British Empire Exhibition, whose purpose it was to "demonstrate the greatness of the British Empire."[32] It was believed that rodeo was not a representative phase of colonial life, even though the sport was already an established feature in both the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of Canada;* both of these colonies were represented in London.

One area of controversy was over whether the animals used in the rodeo were actually "wild" and "vicious." The R.S.P.C.A., in support of its theory to the contrary, produced eye-witness and newspaper reports. "These cattle are supposed to be wild, but they are no more wild than other store cattle that I have seen landed at Avondale," declared an observer. It was reported that the steers, at the end of the Exhibition's run, were sold to a farmer in Kent in whose pastures they behaved in an even more docile manner than the native cattle. And *The Daily Express* reported that " . . . the fierce bucking broncho that unseated practically all comers at the Rodeo at Wembley is presently being ridden placid and bare-backed by a farmer's boy in Norwich, and is to be sold as a van horse."[33]

It is no doubt true that the steers did not display any "wild" tendencies as they were being unloaded at Avondale upon arrival. Like all rodeo stock, they were used to being handled, especially in a flock of their own kind. Wild cattle, as such, no longer exist in the United States, nor did they exist in 1924. Those that at one time had roamed the Western plains had long since inbred with more domestic strains. However, humane groups, especially the more radical varieties, often claim, unfoundedly, that rodeos use the

* The Calgary Stampede began in 1912. Rodeo in Australia did not start in earnest until the 1930s. As a country whose cattle industry is an important one, it doubtless existed at a much earlier date.

term "wild" to describe the livestock, ostensibly as a drawing card. This may have been true in earlier days of rodeo, when advertising beckoning both the public and the cowboys to come to the rodeo was not conducted on the most scrupulous level. Today, professional rodeo never purports that the stock is "wild". It must possess very special characteristics to attain a place in a rodeo string. Of a consequence, these animals are hard to come by, are high-priced and, as a result, are given the best of care, nutrition, and handling.

Evidently, the British expected to see a different kind of wild in the livestock brought over from the United States. However, it would be extremely unusual, if not practically unheard of, for a steer to attack or in other ways show viciousness. Likewise, a bucking horse. When let loose from the chute, the steer will run — to get away from the human, whether he intends to rope or wrestle it or not. At the end of a season, cattle tend to become arena wise or "roped out," i.e., develop various habits to make it difficult for the pursuer. Some become downright lazy; the steer or calf knows by now that being wrestled or roped is not a painful experience. Hence, the docility of the new acquisitions of the farmer in Kent.

As for the "bucking broncho" that ended up a van horse in Norwich, it does happen, although very rarely, that a formerly good bucking horse will discard his former habits, start tolerating humans, and become tractable. *The Daily Express* failed to mention what became of the rest of the horses. Far more frequent is the process in reverse, such as in the case of the saddle bronc Descent, which was once a pack horse until it took a dislike for man. At age 15, Descent won the title of Bucking Horse of the Year for the fifth time.[34]

It is highly unlikely that Tex Austin, with his experience in rodeo production, would have taken along stock that would not be shown to its best advantage at the performances. He had organized big shows before, and there is no reason to believe he did not take the London assignment any less seriously than those he had been responsible for in the United States.

The newspapers continued their arguments for or against the American rodeo throughout its run in London and various parts of the British Isles. Arthur Mills of *The Bystander* and Evoe of *Punch* called it "a healthy spectacle;" Henry W. Nevinson of the Manchester *Guardian* termed it "unworthy of our race."

Once steer roping had been eliminated, steer wrestling seemed to be the most debated event. John L. Balderston (New York *World*) declared that "there can be no question that steer wrestling has produced the greatest sensation." He goes on to describe the event in detail, calling the eleven-

second run of Bert Mattox "the most spectacular thing I have ever seen done, as 'sport,' anywhere in the world." *The Westminster Gazette* had another opinion, stating, "It was not an edifying sight to see a man wrestling with a bullock."

But the affable Arthur Mills saw even another area for praise:

> . . . there is one aspect of the rodeo which even its warmest adherents may not quite have grasped. That is the personal factor — the quality of the men who are putting up the show . . . or any of the 200 odd competitors. They are something new to London, and we who see them only at a distance from our seats may not quite appreciate their qualities. Great, big, slow-speaking fellows from the open plains, with skins of leather and bones of steel, they are every schoolboy's film hero come to life, with this difference: there is no faking the stunts they do. Long before they came to Wembley, they learned in Medicine Hat and New Mexico to fall hard and get up grinning.

Charles Mortimer of *The Nation and The Athenaeum* calls the cowboys "beings apart without fear, and indestructible."[35]

It is interesting to note that the press did not, as it had in 1914, give credit to the British for being the progenitors of this kind of hardy breed in their one-time colony: the American cowboy had come into his own.

Regardless of the difference of opinion that raged in the British press, the cowboys became favorites of London society. Formal invitations were received with the following note added, "By special request, full cowboy kit"[36] (outfit). The cowboys made themselves popular with their unassuming ways, taught their hosts square dancing, and in one instance prepared the whole dinner when a society lady's cook had disappeared on the day of the party.

However, over it all hovered the rumors of alleged cruelty to animals. This deterred King George V and Queen Mary from attending a performance. The Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII) attended, but incognito.[37] However, he refrained from accepting a gift of a cowpony.[38] It was only the preceding year that much excitement had been created at the Calgary Stampede when the Prince of Wales presented his special trophy to the new Canadian bronc-riding Champion, Pete Vandermeer of Calgary —the original "Prince of Wales Cowboy."[39]

It is difficult, if not impossible, to estimate the ratio of good and bad comments. In order to do that, it would be necessary to examine every British newspaper for the period of the Exhibition, which ran in excess of one hundred days. From the sources that are readily available, it is not possible to deduce whether the critics or the advocates were in the majority. The reactions of the press — pro and con — were written up in *The Literary*

Digest, with quotations in about even proportions from the two camps. The pamphlet issued by the R.S.P.C.A., *The Truth About the Rodeo* (1924), naturally only quotes the bad press. However, it must be reasonably concluded, based on the large attendance figures, the profits, and the popularity the performers enjoyed that the rodeo was, indeed, a success. Quite possibly, many came because of the commotion in the press. Others may have heeded Charles Mortimer's *(The Nation and the Athenaeum)* admonition, "Drop the notion that a sport is innocent if it is English, and cruel if it is not, and take the rodeo on its merits as a spectacle. They are prodigious."[40]

It was another ten years before Tex Austin, in the summer of 1934, took the Second International Rodeo to England. This time, the performances were to be held in White City Stadium in London. Some of those in the 1924 troupe took part also in this venture, and it is through their recollections that we can see — from the participants' point of view — the change in the popular climate that had taken place in the intervening years. For, despite the apparent success of the first affair, the tenor of the public opinion which had then been set in motion portended things to come.

At first, the same immense crowds as in 1924 gathered at White City Stadium. However, within a week's time, the numbers dwindled until it was feared that the money set aside for the return trip might have to be used to defray expenses, and was placed in escrow in New York. It was evident that the adverse publicity given the production by the R.S.P.C.A., charging that the performances were cruel to animals, deterred the public from attending. Curiosity alone was no longer sufficient inducement.

In 1924, it was steer roping and, to a degree, steer wrestling that received the censure. This time, it was calf roping.

Thelma Crosby, wife of Bob Crosby, who was one of the participating cowboys in both the International Rodeos, comments:

> Of course a calf will bawl when being flanked and tied, not because it is really suffering but because it is frightened. Members of the Humane Society, mostly women, charged that the American "cow-persons" were setting bulldogs on the dumb beasts. That was their interpretation of bulldogging. Tex [Austin] explained to the delegation that there was positively no bulldog on the place. If it met with their approval, he said, he would substitute "steer wrestling" for the "bulldogging" heretofore advertised.

Thus, change in terminology made all the difference as far as the steer wrestling was concerned. Mrs. Crosby continues:

> They still worried about the calves. They demanded that the rules be revised to provide for taking a bow of a ribbon from a string around the calf's neck instead of flanking and tying it. That made the performance so tame that few cared to watch it . . . Thus the Humane Society shortened our stay in London.[41]

Tex Austin was again arrested on the charge of cruelty to animals. After what cowboy-and-rodeo historian Clifford P. Westermeier, in *Man, Beast, Dust — The Story of Rodeo,* terms "undue legal action,"[42] a compromise was reached whereby the case was dropped in return for striking the roping events from the program. This is interesting in view of the current opinion of the American Humane Association. It is the belief of its officials today that the roping events are the ones whose elimination from contemporary rodeo will eventually be required, while the riding events will remain.[43]

Although calf roping has been under attack by humane societies from time to time, it was not until 1974 that an investigation was undertaken to determine whether calves actually suffered stress by being roped. This study was done at California Polytechnic State University, San Luis Obispo, and the University of California, Davis, under the aegis of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association. Three groups of calves were roped once, twice and three times a day, respectively, and a control group were used. Seven areas of function and condition were tested, and at the end of the 26-day effort, a computer processed the data. With 95% confidence, the study concluded that there is no significant amount of roping stress suffered by calves during a rodeo.[44]

In 1934, it appears that the British press was more unanimous with regard to rodeo, the greater portion being negatively disposed. Headlines reading "Yankees Go Home" were not uncommon. On this Mrs. Crosby commented, "That there was not a Yankee in the whole outfit made no difference to them. So far as they were concerned, all Americans seemed to be Yankees."[45] It would almost seem that the antipathy was not just directed toward the participants in the Rodeo but was indicative of a more general displeasure with Americans.

By the time the Second International Rodeo opened in London, not only had public opinion changed its mood, but authorities could now act with greater legal immunity. Events preceding the troupe's arrival made this possible. The tide of criticism, which had started in 1914, and grown more vociferous in 1924, had in 1934 culminated in the passage of the Protection of Animals Act.

In its *Annual Report of the Council for 1934,* The R.S.P.C.A. stated that

one of its accomplishments during that year was to take "special steps" to "foster fruitful co-operation between the Society and humane organizations overseas." This can safely be interpreted to mean that, as ten years earlier, humane societies in the United States had alerted the British Society of the impending arrival of another American rodeo. It was newspaper reports to that effect that prompted Sir Robert Gower, Chairman of the R.S.P.C.A. Council, and Member of Parliament, to introduce in the House of Commons, on March 5, 1934, a Bill "to prohibit certain contests or events which usually form part of the public exhibition or performance, in which animals are used or employed, commonly known or described as the 'Rodeo'."[46]

As the arrival of the troupe was only three months away when the Bill was introduced, it was necessary to act with unusual dispatch in order for enactment to take place prior to the opening of the rodeo. The R.S.P.C.A. stated that this was "made possible by a procedure followed only once before in the last hundred years." On May 17, 1934, the Bill received the Royal Assent.[47]

Thus, at the time of Tex Austin's arrest, the law was, indeed, in force. Section 1 prohibits, for all practical purposes, all the events that are a part of rodeo, and renders liable not only the participant but anyone who promotes or permits to take place a public performance of those components. It is somewhat puzzling, in view of the circumstances, that Mr. Austin escaped without penalty by agreeing to strike merely the roping events from the performances. Possibly, because of no precedents, it was difficult to assess the extent to which the Act was to be applied in the case at hand.

Nor was London society as eager to entertain the cowboys and cowgirls as ten years before. Rodeo, which had created such a sensation when first introduced to British audiences by Buffalo Bill in 1887, was definitely no longer held in favor. It was no more a novelty, and once the curiosity abated, so did the enthusiasm.

It appears, however, as though in subsequent years the enforcement of the Protection of Animals Act was the undoing of rodeo in England.

An attempt at staging a rodeo was made in 1945 for the entertainment of Canadian troops awaiting repatriation. After consultation between the R.S.P.C.A. and the Canadian Army, the rodeo was allowed to take place, provided "cinch straps" (flank straps) were not used. It was noted that hardly any of the horses would buck.[48] Unquestionably, horses native of England were used. As pitching is peculiar to the range horses of the Americas,[49] the stock utilized in the show would naturally not buck unless prodded in some way. If devices have to be employed in order for the

horses to buck, American rodeo cowboys would join with every humane society in taking a dim view of the matter.

What the fleece-lined flank strap does is encourage the horse to *kick*, not out of pain but for the tickling sensation it produces. If pulled too tightly, the horse could not buck or kick at all but would lie down. In fact, it is the method used by veterinarians to cast animals for treatment, as being the most efficient and humane way of accomplishing that end.

Another unsuccessful effort to produce a rodeo in England took place in 1947, also as a service-related entertainment. It is clear, then, that the watchful eye of the R.S.P.C.A. and kindred organizations, which all pride themselves on their success, have deterred rodeos from being held on British soil in later years.

It is to be hoped that some day the British will again have an opportunity to see a real American rodeo and maybe rekindle the spirit that was once there in the times of Buffalo Bill and the early days of Tex Austin. Somehow, it would appear, it would brighten the lives of the Britons to once more come face to face with the "great, big slow-speaking fellows from the open plains" who have "learned . . . to fall hard and get up grinning."

SIXTY YEARS OF AMERICAN RODEO IN ENGLAND, 1887-1947

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California, the Name: New Materials and Slants

BY JOHN P. HARRINGTON

The historian Herbert E. Bolton, in his *Rim of Christendom*, which is largely a biography of the early Jesuit missionary to Baja California, Eusebio Kino, tells a story (and he assures his readers that it is only a story) to the effect that when a certain pious and wealthy lady of the Borgia family wished to endow some new missions in some foreign land, she notified the Jesuit fathers in Rome of her desire. They asked her in what country she would like the missions to be established. She is said to have replied: "In the most outlandish place in the world." The Jesuit superiors consulted their atlases and returned the answer: "The most outlandish place in the world is California."

Father Kino himself did not live to benefit from this lady's generosity, the missions in question being established shortly after his death, but other Jesuits, and later on Dominicans and Franciscans, came to California, finally extending a chain of missions from La Paz to a point north of San Francisco Bay. It is very unlikely that any of these missionaries—not even the linguist and astronomer Eusebio Kino himself—ever bothered their heads wondering how, or why, or when a name appearing in a 16th century romance as the name of a mythical island of Amazons ever came to be applied to the long, barren finger of land that the men of their time called California, or still less tried to figure out exactly what the name itself meant

or from what language or languages it derived its origin.

But more recent writers have been very much interested in the origin of this romantic name, and many wonderful etymologies have been devised to account for it. It is the belief of the present writer, however, that no thorough study of the real etymology of the word has ever been done; and it is his purpose to set down here as complete a study of the origin and history of the name as present-day scholarship, and the space limitations of this article, will permit.

My thanks are hereby tendered to the librarians of the British Museum, and of the Biblioteca Capitular Colombina in Sevilla, Spain, for the use of manuscripts and books in their libraries. For assistance with the Arabic derivation of the first two syllables of Calif-orn-ia, I am indebted to that fine Oriental-language scholar, Dr. M. Sprengling, of the University of Chicago, and also to Miss Dorothy Stehle, of the University of Pennsylvania, whose lengthy explanations of Arabic syntax I have reluctantly had to shorten for this present article. I am also under some obligation to Monsignor James Culleton of Fresno, who has been most helpful in many ways; and to Dr. Raymund F. Wood, also of Fresno, who undertook the careful editing and occasional revision of the entire manuscript. [*Editor's note: the above lines were written by Mr. Harrington in 1954. It is possible that not all of the above mentioned persons are still living.*]

I

The Hale "Discovery" of 1862

Prior to the year 1862, when Edward Everett Hale made his much publicized "discovery" of the name California in a 16th century novel, many curious derivations and etymologies were to be found floating about in the backwaters of scholarship, all purporting to explain the origin, or at least the meaning, of the word California. The story of the escape of the Manly-Rogers party from Death Valley in 1849, and the tales of other wanderers in that area during the gold rush, gave additional emphasis to the already current etymology that derived Cali-fornia from the two Latin words *calida fornax*, a hot furnace. This pseudo-scientific derivation pleased everyone except those who remembered that the name was first applied by Spanish mariners to what they thought was the tip of an island, a good thousand miles from Death Valley

Other scholars, urged on by the excitement of the newly discovered languages of the native Indians, tried to find its derivation in the Miwok, or Yokuts, or other "digger Indian" tongues. But no Indian could be found who had ever heard of the word "California," except as the Spanish name for the land in which he lived. Still other scholars sought the name in the person of Calpurnia, or Caliphurnia, the wife of Julius Caesar.

None of these etymologies has stood the test of time. Occasionally one can still find the *calida fornax* theory in an "official list of state names and their meanings," in the Appendix of some dictionary; but more authoritative books on the history of California have uniformly adopted Hale's "16th century novel" theory as the most reasonable origin of the name.

This explanation, now well over a century old, began with the 1862 publication of an article by Edward Everett Hale, entitled "The Name of California." In this article, which appeared in the *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*, April 1862, Hale called attention to the fact that the name California was used in the popular 16th century novel by Montalvo, *Las Sergas de Esplandián* (The Deeds of Esplandián). He also pointed out that this novel was very popular and widely read in the time of Cortes, the Spanish conquistador who (though the details are somewhat obscure) was the first person, in all probability, to give a name to the California peninsula (or island, as he thought), in the year 1526.

Hale subsequently published two more articles, one in October of the same year, in the *Historical Magazine* (Boston), Vol. 6, and the other in the March 1864 issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The latter article was entitled "The Queen of California: the Origin of the Name California," and, rather strangely, considering this was two years after his 1862 articles, and he was quite well known as their author, the *Atlantic Monthly* article did not bear his name, but was signed " Anonymous." These later articles did little more than provide a wider readership for his ideas.

Basically, Hale stated that he had, "A few weeks since, at the private library of Mr. Tichnor," seen a copy of the novel *Las Sergas de Esplandián*. This Mr. Tichnor [sic] could have been William D. Ticknor, since 1854 the senior partner of Ticknor & Fields, the well-known Boston publishing firm, until his death in 1864, when his son, Howard M. Ticknor, continued the business until 1868. However, it more likely refers to the better known Boston Brahmin, George Ticknor, famous professor at Harvard, and since his retirement from there, author of the 1849 publication, in three volumes, the scholarly *History of Spanish Literature*. Before pointing out his so-called "discovery," Hale states that he also saw a version of the *Sergas* at the library of the Free Academy of New York (which in 1869 became the

library of the College of the City of New York); and he saw a third version of the novel at the Library of Congress. The latter version is still there in the Library of Congress, the same volume that Hale read, and it was the present writer's good fortune to find it there recently. It is Volume 40 of the series entitled "La Biblioteca de Autores Españoles." It is a well edited edition, published at Madrid in 1857, only five years prior to the date of Hale's article. It was the index to this edition that gave Hale the information that not only was the name California to be found in the novel, but also four variant spellings, all beginning with Cala- or Cali-, were likewise to be found. These variant forms are as follows, with the pagination of the 1857 edition:

Calafera, isla, p.509
Calafia, reina de la isla de California, p.539
Califan, villa del señorio de Sansueña, p.512, 594
Califeno, el Soberbio, p.516
California, isla, p.539

It was the last of these, of course, that formed the important part of Hale's discovery. He went on to say, in his 1862 article that the "isla" was an island, situated at the right hand of the Indies, close to the terrestrial paradise, inhabited by Amazon-like women, and ruled over by a Queen Calafia. This was the essence of his discovery. Hale made no attempt, either then or later, to explain the application of the name to the peninsula or to the later State of California. He left that to the men who came after him. His contribution was the simple mention of the existence of the name California in the romantic novel *Esplandián*.

In making his discovery known to the world of scholarship, Edward Everett Hale did indeed perform a service. Still, it is a little unfair that so much credit is given to him, and so little to Ticknor. For in reality it was Ticknor who first made known to the English-speaking world the existence of the mythical island of California in the writings of Montalvo. In Chapter 11, p.211, of the original 1849 edition of his *History of Spanish Literature* he writes: "All reference to real history or real geography was apparently thought inappropriate [by Montalvo], as may be inferred from the circumstances that a certain Calafria [sic], a queen of the island of California, is made a formidable enemy of Christendom through a large part of the story . . . " Ticknor says no more. He does not connect this island with the Mexican Province of the same name, not even in a footnote.

There is good reason for this. In the late 1830's and the 1840's (Gertrude Atherton's "Splendid Idle Forties"), when Ticknor was preparing his notes

for his 1849 publication, the Province of California was merely one of the less important provinces of the far-away Republic of Mexico. Its political and social affairs were of interest mainly to fur traders and cattle men, and were far removed from the interests of scholars in distant New England. But by the year 1862, when Hale states that he first saw the Montalvo novel in Ticknor's library, things were vastly different. California had become the terminus of a tremendous migration of American citizens; it had become a state of the Union; and it was a name that was currently on everyone's lips, especially since the outbreak of the Civil War, since the success or failure of the Union armies depended in large measure on California's gold and on her mercury. Keeping California on the Union side was one of the major objectives of Northern diplomacy. Hale capitalized on the popularity of California, as he had every right to do; and if he owed anything to George Ticknor, other than to acknowledge reading a book from his library, we shall never know. Certainly Ticknor never publicly protested that it was he, rather than Hale, who first noticed the name.

II

"The Deeds of Esplandián"

Students of comparative literature are well aware that the 15th century in Europe was an age of romantic tales in both poetry and prose. The works of Chaucer, especially his translation of "The Romance of the Rose," were still remembered, and during the 15th century they inspired a host of imitators. In England appeared Lydgate's "Siege of Thebes," and in Scotland a poetic version of the Alexander legend, to be followed later on in the century by an even longer prose version. On the Continent the same literary forces were already in motion. Romances were popular, the favorites being those connected with the Holy Grail, the Parzival legend, and above all the chivalrous deeds of the followers of Charlemagne.

Among all these tales perhaps the most widely read was the story entitled "Amadís de Gaula," usually cited in English simply as "Amadís." This lengthy romance was well known in Europe during the whole of the 14th and 15th centuries, but it enjoyed added popularity after the invention of printing, when copies of it became readily available. The British Museum has a copy, in four volumes, dated 1510, which seems to be the earliest extant printed edition, though it is certain that other printed editions were made at least a decade earlier. This 1510 version was written in Spanish, by

a certain Montalvo, and it is from this edition that subsequent editions and translations have been made.

The full name of Montalvo presents some difficulty. It appears in three different ways in different manuscripts and books—Garci Rodriguez de Montalvo, Garci Ordoñez de Montalvo, and Garci Gutierrez de Montalvo. The great Spanish encyclopedia, the Espasa-Calpe, lists him as Rodriguez de Montalvo, Garci, and the Library of Congress also alphabetizes him under R, but does have a cross reference from Montalvo. Nothing is known about him as a person except that he was at one time "regidor de la noble villa de Medina del Campo."

Montalvo did not claim to be publishing an original story, or even a new version of an old story. He said he was merely making a translation of an earlier Portuguese manuscript, written by a certain Vasco de Lobeira, who was born in Porto about 1356 and who died about 1405. The Portuguese manuscript itself has not been preserved, so we have no way of knowing whether Montalvo made a faithful, or a fairly free, translation. It is quite probable that he did change the text considerably, and added some original material, especially in Book IV, since, when the work was finally published in 1510, it carried the name of Montalvo as author, though it did acknowledge the original authorship of Lobeira.

This pushes the origin of the "Amadís" tale back to the 14th century at least; but it does not end there. Modern scholarship has indicated that the Portuguese legend was only a retelling of an earlier Celtic-French legend. Two eminent scholars in this field, Henry Thomas and G. S. Williams, both point out that the origins of Amadis are to be sought in Celtic, not Iberian, lands. Nor should the words "de Gaula" imply modern France. The word for Gaul (France) both in Spanish and Portuguese is Galia, not Gaula. Gaula is the name of that vaguely defined Celtic land of the Round Table legends, located partly on the south side of the English Channel, in modern Brittany, and partly on the north side, in modern Cornwall and south Wales. This is the land of Lyonesse and of Camelot of the Arthurian legends. It is a word that has survived today only in the name of the country of Wales. This becomes self evident from a perusal of the text of either the *Amadís* or its continuation, the *Esplandián*, since both of these persons, father and son, often identify themselves as coming from Great Britain, where indeed they were both born; and in several chapters Montalvo writes of various adventures that both Amadis and his son had in "la cuidad de Londres."

Whether Montalvo really translated a Portuguese-Franco-Celtic ancient romance or whether he made up much of his four volumes out of whole cloth, is not to the point here. What is important is that he quickly realized

the enormous popularity of the work he had published. It went through several editions during the next few years, and inspired a host of imitators during the 16th century. It became what we would call a "best seller," and it was probably the most read book in Europe for the next hundred years. Montalvo himself was one of his own best imitators. Not long after the initial edition was published he set to work to produce a sequel, which he called *Las Sergas del Muy Esforzado Caballero Esplandián, Hijo del Excelente Rey Amadís de Gaula* ("The Deeds of the Very Mighty Cavalier Esplandián, Son of the Excellent King Amadís de Gaula"). There is some internal evidence that this book was published as early as 1504 (which pushes the first edition of the *Amadís* back to at least about 1500), but we cannot be sure. It is also stated that at one time an edition of *Esplandian* dated 1510 existed in the Columbian Library at Sevilla, but it can no longer be located there. The earliest edition actually in existence today is dated 1521. But regardless of its original date of composition, the *Esplandian* tale was soon as popular as the story of his legendary father Amadis, and it likewise went through many editions during the next three centuries. Today the most accessible edition is the Madrid 1857 edition, in Volume 40 of the series "La Biblioteca de Autores Españoles," (along with *Amadís),* the edition which Hale saw in the Library of Congress, as already noted.

Before coming to the actual passage in *Esplandián* which contains a description of the "island of California," it would be well to mention a few more details about this unusual book. In the Preface which Montalvo wrote he did not claim to be the author, but he followed the custom of the time in ascribing the real authorship to someone else, in this case an imaginary Greek by the name of Elisabat. In this respect he followed the example of Chaucer who first translated the "Romance of the Rose" out of Old French before undertaking original stories of his own. So Montalvo first translated—and perhaps embellished—the text of Lobeira into four volumes, and then expanded one small fragment into yet a fifth book, a sequel called *Esplandián.* In this latter effort he was entirely on his own, but he kept up the pretense of merely translating from an earlier work, by inventing his imaginary Greek, Elisabat.

Montalvo had a vivid imagination, and was quite adept at thinking up unusual situations for his heroes, and also at creating fanciful names for the persons and places in his books. There are often combinations of classical and Romance words, and there are so many of them that a strange name like "California" would not seem at all strange to one who was reading the whole book through. For example, in Montalvo's pages one can find persons with classical sounding names like Arcalaus, Quadragante, Arca-

bona, and Salustanquidio, as well as Talanque and Famongomadan, not to speak of places like Jantinomela, or islands called No-Hallada. Amid such names, California seems almost common-place.

The actual passage in the *Esplandían* to which Hale called the world's attention in 1862 occurs in Chapter CLVII (page 539 of the Madrid edition), and reads as follows:

> Sabed que á la diestra mano de las Indias hubo una isla, llamada California, muy llegada á la parte del Paraiso Terrenal, la cual fué poblada de mujeres negras, sin que algun varon entre ellas hubiese, que casi como las amazones era su estilo de vivir. Estas eran de valientes cuerpos y esforzadas y ardientes corazones y de grandes fuerzas; la ínsula en sí la mas fuerte de riscos y bravas peñas que en el mundo se hallaba; las sus armas eran todas de oro, y tambien las guarniciones de las bestias fieras, en que, despues de las haber amansado, cabalgaban; que en todo la isla no había otro metal alguno.

The English translation of this passage is as follows:

> Know ye that at the right hand of the Indies there was an island called California, very close to the region of the Terrestrial Paradise, which was inhabited by black women, without there being a single man among them, their style of living being about the same as that of the Amazons. These women were of valiant and strong bodies, and of warm hearts and great stamina; the island for its own part had the most crags and rough rocks to be found in the world; their weapons were all of gold, as were also the harnesses of the wild beasts on which, after they had tamed them, they rode; that in all the island there was no other metal.

Having thus described the island where these Amazon-like women live, under the rule of their Queen Calafia, he narrates several adventures which they have when she and some of her warrior maidens sail to the aid of the Sultan, who at the moment is engaged in besieging the Emperor of Byzantium in his city of Constantinople, who in turn is aided in this defense by the timely arrival of King Amadís, his son Esplandían, and their Christian followers. But these simple islanders, in their ignorance of what today we would call "current events," did not know that in the eyes of the men of the western world they were doing wrong in rendering aid and comfort to that perfidious enemy of Christianity, the Sultan.

Several warlike adventures follow, including a hand-to-hand engagement between Calafia and the Sultan on the one side, and Amadis and Esplandian on the other. In this conflict the former are defeated, and they acknowledge the Christians to be their masters. A marriage is eventually cooked up for Calafia, but not with Esplandían, although she has fallen in love with him. Esplandian, however, is already engaged to the daughter of the Emperor, Leonorina, so Calafia marries someone else; and a mate is also

provided for her sister Liota. The entire army of the Amazons is then baptized, and they all sail back to their island, never to be heard from again in the *Esplandián* story.

III

Origins of Montalvo's "California"

The geography of the mythical island of California is a bit confusing. On the one hand it would appear to be not far from Constantinople, since Queen Calafia and her maidens are able to sail their boats to the aid of the Sultan in his attack upon the city. This would accord with the early medieval legends that placed the *land* of the Amazons (not the island) somewhere in the Near East. This was because, much earlier, Herodotus had placed it there, somewhere near the Hellespont. But by the later middle ages this location was felt to be a bit too near to home. The Crusaders had explored most of the Near East and had found no Amazons. So the mythical land of these mythical women had been pushed farther over the horizon, and by the end of the 15th century it had a tendency to be located somewhere in the Indies, perhaps on an island somewhere in the newly discovered western ocean, perhaps near to that still more vaguely located land, the Terrestrial Paradise, the land Columbus sought on his fourth voyage, which he believed to be west of Darien. This was Montalvo's solution, though he evidently forgot, or hoped his readers would forget, that he had assigned this far western location for his island when he came to narrate the battles in aid of the Sultan.

There is another interesting point to consider here: Queen Calafia's maidens were not themselves Amazons—they merely lived in the style of Amazons. This is an important difference. The word A-mazon means, literally, "breastless," and refers to the legend that the original Amazons amputated the right breast so that it would not interfere with the string of their bow as they drew it back, thereby increasing their skill in archery. That this legend is very old is indicated by the use of the archaic Greek word "mazon," rather than the later and classical word for breast, "mastos." Today, of course, we use the word Amazon in more than one sense—as meaning a virile or warlike woman, without regard to her skill in archery, and secondarily as meaning a woman, or group of women, who live without

males. But seldom if ever do we use the word in its literal sense; and it is probable that this literal meaning of "breastless" had already become obsolete in medieval times. At any rate Montalvo was careful to say that the Californian women lived like the Amazons of old, without any men among them. He prudently makes no reference to any disfiguring operation.

The geographical confusion referred to above—was California near Byzantium, or was it afar off in the western sea?—seems to have been carried over in the name which Montalvo invented for his island. As mentioned earlier, he was in the habit of making up fanciful place names, but usually these were based on some classical or Romance word (the island of No-Hallada, for example, simply means "Not Found"). In the names Calafera, Califan, Califeno, Calafia and California, all of them to be found within about 30 pages of one another in his book *Esplandián*, one can easily see the influence of the Arabic word Caliph (in Spanish, Califa). Arabic influence and culture had dominated much of Spain for over seven hundred years. The word Califa, or any derivation of it, would be instantly recognized by any 16th century Spaniard, and it would instantly impart to him an oriental flavor. True, Granada, the last Muslim (Moorish) stronghold in Spain, had but recently fallen to Spanish arms, and all of southern Spain still had strong relics and traces of Arabic influence. But the term Caliph would still imply the faraway Orient, for the Moorish rulers of Granada, and of the earlier Emirates of Toledo, Cordova, Valencia, and other seats of Almohad power, were not termed Caliphs, but Emirs (Amirs). This term Caliph was generally reserved for the rulers of the great Caliphates of the east, Bagdad, Cairo, and Damascus, the fatherlands of the Arabic peoples. Perhaps this was why Montalvo, wishing to place this mythical island at the right hand of the Indies, a very vague location, still chose a name which would call to mind the Arabic Caliphs, since the islanders were about to go to the aid of the Sultan, hoping that in this way the reader might overlook the obvious inconsistencies in his geography.

It might be a bit unkind to Montalvo, but strict criticism requires the writer to point out at this time that not only was Montalvo's geography a bit erratic, but so also was his history. The time period of Amadís and Esplandián is given, in the "Introduccion" to Book I of *Amadís*, as "No muchos años despues de la pasion de nostro redentor e salvador Jesucristo" (Not many years after the passion of our redeemer and savior Jesus Christ). Great Britain was at that time entirely pagan, though Amadis is a Christian. Perhaps we can assume that Christianity had filtered in from Brittany, and indeed some parts of the north of France were Christianized as early as the 2nd century. It all depends on what is meant by "no muchos años."

However, it should also be remembered that Byzantium was not called Constantinople until about 330 A.D. Also that there were no Saracens to attack Christianity until at least a few years after the Hegira or Flight of Mohammed in 622. This is hardly "not many years after" the death of Christ, in approximately the year 30 A.D. But perhaps Montalvo's readers were not too critical of his history.

The etymological study of the word Caliph, the obvious ancestor of the name California, is worthy of a more intense study than this paper will allow, but a brief analysis may be presented here. The Arabic form khalifatun (pronouced as if spelled khalifa), a noun derived from the verb khalafa, to follow. The ending -atun, a participle, would normally mean "one following [another]" or "one who follows," but in some instances, and this is one of them, there is an idea of intensification implied, so that khalifatun means not merely "a follower," but "exalted successor." The first Caliph was in very truth the successor of Mohammed, and during his lifetime he was simply termed Caliph, the Successor. After him came the Caliph of the Caliph, until the awkwardness of the situation led to the adoption by the Arabs of the term Caliph merely as a title of sovereignty. And when the Arabs moved into Spain, and the words *califa*, and also *califata*, were coined they still implied something royal, something vaguely connected with the East.

It is clear, therefore, that Montalvo derived the first two syllables, Calif-, of the name of his mythical island from the Spanish-Arabic word Califa, not because of the original meaning, but because the word had a connotation of the East, of something exotic, far-off, and possibly romantic.

But what about the next part of the name, the -orn- part? Where did it come from? This question is not so easy to answer. One ingenious suggestion has been put forward, based on Montalvo's own description of the island. He states that Queen Calafia's realm was inhabited by griffins, large, bird-like creatures with human torsos. Since the griffin could be classed as a bird, and since the Greek word for bird is *ornis* (whence we derive ornithology), it has been argued that this is the origin of the —orn- in California. Possibly; but this presupposes that Montalvo, scholar though he was, would pass over two common Spanish words for bird, *pajaro* and *ave*, to derive this learned Greek etymology—which is rather unlikely. Still others have suggested the Spanish word *ornar*, to adorn, to embellish, but without giving any compelling reason why Montalvo should have used it.

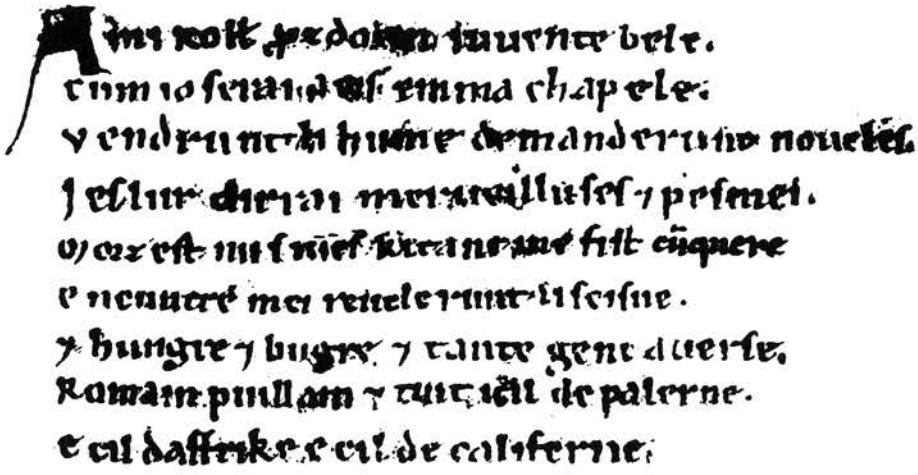
A more likely candidate for its origin is to be found in either or both of two other ancient legends, the Song of Roland and the Song of Antioch, and each of these will be considered in turn.

A: The Song of Roland

The Song of Roland was the best known of all the poems of chivalry written in Old French, well known all over Europe, and undoubtedly known to Montalvo. The word "Califerne" appears (though without an initial capital letter) in line 2924 of the Song of Roland, as the name of a Mohammedan country, whose people, it is predicted, will rise up against Charlemagne now that his nephew, Duke Roland, has been slain.

The Song of Roland describes in detail the adventures of Duke Roland and his part in defending the rear guard of King Charlemagne when that warrior was returning from a seven-year campaign against the Moors in Spain. As he was leading his army back into France through the western Pyrenees, through the narrow pass called Roncesvalles, on August 15, 778, he was ambushed and attacked by some native mountaineers. His entire rear guard, including his leader, Duke Roland, was wiped out. Several generations later, when the account of this attack had become a legend, a monk of the Norman-French Abbey of Le Bec, by the name of Turoldus, wrote a long poem on the subject, which has come down to us, best preserved in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library of Oxford. This is probably a late 12th century copy of the original Turoldus manuscript, which was probably written by him about 1170. There are also manuscript versions in Venice and elsewhere, but the Oxford version (known as "Digby 23") is the most accurate and complete. There have also been, of course, many translations into modern European languages, both before and after the invention of printing. The best printed version in French is by the scholar Léon Gautier (Paris, 4th ed., 1895), and in English by T. Atkinson Jenkins (Boston, 1924).

A line from the "Song of Roland," line 2991, which is 67 lines away from the line containing the word "Califerne." The above line reads: "pent a sun col un escut de biterne," (he [Charlemagne] hangs about his neck a shield of biterne). The meaning of "biterne" is open to conjecture. One other manuscript has a different word entirely. The line is interesting, as being the only line in the entire poem of some 4000 lines to rhyme with "Califerne."



The famous passage in the "Song of Roland" containing (line 2924) the word "Califerne." The last two lines of the above read:

Romain puillain et tuit i cil de palerne
e cil d'affrike e cil de califerne.

In English this means:

[There will rise up against me] the Romans, the Apulians,
and all those [people] of Palermo,
And those of Africa, and those of Califerne.

The above is photostated from the Oxford manuscript, dated about 1190; the original manuscript written by the author, Turoldus, has not survived. The word "Califerne" appears to have been made up by Turoldus, to signify the Moslem world, "Caliph-land."

The actual lines that include the use of the word "califerne" in the Song of Roland, lines 2920-24 of the Oxford text, read as follows (though with upper case initial letter supplied for proper names, even though the original has only lower case);

Morz est mis nies ki tant fist cunquere.
Encuntre mei revelerent li Saisne
Et Hungre et Bugre et tante gent averse,
Romain, Puillain et tuit i cil de Palerne
Et cil d'Afrique e cil de Califerne.

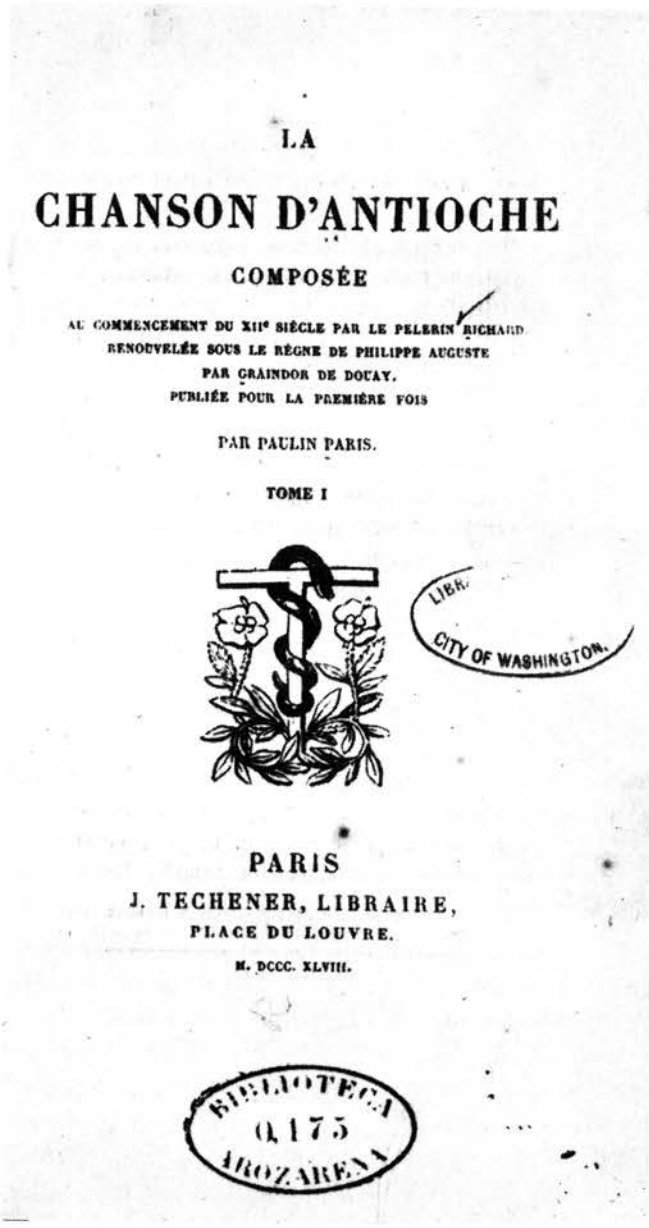
The English translation of these lines is as follows:

My nephew is dead, he who has conquered so many.
[Now] there will rise up against me the Saxons,
And the Hungarians, and the Bulgarians, and so many other
unfriendly peoples,
The Romans, the Apulians, and also those of Palermo,
Those of Africa, and those of Califerne.

The Old Norman-French form of the modern city of Palermo, the largest city in Sicily, is Palerme, just as it is in modern French. The name is originally Greek, and is derived from *Pan-ormos*, meaning "very much of a harbor," or "a good harbor," and the consonant m, rather than n, at the end of the word is obviously more correct. It would seem therefore that the poet deliberately changed the spelling of Palerme to Palerne in anticipation of the rhyme with Califerne in the next line. Why did he do this? Was it because he guessed that Palermo would be recognized even if slightly changed, but he did not want to change Califerne, because this was a new name, in all probability made up by Turoldus and here used for the first time? Perhaps; we can find no earlier mention of any such place as Califerne; and its use at this point exactly fitted the poetry of Charlemagne's sorrow and despair. But what was this Califerne, and where was it located?

B: The Song of Antioch

Any attempt to explain the meaning of the place or country of Califerne in the Song of Roland inevitably leads to the similar, but older, Song of Antioch. This song, which has the same ten-syllable versification as the Song of Roland, was written by a certain pilgrim to the Holy Land by the name of Richard, and is dated about the beginning of the 12th century, thus making it about 50 years older than the Turoldus version of the Song of Roland. In about 9000 lines the Song of Antioch narrates the heroic deeds of Godfrey of Bouillon in the First Crusade (1096-1099). The standard edition is the *Chanson d'Antioche* in two volumes, edited by Paulin Paris in 1848. In Volume I, p.26, there is a double occurrence of the name "Oliferne," the name of the dominion of the Sultan Corborans, who was Sultan of Aleppo and Mosul. In Volume II, p.146, there is a third occurrence, this time spelled "Holiferne." Incidentally, the name is also mentioned in the Song of Roland, at line 3297 of the Oxford text, where the spelling is "Oluferne." All of these are variant spellings of the city of Aleppo, which in Arabic is Halif, a city about 70 miles northeast of Antioch. These spellings of a city in one of the Moslem Caliphates (actually under the jurisdiction of the Caliph of Bagdad) indicates that both the name and the location of this place were well known in Europe. So when Turoldus, the composer of the Song of Roland as we know it today, wanted to put into the mouth of Charlemagne a cry of distress, as he enumerated the many and various peoples who would rise up against him now that he had no defender, it was natural for him to include a reference to the peoples of the east. And Turoldus, wanting to give his auditors the full flavor of the Arabic east, made up the name


LA

CHANSON D'ANTIOCHE

COMPOSÉE

AU COMMENCEMENT DU XIIe SIÈCLE PAR LE PELERIN RICHARD

RENOUVELÉE SOUS LE RÈGNE DE PHILIPPE AUGUSTE

PAR GRAINDOR DE DOUAY.

PUBLIÉE POUR LA PREMIÈRE FOIS

PAR PAULIN PARIS.

TOME I

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M. DCCC. XLVIII.

Title page of the first printed edition of "The Song of Antioch," originally written by Richard the Pilgrim about 1110. It contains references to a place named "Oliferne," believed to be the earliest predecessor of the name "California."

Califerne, combining the prefix Calif- with the well known Oliferne, thus producing Califerne, the land or people of the Caliphates.

C: "Califernia" or "California"

There remains one small problem. How did the name Califerne in the Song of Roland, and the name Oliferne or Holiferne in the earlier Song of Antioch, come to be changed by Montalvo, some 400 years later, to the spelling we know today, California? In other words, how and why did the -erne- become -orn-?

To this problem there is no ready answer. It has been believed that Montalvo, making up the romantic adventures of Esplandian as he went along, picked up the name Califerne out of the Song of Roland. However, writing in Spanish he would have had to turn the French ending -erne into -ernia, in accordance with the Spanish custom of ending country or regional names in ia, as Murcia, Valencia, Segovia, Palencia, Galicia, Iberia, and so on. But having tentatively written down "Califerne" Montalvo may have thought the word sounded a bit too much like the Spanish word for hell, *infierno*, so he changed it from "Califernia" to "California."

There is one other possible explanation of the change from -erne- to -orn-, and it is a fairly complicated one. There exists one other word in the Song of Roland that rhymes with Califerne. It occurs in line 2991 of the Oxford manuscript, in a stanza that describes the armor that Charlemagne is putting on. The pertinent line reads as follows:

pent a sun col un escut de biterne

In English this means:

He [Charlemagne] hangs about his neck a shield of Biterne.

There have been many ingenious suggestions as to what this line means. Possibly Biterne is the Italian city of Viterbo (though the change from b to n is hard to accept). Or perhaps it means a place near to Aix-la-Chapelle, Charlemagne's capital city, but unidentifiable today. Or possibly biterne is not a place at all, but a kind of wood used for making shields. We shall probably never know for sure.

Gautier, the 19th century French editor of the Song of Roland, avoids the issue entirely by using the Venice manuscript at this point. The line in the Venice manuscript reads:

mist a son col son escu de Cironde

which is an obvious reference to the River Gironde or to the region around

this southern-France estuary. But this raises two more questions. What is "a shield of, or from, the Gironde"? And, why does the Venetian manuscript differ so much at this point from the Oxford? After all, the words "Cironde" and "biterne" are not so similar that we can attribute the difference to a copyist's error. Once again, we shall probably never know.

Returning to the Oxford manuscript, in Jenkins' edition of it (1924), we find that his text is slightly different from either original manuscript. His printed line reads:

> Pent a son col un escut de Bitorne.

He has a footnote at this point, stating that the Oxford manuscript has the spelling "biterne," as we have noted above. He also says that the Venetian manuscript has "Cironde," as also noted. But he gives no reason whatever for his own change from "biterne" to "Bitorne." Did he find yet another manuscript that reads "bitorne"? Hardly, since he would certainly have mentioned it. However, we cannot rule out the possibility that there once existed a manuscript with the spelling "bitorne," and that this manuscript, though not seen by Jenkins, may have been seen in Spain by Montalvo more than three hundred years earlier, and may have suggested to him the change from the somewhat unharmonious "Califerne" to the more melodious "California." If so, we have a second explanation for the metamorphosis of "Califerne," Caliph country, the lands of the East, into the more romantic "California," the island domain of the Queen of the Amazons, not far from the Terrestrial Paradise.

IV
Conclusion

In the foregoing analysis of the bibliographical origin of the name California, the chronological order of events has been reversed. It begins with Hale's "discovery" of the name in 1862, and then works backward through the centuries, tracing the origins of the word ever farther backward, to the time of the First Crusade nearly 900 years ago. It might have been more logical to have started with the earliest extant occurrence of a word or name which could possibly be the ancestor of the name of California, and then worked forward, century by century, showing how the word changed, until it took its final form in a popular 16th century adventure story, though its origin therein was not recognized until the middle of the 19th century. In the summary that follows, the writer will

endeavor to follow this chronological order of the centuries.

a. The earliest occurrence of a word or place-name which might have influenced the subsequent form of the name is to be found in the Song of Antioch, a poem of some 9000 lines, extolling the heroic deeds of Godfrey of Bouillon during the First Crusade. It was written by a man about whom we know practically nothing, save that he was a "Pelerin" or Pilgrim, and that his name was Richard. It seems from internal evidence, such as vivid descriptions of the battles, marches, journeys, and so on, that he wrote the poem not long after the capture of Jerusalem, which took place in 1099, and he appears to have finished the work about the year 1110. Three times in this work Richard speaks of a well-known Moslem city, modern Aleppo (in Arabic, Halif), calling it Oliferne or Holiferne.

b. The next development in the formation of the name is to be found some sixty years later, in line 2924 of the Song of Roland by Turoldus, where there is a reference to a people from the land of Califerne. Turoldus, from the Abbey of Le Bec in Normandy, wrote this version of one of the earlier Charlemagne legends about the year 1170. His original manuscript has not survived, but several subsequent versions of its exist, the best and most complete being the one known as "Digby 23" (after Sir Kenelm Digby who donated it to Oxford); this is now housed in the Bodleian Library, and is more commonly called the Oxford manuscript.

In one of these stanzas, or strophes, in this poem Charlemagne laments the death of Roland, and cries out in despair that without Roland to defend him, various warlike peoples will rise up against him, enumerating first the nearby Saxons, then branching out eastward to the Hungarians and the even more distant Bulgarians, then southward to the Italian peninsula, where he mentions the Romans, the Apulians in the south, and the people of Palermo in Sicily. Then, as if to climax his despair, as if to say that the whole world will rise up against him, he says " . . . and those of Africa, and those of Califerne." It is obvious, just from a glance at the sequence of the peoples he names, that the writer is thinking of the Moslem east, the land where the Caliphs rule. But Spain would also have to be included, since in the time of Charlemagne most of the Iberian peninsula was under the control of the Caliph of Córdova. Califerne meant simply Caliph-land.

Since the generic name "Califerne" does not seem to have existed prior to the time of Turoldus, it must be concluded that he (or possibly some later copyist) made it up. He did so by taking the prefix Calif-, to indicate Caliph-land, and adding -erne to it, taken from the well recognized city of Oliferne, which was a Moslem city, belonging to the Caliphate of Bagdad. Thus, with a single made-up name, but one which was readily identifiable

to his auditors, Turoldus enabled Charlemagne to cry out that the whole Moslem world was ready to rise up against him, now that Duke Roland was dead.

c. The next and last occurrence of the name, by this time in its final form as California, occurs in a 16th-century Spanish novel, *Las Sergas de Esplandían*, written by a popular writer, Montalvo, as a pot-boiler sequel to his four-volume best seller, *Amadís de Gaula*. Montalvo, an author with a lively imagaination, writes about an island called California, inhabited by black women who live without men, as the legendary Amazons were wont to do. The geography of this island is obscure. Montalvo places it vaguely "at the right hand of the Indies, and near the Terrestrial Paradise," but later on he overlooks this distant location, and he has Queen Calafia, with a boatload of her maiden warriors, sail to the rescue of the Sultan of Byzantium, who is being besieged by King Amadís and his son Esplandían. In a hand-to-hand combat with the Californians, Amadís and Esplandían are victorious, and the people of California are baptized and forsake their warlike activites.

d. Little notice was taken of the occurrence of the word California in the *Esplandían* novel during the succeeding centuries, though the work was edited and published many times and in many languages, one of the most scholarly being an edition published in Madrid in 1857. It was one of these editions that was seen, in the private library of the Hispanic scholar George Ticknor of Boston, by Edward Everett Hale, "some weeks" prior to April 1862. Hale made known his discovery of the name of California in Montalvo's novel in the *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* in April 1862, and subsequently in two other American journals. He limited himself to pointing out the existence of the name, given to an imaginary island, and he made no attempt to explain its origin, or how it came to be applied to the land of California of today.

e. So we have traced the name of California, from a 12th century Pilgrim to the Holy Land, who, in his Song of Antioch, speaks of a Moslem city of Oliferne, through the Oxford manuscript text of a Norman-French version of the Song of Roland, where the word appears as Califerne, to the 16th century Spanish romancer Montalvo, who changes Califerne to California, and applies the name to a mythical island of black women, without any men at all, whose inhabitants have only gold for their metal, and whose rocky soil is considered to be the roughest and to have the most crags of any place in the world. Perhaps, if one were to judge solely by Montalvo's description of the island, we might conclude that the Jesuit fathers of Rome were not so very far wrong when they said that "California is the most outlandish place in the world."

Editor's note: It might be reasonable to ask if John P. Harrington has also written anything which might answer the question as to how and when the name California was transferred from a mythical island in a Spanish novel to the actual lands of Baja and Alta California, and utlimately to the present state of California. Fortunately an affirmative answer can be given. Prior to his death, Harrington did prepare extensive notes covering this very point, and these pages are presently in an archive in California. Plans are being made to publish these as a contribution to a forthcoming edition of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners' Brand Book.

Griffith Park's Greatest Tragedy

BY ABRAHAM HOFFMAN

Franklin Roosevelt's famous 100 Days were yesterday's news as the Great Depression continued to be felt in Southern California. Work was where you could get it, and men of all ages, races, and occupational skills accepted employment from Los Angeles County's Department of Charities. The department administered a variety of aid programs, some of them federally funded with money from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. One such program provided work in Los Angeles's Griffith Park maintaining bridle trails and roads, and cleaning up scrub brush and weeds.[1]

Along with problems in the economic climate, Los Angeles endured a prolonged heat wave in the summer of 1933 that stretched into October. With temperatures in the nineties, pick-and-shovel work in Griffith Park was not the most attractive employment offer. Yet thousands of men responded to the opportunity to obtain a work order from the Department of Charities' Bureau of County Welfare.

Among those who received a work order for Griffith Park was a man named Fernando Valenzuela. Unlike many others who had no option but to use the work order for the money it provided, Valenzuela did have a choice, since he luckily had found employment in a local vineyard. His nephew, William Lorenzo, was jobless, however, and Valenzuela gave the work

Griffith J. Griffith

order to him. Passing himself off as his uncle, Lorenzo reported to Griffith Park on October 3, holding a work order that before the day's end would become his death warrant.[2]

Griffith Park by 1933 had developed into an elaborate playground with miles of bridle paths and hiking trails, a municipal pool and golf courses, tennis courts, and a new observatory. It was all quite a contrast to the park in the period following its donation in December 1896 when millionaire Griffith J. Griffith gave the land to the City of Los Angeles. Born in South Wales in 1850, Griffith had come to Los Angeles in 1882, having made a fortune in mining investments in California and Nevada. He bought the Los Feliz Rancho and other real estate, and by the 1890s he was well known as a progressive businessman and civic reformer. When he donated the Los Feliz Rancho to be a park named for him, he said he intended his gift to be "a place of recreation and rest for the masses, a resort for the rank and file of the plain people."[3] His donation of over 3,000 acres of land made Griffith Park the largest city park in the country.

But unexpected problems developed. Griffith's personal life was marred by chronic alcoholism. On September 3, 1903, while in a drunken rage, he shot his wife, blinding her. The subsequent months of adverse publicity surrounding the trial, Griffith's conviction and his wife's divorcing him, plus the light sentence — two years in San Quentin — made Griffith a social pariah and his park gift a white elephant.[4]

On his release from prison Griffith found that little had been done to develop access roads or recreational facilities. Now committed to prison reform as a result of what he called his "two years of my forced absence from the city"[5] Griffith looked to the causes of crime. He concluded that one important way to prevent crime was to provide recreational opportunities in the form of parks and playgrounds.

By 1910 Griffith had become angry enough at the Los Angeles City Council's lack of action in making Griffith Park accessible to the public that he wrote a book on the subject. In *Parks, Boulevards, and Playgrounds* Griffith protested the expenditure of city funds on the small-scale Central Park (now Pershing Square) while his donation stood neglected. "That the community at large will be benefited enormously by an enterprising development of our parks and boulevards is a point I have endeavored to make exceptionally clear," wrote Griffith, "and I have quoted distinguished botanists and engineers to show that Griffith Park has immense latent possibilities which generous treatment would turn to rich account."[6]

Two years later Griffith attempted to donate $100,000 for an observatory in the park. The city council accepted the offer, but the Board of Park

Commissioners turned it down as letters of protest poured in from people who believed that Griffith was trying to buy his way back into social respectability. In 1919 Griffith had the last word, however. He died that year, and in his will he bequeathed $750,000 for the observatory and for a Greek Theater. This time around the money, set up in a trust fund, was accepted. Over the years the park grew in acreage and facilities, and by 1933 the observatory was under construction.

As a city park Griffith's donation was perhaps recognized more for its opportunities than its facilities. Most of it was mountainous terrain — steep canyons and high ridges — available mainly to horseback riders and hikers. Fire protection maintenance presented a challenge, and the county's employment program during the Great Depression went far towards keeping roads under repair and weeds under control. Regular park employees had received some training from the fire department, and fire-fighting equipment was accessible to virtually any part of the park within ten minutes because of its extensive road system. Nevertheless the park lacked fire hydrants, firebreaks did not coordinate well with the road system, and no emergency plan existed. The work relief programs which placed thousands of county workers in the park presented a logistical problem of overlapping and contradictory authorities. As the heat wave continued, no thought was given to what this might mean should an emergency situation occur.

On the morning of Tuesday, October 3, 1933, 3,784 workers provided by the Los Angeles County Bureau of Welfare, funded by RFC loans, reported for work at Griffith Park. They were broken up into teams of from 50 to 80 men under foremen variously called "straw bosses," "shift bosses," and "trail bosses" and assigned to such tasks as repairing roads, clearing away weeds, and trimming back scrub brush.

Shortly after 2 p.m. Park Superintendent Frank Shearer, a veteran of 25 years' service with the Parks Department, spotted a small fire down in Mineral Wells Canyon, a blind canyon deep within the park, not far from a campground and a short distance away from the municipal golf clubhouse. Shearer, along with F. W. Roewekamp, the park's landscape engineer, saw a column of smoke billow up over 100 feet in the air. "The smoke looked blacker than the usual brush fire," recalled Shearer. "I thought an automobile had caught fire in the road."[7]

Shearer and Roewekamp ran down a narrow cowpath towards the fire. They found the fire covering a small area under some oak trees and in a large heap of brush. The men recognized that they alone could not extinguish it. Shearer dispatched Roewekamp to the nearest telephone. As

Roewekamp ran along the road he noticed a man running from the general area of the fire. "He had on a suit, not working clothes, and he kept right on running," Roewekamp later recalled. The "mysterious stranger" was never identified, but his presence gave some credence to the theory that the fire had been deliberately set.[8]

While Roewekamp went for aid Shearer spotted a small group of county welfare workers on the road above the canyon. He asked six of them to join him in fighting the fire. One refused outright, stating he had not been hired to fight fires; Shearer borrowed his shovel. Two men accompanied the park superintendent to the fire, and the others watched from the road. The heat grew in intensity, and Shearer and the two men returned to the road. There Shearer met one of the county foremen and enlisted his assistance. Other work crews in the vicinity came to view the fire, which did not seem to present much of a threat since it was small in size.

No coordination or line of command existed; some foremen asked their crews to help fight the fire, others did not. Some workers refused to go down into the canyon when asked, while others did so voluntarily. None of the foremen displayed any concern over the area's potentially dangerous topography — a narrow cowpath leading down into a blind canyon with steep hillsides. Peter Ricca, an assistant superintendent in the county welfare bureau, was at the scene. "I saw foremen directing all the men who could be found to fight the fire," he recalled. "Some of them refused and others got shovels and mattocks and volunteered . . . I saw two firemen leading many of the men down into the canyon to make firebreaks."[9]

Another eyewitness was Frederick Alton, a county welfare laborer. "When I first saw the fire it seemed to cover only about three acres," he said. "I got into a truck with a lot of other men and we were detailed to cut brush. The foremen were rushing everybody in to fight the fire." Wilfred W. Richmond, a county welfare foreman, said, "About 300 of us, fifty of them my own men, started down over the firebreak on the south side of the canyon to cut brush." Estimates of the total number of county workers in and around the scene of the fire went from 500 to as high as 1,500 men.[10]

After some 45 minutes the fire seemed under control as construction of a firebreak restricted the path of the fire. Then the wind changed. Richard D. Meagher, a park foreman, saw that "suddenly there was a kind of whirlwind and the fire broke loose, jumped the break and went up the canyon in a regular spiral of flame. I could see men running and yelling while they struggled to get out." Others also observed the whirlwind phenomenon. Marvin Page, a park employee who worked as a tractor driver, said, "Suddenly there was what seemed to me to be a whirlwind and

the fire broke loose over the firebreak. The men scrambled up the sides of the canyon."[11]

With the fire's renewed vitality, straw bosses, trail bosses, foremen, and firemen, representing the county welfare bureau, the city park department, and the city fire department tried in varying degrees of persuasion to keep the workers on the line. One laborer named Stover found that he and his fellow workers were being "yelled at like a bunch of cattle." When worker L. J. Green fled the fire, someone with an apparent air of authority shouted at him to "get the hell back in there." Confusion reigned as workers struggling their way up out of the canyon on the narrow path ran headlong into more workers coming down to fight the blaze.[12]

Several foremen decided on their own to set backfires to stop the progress of the initial fire. Frank Thompson, a straw boss, asked F. F. George for a match. George produced a match and started a backfire which he later claimed was only 50 feet away from the main fire. He felt this backfire helped save the lives of some 50 men in the area. Two or three other backfires were also started at various places.

Other workers found little value and much danger in the backfires. Thompson afterward denied he himself started a backfire, but at least three workers accused him of having done so. C. K. Chandler heard someone say to Thompson, "You have raised hell now;" and when the backfire went out of control he heard Thompson remark, "I did not have enough men to hold it."[13]

Confusion now mixed with fear. Roy Stockton,[14] a county welfare shift boss, had entered the canyon with 40 men, "but after the wind changed and the fire started to break loose over a wide area all of the gangs got mixed up and you couldn't tell what men got in or out." Frederick Alton "saw one man running out and a foreman struck him on the jaw and knocked him down."[15]

The fire was now out of control, whipped up by the wind change; and the backfires on the hillsides effectively sealed off most avenues of escape. Leo McCormick, whose left arm was badly burned when his clothes caught fire, recalled the growing panic of the men in the canyon:

> "Everybody shouted 'Run for your lives.' Confusion and terror broke loose.
>
> In their speed to retrace their steps the men stumbled and pushed one another. Unable to get out by the trail, jammed with frantic, horrified workers, the men took to the steep sides of the canyon wall, clinging to undergrowth to help them on their way.
>
> "Most of us got out in time. The others perished in their tracks. The horrible cries of those caught by the flames echoed through the canyon. We had to hold our hands to our ears to drown out the terrible sound. But there was nothing we could do to assist them. The fire burned too rapidly. It spread like lightning.[16]"

53 KILLED BY FLAMES IN L.A. PARK DISASTER!

Pitiful Victims -:- of Conflagration -:- Trapped on Hillside

DEATH TOLL MAY BE 80; RELIEF JOB MEN PERISH

Fire Disaster At a Glance!

Death's 'Bright Angel' -:- Soars Above -:- Tragic Scene in Hills

"The suddenness of the tragic disaster was graphically revealed in front-page photographs."

— Los Angeles Illustrated Daily News, courtesy of Edwin E. Curl

Tragedy struck at 3:10 p.m. — a moment frozen for eternity on the watches belonging to some of the men who failed to escape from the flames. Twenty-six men were burned to death, to a condition short of cremation but beyond recognition. Three others died of burns in the following days. Park Superintendent Shearer, who had been one of the first men to spot the fire, was at another part of the park when the wind changed. He did not learn of the disaster until 4:30 p.m. The flames were at last brought under control around midnight, with only uniformed firemen fighting the fire.[17]

The news of the tragedy stunned the city. Initial reports claimed 33 dead with the toll possibly rising to 50; more than 100 injured; and over 60 missing. Because of the large number of workers involved, it took several days before the county could obtain an accurate roll call and reduce the number of missing persons. "It was necessary for us to send visitors to every one of the 3,784 homes in order to locate those who were missing," reported Superintendent of Charities Earl E. Jensen. 108 timekeepers worked all night preparing lists of workers for a morning roll call.[18] Identification of the dead was accomplished through rings, watches, belt buckles, and keys found on the corpses.

Beyond the tragedy of the dead lay the uncertainty of the missing. Although many of the county workers were single men, others had families — families which waited through the dinner hour for them to come home. Information on those who were dead, injured, missing, or still at the park was not at first available. Reports circulated for a time that additional workers had been trapped in the canyon, but this could not be verified until the fire was contained. Families with a missing relative and people concerned about an overdue friend descended on the county morgue. Police officers held the crowd back as the bodies of the dead were brought in. The county coroner asked everyone to go home. "These men are so badly burned it would be impossible to identify them just now," he said. "We have called in every possible aid and expect to have all of the bodies prepared for view early in the morning."

The coroner set 9 a.m. the next morning as the time for the bodies to be viewed, with examination limited to relatives and close friends of the missing men. Because of the number of dead, a temporary morgue was estahblished at 325 New High Street. The coroner's staff then worked through the night to prepare the bodies for identification.[19]

Attempts to identify the dead proved a heartbreaking task for relatives and friends who came to the temporary morgue the next day and in the days following. Because the bodies had been burned beyond recognition,

1. Distraught women waited at the entrance to the temporary morgue.
2. Families of missing men gathered in front of the temporary morgue.
3. At the Park Commission inquiry into the tragedy, county worker Arthur Dumas described how flames trapped the men in the box canyon. From left: Mrs. Mabel Socha, head of the Park Commission; Dumas; Joseph Shaw, Mayor Frank Shaw's secretary; Detective Captain Niles Hoff; Deputy City Attorney Floyd Fisk; Park Commissioner Frank Merrill; man at right unidentified.
4. Mayor Frank Shaw, shown here speaking to an injured worker, ordered an investigation into the cause of the fire.

— Los Angeles Examiner, courtesy of Edwin E. Curl

articles found on the corpses or at the fire scene had to be checked. Jesus Rivera was identified by his wife through a metal ring and keys; three keys and an identification tag revealed the identify of John A. Benson; C. W. Berning through his watch, six keys, and a metal tag; George Anderson by a chain with a small magnifying glass; and others as the painful process continued over the next several days.

As facts and rumors sorted themselves out, stories of coincidence and mistaken identify became known. The body of Fernando Valenzuela turned out to be William Lorenzo, who had borrowed his uncle's work order. A story unverified as to the names involved was reported concerning a "Good Samaritan" who had given his work order to another man, "emaciated and hungry," on the morning of the tragedy. The Samaritan also bought him breakfast. The grateful man then reported for work — and met his death in the flames. In another story, somehow the name Peter Derus of Mar Vista appeared on the early lists of the missing. Derus not only denied he was missing, but stated he had never worked in any capacity for the Bureau of County Welfare. He was "at a loss" as to how his name had been listed. And *Times* columnist Lee Shippey recounted "the legend of the curse of Rancho Los Feliz," as told in Horace Bell's *On the Old West Coast*. The curse was originally aimed at lawyers and judges who probated a will that disinherited Antonio Feliz's niece. Anyone who would own the land was supposedly included. The "curse" may have touched Griffith's life, but he was not involved in the probate proceedings and at any rate had already donated the land to the city when he aimed his pistol at his wife. And the county relief workers hardly fit the target of Petronilla Feliz's curse. Shippey found it made good copy amidst the bleak accounts of dead and injured.[20]

The Los Angeles *Times*, well known for its antiradical views, took the opportunity provided by the tragedy to remind its readers that subversives might plot such disasters. It editorialized on "the possibility that the blaze was caused by some Red, some half-unhinged firebug or some person with a fancied grievance against society is still to be considered." Even as the *Times*' own accounts of the tragedy revealed that disaster was probably due to backfires that went out of control, the paper recalled the "Wobblies of a few years ago were accomplished arsonists, and while their organization is dead many former Wobblies still live and, as their public threats attest, still have the same attitude toward their fellow men." The *Times* also noted ominously, "There are several indications that the canyon fire was not started by accident."[21]

Although the *Times* did not pass up the chance to nominate the "Reds"

Los Angeles Examiner

80 DEAD IN GRIFFITH PARK FIRE, SAYS CORONER; BODIES OF 30 VICTIMS RECOVEREL

THE VALLEY OF DEATH

125 Injured, Some Perhaps Fatally Victims Trapped Fighting 1000-Acre Blaze

Flames, Driven by Shifting Wind, Catch Men Struggling Up Steep Side of Ravine

Additional news and pictures of the fire on Pages 4, 8 and 9.

Death, borne by raging flames and driven by a shifting wind, stalked through Griffith Park yesterday afternoon, leaving in its blackened wake a terrible harvest of dead and injured.

Late last night Coroner Frank A. Nance placed the estimate of dead as between 70 and 80. While thirty bodies had actually been delivered to the county morgue, Nance said that he had been informed by B. C. Huston, assistant superintendent of county charities, that 20 or 25 more had been discovered in a small ravine near that in which the others perished.

Nance said that these 20 or 25 bodies were in such a position that ropes would be necessary to lift them up to the roadside, and that such work could not start until daylight.

One hundred and twenty-five men were injured, many seriously and several probably fatally.

1000 Acres Burned

Approximately 1000 acres of the park on the northeast side were burned over.

The men were virtually all from the ranks of the unemployed who had been given work under the county welfare program, building roads and cutting trails. When a brush fire broke out at 2:26 p. m. they started to fight the flames.

Late in the afternoon, when several hundred men were working in a narrow box canyon, a sudden shift of the wind sent the flames racing around the end of a hill and the men were caught.

Lose Race for Life

Desperately they sought to escape, plunging through the brush, clawing their way up the steep hillsides.

But the fire ran faster. When darkness fell the fire was under control, but through the hot ashes and the embers men were searching for bodies.

How the fire started had not been definitely established, but it is thought to have originated from a carelessly tossed match or cigaret.

However, late last night Captain of Detectives Tom Murray announced that he was investigating the possibility that the fire may have been set by Communists or agitators, a number of whom have recently been ejected from the park and their names removed from the county charity lists.

S. G. McCullough, park foreman, who was on the scene when the fire broke out, said he believed at least fifty-eight men had died in the flames. T. J. Brennan, supervisor of timekeepers, placed the death list at fifty-two.

Bodies Taken Out

Survivors of the mad fight for life said the trapped men had no chance; the flames raced so fast and brush and the steep slopes offered such obstacles.

Last night, under the glare of flood lamps and fire trucks, stretcher parties were still taking out the dead. Some of them were taken up the hill and over a hastily-built road pounded out by tractors to permit the ambulances to approach as near as possible.

Others were carried across the still smoldering wastes to the girls' club house, where more ambulances waited and where a silent crowd watched as the blackened

SHOES BURNED FROM FEET OF BRAVE COUPLE

'NOT A SCREAM AS THEY DIED'

125 Suffer Hurts; Several Near Death

INJURED DETAIL THEIR ESCAPE FROM INFERNO

Klieg and Flood Lights Illumine Macabre Scene

Mayor Pledges City's Aid to Victims' Kin

Roll Call Will Fix Exact List of Lives Lost

EVERYBODY GETS NUMBER

OFFICIAL SEES FLAMES START

"Initial estimates of possible fatalities were high because the workers were delayed in returning to their homes."
— Los Angeles Examiner, courtesy of Edwin E. Curl

for deliberately setting the fire, one suspect was caught and arrested for arson — but not for starting the Mineral Wells blaze. At 10:30 p.m. Tuesday evening, some seven hours after the disaster, two Los Feliz area residents noticed a man get out of his automobile on Live Oak Drive, hike up the hill into the park, and light a fire (which consumed two acres before it was extinguished). They obtained the license number of the automobile and contacted the police. Detectives later spotted the car parked in another part of Griffith Park and arrested its owner, Robert D. Barr of Culver City.

Under questioning Barr confessed that he had heard about the Mineral Wells fire on the radio and, while under the influence of alcohol, went to the park and lit a fire. Barr had no radical connections, but police checked on a possible link between him and "Communist labor agitators" who allegedly had been speaking to county welfare workers at Griffith Park prior to the fire. No such link, however, was ever proved, nor was a Communist connection with the fire ever shown. The man seen by Roewekamp was never identified either.[22]

In counterpoint to the *Times* allegations that Communist conspirators might have started the fire, William H. Schraeder, chairman of an investigating committee of the Communist-sponsored International Labor Defense League, accused park and city officials of a malicious coverup. His organization, claimed Schraeder, had evidence that not 28 but more than 58 men had perished in the fire, with most of the corpses buried in the park by deputy sheriffs on October 4. Pressed for hard evidence by the district attorney's office, Schraeder proved unable to give the location of the bodies or the names of the missing men. The coroner's jury passed over Schraeder's accusations.[23]

The actual reasons for the disaster were far more complex than Communist plots or drunken arsonists. Bereaved families and the general public demanded to know, beyond the cause of the fire, who if anyone was responsible for the circumstances that had brought so many unskilled fire-fighters into a blind canyon. Even as griefstricken relatives filed past the bodies in the temporary morgue, the Los Angeles Board of Park Commissioners convened a special meeting at Griffith Park the morning after the fire. With reporters from the various Los Angeles newspapers in attendance, Commission President Mabel V. Socha presented a letter from Mayor Frank L. Shaw requesting the board to conduct a thorough investigation of the tragedy. Shaw, who had visited the disaster scene Tuesday evening, had already issued a statement to the press expressing his sympathy and promising to make every effort "to determine the cause of this terrible holocaust."[24]

Following on the mayors' request, Commissioner Socha called for anyone who could furnish information about the fire to offer testimony to the park board. Throughout the day park employees, county welfare laborers, and work relief foremen presented their perspectives on the tragedy. Depositions continued the following day. Those testifying were asked questions by Deputy City Attorney Floyd Sisk and by Joseph Shaw, the mayor's secretary and brother. Although there were some contradictions in testimony, particularly over who was responsible for lighting backfires, the general consensus of the eyewitnesses was that a shift in the wind had caused the fire to blaze out of control. The steep hillsides, advancing flames, backfires, and confusion among men both fleeing from and coming to fight the fire had brought on the tragedy.[25]

Meanwhile, other investigations were under way. Mayor Shaw asked the police and fire departments to file reports. Fire Chief Ralph J. Scott lost no time in making his views known. "The terrible tragedy Tuesday could be attributed to the fact that so many were sent in there to fight fire without any direct leadership," he said after hearing the testimony given to the park commissioners. "The conditions, as shown in the investigation, were chaotic. The fire department, if handling this large group, would have ordered them all out of the fire zone." The county coroner appointed a technical committee to examine witnesses for possible subpoena before the coroner's jury. This committee was also charged with making a general report on the causes of the fire. It included such experts as County Forester Spence Turner, Angeles National Forest Supervisor William V. Mendenhall, George H. Cecil of the Chamber of Commerce's safety and fire prevention committee, and representatives from the State Board and State Division of Forestry.[26]

The families and friends of the dead and injured received a general outpouring of sympathy from Los Angeles citizens. The park commission reported donations totaling $163 from the Hollywood Cricket Club towards the relief fund set up by Mayor Shaw. Paul H. Helms, president of Helms Bakeries, sent in his check for $100, and other contributions were also made. Superintendent of Charities Jensen promised "to cut red tape and legal technicalities in giving relief to the bereaved families." His promise was soon tested as the county crematory demanded $15 from each family as a cremation fee, the alternative being for them to take a pauper's oath. Jensen ordered this routine procedure dispensed with under the circumstances.[27]

Many merchants in downtown Los Angeles displayed flags at half-mast, as did city and county offices. Mayor Shaw issued a lengthy statement, as

befitted the city's leading politician, expressing the public's grief over the tragedy and calling for "a suitable and lasting monument in Griffith park in honor of the memory of those who died in the holocaust." Other proposals mixed practicality with sympathy. The Los Angeles City Council suggested that metal tags be issued to all city employees in case a similar disaster in the future made it impossible to identify corpses. The park commission received several ideas on landscaping and improving Griffith Park to reduce the fire hazard.[28]

Churches throughout the city held memorial services on Sunday, October 8. The largest of these, at St. Paul's Cathedral, attracted some 1,000 persons and featured Mayor Shaw and other public officials, surrounded by elaborate floral wreaths. The notables took turns delivering eulogies. A special "tribute to the colored men" who perished in the fire was also given at the St. Paul's service. At another major service Bishop John J. Cantwell, assisted by more than 60 priests, presided over a requiem mass at St. Vibiana's Cathedral.[29]

All of the sympathy was well and good, but it counted little in the reckoning of two major questions which were raked up in the ashes of the fire: liability and responsibility. The liability problem opened up a can of worms which city and county agencies found difficult to digest. On the day after the fire Superintendent of Charities Jensen had given his promise to eliminate red tape. He assured the implementation of this promise. "All district directors have been instructed to transfer all such cases from work relief to direct emergency relief." To explain a possible confusion of terms Jensen further added, "The men who were working at the park were classified as unemployment relief workers. This classification in the cases of families of victims was changed to direct emergency relief." Jensen's action was supported by the County Board of Supervisors which promised "to do everything possible to relieve the dependents of those killed and the suffering of the survivors and their dependents."[30]

This move was fine for the moment, but it failed to answer such substantive questions as whether those families whose men had been killed or injured were legally entitled to death benefits and workmen's compensation. City and county officials immediately began squabbling over which government was liable. Were the men workers employed by the county through RFC funds, or were they receiving relief with funds provided from RFC? While they were working at Griffith Park, were the men under the supervision of the county or under the jurisdiction of the city's park department?

Some of these questions had arisen before the fire. On September 18 the

Board of Park Commissioners had written to the County Board of Supervisors protesting against the use of uninsured welfare workers. Four days later the park commission notified Jensen that as of two weeks from September 21 no more welfare workers would be accepted unless they were covered by workmen's compensation — a deadline that fell two days after the fire.[31]

In questions of liability the county had become hopelessly muddled about the employment of welfare recipients. The Board of Supervisors had reversed itself several times on the liability-insurance issue. At the time of the fire county welfare recipients who were working on work relief projects were not considered regular county employees and thus were not eligible for death benefits or workmen's compensation. The *Times* found little to commend in this position. "Disposition of city and county officials to split hairs over the responsibility to the victims of the Griffith Park fire disaster is neither very seemly nor very long-sighted," the paper editorialized. "Some sort of compromise can be made between the city and county on the cost. The money all has to come from the same source, anyway."[32]

While city and county argued over who was financially liable, 6,000 men on welfare could not resume working on work relief projects — although they did receive funds in the form of direct relief payments. The county finally agreed to extend liability coverage and workmen's compensation to the welfare workers, and they returned to their projects on October 11, with Griffith Park workers returning on the 12th.

As to jurisdiction and supervision, the park commission took steps to remedy the gaps in this area. "It is understood that no park employee has any jurisdiction whatsoever over any County Welfare Men and must refrain from issuing any orders or instructions of any kind to any County Welfare Men except the representative of the County who may be in charge of the work at Griffith Park," read the instructions dispatched to Park Superintendent Shearer and his subordinates. The county assumed official responsibility for supervising its workers on city projects. Somewhat tardily insofar as the victims of the fire were concerned, Jensen announced the county would "see to it that workers on projects where there is a fire hazard are given expert instruction in fire fighting by competent men from the county fire warden's department."[33]

The families of the dead and injured men continued to be provided for by the county welfare bureau. Establishing the dead as eligible for death benefits of up to $1,000, and workmen's compensation for the injured, contributed to a bare minimum of lawsuit threats against county and city.[34]

On the question of responsibility, the coroner's technical committee

spent a week gathering depositions, interviewing over 50 witnesses. A consensus quickly emerged that few of the men had been properly trained to fight fires. The story given by welfare worker D.C. Lough was a case in point. He testified that his group of 38 men had been urged to fight the fire by a shift boss who cursed them on through thick brush. Lough at last refused to go further, but some in his group who did were killed.[35]

The coroner's inquest opened on Wednesday, October 11. Nine men who were experienced in fire prevention work made up the coroner's jury. The first day's testimony was highlighted by what Shearer and Roewekamp had to say on the causes of the fire, including the presence of the "mysterious stranger." On the second and final day of the inquest, the proceedings were enlivened by the accusations of Schraeder who charged deputy sheriffs with clandestinely burying additional bodies. More objectively, the technical committee submitted its report and recommendations.

City Fire Chief Ralph Scott, in his testimony to the jury, bluntly laid the blame on the rather unique circumstances under which the fire had been initially fought. "The situation has never been approximated before in my experience where 2000 or 3000 men were on the immediate ground and available to fight a brush fire," he said. "It was absolutely impossible for firemen to control them because of their great numbers — probably 3000 men in an area of less than forty acres." With all testimony given, the jurors took the evidence under submission with a verdict promised within a week.[36]

On Monday morning the coroner's jury released its findings. No effort was made to fix blame — the jury stated that the deaths were "technically accidental." In finding responsibility for the way the fire had been fought, however, the jury charged gross negligence, stating that "this negligence, unpreparedness, and utter confusion, is due to the division of authority and responsibility between numerous political commissions and bureaus." Since the jury failed to state who specifically was responsible, the district attorney's office was left undecided whether to seek indictments from the county grand jury. No indictments were in fact ever sought. The jury dismissed allegations of arson, expressing the belief that the fire had been started by a carelessly tossed cigarette or match.

Although the jury charged no one specifically for negligence, its conclusions indicated that considerable work at Griffith Park and in the county would have to be done to meet even minimum standards for fire prevention. Among its recommendations were the giving of absolute authority to city fire departments in putting out fires and training city employees in fire prevention. Cooperative agreements should be made

within the county among fire prevention and suppression agencies to meet the challenge of major fires. For Griffith Park a comprehensive plan for fire prevention and suppression was recommended, including fire lookout stations, improved communication systems, complete water facilities, distribution of fire tools, coordination of roads, trails, firebreaks, and fire lanes, training of all personnel concerned in the fighting of brush fires, and the presence of trained fire fighters where large groups of untrained men were employed.[37]

Concerning the recommendations the *Times* adopted a curious metaphor, observing, "The whole calamity investigation is but another example of our too common practice of locking the stable door after the horse has gone. In this case, however, there are other horses in the same barn, and at least we can take steps to save them."[38]

The park commission, receiving the findings of the coroner's jury, planned to have a comprehensive fire prevention plan made for Griffith Park, "and to inform the Fire Department that we stand ready to cooperate with them in carrying out the recommendations of the Coroner's Jury."[39]

Nothing much was made of the fact that so many of the dead and injured were black or Spanish-surnamed. That these men had accepted work relief projects in preference to direct relief payments suggests that the county, which at the time was in the process of repatriating thousands of Mexicans back to Mexico to get them off the relief rolls, might have viewed welfare recipients in more than one stereotypical spotlight. So, indeed, could the county's residents. The special tribute to the black workers who had died has been noted. One who lived, tractor driver Marvin Page, was commended for his work in cutting a firebreak with his tractor for 500 yards along a ridge, stopping the fire from spreading at that point. The last victim of the fire, Edward Deason, was also black. He died on October 17 of injuries sustained while fighting the fire.[40]

Several suggestions had been made to create some monument or memorial to those who had lost their lives in the fire disaster. Mayor Shaw proposed "a suitable and lasting monument" and called for a city-county committee to work out a plan to finance, design, and construct a memorial. Similar expressions were made by concerned citizens with ideas varying from a plaque in the new observatory to a "memorial tree" at the fire scene. Unfortunately, the fire tragedy soon became yesterday's news, its front-page coverage giving way to such other events as speculation on the elopement of film stars Lupe Velez and Johnnie Weismuller.[41]

In the end, a simple memorial was proposed and accepted. The Los Feliz Women's Club suggested to the park commission that a deodar cedar tree

be planted at the Vermont Avenue entrance to the park at Los Feliz Boulevard, next to the Greek Theater signboard. On November 23 the tree was planted and a bronze plaque dedicated.[42]

Many years later, after the park entrance had been relandscaped several times, the bronze plaque proved impossible to locate. A final coda to the tragedy was sounded by George Hjelte, general manager of the city's Department of Recreation and Parks for fifteen years and a longtime supporter of Los Angeles parks. "It is interesting to reflect that the memory of man is short, but the memory of nature is long," he observed, and continued:

> Few people today remember the holocaust which brought sadness to many families that hot September [sic] day, but the park still bears evidence of its suffering, which is immutably etched into the trunks of trees that survived the disaster. The tragic event, of course, had left its marks upon the families of the ill-fated men, but the event wanes in man's memory, and eventually is forgotten by all but the park itself.[43]

GRIFFITH PARK'S GREATEST TRAGEDY

[1]Leonard Leader, "Los Angeles and the Great Depression" (Ph.D. dissertation, University of California, Los Angeles, 1972), p. 230; *Survey of Unemployment Relief Activities in the City of Los Angeles, California* (Los Angeles, 1938), pp. 11-16.

[2]Los Angeles *Times*, October 10, 1933.

[3]Charles Hillinger, "Griffith Park — the City's Largest Christmas Gift," Los Angeles *Times*, December 26, 1967; Cliff Dektar, "The Colonel's Christmas Present," *Westways*, 48 (December 1966), 4-5; Charles G. Clarke, "Griffith J. Griffith and His Park," *Branding Iron*, No. 131 (June 1978), 1, 4-10. See also Mary Agnes Imelda Hayes, "A History of Griffith Park in Los Angeles" (Master's thesis, University of California, Berkeley, 1951), Chapter IV. Boyle Workman suggested that Griffith's motivation was based on a desire to escape taxes. Boyle Workman, *The City That Grew* (Los Angeles: Southland Publishing Co., 1936), p. 225.

[4]The trial is covered in Alfred Cohn and Joe Chisholm's biography of Earl Rogers, who defended Griffith: "Take the Witness!" (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1934), Chapter XV.

[5]Griffith J. Griffith, *Parks, Boulevards, and Playgrounds* (Los Angeles: Prison Reform League Publishing Company, 1910), p. 21.

[6]*Ibid.*, p. ii.

[7]Los Angeles *Times*, October 12, 1933.

[8]*Ibid.*

[9]*Ibid.*, October 5, 1933.

[10]*Ibid.*

[11]*Ibid.*

[12]*Ibid.*

[13]*Ibid.*, October 6, 1933.

[14]Apparently no relation to the Roy Stockton who was a member of the Board of Park Commissioners.

[15]Los Angeles *Times*, October 5, 1933. Cf. Minutes of the Los Angeles Board of Park Commissioners, October 9, 1933, Los Angeles City Archives. Cited hereafter as Park Board Minutes.

[16]Los Angeles *Times*, October 4, 1933.

[17]*Ibid.*; Lynn Bowman, *Los Angeles: Epic of a City* (Berkeley: Howell-North Books, 1974), pp. 273-274, inaccurately cites 36 dead. The tragedy provided a cover illustration for *Newsweek:* "Forest Fire: Park is Pyre for Los Angeles Unemployed," *Newsweek*, 2 (October 14, 1933), 8. The Los Angeles *Times*, October 5, 1933, provided accurate figures of dead and injured. By October 7, with the death toll at 28, three bodies still remained unidentified.

[18]Los Angeles *Times*, October 5, 1933.

[19]*Ibid*, October 4, 1933.

[20]*Ibid.*, October 5, 8, and 9, 1933. For a more scholarly account of the curse, see Hayes, "History of Griffith Park in Los Angeles," pp. 19-21, 87.

[21]Los Angeles *Times*, October 5, 1933.

[22]*Ibid.*

[23]*Ibid.*, October 13, 1933.

[24]*Ibid.*, October 4, 1933.

[25]Park Board Minutes, October 4 and 5, 1933; Los Angeles *Times*, October 5 and 6, 1933.

[26]Los Angeles *Times*, October 5, 1933.

[27]Park Board Minutes, October 9 and 26, 1933; Los Angeles Times, October 5 and 10, 1933. Jensen was functioning as acting superintendent of charities; his fiat actually ran out on October 7, but with no one to replace him he continued in a *de facto* capacity. Los Angeles *Times*, October 17, 1933.

[28]Los Angeles *Times*, October 6, 1933; Park Board Minutes, October 13, 1933.

[29]Los Angeles *Times*, October 8 and 9, 1933.

[30]*Ibid.*, October 5, 1933.

[31]Park Board Minutes, October 5, 1933.

[32]Los Angeles *Times*, October 6, 1933.

[33]Park Board Minutes, October 10, 1933; Los Angeles *Times*, October 11, 1933.

[34]Los Angeles *Times*, October 10 and 18, 1933.

[35]*Ibid.*, October 10, 1933.

[36]*Ibid.*, October 13, 1933.

[37]*Ibid.*, October 17, 1933.

[38]*Ibid.*

[39]Park Board Minutes, October 16, 1933.

[40]Carey McWilliams, "Getting Rid of the Mexican," *American Mercury*, 28 (March 1933), 322-324; Los Angeles *Times*, October 13 and 18, 1933.

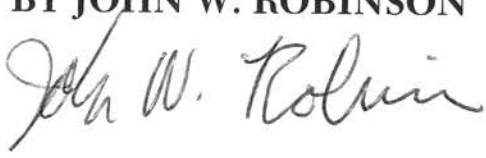
[41]Los Angeles *Times*, October 6, 1933; Park Board Minutes, October 13, 1933.

[42]Park Board Minutes, November 2 and 13, 1933.

[43]George Hjelte, *Footprints in the Parks* (Los Angeles: Public Service Publications, 1977), p. 12. Ironically Hjelte, writing in the 1970s, mistakenly recalled the tragedy as taking place in September; truly, "the event wanes in man's memory."

The Ordeal of General Wright: A Study of Secessionist Sentiment in California, 1861-1864

BY JOHN W. ROBINSON



There was little about Brigadier General George Wright that struck the eye. He certainly contrasted with the stern and correct military bearing of his predecessor, Edwin Sumner, from whom Wright took over as Commander in Chief of the Department of the Pacific on October 29, 1861. Sumner looked and acted like a general; Wright, with his soft features and kindly face topped by a crop of gray hair, more resembled an aging minister of the gospel. Many people in California remembered him as a mild-mannered old gentleman, not in the least impressive but loved and respected by those who served under him. Indeed, his men obeyed him out of reverence, it seemed, rather than out of fear of discipline.

It was his habit to shun publicity and stay out of the limelight. He seemed uneasy in a crowd. Yet few who worked under Wright questioned his leadership ability or his courage. He was never impulsive, never hasty in making decisions. His directives were carefully thought out and often composed with a certain literary flair. And once he made a decision, heaven and earth could not budge him without good reason. He had a will of iron under his frail hide. He was implacable to political pressure and unafraid to lay his career on the line in defense of what he thought was right.

These traits received a severe test during his years as military commander of the Department of the Pacific, and they eventually contributed to his

downfall. His name is usually neglected by historians today. Our purpose here is to recognize General Wright's valuable service during the bitter years of Civil War and restore his name to its rightful place in the annals of California and the Nation.

"Treason's hideous crest shall not pollute the fair land of California," proclaimed General Wright from his San Francisco headquarters on April 23, 1862.[1] The General was speaking in response to hysterical charges that Confederate conspirators were plotting to take over California. Radical Unionists were demanding that the army act to suppress dissent. Wright was caught in the middle. Should he arrest all suspected traitors and turn California into a garrison state, or should he pursue a moderate course and maintain civil liberties? Few officers have faced a more crucial choice, fraught with difficulties and political turmoil at either turn.

The Civil War was raging in full fury in the East, and California, although far from the main theater of conflict, was caught up in the martial spirit. Excitement and passions ran high. A secessionist minority, strong in the southern half of the state, openly proclaimed its hostility to the federal government. Pro-Union newspapers and politicians, despite evidence that the vast majority of Californians were loyal to the Union, loudly expressed fears that a Confederate takeover was imminent. Rumors of covert activity by secret secessionist organizations, particularly in the southern counties, were rampant. The San Francisco *Alta California* (September 9, 1861) went so far as to proclaim that over 2,000 armed secessionists in Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties were poised to begin insurrection at any time. A Texas army of 14,000 was reported to be advancing on the Colorado River, and other Texas units were supposedly about to invade Sonora. Confederate armed cruisers were alleged to be operating out of Mexican west coast ports. The fact that these tales were later proved to be groundless or gross exaggerations made no difference. People read and believed them, and reacted accordingly.

There certainly was organized pro-Confederate activity in California during the Civil War years, but its extent and strength were nowhere near what was claimed by Union zealots at the time and by some recent historians and writers. It is known that at least two secret paramilitary organizations, both of them avowed supporters of the Confederate cause, existed in the state: the Knights of the Golden Circle and the Knights of the Columbian Star.[2] The main efforts of these organizations were apparently directed at recruiting for the Confederate army and helping these volunteers get to the Confederacy. It was common for the recruits to pose as miners enroute to gold diggings on the Colorado River. Although a host

Brigadier General George Wright, 1801-1865

of rumors had them ready to begin an insurrection in California, the Knights never actually struck a blow for the Confederacy. Whether or not they would have started an insurrection if Texas troops had reached and crossed the Colorado remains a matter for speculation.

The size and strength of these secret secessionist organizations have never been ascertained. Estimates run as high as 100,000 for the state as a whole, but this is most certainly a gross exaggeration.[3] A more accurate guess would be around 16,000.[4] In Southern California, with its large secessionist population, the proportion of members was most likely higher than in the northern half of the state.

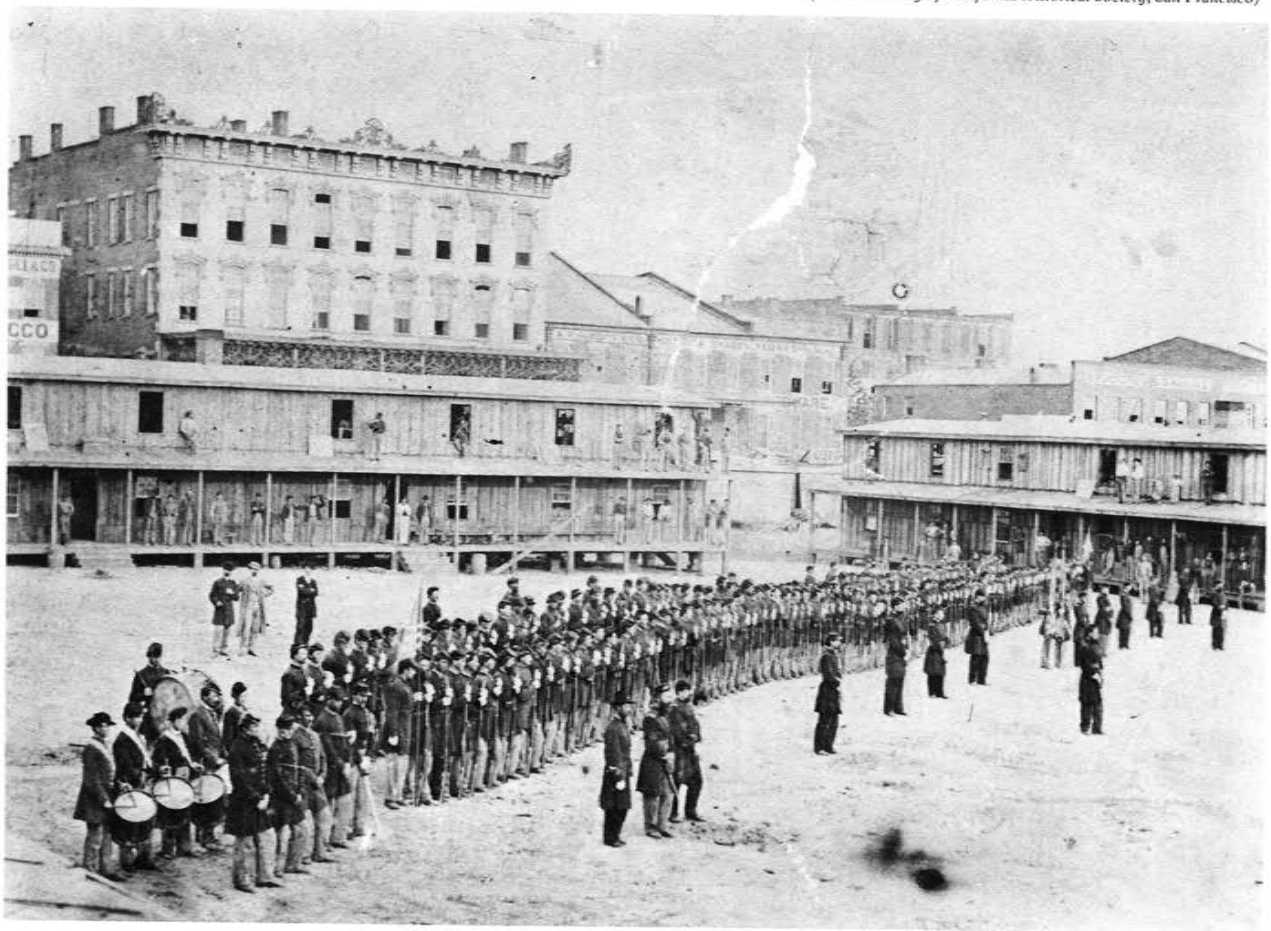
How much of a threat to Union control of California were these secret organizations? This question has long been argued by historians. Some, most notably Elijah R. Kennedy, have seen a dangerous, widespread conspiracy that narrowly missed delivering the state to the Confederacy.[5] But most historians today would probably agree with Benjamin Franklin Gilbert that "Although their size and strength were exaggerated by alarmists, the Confederates were never organized to the degree of offering real resistance to Union control."[6] However, today's rational hindsight, based on historical research and evaluation, should not blind us to the reality of California's fear-ridden and emotion-charged political climate of the 1860's. Union zealots believed in a conspiracy and played out their fears and hostilities in intemperate actions.

California of the 1860's was certainly a rich plum for the Union to hold and the Confederacy to covet. Her mineral wealth in gold and silver — the latter from the Comstock mines of Nevada but controlled by Californians and an integral part of the state's economy — surpassed the rest of the nation as a whole. During the war years 1861 through 1864 approximately $185,000,000 in California gold flowed into Union coffers to finance the war effort. Recent scholarship has revealed that this flood of mineral wealth helped significantly in maintaining the value of federal currency at a time when the nation's credit was being extended to the breaking point.[7] General Grant is alleged to have stated that he didn't know how the North could have won the war without the steady flow of California's gold and silver.[8]

Besides her mineral wealth, California contributed nearly 16,000 men to the Union army, most of them volunteers who helped hold the western territories and drove Confederate forces out of Arizona and New Mexico. About 500 served with Massachusetts units on the eastern battlefront.[9]

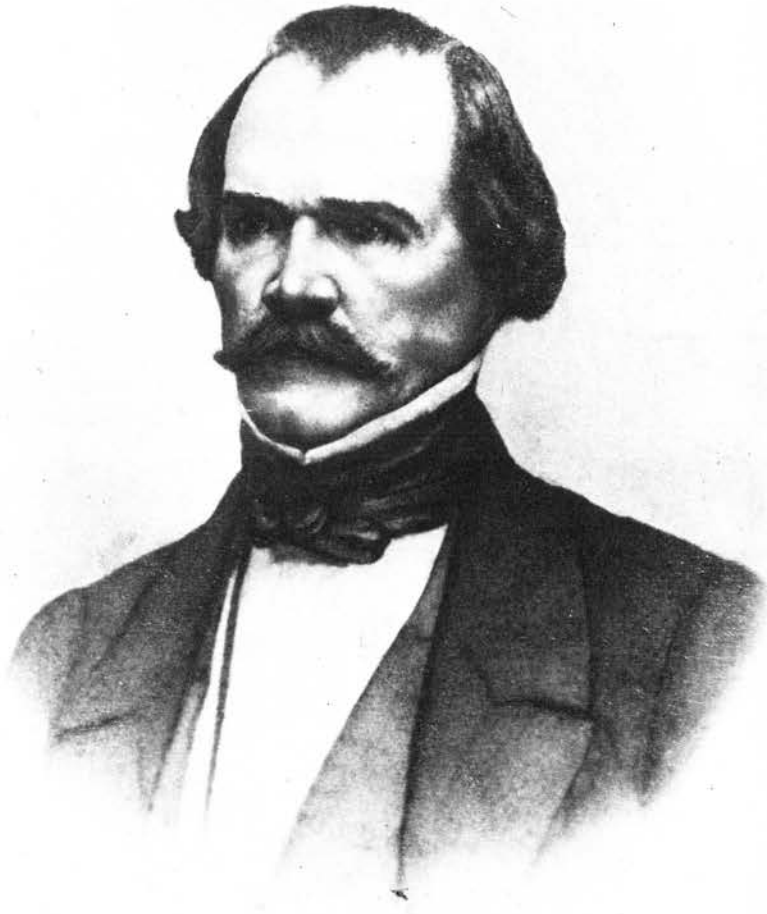
Not to be discounted was the strategic consideration of keeping California out of Confederate hands. A Southern republic stretching from Atlantic to Pacific, with full access to California's mineral wealth and

(Photo courtesy of California Historical Society, San Francisco)



Washington Square, San Francisco, 4th of July, 1862

(Photo courtesy of California Historical Society, San Francisco)



Brigadier General Albert S. Johnston, first wartime commander, Dept. of the Pacific, January-April, 1861

seaports, would gain enormous power and prestige. The benefit to Confederate finances alone would have been incalculable. It doesn't take much imagination to visualize Confederate cruisers operating out of San Francisco and San Diego, and commerce flowing into these ports, lessening the effectiveness of the Union naval blockade. It may be going too far to claim that the acquisition of California would have won the war for the Confederacy, but it is certainly safe to assume that a Union victory would have been far more difficult and costly.

Given the main responsibility of keeping California and the Far West in the Union column during the Civil War was the U.S. Army's Department of the Pacific. At war's outbreak the Military Department of the Pacific, with headquarters in San Francisco, embraced "all the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains" and between Canada and Mexico.[10] The command covered about 500,000 square miles (more than the entire Confederacy) and numbered in the beginning some 2,400 officers and men, although this number was soon augmented by several thousand volunteers. It was the responsibility of the department not only to maintain the Far West under effective Union control, but also to protect settlers and travelers from Indians, to keep the red men within prescribed reservations, and to keep white intruders out of these Indian areas.[11]

To meet the varied and far-flung challenges of this command, General Winfield Scott chose Brigadier General Albert Sidney Johnston, an efficient and highly respected officer born in Kentucky and more recently a citizen of Texas. Johnston commanded the department only from mid-January 1861 to the end of April; yet his short tenure generated controversy that was not put to rest until recent years. Probably because of his Southern background, charges were made at the time and repeated by Elijah R. Kennedy in his book *The Contest for California in 1861* (1912) that Johnston was plotting to turn the state over to the Confederacy. Johnston was certainly torn by conflicting loyalties but there is not a shred of real evidence implicating him in any conspiracy. In fact, the available evidence indicates that this duty-bound officer performed his job well and even quelled one attempt by secession sympathizers in San Francisco to seize the federal arsenal at Benicia. Modern-day historians James A. B. Scherer and Benjamin Franklin Gilbert have effectively laid the Johnston conspiracy myth to rest.[12]

Nevertheless, the rumor of Johnston's disloyalty reached Lincoln's ears and Brigadier General Edwin V. Sumner was hurried west to replace him. Johnston tendered his resignation from the army on April 9th, two weeks before Sumner's arrival. He remained at his post, however, until relieved by

General Sumner on April 25th.[13] For more than a month, torn by conflicting loyalties, Albert Sidney Johnston lived with his brother-in-law in Los Angeles. In June 1861 he cast his lot with his beloved South, journeying to Richmond to offer his services to President Jefferson Davis, an old friend. Less than a year later he would die commanding the Confederate army at Shiloh, a brave and honorable officer to the end.

General Sumner, second wartime commander of the Department of the Pacific, made a quick survey of the situation in California and was distressed with what he found. In his first report to Washington, sent the day after his arrival, he painted a grim picture: "There is a strong Union feeling with the majority of the people of this state, but the secessionists are much the most active and zealous party, which gives them more influence than they ought to have from their numbers. I have no doubt there is some deep scheming to draw California into the secession movement — in the first place as the 'Republic of the Pacific,' expecting afterwards to induce her to join the Southern Confederacy."[14] Four days later (April 30), Sumner narrowed his sights on Southern California: "I have found it necessary to withdraw the troops from Fort Mojave and place them at Los Angeles. There is more danger of disaffection at this place than any other in the state."[15]

Throughout the hectic summer of 1861 General Sumner was busy fortifying San Francisco harbor, training volunteers to protect the overland mail route and defend the state aginst a Confederate force advancing westward from Texas, and trying to ferret out suspected traitors from army ranks. But his primary worry — fed by a constant stream of letters from Unionists in Southern California — was the security of the southern half of the state. His frequent dispatches to Washington were filled with alarm over alleged secessionist schemes in that quarter.

In September 1861 Sumner, to counter the supposed Confederate threat in the southern counties, formed a new Military District of Southern California. Colonel George Wright was ordered south from Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory, to take command.[16]

Very little is known about the early life of George Wright. Army records reveal only the highlights. We learn that he was born in Norwich, Vermont on October 21, 1801 and that he graduated from West Point on July 1, 1822. The years between are a blank. As a young officer he served at the western frontier outposts of Jefferson Barracks, Missouri and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and participated in the Seminole Indian War of 1840-1842. After campaigning and receiving a wound with General Winfield Scott in the Mexican War, Wright was stationed for several years at Fort Ontario, New

York. In 1852 Wright, now a colonel, arrived in California with the 44th Infantry Regiment. For the next nine years he served in the Department of the Pacific, being assigned to frontier posts, first at Fort Reading on the upper Sacramento River, later at Fort Vancouver in Washington Territory. Most of this time he was fighting or trying to pacify hostile Indians and protect white settlers. From July 1860 until he was ordered south he served as commander of the Military District of Oregon.[17]

At the urgent call of General Sumner, Wright wasted no time moving to his new command. He arrived in Los Angeles on October 4th and a few days later was established in his new headquarters at Camp Latham, an army tent camp on the bluffs south of Ballona Creek (near present-day Culver City). Sumner's initial instructions to Wright spelled out the former's deep (and probably exaggerated) concern with disloyalty in Southern California and the Confederate threat to Arizona: "The secession party in the state numbers about 32,000 and they are very restless and zealous, which gives them great influence. They are congregating in the southern part of the state, and it is there they expect to continue their operations against the government . . . Put a stop to all demonstrations in favor of the rebel government, or against our own. You will establish a strong camp at Warner's Ranch and take measures to make Fort Yuma perfectly secure."[18] Sumner then elaborated on his order that Wright stamp out treason in Los Angeles: "You will take such measures as in your judgement will most effectively crush out this disloyalty. It has been tolerated too long already."[19]

Was Southern California really on the verge of rebellion as General Sumner implied in his dispatches? This has long been disputed by historians. Sumner did not visit the southern half of the state during his tenure as commander of the Department of the Pacific but instead relied on letters and reports from local Unionists, most of them civilians. The near-hysterical tone of most of these letters, along with the fact that most of the allegations of treasonable activity never came to pass, indicate to this writer that Southern California was not in the dire danger of insurrection as General Sumner believed.[20]

Colonel Wright did not think so either. After reviewing the situation in his district, Wright wrote to General Sumner, "The general may rest assured that the disunion feeling in this section of the State has been grossly exaggerated. . . . With the force at my disposal, this country will not be in any danger from external or internal foes."[21] Next day Wright issued an appeal "to the citizens of Southern California for their cordial assistance and co-operation in preserving their beautiful country from the horrors of

civil war."[22] The Colonel quickly achieved rapport with the citizens of Los Angeles; even Henry Hamilton of the *Los Angeles Star,* editor of an avowed Southern-leaning newspaper, approved of his actions. As long as Wright was in command no reign of terror would develop.

But Colonel Wright's tenure in Southern California did not last long. On October 20, 1861 a telegram arrived from the War Department ordering General Sumner to leave at once for the East. Wright was ordered to San Francisco, promoted to Brigadier General, and given command of the Department of the Pacific.[23]

General Wright had now reached the pinnacle of his career — military commander of all United States territory west of the Rocky Mountains, the largest military department in the nation. But he was not happy. As most career officers in time of war, he longed for a battle command. "I have served on the Pacific Coast more than nine years, six of them passed in the dark valleys of the Columbia River, or in pursuing the savage foe in the mountain vastness on the eastern borders of Oregon and Washington," he wrote General Winfield Scott, his old commander, "Under these circumstances I appeal with confidence to the General-in-Chief, and pray that I may be ordered to service in the field."[24] But such was not to be. Sixty years old now, the War Department probably considered him too old for battle command. He was destined to serve out his career — and his life — on the Pacific Coast, far from the roar of cannon and the screams of mortal combat.

But he was not spared the howl of protest from radical Unionists. A month before Wright assumed command of the Department of the Pacific, Republican Leland Stanford was elected governor. The new state legislature was overwhelmingly Unionist: of the total membership of 120 there were 95 Republicans, 14 Union Democrats and only 11 "Copperheads," or secession Democrats.[25] If there had been any slight chance of a secessionist takeover in California at war's outbreak, that opportunity was now totally gone. The state was firmly in the hands of Union supporters, and one might think that even the most determined Unionist would now breathe easily. But wartime is no time for moderation. Blood on the battlefield generates hatred in the minds of men. In times like these, cries for vengeance drown out voices of moderation. And these cries were heard in California as much as in any eastern state soiled by bloodshed. Laws were passed making it a crime to undermine the Union cause. Newspapers were banned from the mails. Loyalty oaths were required of public servants and teachers. Union zealots demanded that the army imprison every suspected secessionist.

General Wright was determined to uphold the Constitution while

insuring the security of the state. Shortly after assuming command he explained his policy in a letter to Governor Nye of Nevada Territory: "I shall not assume a threatening attitude for the purpose of warning our enemies to refrain from unlwful acts, but pursuing the even tenor of my way, ever observant of impending events, and ready at all times to enforce a due respect and observance of the Constitution and laws of the country."[26] Persons of known secessionist sentiments were not molested so long as they did not break the law. Those arrested for uttering pro-Confederate statements were released from custody upon subscribing the oath of allegiance to the United States. In this manner, numerous suspected rebel sympathizers, including Henry Hamilton, editor of the *Los Angeles Star,* and state assemblyman Edward J. C. Kewen, also of Los Angeles, were arrested but released upon taking the oath, usually within ten days. Only a few were confined as long as a month.[27]

Radical Unionist newspapers, such as the Marysville *Appeal,* the Stockton *Republican,* the San Jose *Mercury* and the Los Angeles *News* were enraged at what they felt was undue leniency toward traitors by General Wright. The *News* (April 16, 1862) expressed the tenor of Radical sentiment regarding suspected traitors and army policy toward them: "Let the traitors prate no more about free speech. If they had their just deserts, every man who aided or abetted treason, and helped to overthrow the Government, would be hung. The latitude allowed traitors has been too large, and it is high time the Government put a stop on their acts, if not their words."

Another strong critic of General Wright's leniency was Henry D. Barrows, United States Marshal for the Southern District of California. In April 1862 Barrows requested military aid "to assist me in arresting and detaining the person of A. J. King, the present Under Sheriff of this [Los Angeles] county." Barrows' complaint, and the basis for the arrest order, was that Deputy Sheriff King had "brought into this city [Los Angeles] and ostentatiously displayed before a large crowd of citizens an elegantly engraved and framed lithographic portrait, life size, of the rebel General Beauregard," and further, "in my presence has disavowed all allegiance to our National Government, at the same time proclaiming that Jeff Davis is the only constitutional government that we have."[28]

In response to Barrows' request, a detachment of cavalry arrested King at his Los Angeles Sheriff's Office and escorted him to Drum Barracks. His confinement, however, was brief; he was released after taking an oath of allegiance per General Wright's order.[29]

Henry Barrows was quite unhappy about Deputy Sheriff King's quick

release. He addressed a strong protest to General Wright, complaining that the Army's policy in regard to secessionists in California was not aggressive enough, and asked, "May not the Union citizens of this section ask that greater rigor be exercised toward secessionism, or the expression of it, in Southern California? It permeates society here among both high and low . . . Union men feel that they cannot live here if something is not done to attack and destroy secessionism here, which is strong, insidious, and specious, and far too crafty for the policy that would do nothing against it unless it be a clear case of some overt act . . . I beseech you in behalf of the handful of sincere Union men in this community to have the strings drawn tauter here on that insidious secessionism against which Union policy too often is no match."[30]

Wright was besieged with demands that he adopt a more vigorous policy to curb alleged disloyal activities. A Unionist from Vallejo expressed his anger at secessionists in his community and asked that the General "Either remove them from the loyal sod or place them within the confines of Fort Alcatraz, beneath the emblem of our beloved country — thus the air will not be polluted by the expression of their treasonable designs."[31]

In response to these pleas, and under pressure from Unionist political leaders, General Wright issued his "treason's hideous crest" directive: "Military commanders will promptly arrest and hold in custody all persons against whom the charge of aiding and abetting the rebellion can be sustained; and under no circumstances will such persons be released without first subscribing the oath of allegiance to the United States."[32] In effect, army policy remained unchanged; accused secessionists would still be set free upon taking the oath of allegiance. There would be no reign of repression in California.

General Wright did temporarily please Union zealots by cracking down on outspoken secessionist newspapers in California. There were only a handful of pro-Confederate papers in the state and they probably posed no serious threat to Union control, but these "Copperhead" sheets were violent in their denunciation of the Lincoln Administration and the Union cause, urged support of secession, and ridiculed the Union Army. Most vociferous of the Rebel newspapers was the Visalia *Equal Rights Expositor*. Among the epithets thrown at President Lincoln by the *Expositor* were "a narrow-minded bigot," "an unprincipled demagogue," "a drivelling, idiotic, imbecile creature" who "will die universally execrated."[33] Other secessionist papers in California were the Stockton *Argus*, the San Jose *Tribune*, the San Francisco *Democratic Press*, the Placerville *Mountain Democrat* and the Los Angeles *Star*, all vigorous in their verbal attacks on the Union cause.

(Photo courtesy of Huntington Library, San Marino)

Camel in front of Drum Barracks, Wilmington

Unionists found them irritating and disturbing and demanded their suppression.

On September 5, 1862 General Wright ordered that these "treasonable" sheets be denied the use of United States mails and express companies. In a dispatch to his superiors in Washington, Wright explained his action: "I have deemed it proper to prohibit the transmission through the United States mails and post offices, and express, of several newspapers published in California and Oregon. They were violent in their denunciations of the Administration, of its policy, and the war, thereby discouraging enlistments in the army. You can rest assured that I shall take no measures to disturb the quiet of this country unnecessarily; but if it becomes necessary to strike, I shall be prepared to do so effectively."[34]

General Wright's action did not go far enough to suit Union radicals. Most of the rebel newspapers were little affected by the mail ban, as their subscribers lived locally and postal service was not needed for delivery. As the secessionist press continued its attacks on the Union war effort, Unionists demanded that the papers be closed down. The Los Angeles *Semi-Weekly News* complained that "No other Government in the world

suffers itself to be misrepresented and maligned by its citizens, and it is time our Government should prove no exception."[35] But the General would go no farther than his mails restriction, evidently believing that the rebel sheets, few as they were and greatly out-voiced by the Union press, posed no real threat.

Throughout 1863 Unionist newspapers in California stepped up their criticism of General Wright. The Los Angeles *Semi-Weekly News* was outspoken in its attacks on the General, arguing that political prisoners should be punished and not allowed merely to take an oath and depart, and declaring that Union supporters had lost confidence in Wright's administration. Copperhead editors all defended the General, the *News* stated; this demonstrated his unfitness for command.[36] Some California Republican leaders condemned Wright for his "restrained suppression of Southern sympathizers" and petitioned the War Department for his removal.[37]

Wright was stung by this vituperation from ultra loyalists but refused to bend to their demands. He claimed that his policy was "fully endorsed by the sensible portion of the community . . . Were I to be guided by the dictates of the radical press I should crowd my forts with men charged with disloyalty, keep this country in constant ferment . . . These radicals seem to believe that it is my special duty to arrest every man or woman whose sentiments do not coincide exactly with the Government."[38] He wrote to his superiors in Washington that it was "necessary to be watchful, vigilant and firm; not create unnecessary alarm in the public mind by hasty and ill-advised acts, but to pursue the even tenor of my way, regardless of personal consequences."[39] He assured Washington of "the firm and unwavering fidelity to the Union and the Constitution of the people on the Pacific Coast. Although we have in our midst rebels and ardent sympathizers with the rebellion, their voices are drowned by the overwhelming majority of patriotic Union-loving citizens on this far distant shore."[40] California, obviously felt the General, was securely in the Union column.

Although hounded by zealots, General Wright did not neglect his military duties as wartime commander of the Department of the Pacific. During his three-year tenure, he oversaw the training and equipping of a steady stream of California Volunteers to defend the western states and territories against Confederates and Indians. He sent Colonel James H. Carleton and his famed California Column to rid Arizona and New Mexico of Confederate control. He battled Indian unrest in the Humboldt District of northwestern California, and proposed Santa Catalina Island as a reservation for renegade red men. He strengthened San Francisco harbor defenses against Rebel armed cruisers supposedly lurking offshore to attack the city. He

established rapport with California's three Civil War governors — John G. Downey, Leland Stanford and Frederick F. Low — that proved a model in successful military-civilian cooperation. In the words of historian Hubert Howe Bancroft, Wright's "conscientious discharge of duty in his whole department was of the greatest value to the government and the state."[41]

Nevertheless, the numerous petitions to the War Department for General Wright's removal were finally heeded. On May 21, 1864 the army announced that "Major General Irvin McDowell is, by direction of the President, assigned to the command of the Department of the Pacific; headquarters, San Francisco, Cal."[42] General Wright was relieved of command but directed to remain in the Department. The army never stated any reason for Wright's removal in favor of McDowell, and for this reason some have speculated that his age — 63 — was the deciding factor. However, the fact that Wright was demoted from his command and retained in the Department of the Pacific in a lesser capacity, rather than either transfered to another command or retired with full honors, suggests that the petitions against him by ultra-loyalists were the cause of his removal.

General Wright, in a farewell letter addressed to "Loyal Citizens of the Pacific Coast," hinted at the reason for his demotion: "Had I for a moment yielded to the insane demands of the radical press and its co-laborers, I should have filled my forts with political prisoners to gratify personal hatred, causing such an outburst of indignation at such a course as to render it almost certain that civil war and bloodshed would have followed."[43]

The radical press was glad to see the old general go. Piqued at Wright's criticism of ultra-loyalist newspapers, the *Marysville Appeal* wrote: "The old granny with patriotic buttons on his coat, who has been favored with distinction by the government out of respect for his gray hairs, publishes a farewell address to the people of this state. We are so well pleased with the announcement of his retirement that our wrath at its unwarranted language is more than appeased. His allusion to the radical press is a direct insult to every Union paper in the state, although only intended for those who have been outspoken in favor of his removal . . . But we in common with Union papers feel in good humor at the retirement of General Wright, old fuss and feathers, to be too severe. We are willing to attach all his faults to the ravages of time and not to any fault of the old man's heart. He departs and as we say good bye forever, sink all ill will and thoughts of his short comings."[44]

Major General Irvin McDowell, fresh from a series of failures on the eastern battlefronts, arrived in San Francisco via steamer on June 29th and

assumed command of the Department of the Pacific on July 1, 1864. Next day he announced a new military arrangement: the Department was divided into four districts — California, Arizona, Utah, and Oregon and Washington Territory. Brigadier General Wright was given command of the California District with headquarters in Sacramento. The appointment pleased the *Alta California*, one of the few moderate Union newspapers in the state: "The retention of General Wright in the immediate command of California is especially gratifying. His administration has been acceptable to everybody but a few political frogs, who have for some time past, been amusing the public by their grotesque efforts to swell themselves to the dimensions of the ox."[45]

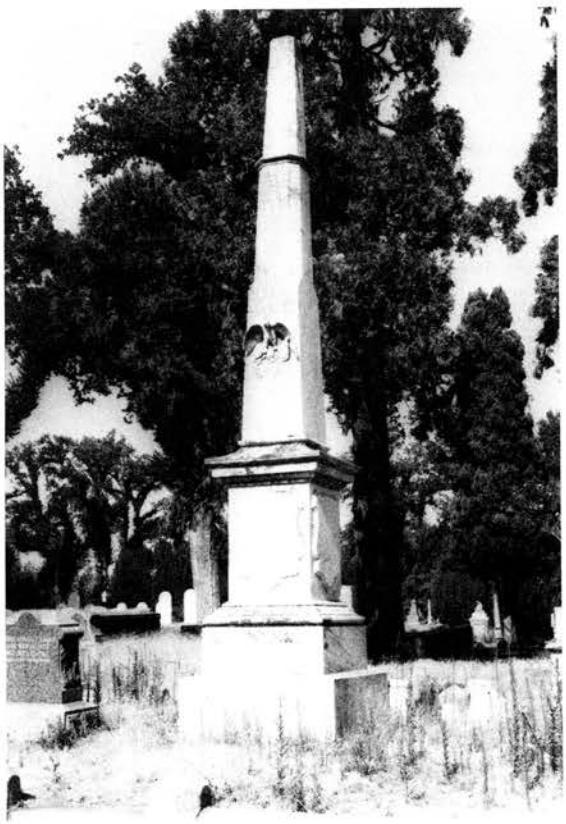
General Wright remained in California, serving under McDowell, for almost a year. In June 1865 he was assigned to command the new Department of Columbia, embracing the state of Oregon and the territories of Washington and Idaho, with headquarters at Fort Vancouver. But he never reached his new post. Enroute from San Francisco to the Columbia River, Wright, his wife, and 200 others perished in the wreck of the steamer "*Brother Jonathan*". The sidewheeler went down after striking rocks off Crescent City on July 19, 1865.[46]

Six weeks later General Wright's body was recovered near Shelter Cove, Mendocino County. Funeral services for General and Mrs. Wright were held in San Francisco on October 21, 1865. The bodies were then carried to Sacramento, where they lay in state in the senate chamber pending the military funeral several days later. California Governor Frederick F. Low eulogized the General "to whose loyalty, fidelity and military ability, the people of this State are so much indebted for the peace and good order that prevailed here during the dark days of the Republic."[47]

Bitterness on the part of radical Unionists followed the old general into the grave. In 1866 a bill was introduced in the state legislature to authorize an appropriation of $5,000 for the purpose of erecting a momument to General Wright in the state burial ground. The bill failed to carry, thanks to the tacit opposition of a number of Republican leaders. A similar bill was introduced at the next session of the legislature, but it suffered the same fate. In 1868 Judge Samuel Cross, a relative of General Wright, sponsored an act to permit him to build the monument in the state cemetery. The monument now stands in the Cross family plot at the old Sacramento City Cemetery. It was apparently erected by Judge Cross at his own expense, as there is no record of the legislature ever making the appropriation.[48] Grudges die hard.

Modern scholarship has judged General Wright in a more favorable light

and has recognized his contribution in maintaining the peace and stability of Civil War California.[49] It has become apparent to historians not blinded by the passions of the era that Wright acted with wisdom and patience in refusing to bow to radical demands. It requires little imagination to visualize the reign of terror and long-lasting bitterness that might have ensued had the Department of the Pacific been commanded by an officer with the hot-headed temperament of a Ben Butler or a Nathaniel Lyon. Although Wright cannot be credited with keeping California loyal — the overwhelming Union spirit of its citizens did that — his enlightened leadership, as much as any other single factor, preserved civil peace in this far-western outpost of the Union. The General deserves a monument larger than the one the legislature tried to deny him.



Monument to General and Mrs. Wright, Old City Cemetery, Sacramento

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The Firm of Main & Winchester, Pioneer California Saddle Makers

BY KONRAD F. SCHREIER, JR.

From the days of the '49 Gold Rush until San Francisco went up in flaming glory in 1906, the firm of Main & Winchester was a familiar and famous one. From Canada to Mexico, from the Mississippi to the Pacific and beyond, they were known for their superior saddles, harness, and other horse equipment. Even though they haven't built a tree or cut a hide since the Fire, there are still many examples of their fine work around, and a few are still being used. They are the products of two men, Charles Main and Ezra Hitchings Winchester, who made the Rush of '49, and who had the good sense to see that all the gold wasn't in the Mother Lode.

The senior partner was Charles Main. He was a native of Rochester, Massachusetts, where he lived with his mother after his father died when he was ten. His mother died when he was fifteen, and, already showing his great energy and resourcefulness, he went to Dover, New Hampshire, where he apprenticed himself to the carriage and harness-making trade. By the time he was twenty-one he was a master of the craft, and he went out on his own. He first plied his trade in Pittsburgh, and then moved back to Nashua, New Hampshire.

By 1846 Main was reckoned a master craftsman, and at that time he moved to Boston to work for M.S. Mayo's carriage and harness shop. The firm did well, due in no small part to Main's contribution of skill, and it soon

changed its named to Main & Mayo and was doing a nice business. Then the reports of gold in California began to arrive in the east.

Main was a staunch New Englander, and he resisted the gold fever which was hurrying so many men to California—at least he resisted for a while. But at last it caught up with him too — though his venture west was not to be the average '49er venture. He formed a partnership, a company of one hundred men, and they purchased the ship "Leonora" and stocked her with a cargo of general merchandise. On February 4, 1849 they sailed from Boston for Cape Horn and San Francisco. They had a good trip and five months later they cleared the Golden Gate and dropped anchor at San Francisco on July 5, 1849.

Main's company then set out to sell their ship's cargo, and it brought a good return in the merchandise-hungry market of San Francisco. They even succeeded in selling the "Leonora" on the glutted market, but for not much money.

One part of the "Leonora's" cargo which was not sold was the basic engine, boiler and other parts for a small steam boat. Some of Main's company were skilled shipwrights. After about a week in San Francisco, Charles, some of his company, and the steamboat parts all went to Benicia where they set to work. They soon completed their sidewheeler on a beach, and launched her. They named her the "New England," and she is said to have been the first sidewheel steam boat to ply the Sacramento River. Main and his companions operated the "New England" for a time, but they then determined to disband and go their separate ways, so they sold her.

Then Main yielded to the fascination of the Mother Lode, and he made his way to the South Yuba. There he engaged in placer mining for a few months, doing reasonably well, but he didn't enjoy the work. He knew he was better fitted for a business career than he was to be a miner, so he packed up and moved back to San Francisco. He felt the city held much promise for commerce, and he was determined to make his home and future there. It wasn't until this time that he finally dissolved his partnership with Mayo back in Boston, and cut his last permanent tie with the east.

The junior partner of the firm was Ezra H. Winchester, who was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1827. While he was still a child his family moved to Fall River, where he went to school. After finishing his formal education he went to work as an apprentice in his father's shop, learning the saddlery and harness trade. After mastering his craft he remained in his father's shop until the gold fever caught him too, and he determined to "see the elephant".

Winchester had saved enough out of his earnings to allow him to purchase a share in a ship bound for California, and in October of 1849 he sailed for

the land of promise. After a sluggish nine months' voyage he arrived in San Francisco in July of 1850 — a full year later than his future partner, Charles Main. After selling out his share of the ship he went to take his look at "the elephant," and then returned to San Francisco to seek a more suitable occupation. There he met a fellow-Massachusetts saddlery- and harness-maker, Charles Main.

In November of 1850 the two master craftsmen formed a partnership under the name of Main & Winchester, and they set out to fill a need. Their start was a modest one, in a building located on the south-east corner of California and Sansome Streets. The two partners were active, industrious and hard working craftsmen. They soon had the reputation of turning out a superior quality of horse equipment, and doing it in a closely attentive and courteous manner. Their enterprise was a success, and in a few years they found that they needed new and larger quarters, and they bought property on Battery Street between Sacramento and Commercial Streets. There they built a "fine brick building," and they operated from that location until the Fire of 1906. In a short time they became the largest and most important saddlery and harness-making firm in the Far West, and one of the most important in the entire United States.

The original Main & Winchester building at 214-216 Battery St. was a three-story structure, half a block deep, but as the years passed a fourth story was added, and the building deepened to a full block. Then they took over the building next door, and their address became 214-220 Battery Street.

In 1884 the facilities reached their maximum size. The main store and shops were in the four-story brick building, with a frontage of eighty feet on Battery St. and some one hundred and thirty-seven feet deep — that is, something around 40,000 square feet. They also had a foundry at Halleck and Berry Streets which was some seventy-five by a hundred feet; and they also used other premises.

Since they were enterprising New Englanders, it should come as no surprise to learn that they ran machinery in their shops with a steam engine. It is, however, most remarkable to find that as early as 1884 they also had "a large gas engine to supply some of the necessary motive power for the operations of the manufacturing machinery," according to Fred H. Hackett's *Industries of San Francisco* published in that year of 1884. That gas engine was a machine that wouldn't become common until about the time that the firm of Main & Winchester disappeared! In 1884 it was certainly a radical advance in industry.

Another idea of the size of Main & Winchester's firm may be gained from

The Main & Winchester saddlery as illustrated in the 1894 *Illustrated Directory, a Magazine of American Cities*. The firm not only occupied the building with their names on it, but also the one to its left, with the wording "Leather Department" on it.

(Photo courtesy of California State Library)

the fact that from the end of the Civil War until the Fire they employed some two hundred to two hundred and twenty-five people — clerks, salesmen, and craftsmen. Since they also bought from other makers and imported goods for sale they also provided employment for a host of other people. Their salesmen could be found wherever the legendary "drummers" wandered, seeking markets for their employer's goods. When operating at full capacity, the firm processed "2,000 sides of leather per month."

There was also a whip factory which "used expensive and modern machinery," according to the source cited earlier. Another department manufactured saddle trees, and these were justly famous for their strength and durability, and were widely used by other saddle makers.

The basic stock, located on the ground floor and basement of the Battery Street building, consisted of saddles, harness, and related horse equipment. But they also sold such accessories as "American and English lap robes," cowboy chaps, and pistol holsters and belts. They even sold the tools for the saddlery and harness-makers' trade, and the leather for them to be used on.

Of course, Main & Winchester's trade was far from limited to California. They regularly supplied goods to Canada, Mexico, Central and South America, and even as far off as China and Europe. They shipped to almost every state in the Union, and would send out their extensive catalogs to anyone in the world who asked for them, either as individual purchasers or as agents selling Main & Winchester goods. Their 1880 catalog ran to over 230 pages, and the one they put out in 1889 was over 120 pages.

Most of their business records were destroyed in the Fire of 1906, so that

the detailed history of their undertakings has to be gleaned from other sources, including their widespread catalogs, their advertising in newspapers and journals, and from published histories of other enterprises. Some of these are revealing.

In 1884, for example, they secured a contract to supply two hundred saddles for use by the Canadian North-West Mounted Police, based on the reputation they had earned from those supplied to the U.S. Army before and during the Civil War. When this contract was let, the Calgary *Herald* complained: "The Dominion government cannot but be aware of the fact that we have tradesmen in Calgary who can manufacture saddles equal to any foreign make, and we think quite as cheap. What has become of the election cry 'Canada for the Canadians'?"

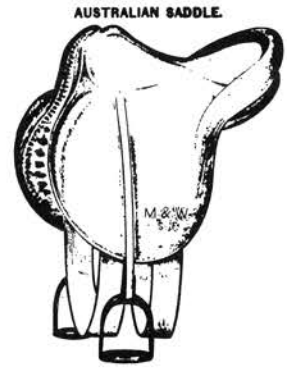
This ad from an 1862 Nevada directory shows an early view of the Main & Winchester premises which were then three stories high and consisted of but the one main building. A fourth story was later added, and the building enlarged toward the rear, as a result of Civil War sales.

In addition to the saddles and equipment supplied to General Hooker during the Civil War, Main & Winchester regularly supplied the U.S. Army with these items during the Indian War period in the west. In addition to routine items, they supplied special saddles for use by officers, pack gear for use on Army mules, and harness for wagons. Along more peaceful lines they also supplied harness for the stage lines of the west, particularly the famous Concord style harness made for this trade. They also made the tough, heavy, team harness demanded by the wagon freighters.

The so-called "western saddle" was the biggest item in their stock and

trade. They made it up in a number of styles — California, Cheyenne, Texas Ranger, Mexican, and their own "Main & Winchester" style. These were made on a number of different trees, with a variety of trims suitable to each style. They also made the famous "Australian Stock Saddle," and it is possible they created it. They exported these to Australia in substantial numbers. Also in their stock were the standard U.S. Army McClellen saddles, the Ralston, and the Kilgore saddles. They both built and imported English saddles, and of course ladies' side-saddles were a staple of their line. Specialty items were team saddles, ridden by drivers of wagon teams, and the special, light weight type of saddle used for racing.

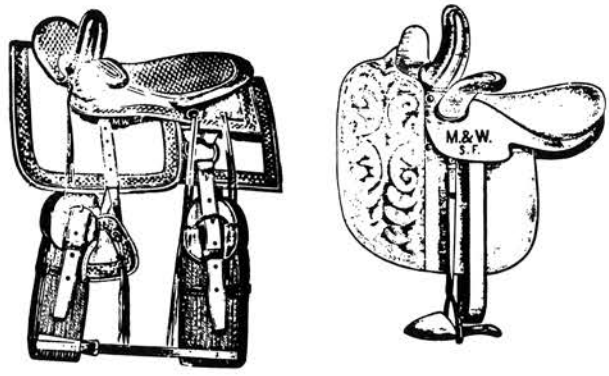
Almost any of the above could be ordered with many variations and extras, such as different kinds of leather, tooling and carving, various sitrrups, and wide varieties of trim. Since the seat of a good saddle must fit the rider, each is usually custom-built anyway, so the customer could order any variation that suited him.



The Australian saddle shown in the catalogs of the 1880's. This saddle is an odd mixture of designs, and it was possibly originated by Main & Winchester.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Sutro Library)

Prices for their merchandise can be determined from their 1889 catalog, where the retail price for their best western saddles was over $50.00, the highest being one listed as a California Single Rig (a single cinch) at $57.50.



No. 101, Cow Girl. No. 120.

"Ladies' Saddles," as Main & Winchester called their side saddles, were always an important part of their line, for in those times no respectable grown female rode astride. No. 101 Cow Girl model sold for $34.00 and the extra fancy English No. 120 brought $60.00. Side saddles were also made to sell for as low as $10.00.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Sutro Library)

Even so, a very nice saddle could be had for from thirty to forty dollars, and a serviceable one for about twenty to thirty dollars. An economy model sold for around ten dollars, and a downright stripped model for only six. However, by the time an average saddle of fair quality was fully trimmed and outfitted with stirrups, and delivered to the customer, its price would be about $40.00, adding substance to the famous old western saying, "A ten dollar horse with a forty dollar saddle."

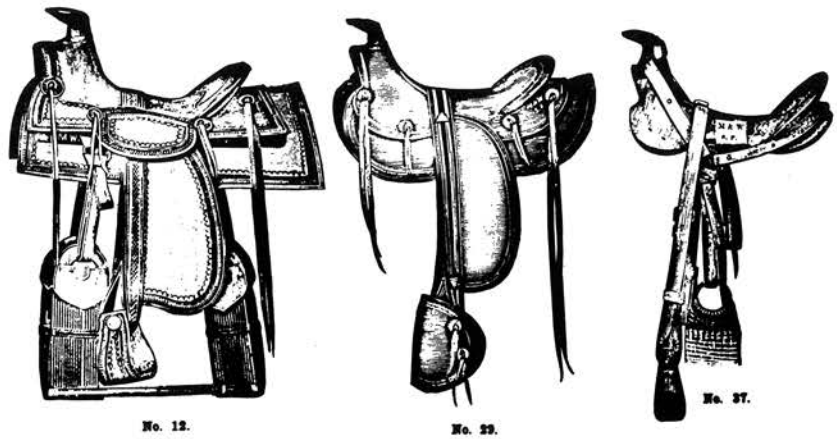
One interesting facet of horse equipment shown in the catalogs is the fact that most of the western saddles were "double rigged" for two cinches, and not "single rigged" for one. Although double rigged saddles are practically never ridden today, they are not a bad idea for rough horses like those used by working horsemen in those days, and they are both superior and safer for riding in steep country. In the old days in the west the double rigged saddle was by far the most common and popular among working horsemen.

Main & Winchester also made some of their ladies' saddles (side-saddles) with double cinch rigs, making them working style saddles, but far more of them were single rigged. In those days women never rode astride — at least not the respectable ladies who would be likely to have a Main & Winchester or similar high grade saddle — and they seldom rode spirited, or wild, unbroken horses. These ladies' saddles were made in a wide range of grades, with prices ranging from only ten to as much as sixty dollars. Finish and quality went with the price, the most expensive items, with fancy finish, being intended for jumping.

Bridles also varied considerably in quality and price, fancy ones being as high as $12.00, while regular working bridles ran from $1.50 to $5.00. Western bits were priced from $1.00 up to $22.50 for a silver-inlaid model. Spurs also commanded prices from a dollar up to more than twenty dollars for silver-inlaid styles. Another piece of horse equipment largely forgotten today was the cantena, a saddle bag which was hung on the horn or pommel of a western saddle — and these were sold in quantity by Main & Winchester, at prices ranging from four to ten dollars. Regular saddle bags which fit the cantle, or back, of a saddle were also offered at prices ranging from four to six dollars.

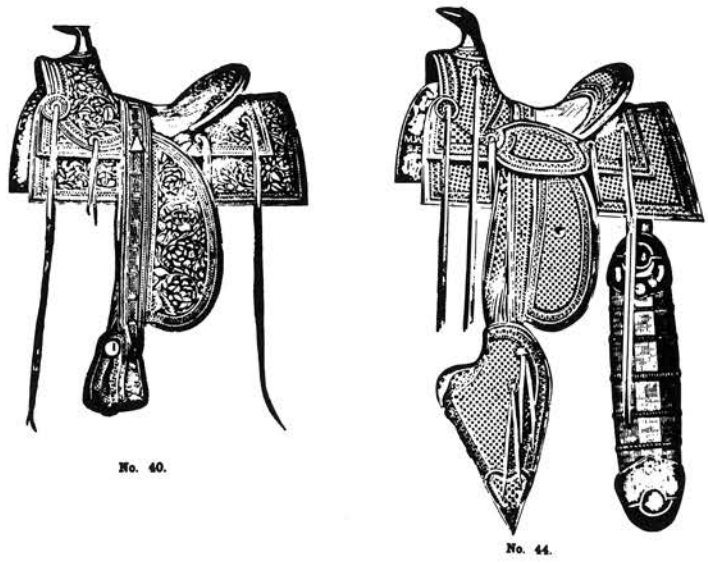
Among the most interesting and famous pieces of western horseman gear sold in large quantity were chaps — called by their California name of "chaparejos," (an American corruption of the Mexican-Spanish word "chaparreras"). These were made in three styles, the Cheyenne, the Montana, and Main & Winchester's own. Plain leather ones brought $10.00 to $14.00, but fancy seal-skin models ran from $13.50 to $20.00. They could also be purchased made of llama skin for $13.50, Angora goat for $14.00, and French goat for $16.00. The seal, llama and goat hides were all made into chaps with the hair on the outside — a style that has fallen from popularity in recent years, but which was once considered to be the very height of style in many parts of the west.

Despite the wide range of goods sold, and the wide area of the world in which Main & Winchester did business, it is a tribute to their astute and



These are the more reasonably priced Main & Winchester "California" western saddles. No. 12 cost $24.00, the single rigged No. 29 cost $20.00, and the austere No. 37 just $6.00.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Sutro Library)



These Main & Winchester "California" saddles are typical of their better western saddles. Both were cataloged as double rigged, but could also be had single rigged. No. 40 had a silver horn and cantle, and sold for $50.00 as shown, or for $57.50 with tapaderos. No. 44 cost $37.50 as shown, or $32.50 less the tapaderos.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Sutro Library)

careful dealings with the public that they received no adverse publicity in the popular press of San Francisco, and they were involved in a minimal number of lawsuits.

Most of the lawsuits involved money or goods owed to them, and seven of them, during a sixty-year period, went to the California Supreme Court for settlement, all on technical points of law which were not clarified until the Court decisions were rendered.

Charles Main had married in 1847, before he came to California, and his wife later joined him in San Francisco. They had a daughter who married a prominent San Franciscan, and their son entered the saddlery business. Although Main was not allied with any political group, he was actively pro-Union in the Civil War, and promoted the Sanitary Commission's fund drives with both energy and money. He was president of the Geary Street wire-rope cable car railroad in the late 1880's, and was also involved in San Francisco insurance, banking, and real estate companies, and was financially quite well off.

His partner Ezra H. Winchester was married in San Francisco in 1860, this union also producing a son and a daughter. Winchester was a staunch

Republican politically, so he too was a Union man during the Civil War. He invested some funds outside the firm of Main & Winchester, but was not as active in other businesses as his partner. Both were active members of the Unitarian Church, and Winchester took quite a hand in aiding the poor and needy through this affiliation. Both men subscribed to help erect the buildings of the church they attended, but these too were lost in the Fire of 1906.

In that fateful year both partners were still alive and active, Winchester being about eighty, and Main nearly ninety. Both had sons active in the business, and there was also a relative by the name of Frank Winchester, a younger man who had come to the City around the turn of the century and who was then still in his thirties. Business in 1906 was still going well, although the motor vehicle was already making inroads into it, as it was also diminishing the demand for horses.

Then came the Earthquake, the physical cause of the great Fire of 1906, which converted the heart of San Francisco into a smoking ruin, including in its destructive path the premises of Main & Winchester. All that survived was the firm's reputation, something which the preceding fifty-six years of fine workmanship could not wipe out.

In the 1907 San Francisco directory there is listed the firm of Main, Winchester & Stone at 617 Sansome Street, and in the 1908/1909 directory the same firm is shown at 251 Bush Street. Despite the fact that the firm was re-incorporated as Main & Winchester in 1908, its name does not appear again in the directories. Its workmen joined other saddlery and harness-making companies or went to other trades, for by this time the motor vehicle was finally putting the horse out of business. Whatever business there still was in supplying the horseman went to other fine California saddle and harness makers, since Main & Winchester could no longer supply the goods once they had lost their great factory. It was the end of an era, and it was the end of their era.

Today there are still some of the famous products of Main & Winchester around. They may be identified by the mark stamped on them — either in an oval design with their name and the words "San Francisco" or by the letters "M & W" stamped on the goods. The quality of the work is evident in the few surviving examples, and they are to be prized as relics of the west's most successful early manufacturers.

The Northwest Mounted Police: the Early Years

BY HARLAN THOMPSON

Western Canada was a wild, unbridled land before 1873. It was a vast undulating area of plains, forest-enclosed lakes and rushing rivers, stretching between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains. This wild country was filled with buffalo, wolves and coyotes, and peopled by buffalo hunters, trappers and explorers. These men were reckless of life; their order, their law was all too often that of the knife and the gun. These men had pushed into the Canadian west, greedy for furs, fighting over trap lines and their "take," while their predecessors, the explorers, had sought vainly for a water route to the Orient. Life and property were largely unprotected, while traders and bootleggers corrupted and robbed the Indians. Crime was rampant, and the hunter with the most scalps at his belt was the biggest man of the hour.

In 1873, ill-timed and scarcely understood by the people, the fur company that had controlled the vast, untracked areas draining into Hudson Bay for two hundred years gave up its charter and sold its interests to the Canadian government, leaving the latter in sole possession of the tractless land.

Eastern Canadian attention was soon focused on the crime and lawlessness rampant in the west. Such news reports as these captured wide attention:

Thirty Helpless Indians Encamped in the Cypress Hills
Massacred by Whisky-runners.

(or)

Rum-runners Murder Twenty Indians
at Juncture of Bow and Belly Rivers
in the Foothills of Rocky Mountains.

Such dispatches confirmed the state of affairs already reported by Captain W. F. (later Sir William) Butler, then of the 69th Regiment, in his superb book, *The Great Lone Land.* He had been sent out by Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona), with instructions "to report on the whole question of the existing state of affairs in the North West Territory, and to state your views on what may be necessary to be done in the interests of peace and order."

The Dominion government, painfully recalling the first Riel rebellion of 1870, realized that action must be taken at once. Colonel Robertson-Ross, then the commanding officer of the militia of Canada, was summoned, and he too was commissioned to go west and report. His findings confirmed those of Butler — "there was need for 'mounted rifleman' at several points all over the west." The die was cast. Such a force would at once be organized.

The honor of organizing the corps fell to Sir John A. Macdonald, who was Prime Minister when the Butler and Robertson-Ross reports were received in Ottawa. On May 3, 1873, he introduced a bill to establish a Mounted Police Force. It was adopted by Parliament on May 20, and the organization of the mobile force was on its way.

The young men recruited for the police force were required to be of good health, able to ride, between the ages of eighteen and forty, and able to read and write in either English or French. They were to be mounted on horses and dressed in scarlet, so as to be visible even at a distance to those in distress.

Foremost in the recruitment campaign stood Colonel G. A. French, destined to become the first Commissioner, serving from 1874 to 1876. He was a trained Imperial Army officer, and was familiar with the crests of the Old Line regiments. He is credited with responsibility for the motto of the North West Mounted Police, "Maintiens le Droit," as well as for the crest, a

(Photo courtesy of Mrs. J. Crowe and the Misses Pinkham, Calgary)

James Farquarson Macleod.
Taken between 1856 and 1860, shows the future Commissioner as a young man, posing on the steps of Kingston Military College.

buffalo head, chosen in part no doubt because of the prevalence of these animals in the region the men were to serve.

The origin of the scarlet tunic is interesting. It was during the Oregon Boundary dispute of 1845-46 that troops were sent out from England to cope with a threatened war, which fortunately was forestalled by the signing of the Oregon Treaty. This force of three companies of good soldiers, exemplary in conduct but lively in temperament, entered into the social life of the forts. They became fast friends of the toqued French-Canadian trappers and the buckskinclad pioneers, and a strong bond of friendship rose between them, extending even to the outposts of the civilized Canadian world. These troops wore red coats, and from then on the western Indians also came to respect that color. To them it stood for the two most important and admired things in their lives, bravery and fairness. Small wonder, then, that when the "Mounties" were formed it was recommended by Colonel Robertson-Ross that the scarlet tunic should be adopted. (This color also had the advantage of great visibility, as has already been mentioned.)

In October 1873, under the leadership of Colonel G. A. French, the first units of the North West Mounted Police, Divisions A, B, and C, fifty men each, were formed. [Modern reference books usually refer to the Force, as it came to be called, by its present name, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, thus avoiding the problem of whether North West should be spelled as two words, or as North-west, or as Northwest, all three spellings being found in various books. The spelling adopted in this article, North West, though at variance with most modern reference works, is the one nearly always found in contemporary (1870's and 1880's) documents, reports, photographs and the like. Ed.]

The men making up these three Divisions were a motley crew, recruited from all walks of life — bank clerks, tradesmen, farmers, druggists, and furriers. Backed by what little training had been given them, they set out for the west by the Dawson route, bound for Fort Garry, later to become known as Winnipeg, Manitoba. From this nucleus of men would emerge the hard-riding "Mounties," held in respect throughout the border plains, where they would bring law and order, and speak for the "Great White Mother" in Ottawa. Often outnumbered fifty to one by hostile Indians, they would nevertheless control them and protect them from the demoralizing rum-runners of both Canada and the United States.

It was a bold undertaking, and one of the prized pages of Canada's history, written by these men who, on the day of their enlistment, took the following solemn oath:

We, whose names are herewith subscribed, declare that we have taken an Oath of Allegiance to the Sovereign, and we do hereby severally voluntarily agree to and with the Commissioner of Police, to serve in the Mounted Police Force established for service in the North West Territories, under the provisions of the Act of Parliament of Canada 30 Victoria, Chapter 35; that such service shall be for three years, and we will not leave the Force or withdraw from our duties unless dismissed or discharged therefrom, nor, after the expiration of the said three years, until we shall have given six months notice in writing to the Commissioner; that during such service we will well and faithfully, diligently and impartially, execute and perform such duties as may from time to time be allotted to us, and submit to such penalties as may at any time be imposed on us by law, and will well and truly obey and perform all lawful orders and instructions given to or imposed on us; that we will take care of and protect all articles of public property which shall from time to time be entrusted to us; and make good all deficiencies and damages occurring to such property while in our possession or care, except through fair wear and tear, or unavoidable accident.

Divisions A, B, and C wintered at Lower Fort Garry — which still stands, just nineteen miles south of Winnipeg — and in the spring of 1874 marched south to Emerson to meet Divisions D, E, and F, which had come west by train through the northern United States. It was at this point that the doughty Colonel French staged a formal parade of his men, and suggested that those of faint heart might apply for discharge, which would be granted. Only a few applied for release and the others braced themselves for what was ahead, the stern discipline of the school of the wilderness that would instill in them that peculiar characteristic of the "Mountie," that power to survive and work to advantage under all sorts of primitive conditions.

The first challenge was not long in coming, for on the night of June 20 a savage storm struck the camp, stampeding the horses in wild pandemonium, sending them breaking from their tethers to scatter across the prairie. Many disappeared forever; the balance were rounded up from as far as fifty miles away.

Their horses restored to the troop, the long western march, famous in history, began. The troops with their equipment, carts, mowing machines, oxen, and milk cows made a motley appearance. Not so the men. "Mounties," as always, were well mounted. The horses of each troop were matched in color and smartly caparisoned.

Two miles west of Emerson the real march began. There were no trails. It was a trackless land they plunged into, encountering rivers and marshes, eating what they could, often drinking muddied or impure water. Oxen and horses often fell dead from fatigue and lack of food. But nothing stopped the troops.

Among these recruits was a man who was to play a valiant role in the western push. He was Major J. M. Walsh. He recruited men and trained them in horsemanship at Lower Fort Garry, and he led one of the Divisions on the march west. When the fodder for their stock ran out, it was he who led a party with the weaker animals to the Sweet Grass Hills.

When the main body of the men reached the first foothills of the Rockies a site was selected and Fort Macleod was started. This served as camp headquarters until more permanent buildings could be erected later. From here officers rode out to police the Blood Indians on their reserve, and to establish order along a north-south rum-runner route known as the Whoop-up Trail.

But the ever-pressing lawlessness of the whisky traders from the Cypress Hills, some two hundred miles to the east, could not be ignored. Here was an area, just a day's ride north of the U.S. border, that cried out for help. Major Walsh, with his established record, was the logical man for the job. A fort must be built in that area, and the region policed.

(Photo courtesy of Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary)

Main Street of Fort Macleod about 1879.
This fort was built by and named for Lt. Col. Macleod. Built originally on an island in the Old Man River, as shown here, it was later transferred to the mainland. The fort still stands, but is used today as a museum.

This hostile country, in what is now the border between southern Alberta and Saskatchewan, did not exactly welcome Major Walsh when with thirty men he arrived from Fort Macleod. The Indians were surprised to see a long wagon train and a string of riders in their scarlet tunics toil slowly across the prairie. Their surprise mounted as a log stockade arose, 300 feet square, with bastions at its four corners and a tall staff from which floated the British flag. It was no accident that this fort was erected in the fertile Battle Creek Valley, on the Fort Benton road from the "States," and just two and a half miles from the site of the 1873 Cypress Hills massacre, which had been the principal cause for the founding of the "Mounties" in May of that same year.

Major Walsh's quarters were on the east side of the fort, near the main gate. Then came the officers' quarters, and those of the troops. Beyond that were the shops, the bakery, and the guard rooms. The stables were on the west side. In the center stood a sun-dial, and meteorological observations were recorded each day at noon.

The mess-hall, where the men of B Troop ate, was about 50 x 60 feet. The dishes were of tin, and the knives and forks were of unbreakable iron. The troop divided up the work of preparing the meals, which consisted of buffalo, venison, beans, hard-tack, apples, and more beans. Tea and coffee were also in adequate supply. Heavy blankets were issued to the men, but they made their own mattresses which, though lumpy at first, improved with age as the hay they were stuffed with turned to chaff. Police clothing was practical and warm, consisting of the present double-breasted buffalo short-coats, buffalo caps and mittens, blanket leggings, nick-named "chapps," and moccasins.

Shops sprang up around the fort, as traders moved in. The T. C. Powers Company and the I. G. Baker firm set up posts, and in 1878 and 1879 over 20,000 buffalo robes were exchanged for merchandise. The monthly payment of treaty money was the big day at the fort. When this was doled out the Indians whooped it up through the valley, requiring the restraining hand of the Force.

As with all frontier areas, "characters" sprang up. There was always the guy who insisted his lariat "was short on one end." Another story is about a zealous father who was anxious that his son be educated in the school that was soon established at the fort. But the boy had other ideas. The father led his son to within a mile or so of the school house. There the boy balked. The parent went on alone to meet the teacher, who asked him several questions; among them he asked, "How far is your son advanced?" "Oh," came the father's reply, "about a mile and a half back in the woods."

Then there was "Four Jack" Bob, who got his monicker by betting heavily on four jacks in a poker game. Flushed with impending success, he bet all of his cash, and then, as the bidding went higher, finally bet his two six-horse teams and his freight wagon. Of course his opponent held a royal flush, but ever after that Bob had his nick-name.

Around the fort when Major Walsh and his contingent arrived lived about 500 Cree Indians. A few English families, such as the Allens and the Grahams, moved into the area; and it is interesting to note that among the officers of the Force was a Francis Dickens, son of the novelist Charles Dickens. By 1877 there were eighty-nine officers and fifty-five horses stationed at Fort Walsh.

Social activities seemed to lighten the grimmer aspects of law enforcement for the men stationed at the fort. Dances were formed, and tennis and cricket matches held. There were pony races and field sports, and in 1880 the first Masonic banquet ever held in the west was the big event of the season.

From this fort law and order were established, backed up by the "Mounties." For them it was hard, taxing, dangerous work, but it was carried out with faithfulness to duty and with quiet bravery. One particularly hazardous expedition of Major Walsh was reported by him in three, terse sentences:

> After leaving Fort Walsh at dusk, and travelling a distance of thirty-five miles during the night, we entered the hostile camp at dawn and arrested thirteen of the ring-leaders of the disturbance before any resistance could be organized. I had the prisoners rushed to a nearby hill where I ordered breakfast served to the men. We then proceeded to Fort Walsh where the prisoners were tried and sentenced.

What Major Walsh's report did not cover was the fact that this exploit was spread far and wide over the plains, on both sides of the border, and was heralded for "line-of-duty" bravery so common among the North West Mounted Police.

But life was not always grim at Fort Walsh. Many humorous events occurred. At one time a young cow was killed by the Crees near the fort. The meat was cut into strips, "cooked," and eaten. It was estimated by the amused men of the Force that each Indian ate twenty pounds of meat in twenty-four hours.

After the Custer Massacre, and the killing of the General, some five thousand Indians, under the wily Sitting Bull and his sub-chiefs Sweet Bird and Spotted Eagle, fled across the border and settled around Fort Walsh. They were about as welcome as the hives, and were a constant worry to the Force. Walsh warned them that "the Queen's law" must be obeyed, but

(Photo courtesy of Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary)

General View of Fort Macleod.
This picture shows the fort surrounded by the "town" after removal to the mainland. Compare these neat homes and service buildings with the rough-hewn log houses in the picture taken in the 1870's.

(Photo courtesy of Steele & Co., Winnipeg)

View of the Barracks of Fort Macleod.
This view of the Mounted Police barracks is dated 1898, and shows evidence of permanent construction on the mainland beside the Old Man River.

after what had happened at the Little Big Horn there was a real peril for the small force of "Mounties."

On one occasion a group of restless Sioux were skulking in some bushes along a hillside. The Inspector and a detachment of soldiers rode out to investigate. They were wearing blue coats over their scarlet tunics, and at the sight of the hated blue — the American soldiers' color — the Indians' rifles went up. But one officer, sensing trouble, quickly threw back his coat to reveal the scarlet tunic beneath. The rifles were quickly lowered.

In 1877 Fort Walsh was spotlighted in an international incident. The Terry Commission, under the American General Alfred H. Terry, met at Fort Walsh in an effort to induce the Sioux to return to their own country. The Commission's hearings were of such import to the news of the day that some New York reporters were sent out to cover them, and they procured the services of a noted frontiersman, Johnny J. Healy, to carry their dispatches three hundred and forty miles to Helena, Montana, in forty-three hours.

The officers from "the States" had come to parley with Sitting Bull, But the sulky old chief had other ideas, and it was with extreme difficulty that he was finally induced to meet with them. Entering the conference room, Sitting Bull and his chiefs cordially shook hands with the Mounted Police officers, but pointedly ignored General Terry and his staff. Then General Terry spoke, while Sitting Bull sat by in quiet disdain: "If you will return to your homeland and surrender, we will give you land and cattle. We will give you a reservation and there will be no reprisal for what you have done."

The old chief did not speak for some time. He stared out of the window and across the rolling hills. Finally he stirred and said, "The Long Knives have used us badly for sixty-four years." He paused to scan the officers' faces, and then went on, "They have stained the grass with our blood . . . " His eyes grew small, and he drew his blanket around him. "I could tell you more, but that is all I will say." The chief grew silent and immovable. The conference had failed. But later on the whole band, much to Superintendent Walsh's relief, departed for the United States.

But now the action shifts to the tortuous Whoop-up Trail from Montana through what is now Alberta to the banks of the Old Man River. Here, just thirty miles west of today's Lethbridge, came James Farquarson Macleod with one hundred and fifty men. He followed the trail from the Sweet Grass Hills, through Whisky Gap, past Fort Whoop-up, to the Old Man River. Here Colonel Macleod, who was called by the Indians Stum-ach-so-to-kan, meaning Buffalo Head, built the fort named in his honor, and one that still stands; but though it was originally built on a small island for security

reasons, it now stands on the mainland, beside the river.

Colonel Macleod was a Scotsman from the Isle of Skye. Born in 1838, he moved to Ontario in early life, and it was here, later on, that he studied law, being admitted to the bar in 1880. Before this, however, in 1873, he had applied for, and placed third on the roll of, the newly organized North West Mounted Police.

Now, at Fort Macleod, the actual building of the fort occupied all of his time. Speed was necessary, and the action of policing the area had to be organized at once. War parties were common. Proud Indians of the Blackfeet and Blood tribes travelled on raids on foot, expecting to take horses from the enemy for their return trip. Up to this time they had withstood the fur companies and the free trappers, but the coming of the brigandage of the whisky traders, with its murder and robbery, left them disorganized and sullenly helpless. Into this maelstrom of violence Colonel Macleod plunged headlong.

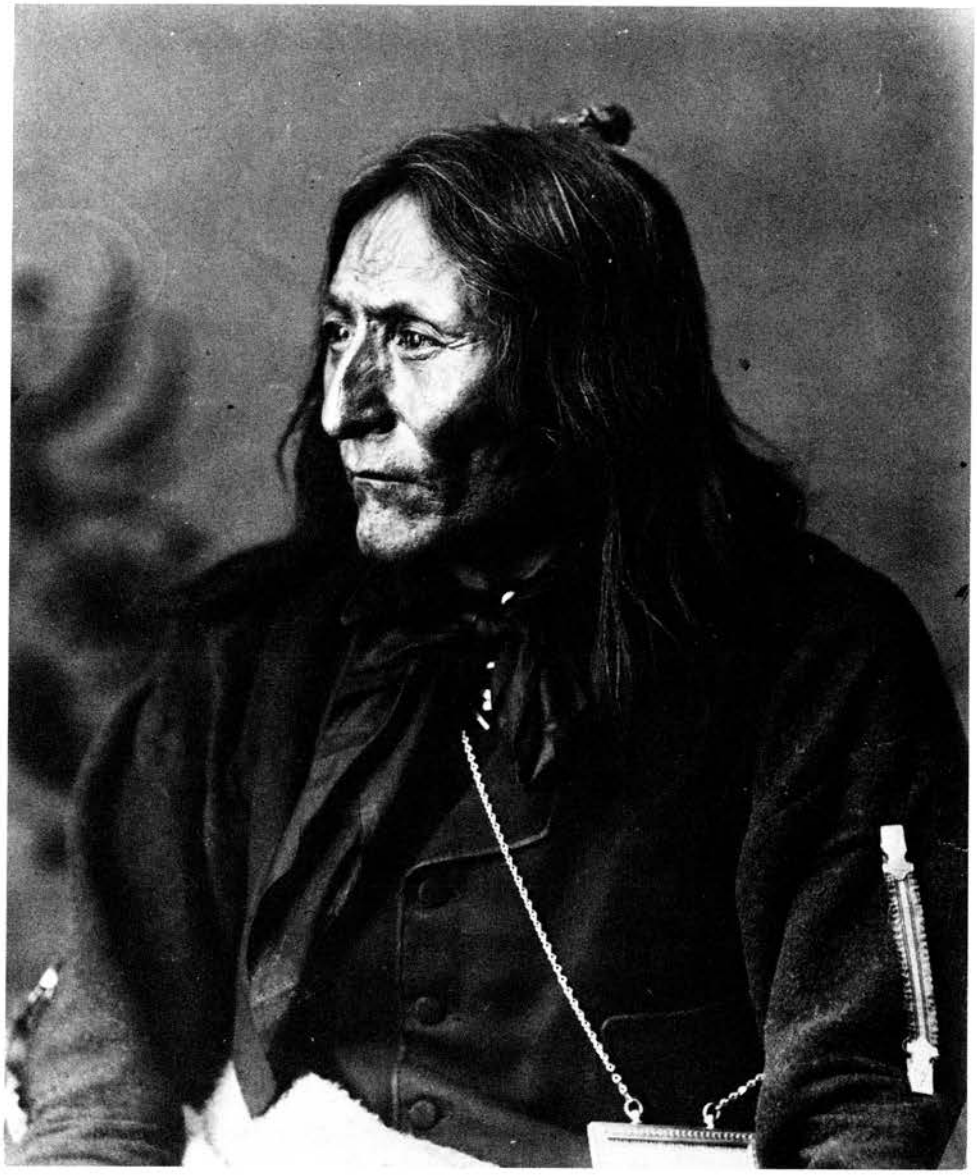
He built a shelter for the horses first, for it was fall, and winter pressed close. The fort was built after the pattern of the one at Battle Creek Valley. Once the fort was established, the policing of the wide and rolling prairie was commenced, bringing the "Great White Mother's" law to this remote land.

Gradually the Blackfeet and the Bloods grew to appreciate the efforts of the "Mounties" in their behalf. They refused to join Sitting Bull's victorious four thousand warriors after the massacre of the Little Big Horn. They turned a deaf ear to the old warrior's blandishments and promises of wiping out the American cavalry and later the entire western white settlements.

Much of this Indian friendship was due to Colonel Macleod's meeting with the great Indian chief, Crowfoot, of the Blackfeet tribe. On December 1, 1874, Chief Crowfoot arrived at Ford Macleod to meet with Macleod, who then had the title of Assistant Commissioner. Upon this meeting hung the peace and well-being of this part of the Canadian West. The two men parleyed and met again many times thereafter, becoming fast friends. At length, in 1879, a solemn treaty, known as Treaty Number Seven, was formulated. When Crowfoot, clad in beaded buckskin and carrying an eagle feather to denote his rank, signed the treaty he said, "I have been the first to sign. I shall be the last to break." It is to his credit that the Blackfeet never broke the treaty, and it still stands today.

The authority of the "Mounties" of Fort Macleod, and elsewhere, cannot be better exemplified than by an incident witnessed by this writer one day in the early nineteen hundreds, which involved the single-handed taking of a murderer. It was shortly before noon. A crisp sun glistened over the snowy

(Photo courtesy of Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary)



Crowfoot, Head Chief of the Blackfeet Indians.
Wise and friendly, this Indian aided Lt. Col. Macleod in formulating and signing Treaty Number Seven, which brought peace to much of the Canadian prairie, and is still in force today.

landscape. Suddenly from across the snow-clad plains came a lone rider, his scarlet coat a spot of authority in the sunlight, his Stetson riding on an erect head.

He rode straight to the flap of a certain teepee, where friends of the wanted Indian closely surrounded and protected him. The "Mountie" stopped his horse and got off. He dropped his reins, ground-tying his mount. He strode to the teepee and reached for the flap.

He could hear grunts from the circle of young braves, but no one moved. Then a gutteral sign went around, but again no one moved.

He pulled the flap aside and entered, all in one swift, knowing motion of one on familiar ground. No one moved.

This man was backed by the forces of the "Great White Mother," and the Indians knew it. He emerged with handcuffs on the brave.

"Horse . . . ?" he asked.

Out of nowhere came a pony, a pinto cayuse with the Blood Indian brand, B 108, on its right thigh. The officer motioned the handcuffed brave to mount. With one lithe motion the accused leaped astride his horse, and with hand-cuffed hands gathered up the reins.

Still no one moved.

The officer strode to his own horse, mounted, and then swerving down grasped the lead rope of the brave's horse. He turned slowly, with no hesitation, and rode away.

Thirty braves could have stopped him. Thirty tomahawks at their belts could have killed him. But thirty braves stood silent before this lone rider, backed by the Queen's forces, and backed up too by the scarlet tunic he wore, a symbol to these Indians of bravery and fair play. So they stood silently by while the officer started his horse, and with his man rode slowly across the snow, single-file for headquarters at Fort Macleod.

Time has made changes in the Force as the decades have passed. Today we seldom see arrests such as the "Mountie" managed so cooly, but basically the Force remains the same. Time and experience have proved that it richly merited the honor bestowed upon the Force by His Majesty Edward VII in 1904, when he gave his personal recognition of the splendid services the police had rendered, as set forth in the following terms:

> His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to confer the title of "Royal" upon the North West Mounted Police.

Thus they became known as the Royal North West Mounted Police, a title they held until 1920, when they became the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the title by which they are known today.

The above paragraphs have traced the progress of the "Mounties," the route taken by Colonel G. A. French from Emerson to the Sweet Grass Hills, and a second route taken by Colonel James F. Macleod from the Sweet Grass Hills to Fort Macleod on the Old Man River.

There was a third and important march made by Company A, from Roche Percee to Fort Edmonton, under the leadership of Inspector W. D. Jarvis. This was to restore order in the north. From this post men would go out, often on snow-shoes or by dog team, to police the vast area of the Yukon and the North West Territories. Their responsibility at first was mainly in the latter region, when in 1870 Great Britain transferred to Canada the adjacent territories, then known as Rupert's Land; later, in 1880, they added the Islands of the North American archipelago, when these islands also were turned over to the Dominion of Canada. Here once more, though policing this vast area required the men to cover half a million square miles, the Force was equal to the task.

(Photo courtesy of Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary)

Fort Walsh, Saskatchewan, 1878.
The circular tents in the foreground are for summer training exercises. The Union Jack flies over the strongly palisaded fort in the background, bringing with it respect for the authority of the Great Queen.

But this was not all. In 1894 it was decided that the services of the Mounted Police should be extended to the Yukon. A survey was made by Inspector Charles Constantine, a compactly built, fearless man. He pushed north in the summer of 1895 and established the British Empire's most northerly post by stationing a detachment of men 1800 miles up the Yukon River. The following year the discovery of gold produced the Yukon's most historic moment. The rush was on, which culminated in the famous, or infamous, "Trail of '98" — that wild scramble over impossible terrain, under impossible conditions, for impossible wealth. With this rush, and the tens of thousands of prospectors, came hundreds of thousands of problems for the "Men in Scarlet."

Called upon to keep order, regulate sanitary conditions, bury the dead, and settle thousands of claim disputes, the Force once again rose to the occasion. Their discipline and resourcefulness earned the gratitude and esteem of frontiersmen engaged in carving out a new domain for Canada.

One of the noteworthy features of the Mounted Police in the Yukon was the patrol system. This meant that small detachments of men, with dog trains in the winter season, penetrated the remotest areas of civilization, carried the mails to isolated people, relieved distress, and generally superintended the wilderness areas. These patrols, though dangerous and filled with privation, were a commonplace with the police.

Deeds of heroism in line of duty often went unnoticed. There is, for instance, the report of the intrepid Inspector F. A. French, on patrol to apprehend some Eskimos who had purportedly killed two explorers, Radford and Street, in 1912. This patrol, ordered by the Dominion government in 1914 (it had taken that long for the news to reach the outside), covered 5000 miles and the men were often 1500 miles from even the outposts of civilization. French once wrote in his diary, "With our food gone, dogs weakened, and the men about at the end of their resources, this looks like our last patrol." Fortunately some deer came into sight and saved the expedition.

Upon arrival at their destination, the patrol found that the Eskimos had acted in self defence under extreme provocation, and no arrests were made. But the lesson was made clear to all; human life under police protection was sacred.

Another patrol of even more hazardous proportions was that made by Inspector La Nauze. Reports reached Commissioner Perry at Regina that two priests, Fathers Rouvier and Le Roux, who had penetrated the Great Bear Lake country two years before, were missing. It was reported that some of their effects had been seen in the possession of Indians.

The Commissioner immediately selected Inspector La Nauze to go in search of the missing men and to find out the particulars, and if foul play had been done, to make arrests. The Commissioner's terse directive to La Nauze is enlightening: "I rely on you to carry out this patrol with certainty and dispatch."

La Nauze carried out the patrol as a matter of course, though it meant 3000 miles of travel, most of it through deadly Arctic cold. It meant obtaining evidence of the murder of the priests by two Eskimos, Sinnisiak and Uluksuk, a search for them over Arctic ice and through driving snow storms, their arrest by a handful of "Mounties" in the midst of a hundred or more of the murderers' friends, and finally bringing them to Calgary for trial. Of little moment was the judicial verdict: "Guilty, with strong recommendation for mercy."

These Eskimos were simple-minded as children, and they confessed openly that they had killed the priests only because they had considered it necessary to save themselves from a hazardous trip that would have meant starvation and certain death. It was a trip intended by the priests, ignorant of the rigors of the Arctic winter. The judges concurred in the verdict of the jury. The King, through his representatives in Canada, commuted the sentence from death to life imprisonment among their own people. Translated this meant that they could be returned to the north and kept under police surveillance until the whole subject of the power of British law where human life was concerned would be borne in upon all of the Eskimos.

Another phase not to be passed off lightly was the complete incorruptibility of the Mounted Police in the face of ever-present temptation. The gold taken out of the Yukon had to be converted to ingots and these ingots taken "outside." Gold escorts were formed by the "Mounties," and it was said that they had more gold in their charge and under more difficult circumstances than any men ever had in any country of the world. Four men took at least five tons of ingots down the Yukon each trip, 2000 miles through wilderness by steamer to the ocean, and finally delivered their charge to Seattle, another 2000 miles, without a hitch or a loss. And the men doing this served for one dollar and twenty five cents a day.

T. Morris Longstreth, in his stirring book *The Silent Force,* best sums up this renowned body of dedicated men. In it he reminds us that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police filled the duties of pioneer, safeguard, and friend; that the Force was greater than its parts because it consisted of the present, plus the spirit of those who had gone before; that in their shirt sleeves these men were such as one would meet any place, but in uniform

the Force was as invincible as flesh and blood can be.

The horse era of the North West Mounted Police has largely gone; but in the performance of its duties it has often been found that the horse still steps in where Nature holds man-in-machine in a tight and helpless grip. "Mountie" and horse still go, at times, where a car cannot.

But how has time dealt with the old forts? Recently Fort Walsh has been rebuilt, among the green hills of Battle Creek Valley. An ancient cemetery parallels the trail that lies just to the north of the fort. In it lies the body of Graburn, the first recruit to meet a violent death, murdered by Star Child, an Indian. Others lie here too, men who met death in countless ways, but all in the best tradition of performance of duty within the Force. Sad as it is to regard these graves, one can be comforted by the knowledge that these men helped to make the West a place of safety. They carved out a great record for those who follow to emulate.

Fort Macleod too has been reconstructed, and it is now a museum, overlooking the site of old Fort Macleod surrounded by the singing water of the Old Man River. It too serves as a constant reminder of that intrepid half-breed scout, Jerry Potts, the man with the sixth sense, who served the Force so well; and also of Colonel Macleod and his friendship with Crowfoot, and the signing of that most enduring document, Treaty Number Seven, that saved many lives and prevented bloody wars between settler and Indian in the Canadian West.

What of the "Man in Scarlet" in the modern world? Research shows that he has adapted quickly and completely. The RCMP crime laboratories at Rockcliffe and Regina rate with the best in the world, and can hold their own with anything that Scotland Yard, the French Surete, or the American FBI can accomplish. The "Mountie" has largely given up his horse for the car or plane. And today he uses radio and modern police methods to apprehend the guilty, and he has access to crime methods in modern laboratories.

But with all of this, justice and fairness to all remained the *sine qua non* of the men who wear the scarlet of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police of today — for such has been their tradition, such is their legacy.

New Light on Peter Lebec

BY WALT WHEELOCK

There are probably few individuals in history about whom less is known than Peter Lebec. We do not know who he was, nor whence he came; we know nothing of his appearance, his age, the country of his birth, or even the language that he spoke. We know nothing about him whatever except the manner, the place and the date of his death." With these words Raymund F. Wood begins his book, *The Life and Death of Peter Lebec,* the only full length study ever published of this mythical character who was "killed by a X bear" on October 17, 1837, and whose remains now repose underneath an oak tree on the parade grounds of old Fort Tejon, where he had been buried by his companions.[1]

Wood goes on to enumerate in some detail the reports of travellers who passed this way, always commenting on and wondering about this strange marking on this old oak. He tells the story of one group, the Foxtail Rangers of Bakersfield, who attempted to explore further and to discover what might lie behind the inscription on the oak tree. In 1890 they exhumed the body of Peter Lebec,* to prove that there was really a grave there, not just a memorial.

*While the only documentary information we have spells the name as "Lebeck," we have used here the commonly accepted form of "Lebec."

In addition to detailing the reports of the various visitors to Lebec's grave, Wood examines several theories that have been advanced to account for the existence of this man in a Mexican province in 1837, buried with English wording over his grave. He inclines finally to the belief that Lebec was a Hudson's Bay Company trapper, since this seems a logical explanation of most of the factors of time, language, and reasonable cause for his presence in the region. In doing this he followed the most commonly accepted lore that had already appeared in print, in earlier accounts of this marker on the tree. However, writing in 1953, he was unable to take into account some very definite factors which had not yet appeared in published books. These more recent factors now militate against his conclusion that Peter Lebec had been a trapper on a Hudson's Bay expedition in the year of 1837.

It will be the purpose of this paper to point out these new facts, and to suggest an altogether different background from which Peter Lebec more likely may have originated.

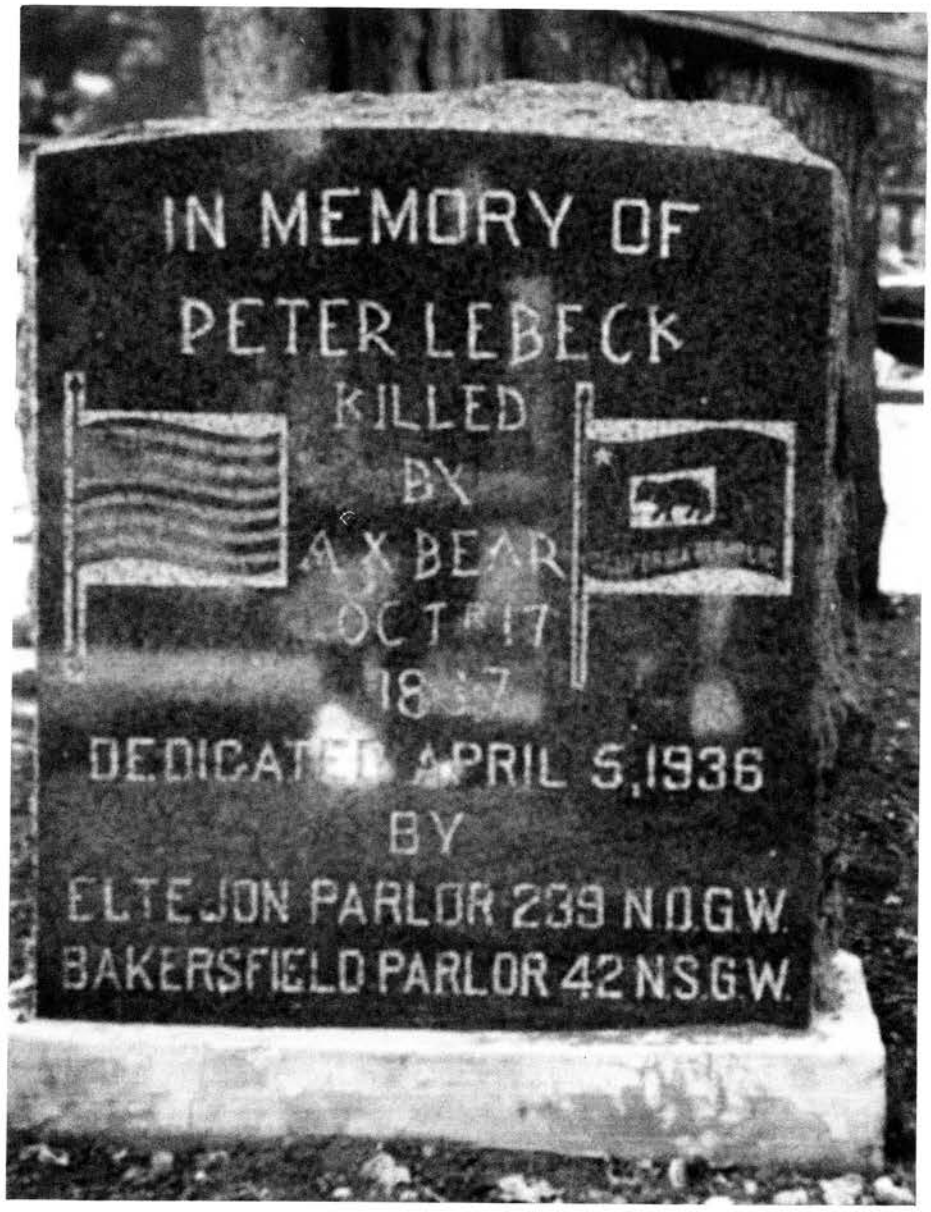
I

Visitors to Lebec's Grave

The grave of Peter Lebeck — Lebeck being the actual spelling of the name in the inscription over his grave — has attracted the attention of visitors almost from the time of the interment in 1837. Less than five years later an unidentified traveler passed through Grapevine Canyon in 1842. His account did not appear in print until more than a score of years later, in the Kern *County Weekly Courier,* July 11, 1874.[2] His memory of his 1842 trip seems to have been accurate, as he wrote, "On an oak tree, about thirty inches in diameter, standing on the verge of the parade ground (of Fort Tejon, which was built in 1854), may be seen, now nearly grown over by bark, through which letters can still be distinctly traced, the following inscription, neatly carved in capital letters, as follows:

I H S
PETER
LEBECK
KILLED
BY
A X BEAR
OCT 17 1837

"At the time these words were carved," continues the unknown writer in the *Courier,* "the tree was probably not more than half the size it is now, and


IN MEMORY OF
PETER LEBECK
KILLED
BY
A GRIZZLY BEAR
OCT 17
18 87
DEDICATED APRIL 5, 1936
BY
ELTEJON PARLOR 239 N.D.G.W.
BAKERSFIELD PARLOR 42 N.S.G.W.

the man whose fate is commemorated was probably buried at its foot. It is an object of melancholy interest to visitors to this pleasant spot . . . "

This article fails to identify the writer, but he is said to have been "a citizen of Los Angeles County in 1842."[3] This article describes the situation pretty much as it was in 1842, but it is not a verbatim report, as he mentions the Fort Tejon parade ground, which was not established until twelve years later. Still, it is the earliest report we have, and it indicates that the place was already an object of interest.

The next recorded visitors were men of the Mormon Battalion, who passed by here on Saturday, July 31, 1847, while on their way from Los Angeles to Sacramento, where they were disbanded. At least three of the men kept diaries, and each reported the discovery of the tree with its inscription. One of them, Henry W. Bigler, wrote: "On July 31, in the evening, we camped in a canyon of the mountains. Here we found cut on a tree near camp the following inscription, 'Peter Lebeck, killed by a bear Oct. 17, 1837.' Nearby was the skull and bleached bones of a grizzly bear. I felt sorry for the poor man and called to mind that temples could be built and that baptism could be performed for the dead by their friends. Hence I made a note of this."[4]

From then on reports of Lebec's grave become more common. On September 29, 1853, a Pacific Railroad Survey crew camped here, and Lt. William P. Blake wrote, "While we were encamped here an unusual number of grizzly bears were seen. They frequently came to water to drink in the evening, just after sunset. One of the large oaks bears the following inscription, cut deeply into the hard wood: 'Peter le Beck, killed by a bear, Oct. 17, 1837.' A broad, flat surface was hewed upon the trunk and well smoothed off before the letters were cut. It is a durable monument."[5]

The following year a party of Southern California notables, including William A. Wallace, editor of the *Los Angeles Star,* Lt. Edward F. Beale, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and his wife, Judge Benjamin Hayes, Mayor of Los Angeles Stephen Foster, and Indian Agent Benjamin D. Wilson all camped here on June 5. Wallace later wrote, "On one of the trees is an inscription cut into the wood as follows: I.H.S. Peter Lebeck, killed by a bear, Oct. 17th, 1837. The inscription is now some four inches within the bark. Two stones and a slight elevation of earth mark his grave . . . Peter is supposed to have been a French trapper."[6]

In 1854 an event occurred which brought the grave of Lebec to the attention of a great many people, namely, the founding of Fort Tejon, on whose grounds the tree stood. In fact, when the advance party arrived on August 10, and set about to lay out sites for buildings, parade ground, etc.,

they decided that the oak tree beneath which Lebec lay buried should serve as the north corner of the parade ground, and later the hospital building was erected almost within its shadow.

Among the first officers to be appointed to the new post was a certain William F. Edgar, M.D., who was transferred to Fort Tejon from Fort Reading, near Sacramento, not long after the fort was founded. Forty years later he wrote: " . . . I was relieved from duty and ordered to join Company A of the U.S. Dragoons, for service at the Tejon Indian Reservation, near which a site for the post had already been selected." Presumably Dr. Edgar came to Fort Tejon in the fall of 1854. After commenting on the number of grizzlies to be seen at the site of the new post, he wrote, "My tent was pitched under one of those large oaks, which was hewn flat on one side; on this hewn surface was engraved the words 'I, John Beck, was killed by a bear, October 17, 1837.' I enquired of the Indians living at the mouth of the cañada, who were the only inhabitants there at that time, in regard to this matter, and got the information that, many years previously, some trappers were passing through the cañada, when seeing so many bears one of the party went off by himself in pursuit of a large grizzly and shot it under that tree, and supposing that he had killed it, went up to it, when it caught and killed him, and his companions buried him under the tree, upon which they cut his epitaph."[7]

This is the first mention of any verification of the tale of Lebec's death by natives; and since Dr. Edgar made his enquiry only seventeen years after the event it is very probable that the Indians were telling it as it happened. A twenty-year-old Indian in 1837 would have been but thirty-seven in 1854. Such an event would have been impressive to the Indian watchers, and would have been told and retold around the campfires. The strange carving on the tree would also have served to keep the story alive. The importance of this testimony should not be underrated.

In 1889 twenty-one-year-old Mary Hunter (later Mary Austin) moved to Rose Station on the El Tejon Ranch.[8] Here she felt isolated, but it was here that she first became attached to the lore of the American Indian and began to accumulate the store of legends that she was later to use in her novels. So when she wrote *The Flock*, a 1906 novel based on the Tejon Ranch, she wove into it a modified version of the Lebec saga, namely that Lebec was "heavy with wine," and that while he lay under a tree, and his camp-mates were away hunting, "a bear came down out of the oak and partly devoured him."[9]

It may have been that, in the intervening fifty-two years, the story had been improved upon around the Indian campfires; and it is equally likely

that the "improvement" may have been added by Mary Austin herself, something she often did in her novels. Nevertheless, it is a plausible tale, for when the body was later dug up, as will be told later, several extremities were missing. As for the other factor in this version, that Lebec was "heavy with wine," El Tejon lies at the head of the Cañada de las Uvas (Grapevine Canyon), and it seems quite likely that, with the dried grapes still on the vines that fall, a French-based group could have quickly produced a rough but potent wine.

In addition to the Indians' memories, a second tangible piece of evidence about Peter Lebec came to light in 1889. A group of Bakersfield lovers of the outdoors, calling themselves the Foxtail Rangers, chanced to have a picnic at the then abandoned site of old Fort Tejon. Some of the children of the party, climbing about among the oak trees, accidentally ripped off a piece of bark, which they showed to their parents. Here, readable in reverse, was the lettering which had been carved into the tree in 1837. The bark had slowly grown over the old slash, made a half century before, and in so doing had crept into the spaces of the carved-out lettering. When this was carefully removed, the reversed letters appear in relief on the smooth inner bark. (This piece of bark has been preserved, and may be seen today in the museum at Fort Tejon State Historical Park).

The Foxtail Rangers decided to come back the following year, having in the meantime received permission from the land owner, General Edward F. Beale, to dig around the base of the tree to see if there really was a body there, or if the inscription was merely a memorial. In mid-July of 1890 the rangers again went to old Fort Tejon, and with some ceremony exhumed the body of a man, about six feet tall, whose right forearm, left hand, and both feet were missing. Medical men among the party took careful measurements, and photographs were made of the remains. Finally the body was reverently reinterred in the same spot. There was now no doubt that a man had been killed, partly devoured, and then buried by his companions. Since the inscription on the tree, only a few feet away, gave his name and the date of the event, the existence and death of Peter Lebeck at the head of La Cañada de Las Uvas cannot be doubted.[10]

II

Identity of Peter Lebec: Some Rejected Theories

It only remains now to determine, in so far as it ever can be determined, just who was this Peter Lebec, or Lebeck, or Lebecque — for the name has

appeared in all of these forms in the literature — as well as to discover where he came from, and why he was in the Canada de las Uvas, in what was later to become Kern County, in 1837. Several theories have been advanced to answer these questions, most only casually derived, others fanciful.

In his book, *The Life and Death of Peter Lebec*, Wood has examined several of these theories in detail. It will suffice here only to summarize them, since he wisely rejects them as being at least unproven, if not unbelievable. The most fanciful was one published in the *Bakersfield Morning Echo*, May 8, 1921, with the title "The Valley of the Clouds: the Story of the Life and Love-tales of Lt. Pierre Lebecque . . . "; this story makes him a French Infantry lieutenant and a close friend of Napoleon. The somewhat lengthy tale has Lebec leaving Napoleon in his exile on St. Helena (1815-1821) and slipping away to America with the express purpose of finding a safe hideaway, should Napoleon be able to escape from St. Helena as he had once escaped from Elba. Lebec then traveled from Panama, through Mexico, to the Province of California, seeking an ideal spot, which he believed he had found near Lake Castaic. But with Napoleon's death in 1821 Lebec felt he no longer had a mission in life. He remained in California and settled close to Lake Castaic, where the community of Lebec is now located. In later years, while hunting in the region, he was killed by a bear, and his sorrowing friends and neighbors buried him nearby.

Unfortunately for the plausibility of this narrative, no foreigner, especially an officer of a foreign army, could have traveled in or through Mexico during these years without building up a massive dossier of passports, visas, *boletos*, *cartas de seguridad* (surety bonds), and similar documents, sufficient to provide considerable research material for future historians. No such dossier on a Lieutenant Pierre Lebecque (or variant forms) has ever been located in Mexican or California archives.

Another bit of local folklore cited by Wood makes Peter Lebec out to be a resident of the newly-formed Republic of Texas about 1836. Deciding that his instant republic might possibly be duplicated in California, he came west, hoping to arouse the mountain Indians to join with him. His death at the hands, or paws, of a bear ended this adventure.[11]

Finally Wood cites the tale told by Mary Austin in her novel *Isidro*. While her reference to Peter Lebec in *The Flock* is plausible, in this novel she dips into fantasy. Peter Lebecque is now an old man, weary with trapping, who makes for himself a squalid hut of twigs in the "Cañada de las Viñas," where he lives with an Indian woman, Juana the Silent. Presumably he was able to

make a rough wine from the grapes in nearby Grapevine Canyon, since Mary Austin tells us that on one occasion he "drained the bottle . . . and stumbled off to drunken slumber." Since this is a purely fictitious novel, Miss Austin makes no attempt to substantiate her material. Into the story wander a pair of charming lovers, a kindly old padre who is able to return to his beloved mission, and a long-suffering comandante who at long last receives his retirement papers and will now be able to return to his native village. After tying up many loose ends, and having no longer any use for poor Peter, the novelist says "he took to wandering again, and was killed by a bear under an oak in the canon of El Tejon, in 1835 [sic], and was buried there."[12]

Having rejected all of the above explanations of Lebec's origin and reason for being in El Tejon on that fateful day in October of 1837, Wood then examines the commonly held theory that Peter Lebec was a member of one of the Hudson's Bay Company's bands of trappers. This, he alleges, would account for the Indians' recollections of a "party of trappers," and would also account for the epitaph being composed in English, the official language of the Company. But this theory depends on one rather tenuous premise — that the fur brigade of trappers that annually left from Fort Vancouver during the middle 1830's to trap for beaver in "Los Tulares" in the San Joaquin Valley did actually reach El Tejon in that year of 1837.

Michel La Framboise was frequently the leader of these brigades, and Wood in his 1954 work takes it for granted that La Framboise and his band of 27 men, who certainly did leave Fort Vancouver on August 1, 1837, were able to reach the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley (Kern County) by October of that year, in time for one of his trappers to be killed and buried on October 17.

However, Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., working in the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company in London, a number of years after Wood's book was written, found that La Framboise never did reach the southern end of the Valley in that year of 1837. In an article which Nunis subsequently wrote for the series *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West*, entitled "Michel Laframboise," he wrote, "Setting out from the Columbia on August 1, 1837, Laframboise and the Southern Party reached the 'Buenaventure (Sacramento) Valley' on November 15, their travel 'greatly protracted by the weak and reduced state of their horses' . . . " Nunis continues, "The party selected a campsite 'south of the confluence of the Feather and Buenaventura Rivers' where they camped for the winter.'[13] This seems to make quite clear that the Hudson's Bay Company trappers were not in the Tejon region at any time in that autumn.

At the time of Nunis' work in London, at the request of the present author he checked out the employment records of the Company, and he is positive that no such name as Lebec or any variant of it has ever appeared on the records.[14]

So we must conclude that the Peter Lebeck who was killed in the Tejon in October of 1837 was definitely not a Hudson's Bay Company trapper or employee.

III

Lebec as a Member of the Chalifoux Gang

It seems that we must look elsewhere for a reasonable source for an Anglicized-French surnamed adventurer to be in the canyons of El Tejon in that year of 1837. Looking to the east instead of to the north, we find that bands of men who would fit our requirement were somewhat active in southern California in this period, namely, the "Chaguanosos." Bancroft writes of them: "Farther south troubles were chiefly with Indians from abroad, the Chaguanosos [Shawnees] from the New Mexican regions. Their operations hardly belong to the topic of Indian affairs at all. They were ostensibly traders, under Canadian chiefs, and in league with roving bands of trappers. They were well armed, ready for any kind of profitable adventure or speculation, and rendered service on several occasions to the abajeños . . . but they allowed nothing to interfere long or seriously with their regular business of stealing horses, in the prosecution of which they employed both gentiles and neophytes."[15]

To appreciate the political status of Alta California at this period, it must be understood that almost from the time of the founding of the presidios at San Diego and Monterey in 1769-1770, there had been conflicts between the abajeños and the arribeños (southerners and northerners). This was aggravated in 1825 when Governor Echeandía moved the capital from Monterey to San Diego. Even after it was returned to Monterey, the feeling of conflict was to continue.[16]

In addition to this conflict, a clash between California and Mother Mexico arose after the War of Mexican Independence in 1822. After numerous attempts to form a stable government, a strong "federalist" type of state had been formed in Mexico in 1824. But all government offices were filled by appointees from Mexico City, who knew little and cared less for the welfare of the distant province of California. This situation reached a climax in 1836, when Juan Bautista Alvarado and the arribeños of Monterey

rose up against Echeandía (now serving a second term as Governor) and shipped him and his supporting officers off to San Blas in November, 1836. The abajeños proclaimed in support of the ousted Governor and the Supreme Government, especially after Alvarado in the North declared in favor of an independent California. Tensions increased, and an armed conflict between the arribeños and abajeños was imminent. The odds appeared to be in favor of the northerners, as they had the power of the remnant of the army, as well as that of a group of American riflemen under Isaac Graham. But now a third factor appeared, in the person of Jean-Baptiste Chalifoux, captain of a group of the aforementioned Chaguanosos, who were to take an active part in the conflicts between these two factions, and afterwards were to move north, into the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley in 1837.

Prior to 1969 the activities of Chalifoux were not well documented, though his name was fairly well known to scholars; but in that year Janet Lecompte, of Colorado Springs, provided us with a biography of Chalifoux, published in Volume 7 of *Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West*, edited by LeRoy R. Hafen and published by Arthur H. Clark.[17] In her article in this volume Ms. Lecompte traces the birth and early life of Jean-Baptiste Chalifoux and tells of his part in these sectional conflicts in California, and then goes on to relate his raiding activities around the site of Lebec's grave.

Jean-Baptiste Chalifoux was undoubtedly born in French Canada. While there seems to be no record of his birth, we do know that his brother Pierre was born near Quebec, so probably Jean-Baptiste was also from that province. Family stories place his birth date either in 1791 or 1792, and his descendents in Colorado today sign their names as "Charilifou," "Charlefoux," and "Charlefous," while a Mexican record has it in the Spanish phonetic form of "Shalfu."

Little is known of Jean-Baptiste's early years, at least nothing that is documented. Family tradition places him with a party of two hundred French trappers who left Quebec in 1812 to trap as far west as the Pacific. But it appears that they only reached as far west as present Wyoming, ending in a region of hot springs (Yellowstone?). They then turned southward, finally reaching New Mexico where many of them wed Indian women and settled down, more or less.

We do know, from Ms. Lecompte's research, that both Jean-Baptiste and his brother Pierre hired on as trappers in an expedition to the Gila, under James Baird. The party left El Paso in late October of 1826, but Baird was soon taken ill and returned to El Paso to die. The rest of the party continued west to the neighborhood of Tucson, and then started to return to El Paso.

While in Chihuahua they were arrested and confined in the Janos Presidio until they were able to account for their possession of Baird's livestock.[18]

In 1829, in the settlement of the affairs of Sylvestre Pratte (who had died October 1, 1827), a note was found signed by "Btes Chalefours," for $60.00, payable to Pratte — but where, when, and for what is not stated.

In 1835, traveling an old trapper's trail along Willow Creek between New Mexico and the Green River, he left the inscription "B. Chalifou" carved on a streamside rock. Whether he was on his way to trap and/or to trade with the Utes, or was on his way over the Old Spanish Trail to southern California we do not know, but in January of 1837 he was definitely in Los Angeles.

Returning now to Alvarado's abovementioned attempt to form a California Republic, we find that he had gathered together in Monterey a small army of arribeños and Graham's riflemen, and announced that he was coming to Los Angeles to establish his control over the rebellious southerners. Feeling that they would be no match for Graham's sharpshooters, the Los Angeles *ayuntamiento* commissioned one of their members, Antonio María Osio, to attempt to recruit the services of "Monsier Chalifu" and his forty "Shauanoos" to join in repelling Alvarado. Having no funds, Osio was able to offer them only a promise of unlimited beaver hunting on all of the California rivers and such rations as they could forage.

On January 21, 1837, the two forces met near Mission San Fernando, and Alvarado demanded their surrender. As to what happened next, our two authorities differ. Lecompte writes: "Instantly the Spanish troops surrendered and dispersed, leaving Chalifoux and his Indians to return to the mountains and use their new dispensation to trap, or to continue the buying and stealing of horses."[19]

However, Bancroft states: " . . . he [Alvarado] brought the matter to a close on the 21st by sending a message to Sepúlveda that if San Fernando was not surrendered on the messenger's return he would take it by force. The order was obeyed at once, Rocha [an Angeleno leader] and his men retired toward the city . . . "[20]

Each of these conflicting authorities cites the same document, a manuscript *Historia de California* that Osio wrote and is now in the Bancroft library. However, we must here fault Lecompte, especially for her use of the term "Spanish troops." This event was fifteen years after Mexican Independence and there were certainly no Spanish troops in Alta California. It seems more probable, from the detailed account Bancroft gives us, that his version of the story of the non-battle of San Fernando is correct.

Bancroft continues his narrative by saying that Alvarado followed Rocha to Los Angeles and entered the city, probably on January 23. After many a conference and discussion with the *ayuntamiento* a deal, known as the "Plan of Los Angeles," was drawn up, and Alvarado headed north again. This plan called for a later conference to settle differences, but actually it was almost meaningless rhetoric, and Los Angeles was left in the control of the local authorities. And, as Janet Lecompte puts it," . . . Chalifoux and his Indians returned to the mountains . . . "

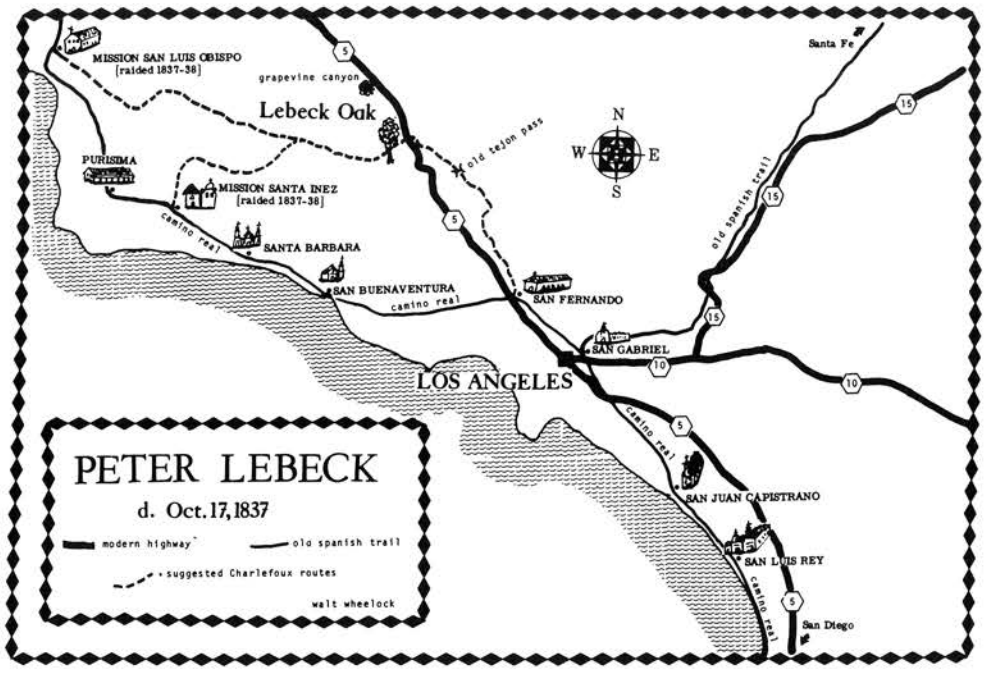
But by May of this same year tensions were growing once more. In addition to Osio and Pico in Los Angeles, Juan Bandini of San Diego entered the fray and plotted to attempt a counter-revolution. In furtherance of this plan, Augustin Janssens was chosen to solicit once more the aid of the Chaguanosos. The reason for selecting Janssens for this task was that he was French speaking, as the Mexicans believed, erroneously as will be shown later on, that Chalifoux did not speak either Spanish or English. At any rate Janssens did meet with Chalifoux in a mountain retreat, and the latter was delighted to join once more with the established Mexican government in putting down Alvarado's revolution. Twenty-five men were promised, and under the leadership of Captain Chalifoux they accompanied Janssens back to Los Angeles. The group then set off for San Diego to notify the partisans there of their plans to unseat Alvarado. On the way the Chaguanosos bought some aguardiente and more than half of them became thoroughly drunk and arrived in San Diego in two carts.

Here they found they would have more than the help of Juan Bandini and his little group.[21] Returning from Baja California at this time were Captains Portilla and Zamorano, who had been expelled along with Governor Echeandía, ready and eager to be leaders in the reconquest of Alta California. To add some legal power to this group, Captain Andres Castillero also arrived in San Diego, bearing the constitutional laws of December 29, 1836, which had replaced the Constitution of 1824; and the little army of 120 men began the northward march on June 10. They encountered Alvarado's forces near Rancho Santa Ana. As they saw the enemy ahead, the captain of the southern forces shouted "Fire, and to your lances!" and the eager Chaguanosos prepared to charge. But the arribeños under Captain José Castro fled in disorder, leaving behind guns, baggage, and anything else that might hinder their flight.

By June 12 the little army arrived in Los Angeles and summoned a meeting of the *ayuntamiento*, where Castillero administered the oath of allegiance to the Supreme Government. Bandini's lancers and Chalifoux' riflemen rallied at San Fernando, eager to march on to Santa Barbara

whither Alvarado's troops had fled. But as usual in all of California's civil mini-wars, actual fighting was not to take place.[22] On July 4 Alvarado agreed to support the new constitution. The Californians returned to their pueblos and ranchos, and for them the event was over.

Although Chalifoux had agreed to fight Alvarado's forces only for rations, when it became clear that he and his Chaguanosos were one of the strongest forces in California, they threatened to start a revolution of their own. Alvarado at once sent them enough money to pay them off, and ordered them out of California. But now feeling secure against attack by the weak local forces, they ignored the edict and decided to remain in California, trading (stealing) horses. It is reported that they wintered in the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley, possibly in Grapevine Canyon. In October of 1837 they raided Mission Santa Inez, some seventy-five miles to the west.[23] Their route probably took them up Grapevine Canyon, passing the future site of Fort Tejon, then west past Frazier Park and Cuddy Valley. From here their route would have circled around Mt. Pinos and past Mill Potrero, then dropping into Cuyama Valley. Leaving the arroyo, an easy route would lead up Foxen Canyon, where a decade later Fremont would travel to evade a trap set for him at Gaviota Pass.



Perhaps it was on this trip, or on their return to their hideout in the hills with their herd of stolen horses, that Peter Lebec, if indeed he was a member of the gang, "drunk on red wine," became a statistic in early California history.

The Chaguanosos continued to raid California missions and ranchos. In November of the same year they raided Mission San Luis Obispo, securing some 1500 animals, which they wintered in Los Tulares before heading east to New Mexico with their plunder. They returned again in 1839-1840, but this time we have a listing of some members of the party. Apparently a great number of the party were American trappers, including such famous mountain men as Bill Williams and "Peg-leg" Smith.[24]

After this, Chalifoux settled in New Mexico, and his name appears in various accounts for the next twenty years. He died and was buried on the banks of the Huerfano River, Colorado, on December 12, 1860.[25]

IV
Conclusion

It cannot be documented with any degree of certainty that Peter Lebec was a member of the Chaguanoso gang led by Jean-Baptiste Chalifoux, but it does seem to be a reasonable assumption. Since we have positive proof that the Hudson's Bay Company brigade of 1837 did not reach the upper San Joaquin Valley that fall, and since it appears that no "Peter Lebec" was ever an employee of the Great Company, it is logical to assume that he was a member of the only other gang in California that included men with French surnames. The theory that he was a Chalifoux adherent is supported by an analysis of the activities of the Chaguanosos in the Los Angeles region in the year of 1837. They were composed of trappers and horse thieves or traders. Such a gang would seek a hideout in a place where there was plenty of grass, trees for shade and firewood, a sufficient supply of water, and where they would be isolated from the Mexican forces. All of these requirements are well supplied in the Lake Castaic area, a region that is more open than most of the narrow canyons in that part of Kern County. The gang did stage a raid on Mission Santa Inez in that fateful month of October. A natural route for the raid would have been that suggested above, which would avoid the heat of the plains and would provide water and forage enroute. The Indians with whom Dr. Edgar spoke only a few years later mentioned "some trappers." And it will also be recalled that Antonio María Osio had promised Chalifoux and his gang unlimited trapping rights in lieu of non-existent monies.

A point has been raised in objection to this — why would a group of French-Spanish trappers mark the grave of one of their number in English? But it is known that on Chalifoux' next trip to California, in 1839-1840, a large number of the party were Americans. And on the two earlier trips of which we have documentary evidence, the leaders were Americans, Baird and Pratte. Finally, in 1847 (though admittedly a decade later) Chalifoux sat on the jury in the trial of the insurgents who had killed Governor Charles Bent in the massacre at Taos. The trial was held in English, so Chalifoux must have been then reasonably fluent in that tongue. However, it is not necessary to assume that Chalifoux himself carved the inscription. Most of the trappers of that day were illiterate, and perhaps the only one among them capable of carving the lettering preferred to use English rather than French. A minor point might also be mentioned: the inscription of the date is carved using a slash-seven, a form commonly used on the Continent, rather than a seven without a slash, the common form among Anglo-American writers. Hence, the writing of the inscription in English neither supports nor discounts the presence of Frenchmen as members of the Chalifoux party.

The mystery of Peter Lebec's life and death is still unsolved. We know that he was not a member of the Hudson's Bay Company's brigade of trappers of 1837. Other stories, such as being a lieutenant of the Army of Napoleon, or an emissary of the Republic of Texas, are completely without foundation.

Probably we shall never know who he was, where he came from, or why he was buried at the head of La Cañada de las Uvas, in Mexican territory, with an English inscription over his grave. But it does seem plausible that he was a member of the Chalifoux gang of Chaguanosos, and if so he was perhaps little better than a minor member of a gang of horse-stealing outlaws, not as notorious as those of Murrieta or Vasquez, but still an integral part of the multi-faceted history of early California.

NEW LIGHT ON PETER LEBEC

[1]Wood, Raymund F., *The Life and Death of Peter Lebec.* (Fresno: Academy Library Guild, 1954), p. 11ff. An "X" bear was a common term for a grizzly, referring to diagonal markings on the back.
[2]Wood, p. 36-37, 49.
[3]Elliott, Wallace W., *History of Kern County.* (San Francisco, Elliott, 1883), p. 88.
[4]Wood, p. 77, where mention is made of "Unpublished diaries of the members of the Battalion, on file at headquarters of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah."
[5]U.S. War Dept., *Reports of Explorations and Surveys, to Ascertain the Most Practicable and Economical Route for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.* (Washington: O.A.P. Nicholson *et al.*, 1855-60). Vol. 5, Part 2, p. 47.
[6]Wood, p. 39.
[7]Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publication,* Vol. III (1893), pp. 22ff.
[8]Austin, Mary, *Earth Horizon, an Autobiography.* (Cambridge, Mass., 1932), p. 201 ff.
[9]Austin, Mary, *The Flock.* (New York, 1906), p.229.
[10]Wood, pp. 52-58.
[11]Wood, p. 13.
[12]Wood, p. 18-19, has a brief summary. The full story may be read in Mary Austin's *Isidro* (Boston: Houghton, 1905). The death of Peter Lebecque is recounted on p. 424.
[13]Nunis, Doyce B., Jr., "Michel Laframboise," in *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West.* (Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1968), Vol. 5, pp. 145-170.
[14]Nunis, personal communications with the author.
[15]Bancroft, Hubert H., *History of California.* (San Francisco: The History Company, 1886), Vol, IV, pp. 76-77.
[16]Bancroft, *op. cit.*, Volume III, Ch. XVI-XVIII, contains a very detailed account of this mini-revolution.
[17]Lecompte, Janet, "Jean-Baptiste Chalifoux," in *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade . . .* (see Note 13, above), Vol, 7, pp. 57-74. As far as can be ascertained, this is the only biography of Chalifoux in print.
[18]Strickland, Rex C., "James Baird," in *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade . . .*, Vol, 3, pp. 39-48.
[19]Lecompte, *op. cit.*, p. 66.
[20]Bancroft, *op. cit.*, Vol, III, pp. 498-99.
[21]Bancroft, Vol. III, pp. 515-523.
[22]Bancroft, Vol, III, page 499, note 30, relates that Rocha, evidently a man of sanguine temperament, when he realized that no battle was to take place at San Fernando," . . . raved like a madman, declaring that in future he would take a barber with him in his campaigns to bleed him, since it was the only way ever to see blood in California wars."
[23]Lecompte, *op. cit.*, p. 67, giving as her authority for this raid, and for one in November 1837 on Mission San Luis Obispo, an article by Eleanor Lawrence, "Horse Thieves on the Spanish Trail," *Touring Topics* (January 1931), p. 23.
[24]Lecompte, p. 68-71. See also Manuel Alvarez, Diary, 1841; Benjamin Read Collection, State Archives and Records, Santa Fe, N.M.; Hafen & Hafen, *The Old Spanish Trail* (Glendale, Calif., 1954), pp. 238-39; and Rufus Sage, *Scenes in the Rocky Mountains* (Philadelphia, 1888), p. 22.
[25]Lecompte, pp. 73-74.

Contributors

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WILLIS BLENKINSOP is a freelance magazine journalist and a researcher of western history and the outdoors. His articles have appeared in *Kiwanis Magazine*, *Southland Sunday Magazine*, *Westways*, and *Treasure Chest*, as well as in some volumes of the 10-volume series edited by LeRoy R. Hafen, *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West*. An Associate Member of the Los Angeles Corral, he makes his home in Long Beach, where he engages in research in his principal field of interest, the fur trade of the Rocky Mountains and the Southwest.

IRON EYES CODY refers to himself as a "Cherokee Indian actor, author, master of ceremonies, technical advisor, historian, and photographer." He has been in movies since 1924 ("The Iron Horse"), appearing more recently in such movies as "Sitting Bull," "A Man Called Horse," and "El Condor," which was filmed in Spain. Currently he stars in "Grey Eagle," a film without sex or violence, which he says is "his kind of film." He has also appeared many times on television, and is best remembered by TV audiences as the "Indian in the Canoe," who sheds tears over the pollution of America. He has written several books on Indian sign language, and is now working on a book of Indian legends. He has a fine library of books

about Indians, as well as Indian songs and legends. His personal museum is full of Indian artifacts and costumes, including one that was once worn by Chief Joseph, as well as one of Sitting Bull's warbonnets — both of these warriors being men who played some part in the life of General Scott, about whom Iron Eyes writes in this issue of the *Brand Book*.

RICHARD W. CUNNINGHAM was born in Missouri, but has lived in Los Angeles (except for educational, military, and travel absences) since the age of five. He saw action with the Marines in the Pacific during World War II. His present occupation is as a designer and constructor of exhibits for museums, trade shows, world fairs, and the like. His special interests are in nautical history and research, and he is a member of several maritime museums and historical societies, as well as organizations connected with exhibit design. He is also Past-President of the Southern California Chapter of the Nautical Research Guild.

KRISTINE FREDRIKSSON was born in Sweden, but educated in the U.S., obtaining her B.A. in Communications Arts from Lindenwood College, Missouri, as well as a Ph.D. in Western History from U.C. Santa Barbara. She has been connected with the TV series "Gunsmoke" for eight years, and has edited, and contributed to, the quarterly published by the South Dakota Cowboy and Western Heritage Hall of Fame, *Dakota West*. She attended a rodeo school for six years, and has been a competitor in team roping and team tying in rodeos, as well as a working cowhand on various ranches. Her other main interest is languages—she has studied thirteen of them—and she is about to start on a second doctorate, in American Frontier Literature. She is presently researching the Westermeier Papers at the University of Colorado, with a grant from the Prorodeo Hall of Champions, Colorado Springs.

JOHN PEABODY HARRINGTON, a long-time and highly valued member of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, was born in 1884 and died in 1961, at the age of 77. In 1954, while still a member of the Bureau, he began to prepare notes and text for an article or booklet on the origin of the name of the State of California, which was to have been published by the Academy Library Guild of Fresno, California. The publisher asked a friend of his, Raymund F. Wood, who had previously done some book editing for him, to prepare Harrington's manuscript for publication. Harrington agreed to this, and also agreed to give his approval to the final draft when it was mailed to him. However, under press of other duties, he postponed this approval year after year, until a serious illness in

1961 rendered it impossible for him to complete the task. Consequently the manuscript was left unpublished, copies of the pages remaining in Wood's possession following the later demise of the Academy Library Guild. After nearly two decades the final editing of these notes has been completed, and a reading version of Harrington's research is presented in this *Brand Book*. Permission for this posthumous publication has been received from the Smithsonian Institution, presently the custodian of the Harrington papers, and also from his daughter, Awona Harrington of San Diego.

ABRAHAM HOFFMAN was born in 1938 in Los Angeles. He received his B.A. and M.A. degrees at California State University at Los Angeles and his Ph.D. degree in History at UCLA. His research interests include minorities in the West with a special emphasis on Mexican immigration and repatriation, water resource development in California, and the history of Los Angeles. In 1977 he was awarded the Philip A. Danielson Second Prize Award for his presentation to the Los Angeles Corral of "The Owens Valley-Los Angeles Water Controversy—After 70 Years." A frequent contributor to *Branding Iron*, his articles have appeared in *Western Historical Quarterly, Journal of the West, Pacific Historical Review, Southern California Quarterly*, and other journals. His study of the Griffith Park fire stems from an interest in the history of recreational activities in the Southern California region and a desire to write about "earth, air, fire, and water."

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KONRAD F. SCHREIER, Jr. was born in Evanston, Illinois, and made a round trip to California every year while growing up. After serving in World War II, and completing his education, he made Los Angeles his permanent home. Until 1967 he was a research and development engineer, but in that year he found an opportunity to change a serious avocation into a full-time occupation. Since becoming a technological historian and consultant, he

has worked as a technical adviser and consultant on a half dozen motion pictures and innumerable TV shows. Besides co-authoring a half dozen TV scripts, he has written a half dozen special interest historical books, and several hundred magazine articles. His main historical interest is in America, particularly the era from 1840 to 1940, with emphasis on the West and on the practical side of life and things. The research on Main & Winchester was done in his capacity as a Research Associate with the History Division of the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History.

HARLAN H. THOMPSON was born in Kansas, and educated both in Canada and the U.S., majoring in English at U.S.C. He owns and operates the well-known "T X" ranch in Alberta, but he has also travelled extensively in the U.S., Europe, and the Orient. He has published novels about the Canadian West, as well as the California gold rush, the early rancho days of California, and Hawaii. He has also written a novel from the moving picture "Silent Running." Honors include two Literary Guild selections, a silver medal from the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, and a gold medal from the Boys Clubs of America. He makes his home in South Laguna, where he is currently working on another book about the west, as well as a modern novel with a California background.

WALT WHEELOCK, retired Glendale Police Lieutenant, has been publishing books under his own imprint of La Siesta Press for almost a score of years. His major activity has been in the fields of mountaineering, mining, and Mexico, having written books of his own on each of these subjects. He is closely associated with the Westerners, having published books by ten active or corresponding members of various corrals. Walt has been interested in the field of western explorations for many years, which led to his research on Peter Lebec. It seems likely that his theory as to Lebec's origin, *as narrated in Brand Book XVI*, will long remain unchallenged.

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, after service as an Army 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 has written much in the fields of librarianship and of California history, and has contributed to two prior *Brand Books*. He spent half a year in Spain as a Fellow of the Del Amo Foundation, and has also travelled extensively in Mexico. He is retired from his position as an Associate Dean at UCLA, and continues his research and writing on California history from his home in Encino.

Index

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