

# WESTERNERS

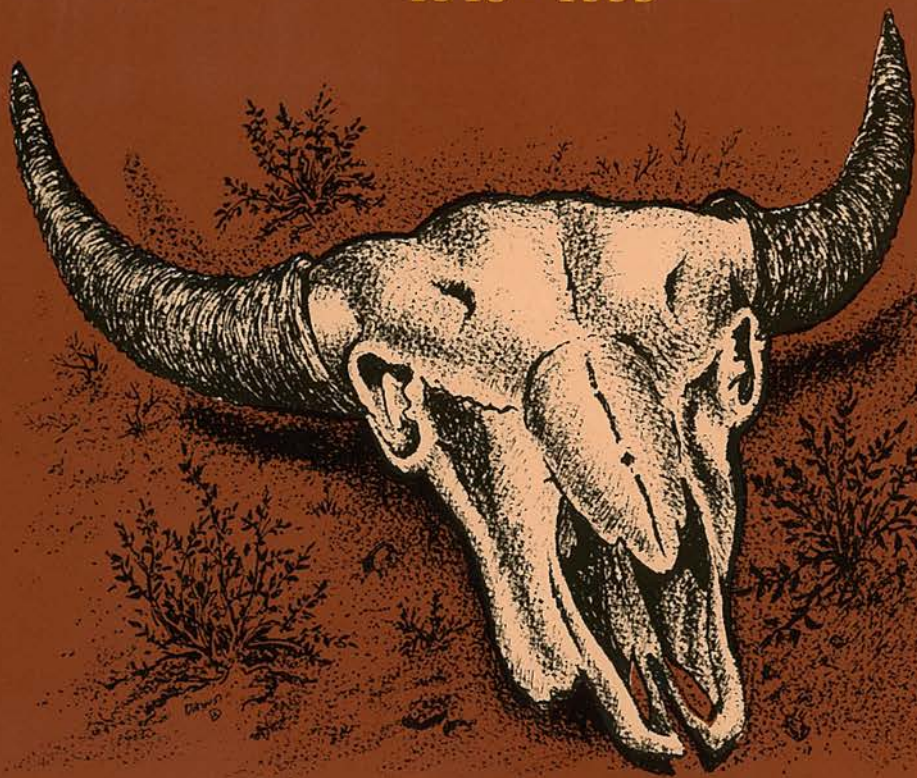
BRAND BOOK  
21

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

An Anthology of Articles  
that appeared in

THE BRANDING IRON

1948 - 1995



Selected and Prepared for publication by  
Msgr. Francis J. Weber

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that appeared in  
**THE BRANDING IRON**  
of the  
Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners  
1948–1995

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Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners  
Brand Book 21  
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## **BRAND BOOK NO. 21**

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## Preface

**A**mong the best kept secrets of the historical world is *The Branding Iron* which has been published by the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners since March of 1948. The initial issue featured articles and comments from or about such local historical luminaries as Glen Dawson, Rodman Paul, Charles Yale, Carl Dentzel and J. Gregg Layne.

An open letter from editor Dan Gann, in the issue of April, 1948, informed members of the Corral that *The Branding Iron* was "intended to draw you closer to our work and our activities here in Los Angeles." The "primary purpose" of the publication, according to Luis Perceval, was "not to entertain, but to act as a link between members."

Originally planning a monthly publication, the Corral pledged itself, with the issuance of #9, to a quarterly schedule of March, June, September and December. Since March of 1984, it has appeared in Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter. The basic format of *The Branding Iron* has remained fairly consistent over the years, with at least one feature article in each issue. Also included was a log of speakers and their topics, internal happenings of the Corral and activities of members, many of whom were outstanding professional and/or amateur historians.

The dimensions of *The Branding Iron* were determined to be 10 x 6½, with a pagination that has ranged from eight pages to as high as thirty-four. Paul Galleher commissioned John B. Goodman to design the official masthead which portrays a buffalo skull arranged above lettering reminiscent of a cowboy's rope. Two branding irons at either side spell out LAW (Los Angeles Westerners).



In March of 1961, editor Robert L. Dohrmann revised and expanded the quarterly's purpose as that of "a publishing medium for the historical articles which, because of brevity, do not lend themselves for inclusion in the *Brand Books*." During those years *The Branding Iron* published articles, mostly by Corral members, on a wide range of topics such as mining, western dress, cattle and ranching, guns, saddlery, Indians, artists, outlaws and kindred subjects.

Response and participation have varied over the past five decades. In the issue for June, 1974, the "Foreman" threatened readers that *The Branding Iron* would be "going from 16 to 8 pages" because "we have nothing else to publish at this time." Complaining that the "well is dry," he placed the blame on "a lazy bunch of Westerners" who were not providing essays. The appeal had its desired effect and *The Branding Iron* was able to maintain both the quantity and quality of its feature articles.

In 1966, the Corral published an *Index Guide. A Score of Years and Fourscore Issues* which enumerated and identified publications of the Los Angeles branch of Westerners, including *The Branding Iron*. Then, in 1985, Anna Marie and Everett Gordon Hager completed their comprehensive *Index to the Brand Book and The Branding Iron* which covered issues released between 1947 and 1983, as part of the Corral's fortieth anniversary. At that time, Sheriff Jerome R. Selmer praised *The Branding Iron* for preserving research, tales, ideas and visual images on a variety of pertinent subjects, as well as maintaining a record of Corral activities.

Early in 1996, the Trail Bosses of the Los Angeles Corral commissioned this writer to compile an anthology of the more outstanding feature articles that have appeared in *The Branding Iron* during the first half century of its existence. It was to contain a small but representative portion of the more significant essays that had graced the pages of *The Branding Iron* since 1948. In an effort to achieve equity, no author is represented by more than a single entry. For the most part, the articles appear as they were initially printed, with only a few stylistic alterations. Robert Blew participated in the selection process and Gladys Posakony read and corrected the galleys.

Since its inception, on December 19, 1946, the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners has excelled for the range and quality of its publications, the flagship of which has been and continues to be *The Branding Iron*.

Msgr. Francis J. Weber

# 1

## Western Words

by Arthur Woodward  
December, 1948

**A**fter reading Percy Bonebrake's article on the hackamore (and enjoying it) I felt the urge to sit down at the typewriter and bang out a few notes on some of the terms used in the west which came in with the Spanish horsemen. I know that what I am going to say is not new but these few paragraphs may be a refresher course to those of us who have made western history a hobby and to the tenderfoot it may be an eye opener.

Since the introduction of horse culture into the Southwest and West was primarily the work of the Spaniards, it falls quite naturally that the terms they used were also retained, albeit at times, in almost unrecognizable forms.

For example Percy's hackamore was the Spanish *jaquima* (hah-kee-mah) which in turn was derived from the Arabic. On the other hand his "macate" which he has defined as a hair rope, is the Hispanized *mecate* derived from the Aztec *mecatl*, meaning a cord or rope made out of the fibers of maguey. Generally speaking whenever we see a Spanish word or rather a Mexican word ending in *te* it is usually derived from a Hispanized Aztec word. Thus, coyote—coyotl; chocolate—chocolatl; metate—metatl, etc.

Among cow punchers the word "cavvy" or "cavvyard" meaning a herd of horses, is derived from the word *caballada* which means just that. In this case the Texans who didn't understand Spanish caught the general phonetic meaning of the word, hence the Anglicized version.

The well known "buckaroo" of our western fiction writers is of course, the Spanish *vaquero*, or literally cow man. Since the *b* and *v* in Spanish sound much alike when slurred rapidly it is no wonder that the unlettered cow boys of American ancestry slid from one to the other in their attempts to pronounce the Spanish

terms. One frequently encounters this interchange of letters in the old Spanish documents and books.

Similarly when a buckaroo spoke of eating some jerky he really meant *charque* or *charqui* (sun dried beef) and coming from the verb *charquear* to dry beef in the sun, in other words "to jerk it."

Again when a cowman spoke of his riata, he was merely contracting "lariat," which in turn was his version of *la reata* or "the rope." This was generally made of maguey fiber, or as Don Carlos Rincon Gallardo states in his book "El Charro Mexicano" (*The Mexican Horseman*): "In some regions of the country (Mexico) because of the climate they use *sogas* (also a term for rope) of raw hide, made of three or four strands." Another term which we have adopted is "lasso" from *lazo* (verb *lazar*, meaning to catch with a rope). As Don Luis G. Inclan wrote in his little book *Reglas Para Colear y Lazar* way back in 1860, when describing "Rules for Tailing and Lassoing," and referring to the *reatas*: "There are a multitude of them; but those that have acquired the most fame are the Floridenas, Palpenas, Posenas, Queretanas and above all the Sanluisenas. Their difference in quality consists in the kind of mezote (maguey plant) used, the manner in which they are twisted and the number of strands employed." Each of these terms referred to a particular locality in Mexico. Don Carlos believes that the best ones today come from the *hacienda* of Santa Ana. Other good ones are made at Tule and in Arandas de Jalisco. A "quirt" is derived from "la cuarta", meaning a short whip.

Of course "chaps" or "shaps" is merely a contraction of chaparreras which mean leg covering for use in the chaparral or thickets of thorny brambles or evergreen oaks. The word chaparra means a species of oak but has been colloquialized in Mexico and the Americas to mean any bramble thicket. Before chaps were used in Mexico there were the *defensas* or *armas*; these were made of dressed cow hide or goat skins (the latter to be worn in wet weather). These *armas* were tied to the saddle horn and the rider slipped his legs under them and then fastened them around his waist by a thin leather thong. When he dismounted he left them hanging from the saddle. Following the use of the *armas* (which are still used in the wilder parts of Mexico and Baja California as well as the Argentine) the *armitas* or little *armas* (armor) came into being. These were shorter pieces of dressed hide which were fastened to a belt and this was tied to the *vaquero's* waist. To keep them from flapping he tied the *armitas* just above the knee at the rear. This type of leg covering is known in certain parts of the United States as "chinks." Chapereras were worn in Mexico and known by that name as early as the 1840s-1850s but I do not believe they were used or known in this country until around the 1870s, perhaps later.

The word dally, meaning to take a turn of the *reata* around the horn of the saddle, is derived from the Mexican expression *dar la vuelta* or the imperative "*da la vuelta*" to take or give a turn or "give it a turn." I suspect that some Tejano heard a Mexican *vaquero* say "*Da le, da le*" (take it, take it!) during the heat of some fast bit of roping and to the Texan's ear it sounded like one word "*dale! dale!*" hence it became "dally," or "dolly welter."

On the border the word "hoosegow" became synonymous with jail house and this too is derived from a Spanish word, "*juzgado*" which may be the word "judged" but as it is used in Spanish it means a court of justice. Hence, anyone going up for sentence went to the *juzgado*. Here again the law of phonetics steps in. Spanish when spoken by certain classes is badly slurred, thus, the *d* in many words may be eliminated and the word then sounds like this *juzga'o* or if you prefer hoose-gaow.

Our term calaboose, slang for jail is of course the Spanish *calabozo*, meaning a dungeon or cell.

In Spanish California the following terms were used to describe the colors of horses. This was given by H. E. Hill of Oak Knoll in the *Daily Alta California* of February 25, 1860.

<i>blanco</i>	white
<i>prieto</i>	black (negro not being used)
<i>moro</i>	grey
<i>tordillo</i>	white with small black spots
<i>pinto</i>	calico
<i>alazan</i>	sorrel
<i>alazan tostado</i>	chestnut sorrel
<i>asaino</i>	bay
<i>bayo</i>	clay bank
<i>palomino</i>	cream colored
<i>grulla</i>	mouse colored
<i>retinto</i>	brown
<i>castano</i>	chestnut
<i>bayo blanco</i>	light cream colored
<i>canela</i>	cinnamon roan
<i>roseo</i>	strawberry roan
<i>moro prieto</i>	iron grey
<i>saunado</i>	black with white nose
<i>cuatro alba</i>	four white feet and nose
<i>poche</i>	short tailed
<i>mocho</i>	crop eared."

Of course it must be admitted that many of these translations are quite free, *grulla* for example means a certain kind of a crane and not a mouse although the bird itself is greyish blue like a mouse. *Roseo* means rosy; *bayo* inclines toward chestnut or brown, etc.

In Mexico today there are an infinite variety of color terms. I could quote you over one hundred and twenty such definitions of every possible combination of color and marking but this is not the place for it.

Now, a final term or two and I'm gonna go sit in the corner and wait for repercussions.

Everyone knows we have ranches of all kinds in the west. There are cattle ranches, hay ranches, sheep ranches, rabbit ranches, fruit ranches, chicken ranches, turkey ranches, horse ranches and dude ranches. Everyone also knows that the word is derived from *rancho* but it might surprise every rancher who has one of these places to know that the word *rancho* doesn't actually mean what he thinks it does.

Many years ago, in Spain when the crown didn't waste much money or care upon the convicts or soldiers, the ingredients for the daily stew were frequently bad or *rancio*. Out of this word came the term *rancho* denoting a mess for a group of men. The man who rustled the ingredients for the meal was the *ranchero*. In time the term *rancho* was applied to the room or place where the members of the mess gathered. The word was taken up by the herdsmen in Spain and it also went on

ship board. Today, on a Spanish vessel, the mess is the *rancho* and the steward is the *ranchero*. Hence the place where *vaqueros* might gather to eat would actually be the mess or *rancho* but not the land itself. However in Mexico and in California the word has come to mean a small farm or ranch although in Mexico proper one hears the word *hacienda*, meaning landed property, estate or wealth as being the term for large land holdings. The word *milpa* to denote a small farm or cultivated field is used in Mexico. There are other terms also in vogue in our sister republic denoting small holdings of land but we seldom hear them in the United States.

Our common word barbecue is derived from the word *barbacoa* which the Spanish picked up in Cuba enroute to Mexico in the 16th century. Originally, I believe, this was a Taino or possibly Carib Indian word as was the term *cacique* the latter meaning a chief or leader. The term *barbacoa* meant a small low platform upon which to smoke meat. The Spaniards gave an added meaning to it when they referred to the low wooden platforms used as sleeping benches by the Indians in the southern part of the United States, as *barbacoas*. So, today we have barbecues, Bar B Qs, and the BQ, all derived from the Taino or Carib word. Likewise the Spaniards took the word *cacique* with them into Mexico and later into New Mexico and Arizona and applied it to the head man of the Pueblo tribes. It stuck and in our anthropological literature it is still used. Similarly we have the Carib word for club, *macana* carried by the Spanish explorers to Mexico and thence to our own Southwest where ethnologists have applied to it the curved throwing sticks used by the Hopi and Luiseno and Diegueno Indians.

## 2

# History—and Other Damned Lies

by Lee Shippey  
June, 1950

One of the most treasured of California's legends is of El Polin, the spring on the grounds of the Presidio of San Francisco, waters of which were so enlivening that couples which had been childless for years had but to drink of them to become blessed with fertility. One doughty Don was known to be father of 36 children, and families of from 16 to 24—not counting *mestizos*—were rather common. There was such need of large families to care for the vast *ranchos* that nobody accused the ladies of that day of being overbearing, though there is ground for the suspicion that many of the fathers must have been half nuts.

There is no historic evidence, however, that Southern California ever had a spring possessed of the magic qualities ascribed to El Polin, nor is there evidence that it ever needed one. Certainly those who read Percy Bonebrake's reminiscences of Lucky Baldwin will wonder what such a man might have accomplished had he been aided by any such magic spring. According to Jimmy Swinnerton, the western artist, who is well past his 76th birthday and knew Lucky well in the days when Jimmy was a jockey, Baldwin loved to show up at swank hotels accompanied by at least six nieces, all lovely to look upon. Our own Paul Bailey, Sheriff of this Posse, has evidence that Lucky was so well aware that persons claiming to be his sons or daughters might pop up all over the map that his will provided that "any person proving descent from the said Baldwin is hereby bequeathed \$10." It is also an historic fact that we never heard of China's great problem of overpopulation till after Baldwin spent six years there.

While Percy Bonebrake has never claimed the mantle of Lucky Baldwin he has, at meetings of this Corral, given vivid descriptions of Alameda Street in the good old days when it was lined with cribs. As Percy's father was a noted pioneer banker

of Los Angeles, it may be that Percy spent most of his time in the more sinful areas of our fair city in hope of discovering and forestalling plots of bank robbery.

Similarly, it has never been officially claimed that our Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge has inherited the mantle of Charles Lummis. There is a legend that when Lummis was a youth a stranger came to his father's home, asking to see the father. No one was at home except a young girl. "If you want service from the bull or the boar," she said, "I can handle the transaction." "Nope," said the stranger. "I want to see the old man. You see, his boy Charley has got my girl Jane in trouble." "Oh, well, you will have to see the old man about that," said the girl. "I don't know what he charges for Charley." That legend, however, is absolutely false. Lummis got national publicity when he walked from Ohio to Los Angeles to become city editor of the *Los Angeles Times* and then went Western in a big way, affecting Indian ways and garments and a few squaws. He was the inspiration of the Southwest Museum but it is under the direction of Dr. Hodge that it has become the greatest treasury of facts and artifacts concerning prehistoric life in the Southwest. You need only open *Who's Who* to get the outline of the great achievements of Frederick Webb Hodge, but of course, such reports wholly omit all the choicer and juicier details.

Dr. Hodge has never been the picturesque show-off that Lummis was, but is a far greater man in every other way. And if you're stout enough to make a trip through Indian country with him or with his famous associate, Dr. Mark R. Harrington, you may learn a lot about his personal adventures, too. But you had better wait till Dr. Hodge passes 90 and slows up a bit. He is only 85 now.

Dr. Hodge and Dr. Harrington are among the foremost anthropologists and archaeologists in the world, but we doff our *sombrero* to Frank M. King as our greatest Westerner. Frank lived a lot of Southwest history and such books as his *Wranglin' the Past*, published by our own ex-Sheriff Britzman, are the most authentic eyewitness, I-done-it, I-was-there books by a notably keen cowpoke and peace officer who had to fight to kill and to live that I know of. Frank King has passed his 87th birthday anniversary and carries a few bullets around in his carcass, so it is doubtful that he will last forever. But he will leave some books which are going to be a blessing to researchers a century hence.

I can't salute Frank without saluting our other 87-year-old prankster, Ernie Sutton. I was asked to write some of the risqué and sexy anecdotes of the good old days, but why should I, when Frank King and Ernie Sutton have written so well and knowingly of the real thing? I, of course, don't know anything of any kind of naughtiness, except by hearsay.

I cannot tell of the winning ways of Lucky Baldwin as Percy Bonebrake or Jimmy Swinnerton can. I cannot evoke the cribs along Alameda and Aliso streets with the authority of a Gregg Layne or a Pinkie Bynum. Nor can I discuss the immorals of Hollywood as can Robert J. Woods. But I can direct you to those whose writings or whose word-of-mouth recollections can make you sigh for the good old days—when you had twice the virility you have today.

### 3

## Treasure Shipment

by Henry Clifford  
March, 1951

**T**he Bill of Lading for this “treasure shipment” is intriguing from many angles, and much could be written about it; but the purpose of this article is merely to point out a few of the high-lights. In the first place, the major part of California gold was shipped East by steamship, mostly via Panama. A shipment of \$3,400 was not large, and indicated that the shippers, Sather & Church, were not among the top bankers in San Francisco. For comparison, annual gold shipments hit a peak of \$54,900,000 in 1853, and in 1861 amounted to \$36,700,000.

This shipment was to be carried to Panama and thence to New York, with a few “trifling” exceptions—“the restraint of governments, acts of God, enemies, pirates, etc.” These exceptions are so broad that one wonders what responsibilities could be left to the steamship company or the captain of the steamer. Apparently the captain was responsible only to make an honest effort to deliver the shipment to the port of first destination, Panama. Incidentally, for those who are curious about “Panama, N. G.,” the N. G. stood for New Granada.

Toward the bottom of this Bill of Lading, and just above the words “In witness whereof,” appears a rubber handstamp in red, reading “Not responsible for seizure by Privateers or Letters of Marque, passenger risings on board, etc., etc.” This was inserted as an extra precaution because of the fear the Confederacy would attempt to interfere in the shipments of California gold and silver. The Civil War was well under way when this shipment was made July 31, 1861. However, these fears were apparently in vain; for while there was much talk about the outfitting of privateers, the South never interfered with the San Francisco-Panama-New York trade route. The only tangible effect the Confederate Armies had upon California was the cutting of the Butterfield Overland Mail route (running through Texas)—this



necessitated shifting the Overland Mail to the Central Overland route, which roughly followed the old Overland Trail.

Regarding the actual amount of gold contained in this shipment, and the basis of its valuation, I am somewhat at a loss to explain. Originally, gold was worth \$16 per *troy* ounce in California and \$20.67 per oz. at the Philadelphia mint—that “spread” accounted for the profitable nature of gold shipments. This particular shipment weighed 14 lb. 12 oz. *avoirdupois*, equivalent to 180 *troy* oz. Allowing some weight for the package itself, that would place the value of the gold somewhere between \$19 and \$20.67 per oz., a much smaller “spread” than in the earlier days. Perhaps some reader can furnish information on the San Francisco gold market during this period.

Freight on gold shipments was computed on the basis of value, not on weight or bulk. Thus, freight on this shipment to Panama was 88/100ths of 1% of \$3400.00, or \$29.92. The rate from Panama to New York was less (0.62%) because the distance was shorter. In addition to freight, note the 5% charge for “Primage”—this was, in effect, a charge for “special handling” which insured to the credit of the shipping company or the ship’s captain or was divided between them. Note in the body of the Bill of Lading, at the end of the first paragraph: “. . . with five per cent primage, and average accustomed.” The last two words covered the usual small charges defrayed by the master of a vessel.

This Bill of Lading covered freightage by 3 independent carriers: (1) San Francisco to Panama by the Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company; (2) Panama to Aspinwall by the Panama Rail Road Company; and (3) Aspinwall to New York by the Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Company. Chagres had been the original port of debarkation on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama, but during the latter part of 1852 it had been replaced by Aspinwall. The Panama Railroad was completed in 1855, and from then on crossing the Isthmus was no longer a dreaded hardship.

Much of the interest contained in this document centers around the Steamer *Golden Gate* and her Captain, Richard H. Pearson. When gold was discovered in California in 1848, steamships were still rather a novelty. The Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company was organized April 12, 1848—and the first three steamships built for the Panama-San Francisco run were the *California* (1057 tons), the *Oregon* (1099 tons), and the *Panama* (1087 tons).

Pearson, who was Fleet Captain of the line, commanded the *Oregon*, the second steamer to reach San Francisco. He was experienced with sailing vessels but not steamers, and hence was not considered as capable as the other two skippers who had commanded ferry boats in New York Harbor. The *Oregon’s* maiden voyage took 114 days, leaving New York December 8, 1848, and arriving at San Francisco April 1, 1849. Fearing desertions, Pearson anchored the *Oregon* under the guns of the U.S.S. *Ohio*; he was thus able to sail from San Francisco on April 12th with a full crew, while the *California* still lay at anchor deserted by her crew. Pearson was an able and resourceful captain.

The Pacific Mail’s steamer *Golden Gate* was almost twice the size of the first three steamers, a massive ship of 2067 tons, 270 feet in length and with a 40 foot beam. Launched at New York January 21, 1851, she arrived in San Francisco in November 1851 under the command of C. P. Pattison. Having plied between San Francisco and Panama for over 10 years with only one accident to mar her record, the *Golden Gate* met her doom off Manzanillo in the late afternoon of July 27, 1862, south-bound from San Francisco.

Captain Hudson was in command, and Fleet Captain Pearson was on board, when fire broke out just above the engine room. The ship was about 4 miles off shore and was immediately headed for the beach. Captains Pearson and Hudson and the crew fought the fire valiantly but in vain. The two captains were the last to leave the ship, after she had beached. The surf was running heavy at the time, and this undoubtedly accounted for some of the loss of life; 338 passengers and crew were aboard, and only 115 were saved. Almost a million and a half of treasure went down with the ship. It is interesting to note that this was the only fatal accident in the Pacific Mail Company's record.



## 4

# Names and Religions among the Indians

by Iron Eyes Cody  
March, 1951

**I**ndians get their names in three different ways, and every Indian usually goes through three of such names during his lifetime. His first name is gained through some happening surrounding his birth.

For instance, as the baby is being born, say at sunrise, he would probably be called Bright Eyes or Happy Morning or Sun-in-the-Face. His second name is earned when he has grown old enough to play around with other children. His playmates will give him a nickname of some physical or mental characteristic. This nickname often is one that the boy will not be proud of, since Indian youngsters are quick to pick out weaknesses, such as Bad Boy, Skunk, Pig, Little Buzzard or Bow Legs. Among the ones he plays with, the boy will be known by this name until he is old enough to go out on the warpath or hunting trail and earn a good name for himself. His actions in his first battle or hunting encounter will influence the selection of his name. If he kills several of his enemies or brings in a catch of game, he may be called Use Both Arms or Good Striker, Heavy Shield, Charging Buffalo, Lone Elk, Little Wound, Two Bulls, Spotted Horse, etc.

But if he makes a poor showing, or proves cowardly, he will be given a name such as Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, Crazy Wolf, or Old Woman. However if he gets a bad name he will have the opportunity to improve it in some future battle or expedition. A great warrior may have as many as ten names during his life time, all

good ones and none of which he can give to any of his sons. His sons must earn their own names. These names are like decorations in our wars of today. Like Eagle Feather or Badge of Honor.

My name was changed several times. The name I held for a long time and liked very much was Little Eagle. I was given that name because when I was a child I was a light Indian dancer. My father called me Eagle for short. Years later I was associated with a band of Arapahos for a long time and they decided to change my name. We had a powwow. I had to pay for the food and refreshments. Chief White Horse called all the Indians around and said he wanted to make a speech. He said he had found a good name for me by watching my endurance in the dances I did around them. He said there was a great Arapaho Indian in the old days by the name of Iron Eyes and he wanted me to carry that name always.

At the powwow there were several well known chiefs. Colonel Tim McCoy was present, his name being High Eagle. The great chief Goes-in-the-Lodge called Tim his son. He made a long speech in Arapaho. He was very old, but he was tall and straight like a soldier. Other chiefs present were Shave Head, Weasel Tail, Ice Man, Red Thunder, Big Tree, Standing Bear, White Feather, Running Deer, Flying Eagle, Willow Bird and Chief Youlachie. My brother Silver Moon and Chief Youlachie's family White Bird and Walks Alone and many others were present, too.

Chief White Horse said, "We Arapahos honor Little Eagle, Cherokee Indian, with the name of Iron Eyes." I was adopted into the Arapaho tribe by Chief White Horse, my great friend.

## The Ghost Dance

The great Ghost Dance was originated in the year 1888 by a Paiute Indian in Nevada named Wovoka but called Jack Wilson by white settlers. He was about 35 years old and considered a medicine-man. One day he fell ill with a fever and the excitement aroused by watching an eclipse caused him to become delirious. He dreamed he talked with the Great Spirit, and it gave him a message to give to his people.

This message was that they should all love one another, be friends, forgive their enemies and lay aside their arms. He was given a song and dance to teach to his people.

Thinking that a new prophet had arisen, the new religion spread among many of the Indian tribes. They were taught that they would see their dead families, that the buffalo would come back, that the old way of life, in which they would have freedom and not be confined to reservations, would return.

In this dance special shirts were worn. These were supposed to be charmed, in that no bullet or other weapon would penetrate them. They were made of cloth, when buckskin was not available, and decorated with representations of the sun, moon, stars, thunderbird, and other sacred symbols envisaged during their trances. The feathers attached to the garment were always those of the eagle. The shirts were worn on the outside during the dance, but at other times it was worn beneath their clothing.

In the excitement of the dance, many people would fall in trances. When they revived they would relate their visits with their deceased families and tell of the visions they saw.

Sitting Bull, the great Sioux warrior, invited Kicking Bear to organize the first Ghost Dance on the reservation. This brought about the demand for Sitting Bull's arrest. Attempting to rescue their chief, the Indian police resisted, and during the fight Sitting Bull was killed by Sergeants Red Tomahawk and Bull Head on December 15, 1890.

Unhappy about this, the Indians started dancing in earnest. The white people were alarmed, thinking the Indians were planning a great battle. The Indian agent at Pine Ridge insisted that they stop their dancing and was ignored. Thoroughly frightened, he sent for soldiers.

The Indians, upon seeing the soldiers, armed themselves, saying they would defend their religion to the last man. This led to a shot being fired. The soldiers then opened fire and killed more than 300 men, women and children. They were piled in a trench and the Indians later placed posts decorated with the sacred red paint as a memorial to their dead. This is referred in history as the bloody massacre of Wounded Knee and occurred on December 29, 1890.

Thus perished the great peaceful movement of the Indians. Some tribes still practice the dance in a modified form, using drums and rattles.

## 5

# The Shooting of Warren Earp

by Phil Rasch  
March, 1953

As admirers of the fighting Earps are aware, there are several discrepancies in the various accounts of the death of Warren Earp. Lake (*Wyatt Earp*, p. 372) states that he was killed by two cowboys; Bakarish (*Gun Smoke*, p. 56) says that he was killed by John Boyd; Myers (*The Last Chance*, p. 239) affirms that he was killed by a rustler in Lordsburg; Burns (*Tombstone*, pp. 259–260) gives the name of the killer as Johnny Boyett. With the exception of Myers, these writers are in general agreement on the fact that the scene was Willcox, Arizona.

Most of the points in dispute would appear to be settled by the following account, taken from the *Willcox Arizona Range News* for Wednesday, July 11, 1900.

### WARREN EARP KILLED

Warren Earp was shot and instantly killed by John Boyett at 1:30 Friday morning at the Headquarter saloon. It was the culmination of an ill feeling which had existed between the two men for a number of years. From evidence given at the preliminary hearing last Saturday it developed that their last quarrel began in the restaurant in the rear of the saloon. Both men came into the saloon and Earp told Boyett that he (Boyett) had been offered \$100 or \$150 by parties in town here to kill him. Boyett denied this and told Earp that he did not want any trouble, but added that if he had to fight him that he was not afraid. Earp told Boyett to go and get his gun, and said that he was fixed.

Boyett stepped out through the front door of the saloon, walked over to the Willcox House. The proprietor W. R. McComb was in the office reading. Boyett walked behind the bar and helped himself to a couple of guns, and left the room. Mr. McComb called to him to come back and asked him why he took those guns.

He replied that he might need them and would return soon. Before Mr. McComb could interfere Boyett had already left the room.

Boyett thereupon went back to the saloon, entering at the front door and wanted to know where Earp was. Earp entered through the rear door and Boyett fired two shots at him, Earp disappeared through the same door he had entered; then he went from the restaurant through a side door out on the side walk and in a few minutes entered the saloon again through a side door. He advanced towards Boyett. Opening his coat he said: "You have the best of this, I have no gun." Boyett told him repeatedly not to advance or he would shoot. Earp still kept advancing and Boyett backed off toward the front door. Finally Boyett again repeated his warning not to advance another inch or he would shoot. Earp not heeding, Boyett fired, and Earp dropped dead.

The officers were notified and Deputy Sheriff Page, George McKittrick and Jim Hardin appeared on the scene. George McKittrick arrested Boyett and placed him in jail. Upon examination a pocket knife half opened was found in Earp's hand but aside from this he was unarmed. The next morning Judge W. F. Nichols impaneled a coroner's jury.

Dr. Nicholson made an examination of the dead man and found that the bullet had entered the left side two inches below the collar-bone passing from left to right and obliquely downward lodging in the skin under the left shoulder blade passing through the heart in its course.

The jury rendered a verdict that Earp came to his death from a bullet fired from a gun in the hands of John Boyett. Friday afternoon the remains of Earp, were buried in the cemetery.

Saturday at 1 o'clock Boyett had a preliminary hearing before Judge W. F. Nichols. District Attorney Land was unable to appear for the prosecution, while O. Gibson represented the defendant. After hearing evidence of the prosecution, on motion of Mr. Gibson, the defendant was discharged, Judge Nichols taking the ground that it was a case in which he thought the grand jury would not find an indictment, or if an indictment was found, a trial jury would fail to convict.

The following issue of the paper added that the shooting "grew out of a feud that had existed between the two men since the bloody fights between the Earps and Arizona cattle rustlers about Tombstone in the early eighties."

There is something about the whole report that leaves the reader with a feeling of dissatisfaction. While the shooting apparently took place in public, no witnesses are mentioned. One wonders just where the paper obtained its information. Under the given circumstances, Earp's actions seem inexplicable. And just how did it happen that a tall man walking directly toward his adversary was shot in the left side and obliquely downward?

Around Willcox the inquiring visitor may hear another version of what occurred. It is alleged that a certain individual hired Boyett and another man to kill Earp. Earp is said to have been sitting in the saloon playing poker when the killer stepped in the doorway and shot him. The writer has no way of judging the truth of this tale, but it does have the advantage of accounting for the course of the bullet. On that basis, at least, it appears more plausible than does the newspaper story.

## 6

# *El Jarano . . . Granddaddy of Western Headgear*

by Bob Robertson  
June, 1954

**E**ver since the first Anglo straddled a *bronco* of Spanish ancestry there have been many rough rides which often left the buster busted. During those same years another contest has been going on that beats the roughest *bronco* riding for plain and fancy mayhem. That contest has been between the Spanish language and the English tongue. Probably there has never been a Spanish word or phrase which straddled the King's English and did not come out of the mixup battered, bleeding and deformed for life.

*Jarano* is one Spanish word that has escaped the linguistic butchery. Its luck is evidently due to the gringo use of anglicized *sombrero* (with its English pronunciation somewhat resembling psalm-brer-row) to denote a wide-brimmed felt hat. The English denotation is as distorted as is its pronunciation.

Spanish *sombrero* is a generic term designating headgear which furnishes *sombra* [shade] whether it be derby, Panama, Fedora, straw hat, lady's bonnet, or broad-brimmed *jarano*.

The *jarano* is a heavy felt hat having a wide, usually flat sometimes stiffened brim. It has been the favorite head gear of *picadores*, *vaqueros*, horsemen and outdoorsmen of Spain, Mexico and western North American during three centuries.

The ancestor of the *jarano* may have shaded the pate of a holy man. Picture records show robed *curas* of the middle ages wearing hats with wide brims and low, bowl-shaped crowns. Since felt-making is an ancient craft, we can suppose that those medieval headpieces were made of that material.



Since those early times, the wide, low felt hat has remained popular among certain religious groups. In the United States the style has been variously called Deacon, Parson, Quaker, Shaker, Mormon and other names of clerical character.

Portraits by the masters of the seventeenth century depict gentlemen, and ladies too, wearing wide, plumed felt hats. Pirates also found the big picturesque hats an adjunct to their rigging of jack boots, cloaks, sashes and murder weapons.

When the seventeenth-century style of hat, with its sweeping expanse of brim, gave way to the fad of the cocked tricorne, Spanish and Mexican *jinetes* and *vaqueros* retained the old style, stiffened its brim, replaced the plumes and *galón* with braids and *motas* of horsehair or gold or silver thread and called their *sombrero el jarano*.

In Puebla, Mexico, making felt of wool and wool-felt hat manufacturing grew to be an important industry. The *jarano poblano* [Pueblan] became a favorite hat among Mexican cowmen, horsemen, American mountain men and traders along the Santa Fe Trace.

When Marshall's discovery of gold in Sutter's millrace started the big stampede to California, the goldrushers saw the wide-brimmed "Mormons" and *Poblanos* and, true to tenderfoot tradition, added the big hats to their collection of western costume.

"Mormon" hats probably were a part of the stock-in-trade which the swapping Saints had to offer the Gentiles who travelled through Deseret and it is a certainty that a gringo hatter in California recognized opportunity when he set up shop at Palo Alto and began manufacture of *jaranos* of Pueblan style. "Palo Alto" became as synonymous for big hat on the Mother Lode as "Arbuckle's," "Colt's" and "Winchester" became for coffee, six-shooter and rifle in the frontier lexicon.

In the early 1860s, a young man named John Batterson Stetson went to Colorado for his health. While there, he noticed the popularity of the wide-brimmed western hat. He noticed, too, that the big hats were for the most part, cheap wool-felt affairs that soon became floppy and shapeless with little wear.

With regained health, ambition and a bright idea, Stetson returned to his home in Philadelphia and started a business that, before his death, was to grow into a two million hats a year industry. The bright idea was to make a *sombrero* of the *jarano* type of better material and superior workmanship. Proof of the soundness of that idea is evident since "Stetsons" are intimately known long after *Poblanos*, *Mormons* and *Palos Altos* have been forgotten.

The first western-style Stetson hat was a duplicate in size and shape of the *jarano poblano* and was named "The Boss of the Plains." It was a fur-felt hat of low (four-and-one-half-inch) crown and wide (four-inch), raw-edge brim, well made of heavy material to withstand weather, wear and abuse. The modern novelty Boss-of-the-Plains hat is new in pattern and material.

From the beginning, price, quality and style of the Stetson hat made it popular in the West and in Mexico where the *jaranos* of Puebla had long been favorites. The old Boss of the Plains, called *el jarano tejano* by the Mexicans, became a hallmark of the horseback profession and, with slight modifications, was a part of the uniforms of the U.S. Army and Marine Corps, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, rangers and constabularies.

Fashion decrees change and, before the end of the last century, Texans and Mexicans demanded hat crowns of steeple proportions. The low, flat *jarano poblano* gave way before the popularity of the high-peaked, wider-brimmed "Jarano Charro" in Mexico while "The Big Four" and "The Carlsbad" displaced the Boss of the Plains

north of the Rio Bravo. Later, Hollywood decreed even greater gallonage of crown and increased acreage of brim and "The Tom Mix" and "The Tommy Grimes" became the pride of Wild West showmen, aspirants to cowpuncherdom and dudes.

Style is never static and the *jarano* has been stretched, shrunk, creased, dented, rolled, curled, mashed and twisted into every conceivable shape dictated by freakish fad or fancy until, in truth, it has become a PSALM-BRER-ROW!



## 7

# The Dominguez Family of Rancho San Pedro

by Gladys Carson Burns  
March, 1955

**I**t takes me back a good many years to talk about this old adobe house, as I have not visited it since the family deeded it to the Claretian Order in 1928.

I will tell you a little about the people who lived and died in this old adobe house that Don Manuel Dominguez built for his bride when he was 23 years old. The clue to the date is in the window of the room they used as a chapel—1826. The stained glass window was made in Spain and shipped by boat around the Horn. His lovely bride was Maria Engracia Cota. Here in this house they had eight children, two sons who died early in life and six daughters who are always referred to as the six Dominguez Sisters.

I will tell about them one by one, as I remember most of them very well. My grandmother's name was Victoria. She married an Englishman, George Carson, at the age of fifteen and had twelve children, six sons and six daughters. They lived in a big white house near the old adobe. A visit to Nana Carson's house was always a great event as it entailed a long drive by horse and buggy over dusty roads across the *rancho*, as we lived on the outskirts of Redondo. Nana's house was always full of people, aunts, uncles and cousins. When they all sat down to dinner it was something like a banquet hall, with Nana Carson at the head of this long table. Grandfather Carson passed away in 1901, so I don't remember him. Nana was a very gentle and sweet soul who demanded the greatest respect from everyone, and got it. They waited on her hand and foot.

There were many servants, one was old Lena who had charge of the laundry. She died at the age of 103. There were three men, that I remember, who came to the *rancho* in their youth and died of old age in the service of the family.

Then there was Aunt Anita, who married Judge Dryden and moved to Los Angeles. Aunt Guadalupe, my namesake (both of us born on December 12th, Guadalupe Day) who died an old maid at the age of 83, right here in the north wing. There was Aunt Dolores who married James Watson and had three sons. She lived and died in this house at the age of 86. She was a very sweet, amiable person, who could speak a little English. She was the pious one. I remember her always carrying a large black rosary in her hand. She led the family in praying the rosary every evening in the little chapel. They tell the story of my Uncle Joe Carson, who was always very mischievous, coming into the chapel with his own rosary made of little green oranges.

Then there was Aunt Susana who married Doctor Del Amo and spent most of her time in Spain. She and her husband are buried beneath the altar in the Seminary Building, which was built through their generosity. They also gave their home on Westchester Place in Los Angeles to the Claretian Order after the death of Doctor Del Amo.

The last and the youngest was Maria De los Reyes, who late in life married John F. Francis. Mr. Francis established the Newman Club and was its first president. She was very prim and proper and when they went to Europe on their honeymoon took with them Father Adam, Rector of Saint Vibiana's Cathedral. They built a palatial home at Ninth and Bonnie Brae Streets which still stands and looks as good as when she lived there. Mr. Francis died in 1903. Aunt Reyes was the one I knew best. For some reason she sort of adopted me and I spent my summer vacations at the old Potter Hotel in Santa Barbara and in Coronado. I will never forget those rocking chairs on the veranda where I had to spend most of my time.

Occasionally we would attend a movie that had been well recommended. Some of them were funny in those early days, but I was never allowed to laugh very loudly and if the hero kissed the heroine, I was told not to look. Nor was I ever allowed to cross my knees in her presence. She died in 1933, at the age of 86. That was the last of the six Dominguez Sisters.

Now to get back to Don Manuel, the father of the six Dominguez Sisters. If he were still living he would be 152 years old. He died in this house in 1882, at the age of 80. In reading a history written in 1889, I learned that my Great Grandfather was "Well educated, intelligent, widely read and of unimpeachable integrity and honor, a fine type of old Spanish Gentlemen, universally respected and esteemed by all who knew him. His memory is worshipped by his children and grandchildren." I also learned that many of the responsible positions of trust in the early history of Los Angeles County were held by Manuel Dominguez. He was a delegate to nominate representatives to the Mexican Congress. He was the first *Alcalde* and Judge for Los Angeles, in 1832 and again in 1842. In 1843, he served as Prefect to the second District of California. In 1849, after California had passed to the jurisdiction of the United States, he served as a delegate to the first Constitutional Convention, and in 1854—100 years ago—he was made—guess what?—a Supervisor of Los Angeles County. A number of high positions were offered him under the United States Government, but these he invariably refused because he needed to spend more time looking after his *rancho*, which consisted of 25,000 acres.

His main source of income was from cattle, and he watched the sale of these cattle very closely. I remember an old cattle chute on the other side of the P.E. tracks and can visualize my Great Grandfather with the cattle buyers.

They say that he carried a chamois pouch and as each animal came through the chute, a twenty dollar gold piece was dropped into the pouch by the buyer. Twenty dollars was the price of each head of cattle regardless of size, shape or weight.

He was a conservative man but at the same time very generous to those who were deserving of help. My Uncle Joe remembers an elderly man who walked up to the house with a make-shift peg-leg held together with wire and told Dan Manuel his story. He had walked all the way from *El Farol* meaning the lighthouse at San Pedro. The price of a new leg was \$80.00, so he was given the \$80.00 in twenty dollar gold pieces from the chamois pouch, a bed for the night, and a ride home on the train the next day.

You see, in 1869, forty-three years after the home was established, a railroad was built through the *rancho* from Los Angeles to San Pedro. The right of way comprised approximately 77 acres, and the deed was issued to Phineas Banning for the token of \$3.75. So life became somewhat easier and more pleasant for the family. Formerly a man on horseback had to be dispatched to Los Angeles for the doctor and his fee for a house call was \$50.00.

My Uncle Joe has recollections of that train. It consisted of freight cars and one passenger car. It would stop in front of the garden gate, disgorge its passenger and start off again with a jerk. A coupling would break and the engineer would have to back up a few miles after he discovered his loss.

Contrary to the tales of *fiestas*, of feasting and dancing for three days, Don Manuel entertained his intimate friends quietly in his home. He had heard of vast *ranchos* being lost in games of cards and he was not inclined to do likewise.

He had thoroughly instilled into his children never to sell any part of the land, to hold on to it. He realized that some day it would be very valuable, lying between the city and the harbor. And of course it did turn out to be very valuable because in 1922, oil was discovered right up here on Dominguez Hill, and as a result of that income the family was able to hold intact the greater part of the *rancho*. Planned community development has long been an objective of the Dominguez family, but of course, in recent years civilization has been creeping up on all sides and taxes will force the sale of much of the remaining property. It is the only unincorporated territory between the city and the harbor, and that annoys "them" very much; *them* meaning the tax assessors.

Now, let me tell you about the Battle of Dominguez Hill. It is not only historical, it is hysterical. In June, 1846, the Americans under Commodore Sloat, of the United States Navy, raised the famous "Bear Flag" at Monterey and issued the proclamation that California, thenceforth, would be a portion of the United States. They then proceeded by ship to San Pedro, to take the southern part of the state. Pio Pico, then governor of California, issued a proclamation calling a special session of the legislature at Los Angeles. But nothing much was accomplished, their efforts were unsuccessful in organizing an army. So his general, General Jose Castro, decided that he would *leave* California and induced the Governor to "Dissolve Legislature in order that the Americans might find none of the authorities acting," and to flee with him. He decided to migrate to a more healthful climate, and quickly and did not return to California for two years.

Shortly thereafter, in October, the Americans landed in San Pedro with 350 men and began their march to Los Angeles. They took no cannon from the ship and had no horses. In the afternoon they saw a mounted company of 50 Californians, under the command of Jose Carrillo, with whom they exchanged a few shots. That night the Americans occupied the buildings of the Dominguez Rancho. In the morning the Californians had 90 men and a brass cannon. The battle started with the 350 Americans advancing in a solid square. They were greeted by a blast from the gun, now being dragged by *riatas* attached to the horses' saddles. After firing,

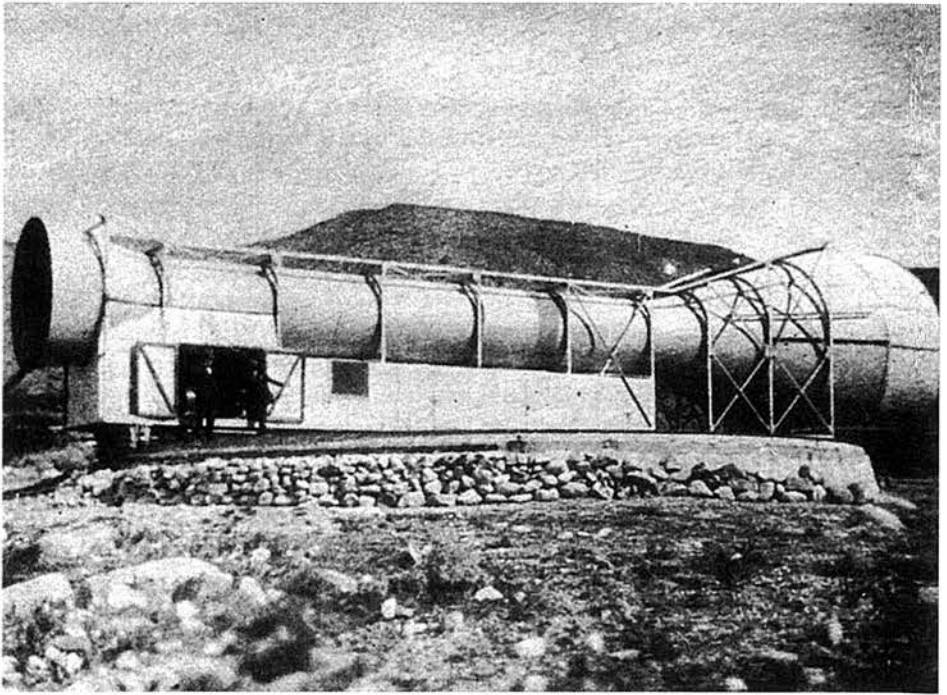
the Californians would immediately retreat to a safe distance and reload. These movements were repeated a half dozen times in less than an hour. The first discharge was ineffective because of defective homemade gunpowder, but subsequent shots killed six Americans and wounded six more. No one was hurt on the California side. The Americans acted bravely, but seeing the odds were against them, at least in fire power, they retreated to San Pedro and re-embarked.

Later, on November 1st, they had another "go" at it. The Americans, under Mervine, were again encamped at Dominguez Rancho expecting no resistance. The Californians, under Carrillo, fired a shot at the house and surprised them—they then posted their gun in the road and the horsemen in line to one side. The American sailors and volunteers had not the least idea of how to form a hollow square in order to resist the cavalry. Instead they were ordered to close up when the horsemen charged and so formed a compact mass of 250 men crowded together, a prime target for the one cannon.

To get the range, two of the horsemen would dismount in advance of the cannon and by waving a long pole up and down, right and left they would help the cannoner. When the cannon was fired the horsemen at the same time charged but immediately wheeled around again. The short charge by the Californians was a maneuver to discourage the Americans from rushing the cannon and thus gave the horsemen with *riatas* time to drag the cannon to its next vantage point to reload.

In all, four shots were fired in this manner, the cannoner depressing his gun so as to strike the ground and the ball ricocheting spent its force in the solid mass, killing or wounding three or four each time. The running fight was kept up for about three miles to the slough boundary of the *rancho*, where the gun got stuck in the mud and they almost lost it to the Americans, who had had enough. The day was hot and it was still a long way to Los Angeles. They retreated back to the ranch house, piled their dead on a cart and headed back to San Pedro, where they re-embarked.

This brings to a close the era of Don Manuel, the six Dominguez Sisters, the one little brass cannon, and the two battles of Dominguez Hill, where, strange to relate, Americans were defeated on what was later to become American soil.



8

## A Western Windy

by Harry C. James  
September, 1955

**I**n southern California history can become ancient far too fast! Surveyors for the new freeway stretch through San Gorgonio Pass were puzzled indeed by some relics they came upon high on a desert hillside near Whitewater. On a windy level stretch were two concentric circles of cement with diameters of fifty and sixty feet, and in the center of these a heavy cast iron cup deeply embedded in cement. From old-timers around Cabazon and Whitewater the surveyors learned that these cement rings and iron cup are all that is left of Dew R. Oliver's once famous wind generator, a truly fantastic spectacle to everyone driving through the Pass in the late 1920s.

George A. Bailiff, who has lived in Cabazon since 1896, says that Dew Oliver, who came into the Pass from Seal Beach, California, was obsessed with the idea of generating electricity by wind power. He had searched diligently for an ideal site on which to build a test machine to prove that his idea was sound. He needed a place where the breeze was constant and forceful, morning, noon and night. That he finally picked the right area is attested by the deeply wind-eroded rocks to be found along the spur ridges of the San Jacinto Mountains that finger down from Black Mountain toward Cabazon and Whitewater. Oliver made tests of wind velocity at all hours of the day and the night at different points in this general area. At last he decided upon the spot for his demonstration plant, part of the A. J. Warner ranch on the hill near Whitewater, California.

It was no easy task to level the site, pour the two great cement rings, and set in place the large iron cup. On the rings he placed small iron tracks on which to ro-

tate the gigantic Rube Goldberg contrivance with which he hoped to harness the wayward winds. This device consisted of a gargantuan iron tube, variously said to be from sixty to seventy-five feet long and six to eight feet in diameter, with a flaring funnel at the outer end. Inside was a battery of fans which Oliver was sure would trap into effective use every puff of wind that was funneled into the tube. The fans, of course, were connected with generators. The whole machine rotated on a large steel pivot in the iron cup which still remains.

According to Allen Stewart of Whitewater, Oliver managed to generate about twenty horsepower and was so encouraged by these results that he finally convinced himself that he had hit upon the cheapest and most practical method for the generation of electricity. He began to speak confidently of erecting gigantic wind generators here, there, and everywhere throughout the world. Joseph Toutain, old-time constable in the Pass area, says that most people in the region considered Oliver a harmless crackpot. Those who came to know him well were convinced of his absolute sincerity and of his honesty.

No one knows how much money was put into the Oliver Electric Company, which the optimistic inventor founded, but there is no question as to the amount of hard work that Oliver himself put into the project. He was a dedicated man. Sure of the soundness of his idea, now well demonstrated, he determined to sell stock in his company. He neglected, however, whether through ignorance or deliberately, no one seems to know, to obtain the necessary State permit. On July 13, 1929, he was haled into a Riverside County court on the charge of selling stock unlawfully. He was found guilty and sentenced to two years in jail. The judge evidently felt that Oliver was more naive than criminal, for he commuted the unfortunate victim's sentence to a mere three months.

None of the old-timers in San Geronio Pass ever saw Oliver again. Apparently he never returned to his wind machine after his release from jail, nor did he renew his lease agreement with A. J. Warner. No one knows where he went or what became of him, but all who remember him speak kindly of him.

There is a story that after Oliver went to jail someone set off a charge of dynamite in the wind machine and wrecked it. Others say that it was gradually torn apart for such of its parts as passers-by felt they could use. Of course, there came the vandals, who smashed for the mere joy of smashing. Most of what was left was finally carted off as scrap metal during the early years of World War II. Dew Oliver reaped the wind without sowing it, but he also reaped the whirlwind from wind he did not know he was sowing.

Daily hundreds of cars dash by on the now-completed freeway. Few, if any, occupants are aware that but a few hundred feet away lie the pathetic ruins of Dew Oliver's once impressive ambition. Another bit of California "ancient" history goes unread.



## 9

### Pierre Theodore Sicard

by Merrell Kitchen  
December, 1958

**P**ierre Theodore Sicard, one of the founders of Marysville, California, was born in France. He left France in 1831, probably as a sailor, for he was in the French Navy as an ordinary seaman at one time. He had married young, and his wife had died. He lost an eye at the Battle of Navarino. This occurred in 1827, when the Turkish and Egyptian fleets were defeated. What he did from 1831 to 1833, when he landed upon the California coast, is not definitely known. Perhaps he remained in the French Navy. At any rate he is reported to have deserted a Man o' War, for he landed in Monterey February 3, 1833, after sailing around Cape Horn. That this date is correct may be assumed from the fact that when he applied for naturalization papers in 1840 he claimed a residence of seven years in California. Hittell also states he was one of the immigrants of 1833. There is little record of his activities from 1833 to 1840, the time of his naturalization. Apparently he worked for a time in Monterey, then went up to the San Pablo Rancho. Dufлот de Mofras, in his *Travels on the Pacific Coast*, states that two French carpenters, M. Sicard and M. Leroy (Joseph Leroy was a young Frenchman who came to California in 1836; little is known of his life), "They are exploiting these woods to good profit, the magnificent red pines, *palos colorados*, in the range of hills east of what is now Oakland." Most of the wood was sent to Yerba Buena which had no wood for building purposes.

Though one source states Sicard received his naturalization papers at San Pablo, it is probable they were granted at Monterey, April 25, 1840. After working variously at Monterey and San Pablo Sicard next turned up at Sutter's Hock Farm in 1842. Much of his work there was carpentering. He sawed cottonwood logs by hand into what were probably the first boards and joists used north of New Helvetia. In 1844 he obtained from the Mexican government a grant of the Nemshas

Rancho on the south bank of the Bear River opposite Johnson's. Here he must have done a little ranching or farming also at various times for Sutter. In his *New Helvetia Diary, A Record of Events kept by Sutter and his clerks from Sept. 9, 1845 to May 25, 1848*, mention is repeatedly made of the arrivals and departures of Sicard. Nothing of consequence is stated.

A short time after Marshall's discovery of gold, the precious metal was found in many other places, among them the Yuba River area. Sicard mined at a place which still bears his name—Sicard Flat.

In 1847 Claude Chana had purchased the Nemsha grant from Sicard. The first miners on the Yuba in 1848 hired Indians to do the actual mining. Chana, Covillaud and Sicard as well as many others used Indian labor until the natives became cognizant of the value of the gold they were extracting from the earth. Then they began to mine independently. Shopkeepers made large profits trading their merchandise to the Indians for gold. Theodore Sicard not only made good profits for some time by the use of Indian labor but it is also traditionally told that he became the lover of the daughter of an influential tribal chief. The chief was fond of Sicard and arranged—just how, is not known—for Sicard to acquire \$70,000 in gold from the tribe.

Theodor Cordua had landed in Monterey in May 1842. He intended to settle in the Sacramento Valley near Sutter's Fort but first, sailing on the bark *Don Quixote*, he visited "all harbors from San Diego to the Bay of San Francisco going and returning." In the fall of 1842 he secured a grant from Sutter within the fork of the Yuba and Feather rivers where Marysville now stands. Cordua called the settlement New Mecklenburg (he was from Mecklenburg, Germany). In October 1848 Charles Covillaud purchased one-half of Cordua's interest. In the spring of 1849 M. C. Nye and Wm. Forster bought the remaining half. In the fall of the same year Nye and Forster sold their share to Covillaud who was now sole owner. Later in 1849 Covillaud sold three-fourths interest to John Sampson, J. M. Ramirez and Theodore Sicard.

Early in January 1850 the townsite that was to become Marysville was laid out by the four owners under the name of C. Covillaud & Co. Various names were considered for the new town. Yubaville—though this was too similar to Yuba City—Norwich, Sicardora, Circumdora (surrounded by gold) and others were proposed, but no unanimity was reached until Rev. Wadsworth suggested Marysville in honor of Mary Murphy Covillaud, the beautiful wife of Charles Covillaud, and the only lady present. She was a survivor of the Donner party.

As Covillaud had more interests than he could handle, with posts at Sicard Flat, Nye's Rancho and Sacramento, he sold in October 1849 a half interest to Ramirez and Sampson. In the same month he sold a fourth interest to Sicard for \$12,500, retaining the remaining fourth. Stephen J. Field was engaged to draw up a conveyance which would place the proprietors in possession of that equity which Sutter claimed in the town-site. January 18, 1850, Sutter came and signed the document by which "John A. Sutter, Captain of Hock Farm" sold to Charles Covillaud, José Manuel Ramirez, Theodore Sicard and John Sampson, all of Yubaville for \$10,000 being all the tract of land included in the territory granted to him by the governor of California, north of "a Stream called Juba River, east of the Feather, south of 39° 35' 45" and west of an indefinite line" which depended upon an exact survey of Cordua's Honcut grant. The word Juba was popular for a while.

February 19, 1850 Theodore Sicard sold to R. B. Buchanan and G. N. Swezy his entire share of the townsite (52 lots) and grant for \$12,500, exactly the amount he had paid Covillaud five months earlier. Sicard's only profit was one-fourth of all cash received for the town lots.

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W. C. S. Smith in his very scarce pamphlet *A Journey to California in 1849* mentions meeting Sicard on a boat trip down-river to San Francisco. Sicard had \$60,000 in gold, carried in buckskin bags. Having been an adventurer in his earlier days what then followed, as related by Smith, was in all probability a desire to recapture some of the carefree days of his youth. In San Francisco Sicard met up with some friends and they proceeded to do the town. As he had been a sailor and long familiar with the forecastle, Sicard and his cronies bought a ship, took on abundant stores, shipped a crew, took on as passengers bosom friends including women. Sicard and his motley crew sailed to China, Australia, the Islands of the Pacific, and Valparaiso, Chile, and returned to San Francisco in about a year. Since the vessel had not been paid for it was seized and sold on bottomry bonds and Sicard was penniless. Smith says he met the old man afterwards on Parks Bar, where he was again living with the Indians, but this time in poverty. No more adventures are accorded him, and he is believed to have died before 1879.



## Chapter 10

### 'El Alisal' The Place of Sycamores

by Althea Warren  
June, 1959

**T**he building of the Lummis home is a romantic story. It is also a story of persistence and courage. The house stands today as a monument to a man who never gave up.

When in 1897 Charles Fletcher Lummis determined that his family should have a home, he was a poor young editor supporting four people with \$50 a month, but he did not let finances stop him.

He spent many months searching all over Los Angeles for an ideal site. When he discovered this three-acre tract of land on the bank of the Arroyo Seco, he put to work his capital of Yankee ingenuity and native intelligence. He dug the material out of the very ground the house was to stand on. He used his sensitive hands that had assisted a famous surgeon. He relied on the steely sinews of legs and back that had been toughened by his tramp across the continent. He built El Alisal with the love of a man for his creation and with the joy of knowing that it would endure. Each year he brought one or two Indian boys from Isleta to help with the heavy digging, and his two young sons gathered boulders and followed his directions. But in fifteen years the fourteen rooms were not all completed. The foundations are deep. The front door weighs 2000 pounds. The walls are from 2 to 4 feet thick, every yard hand-tamped, reinforced and of the hardest concrete. In structural problems he consulted with two authoritative California architects, Sumner Hunt and Arthur Benton. This house must stand against time. In the final quarter of his life he conceived the broader vision of the Lummis home as a working museum, a place of pilgrimage for his community and for all who adopted the slogan he invented, "See America First."

He is no longer here, but El Alisal is rich with memories of his fiestas and Spanish banquets, times of wit and song. The shades of great dancers, singers, artists, sculptors, and scientists still seem to throng its halls.

Today El Alisal welcomes you with the same courtly gesture with which Don Carlos himself would. Cross its threshold! John Muir has been here before you and also Schumann-Heink, Mary Garden, John Burroughs, Maud Allan, David Starr Jordan, Charles Cadman, Douglas Fairbanks, Will Rogers, Carrie Jacobs Bond, William Allen White, Helena Modjeska, Gutzon and Solon Borglum, Henry Van Dyke, and hundreds like them.

"*Pasen, amigos,*" its builder says to you "*La casa est suya!*" Enjoy its treasures. A man who cared what might come to you and your American heritage preserved them for you. Find here, like those earlier visitors, something of his inspiration and courage. The old stone castle is not just another California landmark. It is a symbol of the spirit of one who could say in the midst of paralysis, "I can be bigger than anything that can happen to me."

#### What Kind of a Man Was He?

"My name is Lummis, I'm the West!  
For culture I don't give a hang!  
I hate the puny East although  
I can't conceal my Yankee twang.  
My trousers, they are corduroy,  
Likewise my jacket and my vest,  
For I'm the wild and woolly boy,  
My name is Lummis, I'm the West!"

This doggerel from a San Francisco newspaper caricatures three of Lummis' most dramatic traits:

1. His knowledge and love of the Southwest.
2. His courageous challenge to pretense and convention. He dared to be different when there was a good reason to be. Instead of the black frock coats and stiff hats of his contemporaries, he dressed to suit the life and climates of Southern California and New Mexico. In winter he wore a corduroy suit which he called his "senior greens" and in summer, white jeans and a mesh shirt. His shoes were usually moccasins. For the festivities at El Alisal which were known as "Noises," he had a handsome doeskin *charro* costume with a draw-work shirt made for him by the Indians, a red Pueblo belt, and his silver bracelet.
3. His third dominant quality was his power of getting things done. He had the power to let himself go, but his enthusiasms were grounded on knowledge and scientific accuracy. Layers of energy and endurance enabled him to bring a long procession of "impossible" projects to fulfillment.

He was a small, slight man (5 feet, 7 inches height) with blue eyes, a staccato speech and a figure like a hickory sapling. None of his other achievements excel his originality and charm as host in this house. On March 1st he often held a March Hare party to celebrate his birthday. An invitation to one of these occasions reads as follows:

Dear Bunny,

The hounds are after you, and the April Fool's next! Here's the only safe place! Postpone Death, Marriage, Taxes, and all other Disasters, particularly your own and scurry to this Warren at Rabbit Time 6 p.m. sharp. Cabbage at 6. Madness begins later.

The Grey Hare (C.F.L.)

Long tables were set up in the patio. *Hassenpfeffer* was sometimes one of the appropriate dishes. Don Carlos played Spanish or Indian songs on "Acomita," his guitar. All sorts and conditions of men and women were the guests of this many-lived, myriad-minded, golden-hearted reveler, from leaders in the arts, politics and affairs and his cherished neighbors to his Mexican and Indian friends.

He had a most endearing habit of naming the inanimate companions of his daily life. His Blickendorfer typewriter was "The Blick" in his diaries. A redwood cabinet which he made for his writing materials was called "Miss Minerva Allwood." His correspondents numbered over a thousand, and he often wrote until sunrise. Then he'd drink a cup of chocolate and, after a few hours of sleep, would rouse himself relentlessly with a cold shower and eat what he called "breklunch," which usually included chicken gumbo or mock turtle soup. There is a tradition that he coated his pies with mustard and lighted his cigarettes with a flint and steel. It is sure that when he was public librarian he branded the valuable books with a hot iron.

## What Did the Builder of This House Do?

Lummis was born March 1st, 1859, in the Fanny Davenport House in Lynn, Massachusetts, where both his parents taught in the high school. His mother, Harriet Fowler Lummis of Bristol, New Hampshire, died when he was three years old. His father, Henry Lummis, was a Methodist minister and teacher of splendid capacities who spent his last years as professor of ancient languages at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin. He taught his son Latin when he was six, Greek, at eight, and Hebrew when Charles was nine.

Charles entered Harvard at eighteen and made a fine record in athletics, running 100 yards in 10 seconds and competing in boxing, wrestling and walking. "Poetry and poker," he said, "were his favorite diversions." But above all else he loved fishing for trout. Theodore Roosevelt was a member of his class (1881) and never forgot "Lum's" pugnacious defiance when some of the boys posted a notice ordering him to cut his hair.

During his sophomore vacation he printed on twelve small pages of birch bark 14,000 copies of his "Birch Bark Poems" which earned praise from Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier and Andrew Lang. In his junior year, he was secretly married to a brilliant young medical student, Dorothea Roads. An attack of brain fever prevented his graduation, but twenty-five years later Harvard awarded him his bachelor's degree. His wife's father owned several farms in the Scioto Valley near Chillicothe, Ohio, and offered his son-in-law the management of one of them. He soon changed to journalism, however, becoming editor of the Scioto *Gazette* where he worked for six years. He held office in the "Young Republicans Club," introducing William McKinley to his first Ohio audience.

To escape the malaria of this low river country he wrote in the fall of 1884 to Harrison Gray Otis, owner of the *Los Angeles Times*, proposing to walk across the continent and send him weekly reports on the way. Colonel Otis answered that he would publish the articles if he liked them and a job would be waiting for him on the *Times*. He more than kept his word for on the 143rd day after Lummis left Cincinnati, he arrived in Los Angeles and was told to begin next morning as city editor.

Four glorious years of activity followed in the city which he took completely to his heart. There were 12,000 people in Los Angeles when he arrived here on February 1st, 1885. Like every frontier town the saloon owners were the "bosses" in municipal politics and vice, gambling and drinking were wide open. The *Times* started a fight for high licenses and, contrary to expectations, it won. Another success with which he was associated was a report on the Indian war going on in Arizona. He was sent to get the truth about General George Crook, Geronimo, and the War Department. The money being misspent on government contracts was what kept the Apaches in revolt. "Lum" became a close friend of General Leonard Wood who was put in charge of the situation.

Persistent overwork brought on a stroke of paralysis which rendered his left arm useless. He went to New Mexico to recover and lived for three years at the *pueblo* of Isleta with the Tigua Indians. They called him "Kha-Tay-Deh" ("Withered Branch"). He learned all their customs and beliefs. One night in August, 1888 Adolph Bandelier, one of the greatest Southwest ethnologists and anthropologists, stumbled into camp in a dust storm. They became inseparable friends, Lummis expressing their relationship as "being glad together." Bandelier called Lummis "Younger Brother" and taught him as an apprentice so that when Henry Villard of New York (owner of the Northern Pacific Railroad) put Bandelier in charge of an expedition to excavate Peru, Lummis went as an assistant. They had expected to be gone three years but Mr. Villard's financial losses terminated the researches after a year and a half.

Lummis was divorced by his first wife, and in March, 1891 married Eva Douglas, a schoolteacher from New England who had taken care of him during his second and third strokes of paralysis at Isleta. She was an authority on Hispanic subjects and a translator who wrote under the name of Frances Douglas. They settled down at Isleta and there, June 9th, 1892, their daughter Turbese was born. She was given an Indian name which means "Sunburst."

Ever since the later '80s, Lummis had been writing Indian legends for children and stories of the Southwest for such magazines as *Century*, *Harpers*, *Scribners* and *Saint Nicholas*. When his illness was at its worst, he had made some money sending jokes to the humorous papers, *Puck*, *Judge* and *Life*. From 1891, when his *New Mexico David*, a story for boys, was published until his death at 69 he was constantly writing.

Charles Dwight Willard, secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, started a magazine in 1894 called *Land of Sunshine* and invited Lummis to be its editor. He took over the little monthly rather against his will in January, 1895 and continued to head it until 1903. His column of comment in each issue he called "In the Lion's Den." His policy he stated as "trying to be popular enough to live and substantial enough to deserve to live." He developed young artists and writers who later brought fame to California, among them Edwin Markham, Charles Warren Stoddard, Charlotte Perkins, Stetson Gilman and Joaquin Miller. Later came Mary Austin and Eugene Manlove Rhodes. During his eight years as editor he himself was its most frequent contributor, supplying more than

250 stories, poems, articles and essays. He changed its name to *Out West*, saying that *Land of Sunshine* "smacked equally of Sunday School and the Immigration Bureau."

Among the valuable Spanish documents which he published in translation were:

*History of Mexico (1538–1625)*, by the Franciscan missionary Geronimo de Zarate de Salinero.

*Memorial on New Mexico*, by Alonso de Benavedes (1630).

*History of California (1768–1793)*, by Viceroy Revilla Gigedo.

*Diary of Junipero Serra on his March from Loreto to San Diego*, (1769).

From 1905 to 1910 Lummis was librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library. He scandalized the American Library Association by going to their annual meetings wearing his *sombrero* and carrying his guitar. He organized a group of his solemn brotherhood of librarians into "The Order of the Bibliosmiles." His annual reports are the crispest, most amusing in library literature and their recommendations are even ahead of practices in the 1950s. He advocated, for example, advertising a library as much as a shoe store; outdoor reading rooms for our climate; emphasis on good salaries for library workers. His slogan was "In its simplest terms, the public library idea is the spread of reading that will do the most good." About censorship he said. "The modern feeling is that adult readers are responsible for their own minds. I myself have never banished any volume from the library." During his later years he concentrated on the Southwest Museum and on his writings. When in 1928 the doctors told him that his time was short, he worked heroically to complete a new edition of *The Spanish Pioneers* which had won him a decoration from the King of Spain. He collected all his poetry in *The Bronco Pegasus*, the first copy off the press reaching him less than a month before his death. A telegram told him that *Flowers of Our Lost Romance* was accepted for publication only a few hours before he lost consciousness. Two volumes that he had begun were never finished, *The Right Hand of the Continent: A History of California*, and his autobiography, *As I Remember*.

He died November 28th, 1928, at El Alisal. His daughter Turbese describes the last rites.

"Wrapped in a chief's blanket and laid on a board among joyous red flowers, he lay facing *El Alcalde* (the four-fold giant sycamore in the patio)."

Recognition came to him from all over the world. The Spanish Academy elected him to membership for his historical research. What he considered to be his greatest accomplishments are listed on the bronze plate where his ashes are placed in the wall of El Alisal.

**Charles Fletcher Lummis**  
**March 1, 1859—November 28, 1928**

He founded the Southwest Museum  
 He built this house  
 He saved four old missions  
 He studied and recorded Spanish America  
 He tried to do his share

He established three organizations to attain his ardent purposes.



## The Landmarks Club

He started the Landmarks Club "to save for our children and our children's children the missions and other historic monuments of California." San Juan Capistrano was restored first and San Fernando, next. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst gave \$500 toward saving Pala, an *asistencia* of San Luis Rey mission where the Palatíngwa Indians from Warner's Ranch were later given lands through Lummis' efforts. Lastly, in 1899, the San Diego Mission was restored. Lummis also led the club in protection of the Plaza, "the historic centre of Los Angeles." He persuaded the city council to retain more than a hundred of the Spanish street names which the War with Spain had made unpopular.

## The Southwest Museum

On the urgings of the Archeological Institute of America, Lummis founded in 1903 a southwestern branch for which he secured 260 members in four years, four times as many as those in the parent society. Out of this group grew the mightiest of all his endeavors, the Southwest Museum. It stands on a wooded eminence to the northwest of El Alisal and contains not only Lummis' library and the materials amassed in his Hispanic and Indian studies, but other valuable Indian collections from the plains, the Northwest, the Southwest and even from the Mayans of Yucatan. Its Caracol tower which is 123 feet high is named for Lummis.

## The Sequoia League

In 1902 Lummis was so concerned over the condition of the California Indians that he established the Sequoia League designed "to make better Indians by treating them better." David Starr Jordan was its first president. Theodore Roosevelt gave support to a bill passed by Congress to provide \$100,000 for new lands for the Warner Ranch Indians who had been dispossessed and driven onto the desert. Help was also supplied to the starving Indians of Campo through the efforts of the League. Finally, a competent special agent was secured under the Indian Bureau to look after all the tribes in California.

Turbese Lummis Fiske in her brief manuscript of her father's life, which is in the Southwest Museum, analyzes the qualities in him which made his life count for so much in the development of Southern California.

"He possessed the gift of seeing deep into the past, far into the future."

## *Chapter 11*

# Dating of Mining Camps with Tin Cups and Old Bottles

by Charles B. Hunt  
March 1960

**O**ld mining camps, ghost towns, in fact most abandoned habitations, arouse general curiosity and interest. People visiting such abandoned places soon begin poking around for relics and enjoy imagining the way of life that once went on there. Part of the fun is guessing when a place was occupied, when it was abandoned and why. This can have practical applications too, such as in the study of a mining district to learn whether the periods of activity correlate with the swings in the economic cycle or with the type and grade of ore being mined or prospected.

A favorite means of arriving at the dates is to uncover the layers of old newspapers or magazines that frequently were used to help insulate log cabins and other frame buildings. But approximate dates also can be obtained by observing the litter in the camp dump, more respectfully known by archeologists as the midden. The design or style of most commonplace articles and methods of manufacturing them have evolved greatly in the past hundred years so that such articles as tin cans and bottles can be useful for dating.

In the western United States most of the mining camps and ghost towns are less than 100 years old, and four ages of habitations can readily be distinguished by observing the accumulated litter. The oldest camps, those active before about 1900, are characterized by soldered tin cans, by beer bottles with hand finished necks made for cork stoppers, and by square nails.

Mining camps of the period from 1900 to World War I are characterized by round nails and by bottles with hand-finished necks, but by this time the beer and

soft drink bottles were being made to accommodate metal caps instead of cork stoppers. Soldered tin cans continued in use throughout this second period.

The third period includes the '20s and early '30s. At camps of this period the bottles have machine-finished necks and the tin cans are crimped instead of being soldered, and these artifacts are associated with miscellaneous car parts including that familiar Ford monkey wrench known as "the knuckle breaker."

The latest period, the last 20 years, has been the era of the beer can associated with aluminum cooking utensils.

Tin cans and bottles are so uniform and commonplace today it is difficult to realize that only half a century ago the methods of manufacturing both were primitive. In the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* published before the new manufacturing method was adopted, we learn that in Great Britain tin cans for preserving foods began to be manufactured in quantity about 1834, and that large quantities were shipped to the United States until about 1890, when domestic production began expanding greatly. The old method for manufacturing "tinned cans" is described as follows:

"The canister, which has been made either by the use of solder or by folding machinery only, is packed with the material to be preserved . . . the lid is secured by soldering or folding. Sterilization is effected by placing the tins in pressure chambers, which are heated by steam to 120° C. or more . . . Sometimes a small aperture is pierced through the lid, to allow the escape of the expanding air, such holes before cooling closed by means of a drop of solder. This process . . . is employed on an enormous scale, especially in America."

The old type tin can was not altogether satisfactory for the account goes on to state that there was a distinct limit to the length of period of preservation of canned food, and that the use of tin plate for preserving acid substances like tomatoes and peaches was highly objectionable.

About the time of World War I, however, methods of manufacturing tin plate and methods of sterilizing foods in cans were greatly improved, and these changes in manufacturing methods are recorded in mining camps by the appearance of tin cans having crimped ends and no soldering.

Finally, during the '30s the modern beer can arrived with its characteristic triangular openings and bright colored painting.

The manufacture of glass is one of the oldest industries, dating back several thousand years before the Christian Era, and may have begun by fusing sand and soda in an open fire. Not until the beginning of the Christian Era, when the blow-pipe was invented, were means found for producing clear, or crystal glass. In this country glass manufacture is believed to have been the first industrial enterprise undertaken in the colonies. A factory making bottles and glass beads for trading with the Indians was established at Jamestown in 1607 or 1608. But as late as 1900 the methods of manufacturing glass were not basically different from the methods that had been used during the preceding 1,500 years.

One of the most easily recognized changes in bottle styles occurred about the time of World War I, along with the change in method of manufacturing cans. Before that time the necks of bottles were finished by hand; after that time they were finished by machine. In the modern machine-finished bottle, the seams from the mold extend the whole length of two sides and even across the lip of the neck. Prior to World War I the necks were finished by hand, and the seams on bottles made during earlier periods end at the base of the neck which is a layer of glass wound around the partly finished bottle. The hand process of bottle manufacture has been described as follows:

"A bottle gang . . . consists of five persons. The 'gatherer' gathers the glass from the tank furnace on the end of the blowing-iron, rolls it on a slab of iron or stone, slightly expands the glass by blowing, and hands the blowing iron and glass to the 'blower.' The blower places the glass in the mould, closes the mould by pressing a lever with his foot, and . . . blows down the blowing iron . . . When the air has forced the glass to take the form of the mould, the mould is opened and the blower gives the blowing-iron with the bottle attached to it to the 'wetter off.' The wetter off touches the top of the neck of the bottle with a moistened piece of iron and by tapping the blowing-iron detaches the bottle and drops it into a wooden trough. He then grips the body of the bottle with a four-pronged clip, . . . and passes it to the 'bottle maker.' The bottle maker heats the fractured neck of the bottle, binds a band of molten glass round the end of it . . . shapes the inside and outside of the neck. . . . The finished bottle is taken by the 'taker in' to the annealing furnace. . . .

"The processes of manipulation which have been described, although in practice they are very rapidly performed, are destined to be replaced by the automatic working of a machine."

The change to machine methods had been anticipated by the invention of the Owens bottle machine about 1900 and machine-made bottles began reaching mining camps in quantity after World War I.

An earlier change in bottle style occurred about 1900. During the nineties and earlier, beer and soft-drink bottles were made to receive cork stoppers, but after 1900 they were made to receive metal caps.

The color of glass fragments scattered about abandoned mining camps can also be helpful in determining the period of occupancy. Camps active before World War I are characterized by abundant purple fragments whereas camps younger than World War I generally have little purple glass, and a high percentage of clear glass. The purple glass at old mine camps originally was clear, but exposure to sunlight causes photochemical changes in the manganese oxide in the glass and these changes cause the purple coloring. When glass manufacture was largely by hand the manufacturer could adapt the process to the material at hand, but when the methods became mechanized the materials had to be adapted to the process, and less variation in composition could be allowed. Since the advent of machine-made bottles, about the time of World War I, the materials used in making glass have contained fewer impurities that would change the color of the glass.

That the purple color in old glass is due to manganese oxide in the glass has been shown by numerous chemical analyses. Invariably purple glass contains high percentages of manganese—more than 0.1 percent and in some examples as much as 1.0 percent. The intensity of the color is correlative with the manganese content.

That the purple color also is due to exposure has been demonstrated by a number of experiments in which some glass was partly covered with paint and exposed to sunlight. When the paint was removed the exposed part was colored whereas the protected part was not. One can satisfy himself that this is so by finding glassware partly buried in the ground; the part that was buried remains clear while the part that was exposed has become purple. The color change is by no means peculiar to deserts and high altitudes; it occurs also in tropical and temperate regions and at low altitudes.

The length of time required for glass to become purple depends partly on the composition of the glass, especially its manganese content, partly on the color of the background. Given optimum conditions the color change can occur in less than a month. Exposure of less than a year produced violet color in most old glass containing

appreciable quantities of manganese, and in some bottles the coloring occurred before the gummed paper labels were destroyed. The color becomes more pronounced as the time of exposure is lengthened. Background colors seem to affect the rate of color change too. Violet colored backgrounds accelerate the color change, presumably by favoring the ultra-violet rays; black and brown backgrounds seem to retard the change. Backgrounds of white, yellow, blue and red seem to have no influence. Backgrounds containing manganese have no effect.

Few modern bottles made of clear glass become purple. This is because their manganese content generally is low, not because the time of exposure has been insufficient. Modern clear glass like liquor bottles or grocery bottles is likely to contain less than 0.001 percent manganese and only 0.02 percent iron. Despite the fact that some old-style bottles contain little manganese and are clear, an abundance of purple glass at a mining camp nevertheless suggests a pre-World War I date because so much of the utility glass of that era contains enough manganese to produce the color.

Bottle glass at old mine camps also is likely to have its surface corroded; some surfaces are beautifully iridescent. This property of old utility glass resulted from excessive alkalis, especially sodium, in the mix. Most of the utility glassware at old mine camps is known as soda-lime glass and is a mixture of soda, lime and silica. Pure silica would be the most desirable material for most glass except the cost of manufacture is prohibitive because both the melting point and viscosity are high; other oxides, alkalis, are added to lower the melting point and viscosity. Fluxes like sodium carbonate and sodium sulfate supply the alkalis that make melting easier but sodium especially makes the glass more susceptible to corrosion. The alkali content in glass was not well controlled until machine methods were adopted, and glass at old camps is likely to have corroded and iridescent surfaces.

## The Mystery of Death Valley How It Was Named

by E. I. Edwards  
June, 1962

A favorite practice among some of our more imaginative Death Valley writers is to make trite reference to the element of mystery that supposedly haunts the place.

Actually there is nothing particularly mysterious about Death Valley, either now or at any time during its known past. Nor is there to be found anything notably glamorous or romantic about it unless—perhaps—in the fabric of its 20-Mule-Team Borax saga and in the exploits of its incomparable Scotty. But these are merely man-made adornments to an already sufficient natural pattern. The basic appeal of Death Valley rests upon surer foundation than the heritage afforded by an all-but-abortive commercial venture and the fictive yarns of an entertaining but not overly-veracious desert character.

If, indeed, a suggestion of mystery does enshroud Death Valley, it may well repose in the naming of it. Who first called this desolate region "Death Valley?" And why? With but one quite understandable exception, no known deaths occurred there until well after the somber name had fastened upon it.<sup>1</sup> None of the original emigrant parties of 1849 suffered from heat (they enjoyed beautiful desert-winter weather); nor, so far as we know, did any of them experience thirst or extreme hunger. Neither did the Indians nor the wild animals molest them.

The name itself is both drab and commonplace. It often has been applied, particularly to desert regions; and its application, whenever and wherever used, denotes a complete absence of imagination. Any barren and desolate desert valley holds within its borders the constant threat and terror of death. Thus the name

frequently brought to mind and applied indiscriminately by early travelers to so many desert areas was, invariably, Death Valley.

While we cannot wholly understand why this particular desert should be referred to as Death Valley, it is sufficiently clear why these early travelers called some of the other desert regions along their trail by this expressive name. It was not without reason that they applied the name to one segment of the vast desert country several miles and several days prior to the time they descended into the present Death Valley. Likewise, it was quite generally applied to the Searles Lake desert encountered after they passed through the present Death Valley. And all this is completely understandable. The mystery is why the name endured as it referred to this one kindly valley and disappeared in others where it connoted a more realistic character.

Thus it is fascinating to speculate upon the identity of the person or persons who first applied these words to our now-famous stretch of desert. For we know someone had to do it. The name didn't just materialize out of thin air. And there were no subdividers exploiting our deserts in 1849 to give it this publicity. That's for sure.

Very definitely, one of two things is certain. Either the valley received its name from one of the original groups who passed through it in 1849, or the name was bestowed at a later date—perhaps by some heat-crazed prospector, or a disillusioned miner, or an imaginative reporter, or any one of an infinite number of other possibilities. If we admit of this latter supposition, however, we don't have much left to argue about. We will have come to an impasse that precludes us absolutely from running down the culprit responsible for this august christening.

So we'll play it safe and assume that original emigrants first uttered these somber words. This sounds plausible. What isn't quite clear, though, is how this early pioneer or group of pioneers made the name stick. We can visualize how he, or she, or they, may have apostrophized in this fashion to the quiet desert air, or even to a next door neighbor at some later date. It does pose something of a problem to figure how this name could have been bandied about by word of mouth for more than a decade without being lost in the shuffle. There is an hiatus of over eleven years between 1849 and the first printed appearance of the words "Death Valley;" Mr. Carl I. Wheat, eminent authority on this region, tells us the first printed mention he has been able to find is in an old newspaper published early in 1861.<sup>2</sup> Our earliest known book mention is in 1863.<sup>3</sup> And in the Boundary Survey notes, published in certain of the July 1861 issues of the *Sacramento Daily Union*, the name "Death Valley" was being applied as early as February of that year.

There are writers who contend brilliantly that the Jayhawkers, one of the original 1849 groups, are entitled to this distinction. Unfortunately (for those who favor them) this just cannot be. Proof of our assertion appears in the experiences and in the words of the Jayhawkers themselves. For this group, composed mainly of husky, care-free young men, didn't encounter anything in this desert that would even remotely suggest the name. Quite the contrary. During the week of 1849—they had enough to eat and an abundance of pretty good water to drink. Matter of fact, the week's rest was a welcome one both to the men and to the beasts. The weather was pleasant, and the food not bad. It was after they left Death Valley that their troubles began. Panamint Valley was tortuous enough; but the Searles Lake region was intolerable. They providentially discovered a spring of water in the nearby mountains; and this is all that saved the life of every man and ox in their party. Actually, three of them didn't make it. Two men died someplace out on the Slate range,<sup>4</sup> and a third perished near the desert approach to Soledad Canyon.<sup>5</sup> To

the Jayhawkers, the region round about Searles Lake was "Death Valley." They called it that; and they persisted (some of them) in this name for years to come. Even as late as 1916, one of their number—L. Dow Stephens—wrote a book about their experiences.<sup>6</sup> And in this book he refers to the Searles Lake area as "Death Valley." By the same token, when he mentions the real Death Valley where they burned their wagons, he has no name for it.

### *Notes and References*

1. Old "Captain" Richard Culverwell died, likely as the result of over-exertion brought on by his wandering off from camp alone without food or water.
2. San Francisco *Alta California* (April 12, 1861).
3. Hittell—*Resources of California*.
4. William Isham and "Father" Fish.
5. William Robinson.
6. *Life Sketches Of a Jayhawker of '49*.





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## He Had to be Lucky

by Rufus M. Choate  
December, 1962

**T**he life of "Lucky" Baldwin will always remain fabulous in the annals of California history. His accomplishments in diversified fields stagger the imagination. Speculation in mining stock, hotel management, real estate investments, farming, horse racing and wine and brandy production occupied his time. Each of these enterprises today would require a large personnel in charge of operations.

His speculations in the Comstock mines laid the foundation for his meteoric rise to fame. Starting with a very modest working capital from his livery stable Baldwin invested in stocks which he parlayed into a fortune. Many other family fortunes were derived from the enormous wealth of the Comstock.

Having passed through this area in 1853 Baldwin disposed of his livery stable in San Francisco and started a lumber yard in Virginia City. Here he had access to the new mines and bought footage in the Yellow Jacket, Savage, Chollar Potosi, Hale and Norcross, Crown Point and Ophir headings.

Due to the porous nature of the ground operations were slow and tedious. After a year Baldwin disposed of Yellow Jacket, Savage and Chollar Potosi footage and returned to San Francisco.

At the age of thirty-nine years Baldwin was considered a man of moderate wealth. During his stay in Virginia City his wife had obtained a divorce and his daughter, Clara, had married. Having no family ties he ordered his broker to sell his remaining securities and sailed for the Orient. However, he locked his shares in

his safe, put the key in his pocket and sailed to India. While on this trip, dame fortune smiled on Baldwin. Hale and Norcross had struck a bonanza and their securities skyrocketed from \$400.00 to \$12,000.00 per foot, and Elias Jackson Baldwin was still the proud possessor of this stock which brought him \$2,500,000. This was the greatest single stroke of blind bull luck since the invention of swiss cheese, because this act of omission made Baldwin a millionaire. He now cornered Crown Point and Ophir shares and got out of the market with \$7,500,000.

Having a mania for hotels, Baldwin started construction of the famous Baldwin Hotel and Theatre at the corner of Market and Powell Streets in San Francisco which cost \$3,500,000. A divorce from his second wife cost him another million and the Baldwin fortune was dwindling.

Fair, Flood, Mackay and O'Brien tried to interest "Lucky" in the development of the Consolidated Virginia mine but to no avail. Baldwin later regretfully stated that he could have made \$20,000,000 more if he had taken their advice.

During this hotel construction, Baldwin got word of a gold strike in the San Bernardino Mountains. Coming to Southern California, he passed through the Rancho Santa Anita on the way to Bear Valley, and was so greatly impressed that he soon bought this beautiful seven thousand acre tract for \$200,000. Vineyards, orchards, stud barns and Kentucky brood mares were soon in evidence. The stallions, Rutherford and Grinstead, were acquired at Saratoga along with six fillies which formed the nucleus of Baldwin's racing stable. "Lucky" won the American Derby at Washington Park, Chicago, four times: Volante in 1885, Silver Cloud in 1886, Emperor of Norfolk in 1888 and Rey el Santa Anita in 1894.

Baldwin loved the soil and produced citrus, grapes, walnuts, deciduous fruits, alfalfa, grain crops, horses, cattle, sheep and hogs.

However, the man of destiny was soon to experience the greatest test of courage when the Bank of California failed with all his money. The California Consolidated had struck the heart of the Comstock Lode at the twenty-eight hundred foot level. Fair, Flood, Mackay and O'Brien were now the financial tycoons of the west and started the Nevada Bank of California. By innuendo and gossip they undermined confidence in the Bank of California, causing its suspension. Baldwin personally worked for months in this bank's reorganization, saving his financial soul.

He now married his third wife, Jenny Dexter, who was the mother of Anita Baldwin. Jenny died at the age of twenty-three years and she was the only great love in Baldwin's life other than his children. Between two costly seduction trials Baldwin found time to marry Lilly C. Bennett, his fourth wife.

William Workman came to California in 1841 with the Workman-Rowland party. He was granted one half of the Rancho La Puente (21,000 acres) by Governor Alvarado and confirmed by Governor Pio Pico in 1845.

F. P. F. Temple was Workman's son-in-law and he owned an undivided one-half interest in the Rancho La Merced along with Juan Matias Sanchez, this property being a gift from Workman. Sanchez in his own right owned extensive holdings in the Montebello hill area. All three men were closely associated in business as well as by ties of love and affection, each feeling obligated to the other.

Temple and Workman were essentially *rancheros* and although inexperienced, opened the Temple and Workman Bank in Los Angeles. Due to the panic of 1875, along with the failure of the Bank of California, they were forced to suspend.

Desperate to reorganize, they approached money lenders and offered as security their vast holdings in San Gabriel Valley and also very valuable business property in Los Angeles. San Francisco financiers scoffed at their security as totally

insufficient collateral but suggested that "Lucky" Baldwin might be interested in such a loan.

Workman and Temple applied to Baldwin for a loan, only to be rebuffed for insufficient security. "What more can we offer" pleaded Workman and Temple. Due to the close business relationship between Workman, Temple and Sanchez, Baldwin demanded a blanket mortgage on all of their collective properties for a loan of \$310,225.

The mortgage included the following property:

1. The city block, bounded by Main and Spring Streets in Los Angeles. (Owned by Temple.)
2. The Temple Block at the junction of Main and Spring Streets. (Owned by Temple and Workman.)
3. 187 feet of property on Spring Street. (Owned by Temple.)
4. One half of the Rancho La Puente (24,000 acres owned by Workman.)
5. The Rancho La Merced (2,300 acres—a gift from Workman to Temple and Sanchez).
6. The Rancho Potrero Grande (4,500 acres owned by Sanchez).
7. The Rancho Potrero de Felipe Lugo (2,042 acres owned by Temple, Workman and Sanchez).

Sanchez was an illiterate man and went to his friend, Harris Newmark, for advice. Newmark advised Sanchez not to sign the mortgage and warned him of the consequences.

Sanchez again sought the advice of Newmark and for the second time Newmark warned against the mortgage and exacted a promise that Sanchez would not sign it. Despite these repeated warnings Sanchez signed the document which was the death warrant for all three borrowers. Newmark later asked Sanchez, "Why did you sign?" Brokenhearted, Sanchez replied in Spanish, "one must eat if one does not wish to die." This statement carries the implication of loyalty, love and friendship which Sanchez held for his partners in their time of need.

Ruben Lloyd was Baldwin's attorney and adviser in matters of high finance. Lloyd could have ably represented Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," such were the powers of perception.

The terms of this mortgage were impossible of fulfillment as the interest rate was 1% per month, compounded monthly, and 2% in case of delinquency. The latter happened and in a few months the Temple and Workman Bank was forced to close forever.

Baldwin foreclosed the mortgage and took over 33,000 acres of the finest land in the San Gabriel Valley, also the Temple Block and property on Spring Street in Los Angeles. Flushed with the greatest land opportunities in Southern California history Baldwin purchased one-half of the Rancho San Francisquito, thus consolidating the Rancho Santa Anita with the Rancho La Puente. It was said that Baldwin could ride all day without getting off his own property.

After realizing their vast holdings in La Puente had been irretrievably lost, a chain of tragedies occurred. William Workman was a man of great honor and self respect, highly regarded in San Gabriel Valley but he could no longer bear to face his friends, neighbors, and stockholders. Taking the blame for the bank failure upon his heart and soul, Workman tragically committed suicide. F. P. F. Temple, son-in-law and partner of Workman, burdened by the strain of failure, suffered a

stroke and passed away eight years later. Juan Matias Sanchez lost his entire holdings for cosigning the mortgage.

After the foreclosure, Baldwin deeded the widow Temple fifty acres, including her home in which her family grew up. He also deeded Sanchez two hundred acres in the Montebello area.

In the 1880s a rate war developed between the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railroads. At one time the passenger fare from Chicago to Los Angeles was reduced to one dollar, bringing hordes of land hungry Easterners to Southern California. Baldwin grasped this opportunity to subdivide his vast Rancho Santa Anita, and as a result the towns of Arcadia and Monrovia soon came into being. In retrospect, "Lucky" must be given credit for farsightedness in the early development of San Gabriel Valley.

Baldwin's romantic life got him in serious predicaments on several occasions. He believed that he could conduct his extramarital affairs any way he chose and resented outside interference. His cousin, Verona Baldwin, came to Santa Anita presumably to teach school. Finding that position unavailable, Baldwin offered her the job of housekeeper. During this employment she accused Baldwin of forcing his attentions upon her and claimed he had ruined her body, mind and soul. Baldwin fired her after a failure at reconciliation. She followed "Lucky" to San Francisco and shot him at close range. The wound was superficial and he had the girl committed to an asylum in the Territory of Washington. After gaining her freedom she went back east but soon the newspapers took up her case, and there was a hue and cry for Baldwin's scalp, the *Porcupine* publication in Los Angeles being the most vociferous. Baldwin sued the editor, Horace Bell, for slander; and after a countersuit the case was dropped. According to Lucius Beebe, the last news from Verona came from Denver, where she was operating a house of ill fame.

Baldwin, who was nearing sixty, soon got himself entangled with the sixteen year old Louise Perkins. After a sordid extramarital "honeymoon" with this girl, she sued Baldwin for breach of promise asking huge damages. A sympathetic jury awarded a judgment of \$17,000. Baldwin appealed the case and settled out of court for \$15,000. To say he was lucky in this case is the understatement of the last century.

In 1894 Baldwin again found himself in Superior Court facing Lillian Ashley on a seduction charge. After two long days of court bickering, he made the astounding statement that any woman with whom he became involved, must have been forewarned as to his reputation. Nearing the close of the second day's trial, her sister leveled a gun at the back of Baldwin's head and fired point blank, missing her target but shearing a wisp of the lothario's white hair. Preposterous luck rode with the great man on that occasion.

The golden era of the '80s turned into despair and depression in the '90s when "Lucky" was hard pressed to save his fortune. Taxes, wages and law suits kept him constantly in financial difficulties.

The loss of the Baldwin Hotel in San Francisco by fire in 1898 without insurance, saw \$3,500,000 go up in smoke in three hours. A man of lesser determination would have been crushed by this calamity; but not Baldwin. With his characteristic "by gad I'm not licked yet" he outfitted a steamer and sailed for Alaska during the gold rush. Nearing seventy, this venture resulted in failure and Baldwin contracted pneumonia.

On his return to Santa Anita he spent several months recuperating. The remainder of his life was comparatively quiet, with farming, breeding and training race

horses, his main occupation. He furnished horses for the chariot races in the Tournament of Roses, which probably was the most exciting event ever held in the Crown City. Charioteer Mac Wiggins was well known by this writer in El Monte.

In 1908 "Lucky" sold eighty acres of land in Los Angeles and built his own race track at Santa Anita. However, the strenuous exciting years had taken their toll and Elias Jackson Baldwin succumbed to pneumonia March 1, 1909. Horse racing was made illegal in California from 1910 to 1934 when the Los Angeles Turf Club built and opened beautiful Santa Anita Race Track to thoroughbred racing.

According to the San Francisco *Examiner* "Lucky" Baldwin had a large funeral. Although not a sob was heard, nor a tear shed, hordes of curious, morbid people in jovial manner passed by the casket to view the remains of the great "Casanova" who had acquired such vast holdings and brought thoroughbred racing to Southern California.

It took four years to settle Baldwin's estate which was valued at \$10,000,000 in 1909. By 1914 it had doubled in value. Clara Baldwin Stocker and Anita Baldwin received the bulk of the inheritance.

Baldwin had facetiously remarked that there was oil under his Montebello holdings and truer words were never spoken.

Walter P. Temple purchased 6 acres in the Rancho La Merced from the Baldwin estate in 1912. Two years later the first indication of oil was discovered in 1914 by Thomas Workman Temple, a nine-year-old boy at that time. The first well was brought in by the Standard Oil Co. in 1916, followed shortly by a successful well on Temple's property. Ironically this was the very land which Baldwin foreclosed on forty years before.

Thomas Workman Temple gives the following account on the discovery of the Montebello Oil Field in the *Temple City Times* May 25, 1961: "In April of 1914 on a beautiful spring day, rain washed and bright, some children after school crossed the Rio Hondo bridge and came to roam the La Merced Hills in search of wild flowers, Johnny jump-ups, poppies and cacomite, wild onions. A little boy nine years old joined them as they began to climb the steep, well-worn path not far from his adobe home at the bottom of the hill. But he was not searching for the bright yellow Gallitos—he preferred to look for long shoots of the wild oat that grew profusely in a favored spot, in plain view of the house. By trimming the wand-like shoots the boy would make a loop at the end and you'd be surprised at the nice fat, blue bellied lizards he would catch."

"In one little gully, these wild oats grew to great size and the boy soon picked out the longest ones. In order to get them he had to skip over a small pool of water, left over from the recent rains. He noticed that it was streaked with all the colors of the rainbow, as when kerosene is spilled upon water. He also detected the odor of rotten eggs, like. There were bubbles rising to the surface from the middle of the little pool that now claimed his attention. Surely there must be a bug underneath—he had caught lots of them on the river bottom that way, and he started to scoop up some of the dirt with a convenient twig. But the bubbling continued—he could not dislodge the bug, and he did smell something like gas as the bubbles burst in the sunlight."

"He rushed home once he found the main trail, leaving the wild oat stalks behind, so intent was he in finding his father. As he came down the steep trail he could see his father tending one of the horses in the barns to the rear of the adobe. Out of breath and excited, the boy told his father in a matter of fact manner: 'Daddy, I have found oil for you!' His astonished father now locked old Nellie in her stall

and with the boy as guide, retraced the trail up the hill to the pool. Yes, here were the oil streaks, there the bubbling and gas smell continued, and over there the stack of wild oat stalks. Striking a match, he nervously applied it to the bubbles—there was a sputtering and a flash—natural gas! A good indication of oil pools beneath—and the future Montebello oil fields had been discovered! This was April 1914.”

As one sits in the stands at Santa Anita mulling over his racing form, he gazes out across acres of pansies growing in an oval of floral beauty. He watches the horses climb the hill for the Turf course and his vision focuses on the trees of the Arboretum. As the flag drops it takes little imagination to picture Silver Cloud running head to head down the hill—and who is that old gent with the white mustache, cut away coat and Stetson hat? Why—it’s “Lucky” himself, “By Gad.”

Had it not been for a fateful mortgage in 1875 would the story of “Lucky” Baldwin have been changed?

*¡Quien Sabe!*

## 14

### John B. Stetson

by E. Hubbard

March, 1963

**T**he word "Stetson" has passed into the current coin of expression. If a man asks for a "Stetson" in any civilized country in the world, the dealer knows what he wants and will possibly try to pass him out "something just as good." Wherever hats are mentioned and discussed for even five minutes the word "Stetson" is used. If a man wants to express the supreme excellence of a hat he tells his customer. "It is a Stetson," or "Just as good as a Stetson," or "Exactly like a Stetson."

John B. Stetson was born in Orange, New Jersey, in 1830. He died in 1906. His was a life of constant activity. He ran the gamut from poverty and hardship to wealth. His father was an employing hatter, and a successful one according to the standard of the times. Stephen Stetson lived over his shop and worked at his trade in the good old-time way. It was an age of handicrafts. All manufacturing was once done in the homes. The entire family worked at the business, and the trade was passed along—whatever it was—from father to son. The sons, daughters and the mother all worked too, at the business. Spinning, weaving, glass-blowing, wood-carving, and the making of lead-pencils, cutlery and utensils of every kind and sort were done in the homes. The complete separation of the home from the factory is a thing which the modern man has seen evolved. Men in middle life now can remember a day when the principal merchant in every town and village lived over his store, shop or factory.

Stephen Stetson was making money, for he had centered on that one thing. He lived in New Jersey, but he had the true New England instincts. He saved, and saved eternally. He worked and he compelled every one else to work, and in his life there were very few play-spells.

When he had accumulated fifty thousand dollars he was accounted one of the richest men in the business. He was fifty years old, and decided he would retire from business and enjoy himself. He did not realize that to retire from work is to retire from life; so he sold out his prosperous business and the money he had made in a business that he understood; he invested in one he knew nothing about. And the result was that his investments which he had expected would bring him ten per cent or more without effort, melted into thin air.

The elder Stetson passed away, wiped out, discouraged, a bankrupt man, and his sons took in hand the raveled shreds of his business and endeavored to build it up.

John B. was one of the younger children, and the older ones, filled with the thought of primogeniture, naturally took charge. His father had taught him the trade. But education outside of one's trade among the hatters was then regarded as quite superfluous, so the lad never attended school a day in his life. His mother taught him to read and write, and being possessed of a hungry mind he acquired knowledge as the days passed. Life was his school. John B. Stetson was working for an older brother by the day. He made hats, taught others how, sold the product, bought the raw stock—and the brother absorbed the profits and the honors. Then calamity came in the way of ill health. The doctors said John B. Stetson had consumption and that his days on earth were few. He was slight, slim, slender, nervous, active and the type of person who goes quick, or lasts long, as the case may be.

But John B. Stetson was not to die just then. He studied his own case and he came to the conclusion that he would have to quit the exacting business of making hats and get out in the open. He struck out for the Far West, which then, in the late 1850s, meant Illinois. Fever and ague were then the one crop of the Middle West. There were not trees enough to absorb the humidity, and the overturned sod created a miasma, and this transformed the prairies into a Campagna of "shakes." Stetson shook, and shook dice with Destiny. If he was going to die, he would die in the West, and he pushed on across the Mississippi River, through to the rising city of Saint Joseph, Missouri. Saint Joseph was a trading post where the parties fitted out for Pike's Peak—750 miles away. At Saint Joseph, Stetson worked in a brickyard; then he became manager of the brickyard; then part owner. He made money and invested it all in the business. His brickyard was on the banks of the Missouri, when lo, the fickle and finicky Missouri went on a rampage, overflowing its banks, kept rising until it drove the firemen out of Stetson's brickyards. It put out the fires, undermined the arches; and the bricks made without straw tumbled in a mass. Stetson's fortune, the result of two years of hard work, swirled and swam away to the south.

The Civil War was on, and Stetson tried to enlist, but his physical disabilities were too apparent and he was rejected. There was a party fitting out for Pike's Peak, and Stetson was invited to become one of the members. He accepted the invitation and they started away on foot, a dozen young men headed for the Rocky Mountains. And so these young men tramped, following the trail to the West, always to the West, and as they journeyed, health and happiness came back to John B. Stetson.

Soon the storms came, and the plains and prairies were windswept. At night they had no shelter. In this extremity they resorted to a plan of sewing the skins of animals together; muskrat, rabbits, beaver, coyote, were plentiful, but our friends had no method of tanning the skins, and there is a certain, serious objection to using green skins for clothing purposes in the summer time, that need not be cited.



Shelter-tents, big enough to crawl into, were easy enough to make with the help of skins. But these skins were thrown away when the sun came out, and the hope and prayer was that the storms would not again come. Then it was that Stetson showed his companions an object lesson in science one fine day as they were sitting on the banks of the stream with their feet dabbling in the water. The thing that Stetson explained to his friends was something they had never heard of, and at once it caused a big argument. The question turned on securing cloth for shelter-tents. One man made the flat, dogmatic statement that cloth was made by weaving, and that it could not be made in any other way. Stetson stood out that there was another scheme for making cloth. So, to prove his case, Stetson expounded to them the science of felting. This is a branch of knowledge that is as old as glass-making. It goes back to the time of Moses. It was known to Homer and Hesiod, for they mentioned the scheme in their writings. Pythagoras, 600 years before Christ, made cloth by the felting process, and as far as we know, the first fabrics were made of felt, and weaving came as an afterthought.

Stetson took some of the skins that his friends had discarded, sharpened up his hatchet on a convenient stone, and shaved the fur off the skins. He then cut a bit of hickory sapling; sliced off a thong from one of the skins, and made a hunters bow. With this bow he agitated the fur so as to keep it in a regular little cloud in the air. Here is a process known to all old-time hatters, but which can only be done by an expert. It requires about as much talent and skill to manipulate a hunters bow as it does to play a violin. Nowadays the fur is manipulated by a machine fan and allowed to settle, but the principle is the same. Stetson kept the fur in the air, and then it fell gently by its own weight, and was very naturally distributed over a certain space. As it fell, Stetson, with a mouth full of water, after the manner of John Chinaman, blew a fine spray of moisture through the fur. Soon there was a mat of the fur that could be lifted up and rolled. It was like a thin sheet of wet paper. There was a campfire near, and a pot of boiling water, and into this boiling water Stetson dipped his sheet of matted fur. It began to shrink. By manipulating it with his hands, and rapidly dipping it into the hot water, he soon had a little blanket, woven soft and even of perfect cloth. There was the actual thing—cloth made by the felting process—one of the oldest devices of the human mind. And the story goes that Stetson's traveling companions were so delighted with his experiment that they immediately went to work killing jack-rabbits, beavers and skunks and any other of the fur-bearing animals they could get. Then under Stetson's directions they made felt tents that effectually turned the water, to the delight and astonishment of the troopers on horseback and afoot, and in the prairie-schooners, that were wending their way to the West. To amuse his friends, Stetson made a hat out of felt. It was big and picturesque. It protected the wearer from the wind and rain, as well as from the scorching sun. Besides all of this, it attracted considerable attention. It made the wearer the object of envy, ridicule or admiration, as the case may be. But the ribald ones ceased to revile when a bullwhacker on horseback, gaily seated on a silver-mounted saddle from Mexico, looked upon Stetson's hat with envious eyes and then offered the owner a five-dollar gold piece for it. This was the first genuine Stetson hat made and sold. That it would eventually lead to a great industry, no one guessed; but it was the germ of an enterprise that was to be worldwide in its influence.

A year passed, and health and strength had come back to Stetson. He was big and strong, able and ambitious—full of ideas. He decided that he would go back East—back to the city that Benjamin Franklin had done so much to make. There he

would work out his dream and, if possible, build up a business. He could do this one thing. He was a feltmaker and a hatter. He had the skill of fingers and talent to do. And so back to Philadelphia he went, with his scanty earnings made in the diggings. Reaching Philadelphia he had one hundred dollars left. He bought the tools of his trade, rented a little room at Seventh and Callowhill Streets, and started to work making hats. To buy the fur and make the felt was the thing to do.

Finally, one day he went out wearing a hat made of very fine, soft felt. He had made this hat from the finest fur that he could procure, and his endeavor was to make the lightest hat possible. A felt hat weighs anywhere from two to four ounces. This hat that Stetson wore weighed two. Stetson gave a vicious curl to his moustache and a cock that matched the hat, and twisting his hat over one eye, he started again on his rounds among the dealers. He assumed a rowdy, Beau Brummel appearance aping the ultra-fashionables; and as he swaggered into a store his dapper appearance got the attention of a customer who eyed him with approval. Stetson took off his hat and showed it to the dealer in the presence of the customer who stood by. The customer became interested and bought the hat on the spot. The dealer gave Stetson an order for a dozen. This was the first order for a dozen hats that he had received, and he had been working the market for six months. He hastened back to his shop, took all the money he had, went out and bought the finest fur that he could procure, and started to fill the order. From this time on he had plenty of work. The margins, however, were very close. Customers would not pay more than two dollars for a hat, and they said that this was such a little one anyway, that it was not worth more. The bullwhacker on the plains who had separated himself from a five-dollar gold-piece for a very crude kind of hat, rose before him like an apparition. Instead of depending upon local trade of the hatters of Philadelphia and haggling with them as to prices, Stetson decided to take all the money he had made and make a big, fine picturesque hat for the Cattle Kings. He would call his hat "The Boss of the Plains." He had gotten a list of the clothing and hat dealers in every city and town of the Southwest, and he would send each of these one of his big hats with a letter asking for an order for a dozen. This would either make or break him, but he believed that destiny was with him. So he spent all his money for material and then ran into debt to the very limit of his credit. He made his big, natural-colored hats, four-inch brim and four-inch top, with a strap for a band—and out went the hat to the West by express or by mail. Whether the hat, or orders, would ever come back was the question. Two weeks passed and the orders were coming, "Send a dozen hats just like the sample." Some of the men sent cash with their orders, saying that they wanted their orders given the preference. This new hat, "The Boss of the Plains," was made of one-grade material and retailed at five dollars; then in finer material to sell for ten dollars; then in extra-fine fur made from pure beaver or nutria. These hats sold for as much as thirty dollars apiece. Money came, and the orders were piling up. From this time on the story of the business of John B. Stetson reads like a romance. The hat known as the "B.O.P." was a modified Mexican *sombrero*. It was a *sombrero* with a college education.



15

## A Yankee Schoolmaster in California

by Nicholas C. Polos  
September, 1963

**E**ach generation, it is agreed, writes its own history, for to each generation, the people and events of the past have a new and different significance. John Swett, whom Ernest Moore called "California's maker of the school system," is highly praised by some historians and yet completely neglected by others. The latter group of historians have overlooked the fact that the recorded achievements of great men "humanizes the past, while at the same time it enriches the present by showing us life with a vividness and completeness that few men experience in life itself." In a sense the story of John Swett is more than a simple biography; it is in reality the history of California's educational development.

John Swett was born in Pittsfield, New Hampshire on July 31, 1830, near the granite sentinels that guard Lake Winnepesaukee which the Indians rightly named the "Smile of the Great Spirit." He grew up in the environment of a New England home where conditions were "rigorous, demanding strict economy and studied frugality, and where children were brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord of all."

The first John Swett came to the New World from Devonshire in 1642. He was not the first Devonshire man to come to the New World—"Drake he was a Devon man, and ruled the Devon Seas. . . ."

Thomas Rogers Swett, one of John Swett's ancestors, fought in the American Revolution under Captain Joseph Parson's command in a New Hampshire regiment. This influenced Swett to some extent, and all his life he was to be a Union man to the core. Later in his life when he had become an adopted Californian he openly admitted in a speech before the Union State Convention in Sacramento (1862):

In defining my political position, I am a Union man. I always have been one. I should be recreant to my ancestors if I were not, for my grandfather was a good Union man who shouldered his musket in the Revolutionary War; and his bones would rise before me, if every fiber in my body were not for the Union.

In his early youth John lived on the farm (the Drake-Swett Homestead), attended the "deestric school," a red brick schoolhouse on "Great Hill," tended the cattle in the winter and worked on the farm in the summer for as little as thirty cents a day.

The early schools that young John attended were typical of the New England schools of the eighteen-thirties and forties. Here he learned to spell, read fluently, and write legibly. There was some history, geography and elementary arithmetic, and areas such as music, drawing and science were often neglected. Young John, however, was fortunate because his father, Eben Swett, a former schoolmaster often took him to the "Pittsfield Lyceum," where John heard the important issues of the day openly debated.

Young John's religious education was unusual in that he was spared the formal denominational training given to most New England boys. In writing about his religious background John Swett said:

My grandfather was a sturdy disbeliever in witches, ghosts and devils, and to him and my father I owe a special debt of gratitude that my young life was not darkened by superstitious beliefs.

Swett's mother was a church member, but was never disturbed about theological metaphysics. His father was a religious man but would not subscribe to all the dogmas of the church. Grandfather Swett was a Universalist; and Grandmother Swett a Freewill Baptist. Grandfather French was a Calvin Baptist, and Grandmother French, a Congregationalist. It was his Grandmother French, who told young John when he was sick with a fever that he shouldn't be afraid to die since life was a vale of tears and it is better to die young than to live to be old. In later life Swett reminisced: "I remember that I thought I wanted to get well and would rather take the chances." Swett admits that in his younger years he was influenced by a series of tracts by William Ellery Channing, and although he attended the Congregational church, he considered himself a Unitarian. Later in life, when Swett became a central figure in California's educational scene he was often criticized for his views on religion and his attitude toward religion. Swett called this period of his life one of "border warfare in education," but he made it plain where he stood in regard to religion and the free common schools of California. In the California controversy on sectarian aid Swett wrote:

Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the sectarian school.

From 1844 to 1847 John Swett attended Pittsfield Academy, and then, the Pembroke Academy. Later he taught at the Buck Street School near Pembroke, at "ten dollars a month and board." After teaching at the Randolph School, in Randolph, Massachusetts, where he enjoyed the privilege of attending lectures by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker, and E. P. Whipple, Swett enrolled at William Russell's Normal Institute at Reed's Ferry, near the city of Manchester. William Russell was the first editor of the *American Journal of Education* (1826–1829), and had

been associated with Horace Mann. Russell was an enthusiastic supporter of public education, and it was from him that Swett received the inspiration and guidance which he acknowledged all his life.

The four winter terms in New England schools comprise all of Swett's teaching outside of California, with the exception of a part-time position in the preparatory department of Pembroke Academy during the fall term of 1850.

Armed with this limited experience plus his short period of professional training, Swett decided to go to California. Many of the historical sources state that Swett was lured by the financial gain to be found in the gold fields. This is not true. He had heard that "the clear, brisk atmosphere seems to make a person strong enough to digest iron," and he had been in very poor health prior to the trip. Swett gives the real reason for his trip to California: "I decided to go to California in a sailing vessel, 'round the Horn' hoping that a long sea voyage might improve my health and strengthen my eyes."

When he landed in San Francisco, that "Baghdad-by-the-Bay," Swett carried ashore his few material possessions, and his intangible intellectual baggage—the influence of New England education and environment. Swett never lost touch with the educational ideals of his native state. In a sense he considered himself an advance agent and educational salesman of the principles of New England education, and California, his adopted state, the beneficiary.

Speaking before the Sacramento Convention in November 1862, in support of his nomination for the Office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Swett said:

I am indebted for the commencement of my education to a little school house in the old Granite State; and whatever I am I owe it [*sic*] to that school system of New England. I am proud of it.

Swett was not the only pioneer in California educational circles that had a touch of the "Massachusetts public school heresy." The composition of the San Francisco Board of Education, for example, in 1853–54 was wholly of New Englanders. These new Californians never forgot that they had once been Yankees!

John Swett, the "Little Giant," (he was barely five feet seven inches) served the State of California for almost fifty-five years (1853–1905). During a great deal of this time a fluid and rapid changing economy brought many changes to California. California society was in constant flux. This condition left Swett free to explore alternate solutions. It is to his everlasting credit that he had the courage to try these alternatives. John Swett was not a "bird of passage," and he worked for many years to build that most cohesive of social institutions, the California school system.

In his long career as school administrator, Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of California, city administrator of San Francisco, author, journalist, poet and educational statesman John Swett was active and persistent in keeping the needs of the school before the legislatures of California. He made his most important contributions during his State Superintendency. When he took office at the early age of thirty-two years, the educational pattern of California education had not yet been formed. The blueprint was incomplete. Andrew Jackson Moulder, Swett's predecessor in office, and a Southerner by birth had made a valiant attempt to improve the educational conditions in California during the 1857 to 1862 period. Thus the stage was set for John Swett. He was to become the "former" of the California school system. There was little to reform up to 1862.

During his two terms as California Superintendent of Public Instruction (1862–1867), every phase of the law governing the schools of California received his studied attention, with the result that the entire California system was, to use Swett's own words, "quietly and peacefully revolutionized."

Swett was an accomplished orator, trained in the tradition of Quintilian. A. E. Winship, Boston editor of the *Journal of Education*, after one of Swett's speeches said:

He was capable of more fiery eloquence than any other educator I have ever heard, and yet he never made any personal enemies by it.

He could not help laughing and joking with the fellows he had damned an hour before.

John Swett's 'dam' and laugh were twin brothers in any political fight, legislative or municipal.

John Swett was a nationalist patriot, and as far as he was concerned the cause of education was the cause of patriotism in California. He believed that the schools were the forts of freedom, because they were "under the wants, spirits, and ideals of a nation." He was convinced that unconditional loyalty for the country and the state was to be found only in those sections where free schools were most abundant—and where education was freest. Here again he expressed his strong Union ties and sympathies. In this respect he said:

South Carolina, true to her treasonable instincts, fires the signal gun of the rebellion . . . Mississippi where 'cotton is king' saves, above whiskey and bowie knives, one-fourth of a million for education. The rebellion is based on ignorance. The mad aristocrats of the South have inflamed people until they have been driven into the fiery furnace of civil war.

Merle Curti in referring to Swett's loyalty to the Federal Government in the struggle with the Confederacy pointed out that "John Swett of California was the most single factor in weighting the scales on the sides of victory," in that state. There is little doubt that the firm loyalty of men like John Swett helped to strengthen the bonds of the indivisible nation.

The Civil War period was one of great development in California. As the Civil War Superintendent of Public Instruction, Swett argued that: "You will never make California union to the backbone until you have a school system so thorough that all the people shall be brought into the schools and thoroughly Americanized." He was quick to take advantage of the situation and the changes which the Civil War brought to California. In this regard P. T. Conmy argued that the great development in public education in California was due to two factors:

Namely (1) the continued battle, which was conducted by Swett to establish the New England type school system, and (2) the sociological effect of the stimulus of the war on education.

As the Civil War came to a close Swett desired to see for himself the condition of state school housing and California education in general. This was in compliance with the Revised School Law of 1863. Besides his local visits, and trips to Stockton, Sacramento, Petaluma, and other areas, he made an educational junket to the "*terra incognita*" of Southern California in February 1865.

He came down south with some trepidation because Swett knew that Confederate sympathies were very strong in the Southland. During the early part of the Civil War a Confederate flag had waved undisturbed in Los Angeles, as well as in other nearby towns, the Union men in that section being largely in the minority. He travelled from Wilmington to Los Angeles, visited San Bernardino, went by long overland stage to Santa Barbara, and north to San Luis Obispo and finally to San Jose.

He found Los Angeles "basking in the warm sunshine at the foot of a picturesque range of mountains in all the lazy loveliness of a semi-tropical climate." He was not impressed with the city, and described it as a place "covered by shocking bad 'tiles,' . . ." He was less impressed with the educational progress of the area. Since there was wealth in the area he could see no reason for the extreme shortage of equipment. When describing the Los Angeles schools Swett said:

Los Angeles has two well-built brick school-houses, both furnished with school desks of a unique and antique pattern—a model of which ought to be sent to the Patent Office—admirably adjusted to twist the spines of growing girls, and break the backs and weary the legs of the sturdier boys.

He did find the schools in the San Gabriel District and in the vicinity of Wilmington, Phineas Banning's City, to be good, well-built, well-furnished and well-taught. He did not visit the El Monte District with its "lack of American citizens and superabundance of Dixie patriots," and here, once again Swett overtly revealed his strong Union leanings.

He called San Bernardino a "scattered village," and heatedly pointed out that the seats of the schoolhouses were the "roughest, meanest, rickety, broken down looking substitutes for seats which ever disgraced a school-room or a community pretending to be civilized."

His description of Santa Barbara was indeed a classical one. He called the town "an old centenarian under a shocking bad hat," and one of the schools "a libel on the town and a disgrace to the trustees." Slowly, John Swett was to realize that poor school conditions were prevalent, north and south. San Luis Obispo, for example, had a broken down schoolhouse that used empty claret boxes for seats; San Jose did not possess a school-house worthy of its prosperity and wealth, and even many a northern city did not live up to his educational expectations.

When Swett returned from his travels from foreign lands (Southern California), he immediately prepared recommendations for what he considered sorely needed legislation. In the 422 pages of his first biennial report Swett strongly recommended that the lack of progress in educational affairs left no alternative but to try and develop a system of education on a state basis. Fortunately, Swett was able to achieve this goal before he left office.

Swett's own description of his accomplishments for the State of California, boldly written, and given as a speech before the National Education Association, in Boston, in 1872, dramatically describes Swett's aggressive leadership. What is surprising about this speech is that Swett neglected to mention many of his accomplishments for which he is well known today. He was the moving force behind the establishment of the State Educational Society in California. Always an ardent champion of the school teacher Swett even used his poetry to espouse the cause of the teacher. In his "Random Rhymes for School Teachers by a Poor Ped," he wrote:

As well suppose that a game of Euchre.  
Will fill your pockets with filthy lucre,  
As think that teaching the city's scholars  
Will line your pockets with silver dollars.  
Mum is the word and nothing to say:  
Live 'on faith' and expect no pay.

Swett was active in founding the *California Teacher*, issued August 1863. This was the forerunner of the present California Teachers Association *Journal*. John Swett is known as the "God-father of the California Teachers' Association."

In his famous speech Swett in a high note of optimism exultantly exclaimed that he had "framed a school law; established free schools . . ." There is hardly room here to describe all the achievements of John Swett during his long service to California. He touched every phase of educational development in California. He was a builder; obsessed with what Emerson called on his trip to California, "the inflamed expectation haunting men."

Henry Barnard devoted ten pages in his *American Journal of Education* to a notice of the California School Law of 1866, which was the keystone for free public schools in this state, and stated: "Superintendent Swett has, in this noble contribution, laid our whole country under lasting obligation; . . ." Another writer calling California "the El Dorado of the Pacific" said that California's progress in education made it "necessary for older states to look well to their laurels."

John Swett, the "Horace Mann of California," had to wrestle with the same problems which plague us today: religion in the schools, sectarian aid and the matter of segregation. He managed to manipulate the political and social environment of the Civil War in California in such a way that he was able, finally, to legalize his philosophy of education.

Many called him "the Yankee Schoolmaster in California," "the father of public education in California," but the true significance of Swett's contributions as an educational statesman cannot be found in any simple biography which oversimplifies the past, but must be found in the substantive meaning of the events of the history of education in California. Like Horace Mann, John Swett had been a great force in himself, and affected the past of California in such a way as to mold the pattern of the future of California's educational direction.



## 16

### The Valley's Versatile Vindex

by Joseph E. Doctor  
March, 1964

**T**hose of you who have labored through the pages of California history may have never heard of Vindex, or of Brigham James, or of David Bice James, and there's no reason, really, why you should have. While he was probably known to everyone who could read a newspaper in the South San Joaquin valley between 1851 and 1900 and to many who read the San Francisco newspapers and the Mining and Engineering Review, he never really made his mark on history.

But he barely missed. He was one of the many who never quite arrived, despite the da Vinci-like versatility of his brilliant mind and his vigorous health. He could have struck it rich and been another Lucky Baldwin as a miner and mining promoter; he could have made it as a townsite developer; had it not been for the flood of 1862 and the erratic behavior of the Kaweah river, his town might now have been a thriving county seat.

It was as an inventor that he wooed fame and fortune most enthusiastically, and with a little luck he might have been the rival of the Big Four, endowing libraries and universities. Had he chosen to enter the field of journalism instead of lurking on its fringes, he might have become another John Squibob or a Mark Twain. Had he not been quite so inclined to speak his mind bluntly, he might have been drafted into politics. Had he been able to stabilize himself into a single occupation instead of following his will to wander, he might even have made it as an industrialist or a merchant.

He tried them all, and with varied success, but his greatest was as a prophet of the future, which has seldom paid off for its devotees. James would have sunk into complete obscurity had it not been for the proliferation of his writings extending over more than half a century and which are destined to pique the curiosity of fu-

ture historians who have a sense of humor and can catch the serio-comic aspect of James' desire to make it big while never quite catching on. His generation, delighted by his personality and perhaps respecting the near-genius that led him into attempts to modernize the techniques of his day far ahead of the times, never took him quite seriously. Obviously, however, old Brigham was a character, and to have been on speaking terms with him must have given status to men of his day.

Although it is possible to know Brigham James through those who wrote about him, it is through his own columns that one may know him best. As the earliest of these were identified only by the *nom de plume* of Vindex, and he may have had others, it is well to know at the start that Vindex was David Bice James. It is also well to know that references to Brigham James or just plain Brigham, are references to David Bice James. Vindex is listed among the non-words in Webster's Unabridged as meaning "avenger of wrongs," which James was, although he probably committed a few, too.

Editors of the *Visalia Delta* and the *Visalia Times* thought enough of his readership in the 1860s and 70s to hand peg perhaps a galley and a half of eight point type of his writings for a single issue in a day when it was lots cheaper and easier to stick to short local items and reach for the boilerplate box for long fillers.

From the great registers of Tulare county and San Francisco one may learn that James was born either in 1827 or in 1833, and either in Ohio or in England. In all his writings about himself, he hasn't revealed, to this chronicler at least, how he came to California, or how many wives and children he had. One may only suspect that he had two, possibly more, of the former, and two, possibly more, of the latter. There is evidence to suggest that Brigham was quite a lady's man; if the snapshot of him before the tunnel of the Bald Mountain mine at White River in the 1880's is authentic, he was in his fifties still youthfully handsome, with ringlets of grey hair and a curly grey beard.

Because one editor suggests that James earned the nickname of Brigham because he had spent much time with the Mormons, and was able to tell delightful stories about them, one may interpolate into the facts as known that he crossed the plains from Ohio in 1849 or 1850 too late to make it over Donner, spent some time in Salt Lake, and then came south to Los Angeles. He picks up the thread of his own story writing for the *Mining and Engineering Journal* in a series of articles in 1903. He tells us he was in Los Angeles in 1851 and joined the company of Col. Barbour which went into the San Joaquin valley to trade with the Indians, and with this group met both James Savage and Col. Fremont. They saw not a single Indian until they reached the Four Creeks country, the delta of the Kaweah River, where they found gathered 1,000 surly Indians, so poorly armed that "one man with a Winchester could have killed the lot of them from behind a tree" James suggests that in the light of what had been done by the redskins to the John Wood party only a few months before, this would have been fitting and proper.

James apparently left the party at the San Joaquin river and took off up the stream to try his luck at mining. He had the usual experiences of the untried miner but later began to make a few strikes. He relates that on one occasion he and a partner he identifies only as "Kentuck" were mining at Coarse Gold gulch when a couple of Indians sauntered by. One of them patted James' poke and commented, "*Mucho oro*," whereupon James backhanded him across the mouth. It soon became apparent to James and Kentuck that these fellows were at home and among friends, while they were not. The place was literally crawling with redskins peering hostilely through the brush. James and his partner took off hastily up the trail and

hoofed it for a dozen miles across the hills to Texas Flat, where Jim Savage was working about 150 natives at a placer mine.

Savage, said Brigham, was clad only in a breechclout and wore his hair almost to the ground. James goes on to say that Savage and his partner, Bishop, had two mules but no saddles, so with two men to a mule, the four of them set out for Savage's trading post on the Fresno River, where they arrived so sore from riding *sans* stirrups that they could hardly alight.

James says he witnessed Savage's method of trading for gold with the Indians. They balanced their ration of flour and raisins with gold on the scales.

James hung around the San Joaquin river and old Fort Millerton for a couple of years with occasional forays into the mines to the north. Once, he says, he saw an 18-foot rattlesnake, although he did not really measure it. He tells of one journey to Hornitos where, he remarked, the dance hall girls were very beautiful. He also made an expedition into the Kern river country and is said to have been one of the earlier discoverers of gold there.

By 1853, James was weary of digging, and as he had made at least a part of his pile, he moved into the new town of Visalia, which was the supply point for the Kern mines, and set himself up in the brewery business. This meant keeping a saloon and manufacturing the goods it sold. Meanwhile, he ballyhooed the Kern mines by writing to the newspapers in the Mother Lode, for every man who stampered south was a potential customer.

James built the first brick house in Visalia, a two-story affair which later became the house of Col. Bequette, and it was here that at least two of the grandchildren of Mary Graves of Donner party fame were born, for she became the colonel's daughter-in-law.

James had had enough of Indian fighting around Millerton, and when the tragic comedy called the Tulare county Indian war occurred in 1856, James is not listed among the volunteer militiamen. He remained in Visalia and, like a true Clamper, took care of the women and children. When other men of the settlement decided to liquidate the harmless Indians who were camped nearby, James and a couple of other wise heads, to their everlasting credit, went out and brought the Indians into town where they could be protected against bloody massacre by hot-headed whites.

In 1857 James, a Republican in the midst of radical Democrats, decided to build his own town. He sold his house to Col. Bequette and moved out to a more scenic and less malarial site near the Venice Hills, where the first settlement in the county had been established. He soon promoted it into a thriving town with a saloon, general store, blacksmith shop, hotel, and even a furniture manufacturing business.

The high water of 1862 liquidated James' dream. The fickle Kaweah carved out a new channel down the course of a little creek until it hit Venice, which James had named his town because of the many canals and streams nearby. There the river chose to follow the wagon ruts that went down the main street. When the flood receded, nothing was left but the broad course of the new St. Johns river.

James went back to digging, first in Kern county and then in the years that followed probably in many places, including as far away as Iowa City. As a Republican in Kern county, the refuge of Secessionists, James must have kept his mouth shut. His observation of the roaring town of Havilah is again that the girls were beautiful and that among them were two of Kit Carson's dark eyed daughters.

By 1869, old Brigham was back at White River in Tulare county, mining gold and penning letters to the Visalia *Delta*. In 1872, when the Southern Pacific reached

Tulare county and stopped for a breather, he wrote as Vindex that the railroad should go up Kern river and out over Walker Pass instead of over the Tehachapis. He started his article as follows: "Did you ever have a bitter disappointment such as hearing that your heaviest creditor was dead and then meeting him the next morning coming at you full tilt with all your notes in his hand?"

He concludes the correspondence with a comment on the effect at White River of the Inyo quake that had destroyed Independence: "It shook my wife's chickens so that the hens won't lay and the yeast so that the bread won't rise."

That same year he went to San Francisco by train as soon as the tracks had extended to within six miles of Visalia. He had to ride a dirty cattle car to Fresno. Under the title, "Vindex Traveleth," he told not only of the trip but of his subsequent stay in the metropolis. He had a low opinion of it. "Thou Mecca of busted pilgrims and ye assorted bums," he called it.

"The latest sensation (in San Francisco) is the killing of a man named Cummings by a Mrs. Keney. He had by slander caused her husband to leave her and she deliberately closed up his business with a double barrelled shotgun. She has the sympathy of the community, as she is young and good looking. The moral is, a woman must never shoot the top of a man's head off unless she has youth and beauty to back her action."

In 1873, James wrote of the Southern Pacific's new town of Tulare, which it hoped would wrest the county seat from old Visalia, "Tulare is not a success, nor will it ever be as a commercial center, but will in time perhaps be a good quiet place to have the county hospital or asylum for those who succumb to bad whiskey." Tulare never became the county seat, but is today the site of the county hospital, where a lot of indigent alcoholics pass their final hours.

By 1873 James was back in Visalia, running a hotel. The next year he had a contract to furnish the courthouse and several other buildings with water, and he put his inventive genius into devising a steam pump. He advertised that he had a 22,000 gallon "swimming tank" with heated water which no doubt would never make the sanitation requirements of today. Next we find him as the proprietor of the skating rink.

In 1876, he took over the gas plant that furnished the new Masonic-Odd Fellows building with gas light and which did not work very well. James piped gas into several business buildings and added the gas works to his utilities. When he first turned the gas on he forgot to shut off the jets, and the result, said the editor, "smelled like forty polecats." James made gas out of coal oil he refined from crude oil from a well west of Tulare lake. "The gas gives the best light of any ever tried in Visalia, and two burners will cast a shadow on a chandelier of a dozen oil lamps," reported the Delta. "Brigham doesn't know whether he has a white elephant or a bonanza."

Meanwhile, he continued his Vindex columns. In the hard times of 1877, we find him carping against buying out of the state and urging the subsidization of any industry that would care to come to Visalia. He went on to say that hard times were due to too many labor saving devices, thus too much overproduction. Automation in 1877? James thought so.

But while he was fooling around with his steam irrigation pump 20 years ahead of his time and also figuring out a steam wagon to haul the grain to the railroad, James had another bee in his inventive bonnet. In 1878 he demonstrated a model of a single track railroad in Visalia. Such a road, he claimed, could be built and equipped for about one-third the cost of a standard railroad and would reduce the freight from the interior to tidewater by \$3.85 a ton.

In a day when the railroads were monopolistic and charged all the traffic would bear, this sounded great to all the haters of the Big Four, and they were numerous. By 1880, James moved up to San Francisco and began to promote his idea in earnest. That same year he demonstrated the locomotive and several cars at Antioch, then making its bid as a deep water port, by giving 97 passengers a ride over 900 feet of track.

There are drawings of the railroad, which James patented, in existence. The principle was to have a broad drive wheel in front of the engine to run in a trough-like track made of wood. The engine and cars balanced on small dolly wheels on the raised sides of the groove in which the driver wheel traveled. James claimed he could build a locomotive for \$3,500.

A company was formed to build the road 167 miles south to the Mussel Slough country, but nothing ever came of it. James fished for offers to build branch roads into the foothill towns, but nothing came of those, either.

He remained in San Francisco, advertising himself as an inventor. His list included not only railroads, but also household gadgets and, of course, a dry gold washer which every mechanical minded miner in California was trying to invent at the time.

He remained in San Francisco, with occasional returns to White River as mining company superintendent when he could promote enough capital to open up the old mines there, until 1907, when he dropped out of the directory in which he had been listed in later years as being in "notions." The Visalia paper reported that old Brigham was running a second hand store on McAllister street.

His travels to Tulare county were reported as those of a local boy who had made good. In 1896, the Delta commented that "Brigham is talking of going to Alaska, although he is 73." In 1903 he wrote reminiscences of his experiences in the mines for the *Mining and Engineering Review*, a series well worth the perusal of today's historian, despite the 18-foot rattlesnake. In 1907, he wrote a biting letter against the San Francisco corruption, saying "Throw the boodlers out!"

In 1896 he wrote prophetically to a San Francisco newspaper his thoughts on the efforts of man to conquer the air.

"The day will surely arrive when the air will be navigated by aerial machines as safely as carriages drawn through the streets, but inventors will have to discard the use of steam and electricity as motive power as they involve too much weight.

"A rocket soars into the air to great height with great force. What does it? It is simply the combustion of the material used turned into gas as it is forced out of the tube as it is created, and the expansion creates an impact against the atmosphere while the rocket is speeded by continuous recoil until the explosives are consumed.

"It has occurred to my mind that gas exploded in a chamber and discharged out of a bell mouthed tube against the atmosphere would propel the vessel in proportion to the amount of gas used at each explosion."

He went on to describe how he would build a cigar shaped cylinder with the bell shaped tube on one end and a rudder on the other, with aeroplanes which would open out when the gas was exhausted to permit a gliding angle of descent. "No matter how fast the machine was going through the air, it could not create any vacuum," he closed.

Old Brigham's idea isn't too remote from the principles that send the X-15 and Saturn on their way.

Of the Spanish-American war James also had his say. "It is a thing of jingoists and journalists," and "war is a barbarous way of settling international disputes."

Once, in his many writings, James recalled an incident which occurred when he was operating his "brewery" in Visalia. A young *vaquero* came in and took on quite a load of refreshment. After James had closed for the night, the *vaquero* returned, broke in, consumed some more and tore the place up considerably. He was arrested and brought into court. James, the victim, became his defender. James told the judge that as the young *vaquero* usually conducted himself very well, there must have been a reason why he behaved so badly in this occasion. James said that he had just produced a new batch of brew and had not sampled it himself when he began serving it to the young *vaquero*. Later, he said, he had sampled it, and it was so full of lightning that had he drunk as much of it as had his young customer, he would have torn the place apart himself. The judge fined the young man \$15, and James paid the fine.

After 1907, James dropped completely from sight. He disappeared from the San Francisco directory, and there is no David B. James in the state's registry of deaths. Where did he go? What happened to him?

Frankly, this chronicler hasn't the heart to check out the death of a David James in Los Angeles in 1921 at the age of 94. It might be our old friend, Brigham. It is sad to think of him ending up in the heartland of promoters and latter-day prophets in which he might not be able to compete. We'd rather think of Brigham as having hatched in his fertile brain, maybe from home brew and coal oil, an elixir of life which he is keeping from the rest of humanity until the day it can be trusted with such a dangerous concoction. Maybe he has gone Above or Below; if so, maybe he'll say a good word for us when we join him, just as he defended the errant *vaquero*.

## 17

### Gunwoman

by Ray A. Gibson  
December, 1964

**I**n the year 1903 I was acting for a time as manager of Jim Harland's Stage & Freighting Outfit at Manvel, California, a station on the Santa Fe Railway Branch, Goffs to Ivanpah. One day I was busy loading lumber and mining timbers onto two wagons of a "Longline or Jerkline Outfit" when I noted that a two-horse outfit was approaching on the Colorado River road. The wagon, piled high with furniture, was much the worse for wear, the wheels wobbled from side to side and the squeal from the dry axles could be heard long before it came to a stop near where I was working. I noted that the wagon had been repaired with "Mormon Tie-rope" (bailing wire) in many places, the tires held to the felly's in the same manner. These details were noted quickly but the occupants of the wagon, a man and woman, needed a more minute sizing up, particularly the woman. The man wore the usual Levi's of the desert and a blue woolen shirt, and had his pants tucked into a good looking pair of riding boots. He had several weeks growth of beard, was extremely dirty but withal, not unprepossessing. I noted that he had the usual six-shooter worn by all the desert men and that he wore it low on his right leg and strapped down, ready for action. The woman was short and inclined to the heavy side, wore a two piece suit of khaki which was badly in need of a bit of soap and water. What startled me was the fact that she too had a shooting iron strapped around her waist, and in addition, a 30-30 Winchester Rifle resting across her knees.

The man spoke then, saying, "My names' DeVito, I'm a Skinner and looking for a job with your outfit, what are the chances and are there any old "shacks" in town where we can shake down for a few days in any case." I told him that one of our 16 animal team skimmers had quit only the day before and that if he was a good driver, he could show up at the corral on the morrow. His wife spoke up then, a

rasping voice which reminded me of the sound of rasp on a horses, hoof saying, "Bob is a damned good skinner, don't drink and isn't afraid of anything or anybody, cept me and I wouldn't hurt a fly unless." Here she was interrupted by a small boyish voice from the rear of the wagon. "You'd better be nice to my 'maw,' or she will kill you. She killed a man in Arizona and that's why we had to get out so fast—the Sheriff was after us but "Paw" was too cute for the law and here we are in California. "The woman jumped to the ground, grabbed the boy, and as long as I live, I shall never forget the thrashing she gave the poor lad, the husband standing by mute—me speechless, too, because of the very suddenness of the affair and the utter ferocity shown. She threw the sobbing boy back into the wagon with the same cold bloodedness and told him that if he ever made another crack about her or Arizona, she'd skin him alive and I for one, was ready to believe her.

I told them of a shack down near the Butcher Shop and as she drove away with her husband, she yelled, "Just forget what you heard and what you think and we will get along fine—hope my little fit of anger won't make any difference about the job." I may say that up to now I have kept the story under my hat, however, since they have been dead these many years, I can tell the story of "Gunwoman."

They moved into the little "Shack" and Bob was on hand when I arrived at the corral the next morning, shaved, boots polished and ready to start on his new job as skinner. I pointed out his 16 horses and he set to at once with the curry comb and brush which I'm sure surprised the animals because our late driver had spent very little time in keeping the animals fit. He had soon finished with this job—harnessed up and was ready to take his wagons up to the lumber deposit by the time I had finished getting the other wagon train away for its long drag over the border into Nevada.

Bob turned out to be a very good skinner in every way and we all learned to like him exceedingly, his team, though working hard, looked fine and slick like horses from a riding stable.

The only reference Bob ever made to our first meeting was after he had been there several months. He said "I can never thank you enough for having overlooked what my old woman said and did that day when we arrived and I do hope my work is satisfactory because I am very happy here and want my kids to have a bit of schooling which they never will get if I have to keep moving along." I was only too glad to inform him that he was the very best skinner we ever had and complimented him on his general work and the splendid condition of his animals, adding, don't worry about what your wife did or said—its under our hats—besides, it has no bearing on you and your work.

I saw Mrs. DeVito nearly every day when I went to the Post-Office or the Butcher shop, and, although she always wore her six-shooter, made no trouble and was well liked by the few women who lived in this small town. She remarked many times that she was very happy and hoped Bob was giving every satisfaction, once remarking that she was sorry her terrible temper had made it necessary to move about so much.

This "End of Rails" mining supply town, was well up in the mountains at an altitude of about 7500' so we were blessed with quite a heavy growth of "Scrub Cedar Trees" our one and only shade, hence always a special care on the part of our citizens. It was because of one of these trees that this story is being written.

The DeVitos had two children, a little girl about 5 who had hidden that first day, and the little boy of about 7 who had gotten himself in dutch on that occasion, these two kiddies playing about every day without seemingly disturbing the peace



in any way, their general playground being at the corral where they loved to play at driving the big teams and in the old Concord Stagecoaches. One day I was passing the home of Mr. Murdock and saw them up in one of the Cedar trees just back of Doc's back porch, a tree that Mrs. Murdock took care of like she would an infant. The kiddies were well up in the tree and were throwing down small twigs which they broke off, so, I admonished them to get down and explained why the trees were so valuable to us. They got down at once and trotted home, Mrs. Murdock, who had come to the door, saying, "Thanks Gib I had hoped they would get down without my having to scold them."

I went on back to my office near the Ry Station and had only been there for a few minutes when I heard a shot and a women's scream. I rushed out the back door and ran towards Dr. Murdock's as fast as I could, sure in my own mind that something had happened between the Dr.'s wife and Mrs. DeVito. When I got to them, Mrs. DeVito was sitting astride of the fallen wife of Dr. Murdock and was beating the poor old lady over the head and face with the butt of her gun and bowled the DeVito woman over just as Mrs. Munro, the butchers wife came on the scene. Mrs. Munro, powerful as any man, caught Mrs. DeVito and literally dragged her to the shack while I carried the unlucky Mrs. Murdock into her house for first aid. I found the Dr.'s lab immediately and gave what first aid I could, using carbolic solution to cleanse the wounds on the head and face and pouring a little Listerine in to the chest wound in order to note whether the bullet had pierced a lung.

Just then Mrs. Munro came in and when I told her what I had done and my fears that the right upper lung had been pierced, she said, "Get your horse 'Gib' and scour the hills for the Doctor—he's prospecting somewhere out North but find him quick for God's sake or he'll return a widower."

I ran to the corral, saddled up and for the next hour rode the tops of the hills looking for the Dr. and his grey pony. I was about to give it up and try the hills to the West when I spotted the Dr. and his horse coming down a long valley. I lost no time in getting to him, explained what had happened and told him to ride as he never rode before if he would see his wife again. I did not try to keep pace with him but came in about two miles behind the Doc, proceeding directly to his house where all the towns people were gathered.

The Doctor was operating on his poor wife, several of his neighbors doing odd chores such as heating water and handing the Doc such instruments as he called for, the job finally being completed and the people ordered home by the Doctor. I went into the house and asked the Doctor if I could be of any service, was told that nothing more could be done for the moment and to go home as he had another job to do at once but without any help. I took it upon myself to warn the Doctor that he must not attempt to take revenge on Mrs. DeVito as she was angry enough to kill him but to this he refused to listen. I went over to the Sheriff's house but found that he had been away for several days, so, thinking that the Justice of the Peace was next in command, ran over to his store only to be told that he was taking no action until the Sheriff returned. This refusal made me boil over and going to the station wired the Sheriff at the County seat all details mentioning too that the Deputy was away and that J. P. would take no action.

One of our Jerkline Teams had come in that afternoon and just before the team was outspanned, the Butcher and about 10 men came to borrow the outfit. I found that they were going down the line to an old mining camp where years before they had sported a small one cell Iron Jail and this they proposed bringing up to our village to house the DeVito lady.

They came back into town just before dark and while they were unloading the Cell, Mrs. DeVito walked up with her 30-30 and asked, "What are you to do with the cute little Doll House boys" none making reply until, I spoke up with, "They aim to have this ready for you when the Sheriff or his Deputy arrive and if I were you I'd go over to the J. P. and give up.

She snarled like a wildcat and said, "There aren't enough men in this berg to put me into that mouse-trap" raised her rifle and told the gang to get the heck back to their own Wiki-ups and be dam quick about it." She turned on me then and said, "I thought you were my friend, you've been dam good to Bob else I'd let you have it, now 'git' before I forget all that." I "GOT" since there was no use putting up any argument with an angry armed woman who had already shot a man in Arizona, maybe for less reason, anyway, I did not linger. That night the men of the town met at the Post Office to talk it over, it being finally decided to await the arrival of the Sheriff or his Deputy, meantime everybody was asked to keep an eye on the lady and not to let her get away even if we had to form a vigilante division to arrest her.

The next day Bob came into town, I met him at the Corral to be the first to tell him what had happened. He was struck dum and cried like a baby, saying "I've been so happy here, the first decent job I've had for ever so long and now I've got to pull up stakes again because of my wife's rotten temper." I was sorry for him—he was so decent and I hated to think of losing him as a driver. I took care of his team and he went home to the wife who continued to pace back and forth in front of their shack. I finished caring for the horses and went over to see the Dr. and Mrs. Murdock. As I came around the corner near the shack I heard Mrs. DeVito saying "Drop that gun Dr., you dam Sawbones and git before I drill that empty head of yours." The Doctor, who probably figured that she meant what she said started for his house on the double and I followed him. He told me that while Mrs. Murdock was badly beaten up—he felt that she would pull through if no complications set in and that Mrs. Munro was going to be the nurse. With this information I went over to Bob's house and asked him to take a walk with me since I had something serious to say to him.

I told him I had wired the Sheriff who would no doubt come in with several deputies to make the arrest and unless he, DeVito, could control his wife, somebody might get killed and I could not see any other way out unless she hitched up his own team, loaded his furniture and made a getaway into Nevada. He broke down a bit but reckoned I was right; we returned to his house and told his wife what had been decided and while she cussed a bit, said she was supposed they had better "git goin" because she did not propose being taken by anyone and put in that dam "Mouse-trap."

I helped them load up their belongings, no one in the village showing up during these operations and no one the wiser until the following morning when someone noticed that the bird had flown and spread the news.

That very afternoon, just before sundown, the Sheriff and two deputies came in on a special train with their horses and hearing that the lady had started for the border, left in hot pursuit. They caught up with the outfit just after it had crossed the line—Mrs. DeVito sitting in the tail end of the wagon thumbed her nose to them and said "Go on back to your Alfalfa patches boys, I'm in Nevada now and by the time you can get out extradition papers, I'll be somewhere else—*Adios.*"

"Remembering that because I had not killed McKinney the year before and that because of this two good men were killed by McKinney and Schultz, I decided to help DiVito and his wife out of the State knowing that Mrs. DeVito would probably kill a few of us if she were held in Manvel."

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## Old Pauline Weaver

by Ray Weaver  
March, 1965

**T**he name of Pauline was given him by the Indians, his name being Powell, the Mexicans called him Powlino, or Paulino, and the Indians left the "o" off and added the "e." Arthur Woodward and Raymond Carlson have a more intelligent explanation of this, but the fact remains that he was better known as Pauline.

History states that his mother was a Cherokee, this I do not know, in fact I have not proven that he was my great uncle, except by the statements of my father, Warren, and my uncles and that of history.

### BANCROFT'S STATEMENT:

Pauline Weaver, one of the earliest Americans who visited Arizona, perhaps before 1830, certainly as early as 1832, was born in Tennessee, about whose life in detail very little is known. He was a famous trapper and explorer, acquainted with all the broad interior and its Indian tribes. He discovered in 1862, the Colorado Placers, and the next year the Hassasyampa Mines, in the district bearing his name. In 1865 he was tilling a patch of land on the same stream. I have not found the cause or circumstance of his death.

In May, 1830 he left Fort Smith, Arkansas for the west, with a party of 42 or 43. In this party there were three men who kept a diary or wrote a narrative later, namely Jacob P. Leese, Job F. Dye, and Geo. Nidever, they all name Powell Weaver as one of the party. Many of these men became well known and wealthy in California in the later years, such as Isaac Williams owner of the Chino Ranch. Trapping the different rivers and streams, they arrived in Taos, New Mexico late in the year of 1830.

Weaver, with Ewing Young on his second expedition to California left San Fernando (Taos), New Mexico September 1831. He trapped along the Gila and

other streams on the way, arriving in Los Angeles in April, 1832. I have no record of Weaver coming into California at this time.

P. Weaver is inscribed on the north inner wall of the Casa Granda 1832. He undoubtedly carved his name as he passed the Casa Granda on this trip. There is some doubt as to the last number of this date, of being 2, 3 or 4. A trapper by occupation, and we find him on the Gila River many times, it is quite possible that he carved it later than 1832.

Charles D. Poston who was with J. Ross Browne on his tour of Arizona in 1864, made this statement in 1865 regarding Weaver: "The oldest living trapper in Arizona, in 1865, is old Pauline Weaver, from White County, Tennessee. His name is carved in the Casa Granda, near the Pima Villages on the Gila River, under date of 1832. This old man has been a peacemaker among the Indians for many years, and is now spending the evening of his life in cultivating a little patch of land on the public domain in the northern part of the territory, on a beautiful little stream called the Hassayampa."

From this date 1832, I have no further record of Weaver until 1842, except that some time in the early part of this period his son was born, Ben Weaver. The mother was an Indian woman of the Chemehuevi Tribe. This tribe was located on the Colorado River below Needles, California, their territory at that time running several hundred miles on either side of the Colorado and several hundred miles down the Colorado from Fort Mohave.

In the *White Conquest of Arizona*, by Orick Jackson, I find this statement: No matter what biographers may say, Paulin (*sic*) Weaver has the honor and the distinction of being the first white man to live in Arizona. As long ago as 1830 he explored alone the region lying along the Verde River, forty miles north of the present city of Prescott, and so informed many of his associates in this section in later years when he was permanently located. He came to Arizona to lay out ground for the Hudson Bay Co. and for the purpose of following the trade of trapper for that Company.

In 1842 he is located near the Cajon Pass in San Bernardino County, 15 miles west of the town of San Bernardino. He is here operating a saw pit with Michael White owner of the Rancho Muscupiabe. Pauline was offered this *rancho* at an earlier date as protection to the settlers in the valley from the Mohave Indians, but he turned it down. The road from San Bernardino to Salt Lake went out through this Pass onto the Mohave Desert, and the settlers were much troubled with the Indians from the desert. This *rancho* was for one league, but in later years when settled by the land commission it was somehow stretched to eight leagues.

In 1845 we find him on the Rancho San Gorgonio, about 30 miles south east of San Bernardino. He no doubt has been here for some time as in July of this year he and Julian (Isaac) Williams made application to the last Mexican Governor Pio Pico for this *rancho*, dated July 2, 1845. It is signed Julian Williams and Paulino Weaver. This application and map was damaged in the 1906 San Francisco fire, but it has been translated almost in its entirety. No record has ever been located of this Grant ever having been confirmed by the United States. It was for three leagues. This land originally belonged to San Gabriel Mission, and was their most easterly outpost. Pauline lived in the old buildings, made of adobe, they were much in ruins at the time. This location was about two miles north of the present town of Beaumont, California, straight out Beaumont Avenue. Isaac Williams, it is to be remembered, left Fort Smith, Arkansas with Pauline.

About the middle of 1846 Commodore Stockton sent Kit Carson east with Official Dispatches, declaring the war with Mexico over. Carson took with him

Pauline Weaver and fifteen others, six of these men were Delaware Indians. In the eastern part of Arizona on the Gila they met Gen. Kearny coming west to assist in the war with Mexico. Upon hearing the news from Calif. Gen. Kearny commanded Carson to accompany him back to Calif., sending the dispatches on to Washington with an Officer, at the same time sending Pauline on to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to guide Col. Cooke, who was to break a wagon road through to Calif., commanding what is now known as the Morman Battalion. Weaver met Col. Cooke Oct. 19, 1846.

The first eight or ten days out from Santa Fe, Pauline was very sick. Cooke in his journal mentions this several times, he also relates on two other occasions where Pauline made him very angry with his carelessness.

This first census of Los Angeles, Co., Feb. 1850, lists Powell Weaver and his brother, Duff Green Weaver (my grandfather) born in Louisiana. This is the earliest record that I have on my grandfather.

August 1851 Pauline served on the Los Angeles Grand Jury. I have an order or warrants made out to him for \$10 by the treasurer of the Co. of Los Angeles.

Dec. 21, 1851, he is at his *rancho* (San Gorgonio), holding prisoner the Indian Chief, Antonia Garra Jr., waiting for Gen. J. H. Bean, from Los Angeles.<sup>6</sup>

An excerpt from the Los Angeles *Star*; The capture of Antonio Garra is principally owing to Mr. Weaver's influence with Juan Antonio. Mr. Weaver fitted out the Chaullia Chief with mules, etc. for the trip and has been maintaining the party ever since they brought in the prisoner.

D. G. Weaver's letter to J. H. Bean, Feb. 12, 1852.

Pauline's letter to B. D. Wilson, Nov. 30, 1852.

We come now to Oct. 22, 1853. He now seems to be cashing in as the first transaction is a bill of sale to Dr. Isaac W. Smith for one third interest in the San Gorgonio Rancho. This instrument displays a signature of Powell Weaver, and this signature does not correspond with the one on the application for the San Gorgonio Grant, and from now on he signs with a mark or cross.

Feb. 2, 1854 he sells to I. W. Smith a number of horses and cattle, no signature, but recorded at San Bernardino.

The fifth session of the Calif. Legislature, May 15, 1854, an act for the relief of Powell Weaver was passed. The Comptroller of the state is hereby authorized and required to draw his warrant on the Treasurer of the State for the sum of five hundred dollars, in favor of Powell Weaver, for animals and provisions furnished the friendly Indians in San Bernardino County, in the year 1851, who were engaged in taking prisoner, Antonia Garra, and four other Indian Chiefs.

Statistics of San Bernardino Co., Oct. 25, 1855. From Mr. V. Johnson Herring, assessor, to Hon. S. H. Marlette, Surveyor General. The Gorgonia Pass has been claimed by Powell Weaver, for nine leagues, as a Grant given him by the Mexican Government; but for the last two years he has not claimed any and will not pay tax on it. (This is a definite indication that he knew the San Gorgonio Grant was not legally his.)

Pauline must have taken advantage of the Homestead Act, because he sold a quarter section to C. M. Soward, Dec. 22, 1856, signing the instrument with his mark. This is the first time we find him using a mark for his signature. This land must have had a clear title as it was transferred many times later.

Weaver has left Calif. as we now find him in Yuma, Ariz. Sept. 1857. Captain George Johnson who was then going up the Colorado with the Str. General Jessup,

hires Weaver to trap beaver for meat on the trip, he having his traps and Beaver bait. Johnson said the Beaver meat is good with or without fresh meat.

Two years and a half later the United States Census, at Tucson, Ariz., July 1860, lists him as Powell Weaver, Old Mountaineer, age 63, born in Tennessee, property valued at \$2100.00

Tucson, Ariz. at this time was the stopping place or rendezvous of a great many desperate characters, one writer stated that 90% of the inhabitants were of this type.

In Jan. 1862 Weaver with a party discovered the Gold placers seven miles east of La Paz. He took a quill full of this gold to Yuma and this started the gold rush to Arizona.

Shortly after reaching Yuma he went to work for the Northern Army, as scout and guide. In the Rebellion Records there are many letters written by Col. Carleton to many of his officers, stating his respect of Weaver's judgment and ability. He was with the army, March, April and May. Apparently he just couldn't stay put any place for any length of time, because on May 30th, he wrote to his son in Calif., urging him to come to the Colorado diggings without delay. (Ben Weaver was killed by the Indians in 1865, three miles below Wickenburg, on the Brill ranch. His body was found full of arrows and one large rifle slug. The arrows were all broken off so as to strip him of his clothes. He was buried on this ranch, the grave is not located.)

May 1863, Mr. Peeples met Pauline at Yuma, Ariz. by appointment, to guide him into central Ariz., this part of the country having been little explored. Weaver agreeing to go, after some delay in getting a suitable party for the expedition. They came up the Colorado to La Paz, then east for approximately 100 miles, 40 miles below Prescott, where they struck a very rich placer, many of the men, with nothing but a butcher knife, filled their drinking cups and other containers they might have on them at the time, before they even made camp. Some of the party picked up several thousand dollars in a couple of hours. The creek and town were named in honor of Weaver, a very lively place for many years. Today no one would know a town ever existed there unless they were told. Weaver was always first on the ground everywhere, but was always poor!! A large district here was recorded in Yavapai Co. as The Weaver Mining District.

Back on the Colorado at Olive City July 1863, he wrote a letter from there to his brother, (it was published in the *Los Angeles News*) describing the mines and country in general. Starting from Weaver's landing he also gives the directions and the distance to the New Mines.

"He had some sort of a ferry here as he states Weaver's Landing, and because when the first Legislature of Arizona in 1864, granted William D. Bradshaw the exclusive right to maintain and keep a ferry across the Colorado River at La Paz, it stipulated in the act, that this shall not be construed to effect the right of Pauline Weaver to assert and prove his claim, if he has any, to the above described ferry, at the next session of the Legislative Assembly of Arizona."

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March 1864, he is back with the army at Fort Whipple. In April, he, with a detachment of soldiers, are at his ranch on the Hassayampa River, at Walnut Grove. He stayed with the army until his death, June 21, 1867, working out of Fort Whipple, Fort McDowell and Fort Lincoln, where he died.

There are many stories of Pauline, of his life in Arizona with the Army and among the Indians.

In company with John Moss an ex-soldier from Fort Mohave, who could speak the Mohave language, he called the chiefs of many tribes together for a meeting. This was at Agua Caliente, located 15 miles north of Sentinel, Ariz. on the Gila River. He and Moss roughly divided the whole country into sections, and bound them to keep within their own lines, except at stated times to trade and barter. Since few of the Indians could speak any English, he gave them all one pass word, to greet the white travelers as token of peaceful intent. The words were "Powlino, Powlino, Tobacco." At first this probably saved lives, but as great numbers of white people came who knew nothing of Weaver and his efforts, Indians were killed while repeating or calling out the words.

He was buried in the Military Cemetery at Fort Lincoln. In the year 1892 (?) he and all of the Military Personnel were taken up and reinterred in the Military Cemetery at the Presidio, in San Francisco, Calif. Through the efforts of Senator A. H. Favour of Arizona and Sharlot Hall, State Historian, in 1929, the War Dept. allowed the removal of his body for reburial in Prescott. He was buried on the grounds of the Old Governors Mansion often called The Old Capitol. Reinterred on these grounds with Military and Civilian ceremonies, a large granite boulder bearing a bronze plaque, purchased by the school children of Yavapai Co. placed on the grave.

Pauline Weaver / pioneer / prospector / scout / guide / free trapper / fur trader / empire builder / patriot / truly a great man / born in Tennessee in 1800 / died at Camp Verde June 21, 1867 / He was born, lived and died on the frontier of this country always in the ever advancing westward move of civilization and was the first settler on the site of Prescott. He was descended from the best blood of the white man and the native American and his greatest achievement was as peacemaker between the races understanding as few ever did the true hearts of the two peoples.



HOMER BRITZMAN



ERNEST V. SUTTON



J. GREGG LAYNE



CLARENCE ELLSWORTH



DR. FREDERICK W. HODGE



PERCY L. BONEBRAKE



ROBERT A. (BILLY) DODSON



FRANK A. SCHILLING

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# Echoes of Days Gone By

by Don Meadows  
March, 1966

Some old time Sheriffs of the Los Angeles Corral spun yarns about departed members during a recent meeting at the Taix Cafe. Paul Galleher talked about Homer Britzman (1901–1953), a wealthy oil man who retired at the age of forty-four to pursue his interests in the west. Britz was the founder and first Sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral. He encouraged members to carry on research and write about their discoveries. He edited the first *Brand Book* in 1947. He collected Charlie Russell drawings and sculptures, and published two volumes on the life and works of that great Western artist. He carried on a continuous warfare against the erroneous statements that appeared in pulp magazines, and he worked with other Corrals in uncovering the true picture of the Old West. Britz summed up what he thought a Westerner should be when he wrote:

“Westerners are motivated by a sincere desire to learn more on our own great West—its background, its people, its traditions and its history. Westerners know that in our own backyard, they have a rich heritage of fascinating fact and lore, well worth perpetuation. In a modest way, the Westerners are trying to stimulate this interest. While doing this purely as an avocation, they feel richly rewarded in the pleasure they acquire from their study and research. They neither expect, nor wish any other reward.”



Reminiscences of Clarence Ellsworth (1885–1961) western artist and founding member of the L.A. Corral were recalled by Homer Boelter. Clarence was a serious student of the West who gained his intimate knowledge from contact and observation. He developed his artistic talent in the art department of the *Denver Post* and the *Rocky Mountain News*. His paintings not only brought him great fame but were regular contributions to the pages of Westerner publications. His faithful paintings of Indian life came from long hours of practice, in studying the horses and other animals at zoos and rodeos. He was a great archer. He relished a good joke, especially when played on himself. There is no finer legacy for the Westerners than the pleasure which flowed from the pen and brush of Clarence. A treasured possession of every early Sheriff of the L.A. Corral is a painting by Clarence, who, as a token of appreciation for a job well done, created some intimate sketch in oil that was appropriate to the man who was retiring.

Our 1953 Sheriff, Art Clark, had a fund of information to draw on in recounting the story of Dr. Fred Hodge (1864–1956), a self-educated genius in the fields of archeology, ethnology, authorship and research. His ninety-one years came to a close in 1956 after he had retired to his beloved Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he could be close to the Indians he loved so well. Long a member of the L.A. Corral, the Westerners were honored in 1956 to dedicate their *Brand Book* to this distinguished gentleman. His amazing career included being secretary of U.S. Geological Survey, Ethnologist-in-Charge, U.S. Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, Editor Museum of American Indian, Heye Foundation and Director of the Southwest Museum. Dr. Hodge was author of more than 200 articles and the compiler of the *Handbook of the American Indian*. Drawing from his remarkable memory and experience he was a delightful conversationalist. Probably nothing brought him more pleasure than being elected Honorary Sheriff Emeritus of the L.A. Corral in 1950.

Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows recounted the unusual story of Percy Bonebrake (1878–1957), a member who wrote but little, but was famous as a raconteur and a source of accurate information on the West and the Los Angeles area. He was a banker's son who ran away from home to become a cowboy in preference to being a college student. He listened as a child when John C. Fremont talked to his father about the early days of California and the Mexican War. He was educated at the Harvard Military Academy in Los Angeles, but refused to extend his book learning in a higher institution. In Arizona he became a real cowpuncher, cowboy and wrangler. Later, as deputy United States Marshal in Arizona and New Mexico he saw some of the seamy side of the West. He traveled widely as a cattle buyer for the Cudahy Packing Company. He was honest, outspoken and a captivating companion.

Glen Dawson, Sheriff in 1959, told how Robert A. Dodson (1874-1959) made up for his little formal education with the romance and hard work so typical of a real Texas cowboy. Billy was a cowhand at 13, ran a crew of older men at 18 while running cattle drives from Texas to Kansas, and followed his Philippine campaign in the Spanish-American War with life as a rancher in New Mexico. With all of his rough exterior, from years in the saddle, Billy was a gentleman, churchman and teetotaler. He came to Glendale in 1926 and enjoyed his early years in the Westerners. He was author of three articles in the *Brand Books*, typified in his writing of the Indian and trail driving days on the plains.

Ex-Sheriff George E. Fullerton stated that J. Gregg Layne (1885-1952) was a joy to know, very human, and loved books with a passion. He built up his first collec-

tion of Western Americana, which Mrs. E. L. Doheny purchased for U.S.C., then he amassed a second collection for U.C.L.A. His hobby was book hunting. He was a board member of the Southern California Historical Society for 25 years, and editor of its *Quarterly* for 15 years. He wrote 18 articles on overland trails for *Westways* and published 193 book reviews. An outspoken, positive man, Gregg was a consultant on Western Americana for U.C.L.A. Library, and also had a business career in scientific instruments. He spoke widely on books and their collecting, and was one of the most generous contributors to the Westerner publications. He lived in Pomona, but always was on the search for books, having collected probably more than any other man in the early day field.

Ex-Sheriff Bob Woods, co-writer with Britzman of the first *Brand Book*, recalled Ernest Sutton (1862–1950) as a salty and earthy friend of many occupations. From an early hard struggle as a farmer he worked as a tramp printer, and with Rand McNally, before he came to California in 1891. A strike put him out of work, so he bought a printing plant of his own. A fire put him out of business. Starting a new business he built up a very successful paper box printing establishment. A great collector of Indian lore and artifacts, he loved to dress up as an Indian for parties. He once served as Mayor of South Pasadena. "Ernie" is well remembered as a good companion.

Paul Bailey, our fourth Sheriff, felt that the most typical characteristics of Frank Schilling (1885–1964) were gentleness, kindness and self-effacement. Frank was a builder and engineer in Indiana and a member of the Adventurers Club. In California he took up the hobby of pottery and photography. His drawings and slides of the early California missions were outstanding. Among his *Brand Book* articles were: "Al Sieber, Chief Apache Scout" (1949); "Imperial Valley and Its Approaches" (1951); "Sequoia" (1953), and "Fort Apache;" the "Story of a Frontier," with drawings of military posts (1961). Most of all, Paul recalled, Frank was a real Westerner, whose favorite nickname was Panchita Real.

## The Literary Resurrection of J. Ross Browne

by Horace Parker  
June, 1966

In 1959 Johnny Stark, a book scout, gave me some extracts from the old *Harper's Monthly*. Among them was a comical cartoon woodcut of the Duke of York and his two wives, Jenny Lind and Queen Victoria. The Duke was an Indian chief in Port Townsend, Washington Territory, whom the Anglos had degraded by plying with cheap whiskey. This was part of a series of articles which appeared in *Harper's* during 1861–62, written and illustrated by J. Ross Browne, and entitled "The Coast Rangers."

Even though I considered myself a minor California historian, the name Browne did not ring a bell. I asked some of my friends, who were also California history buffs and received a negative answer in most instances.

In a few weeks Johnny showed up with the rest of the series. They were all profusely illustrated with the same humorous cartoons. I was fascinated—not only by the woodcuts but also by the author's frontier humor. True, it is stiff and stilted today, but it must have been uproariously funny and fresh in the mid-nineteenth century.

So I began to search. Nearly every secondary historical work on California would carry a brief note on J. Ross Browne, but little more. Eventually I found mention of a Browne biography by Francis J. Rock. After weeks of searching I finally obtained a copy from the California State Library. This biography had been written in 1929, or about thirty years previously.

I was amazed. Here was one of the great California pioneers who for all intents and purpose had fallen into oblivion.

Browne arrived in California on August 5, 1849 and even though he had been sent West as agent of the United States Government he shed this responsibility and

became almost immediately reporter for the first California Constitutional Convention held in Monterey in September and October, 1849. Browne not only transcribed and wrote the proceedings, he even published them. This alone should justify his lasting recognition.

Returning East in the same year he found a great demand, and continued to publish the proceedings and debates for Congress and general consumption. With a nice nest egg from this venture, he decided to indulge his love for travel. Browne always considered himself a professional traveler, and some years later *Harper's* described him as "our ubiquitous reporter." His travels took him to the Near East, which he supported in part by writing newspaper features of his experiences which eventually were incorporated in a book entitled *Yusef* (1853), which in turn became the forerunner of humorous travel books such as Mark Twain's better known *Innocents Abroad*.

I was now convinced that here was a lost California pioneer—a man richly deserving recognition. In 1957 I had set up a vest-pocket publishing venture to bring out a guidebook of the Anza-Borrego Desert. I was through bucking editors and was determined to bring out this guide the way I wanted and at my own expense. This venture has proved profitable. Since then the guidebook has run through two editions and four printings of some 12,000 copies—and is still going strongly. But here I was a publisher with only one book in my stable.

At that time Harry Lawton and I were working on and researching the Willie Boy legend. The *Coast Rangers* had never been reprinted in their entirety so I decided to do a reprint. I needed a name author for an introduction. I consulted my literary friends and they suggested some big names. Unfortunately the big names would not touch this assignment for love nor money.

Then Don Meadows suggested a rising name on the literary horizon—Richard Dillon of the Sutro Library in San Francisco. Dick agreed and began researching Browne. I had Hendricks Printing Company of Newport Beach "shoot" the *Harper's* extracts directly in order to reproduce the series by offset lithography. To facilitate reading, we increased the page size by 10 percent. Dillon came through with a fine introduction, and we printed a limited edition of 500 Browne's *Coast Rangers*. The book was awarded a prize that year for fine printing.

Although this limited edition of 500 books is nearly exhausted, it has taken almost seven years to accomplish it. This may be indicative of how thoroughly J. Ross Browne's name and stature had disappeared from the California scene.

One major accomplishment came about from the reprinting of Browne's *Coast Rangers*. Richard "Dick" Dillon became a Browne fan and champion. He gave a number of lectures on Browne, in addition to doing some magazine articles. In fact Dick became so enthusiastic he named one of his offspring John Ross Dillon.

Many have considered Browne as Nevada's first historian because of the series of articles he did in the 1860s on Washoe silver and Virginia City, Nevada. The first of the series he called "A Peep at Washoe," in which he tells of his experiences in a humorous vein, plus comical illustrations of his initial visit to Virginia City.

A few years later he returned to Virginia City and did another long series entitled "Washoe Revisited." Both of these early Western classics had been reprinted from time to time, but the two had never appeared together. Late in 1959 I wrote an introduction and reprinted Browne's two Washoe series in a single book, and dedicated it to the discovery of silver in Nevada.

At a Westerners' meeting held in 1961, at Don Meadow's home in Santa Ana, Dr. John Carroll was one of the distinguished visitors from Arizona. J. Ross Browne

was discussed here and there at the meeting. No doubt Dr. Carroll was aware of Browne and his adventures in Apache country, but I like to think that his interest in Browne may have stemmed from this meeting. Shortly I was contacted by a David Goodman, a school teacher in Seattle, who was a graduate student under Dr. Carroll. He had been assigned J. Ross Browne for his graduate work.

We corresponded. I helped him when and where I could. It's fun to work with eager researchers such as Dillon and Goodman rather than passive journalists who seek to highgrade the research man's knowledge while exerting little or no effort of their own. It wasn't long before I realized my "two boys," Dillon and Goodman, had passed me in their knowledge of Browne. We all worked together and bandied suggestions and information back and forth.

By 1961 I couldn't resist doing at least one more Browne reprint—so selecting a number of his mining adventures in California and Nevada, I brought them out as *J. Ross Browne's Mining Adventures: California and Nevada, 1863–1865*. I consider this our finest designed book to date.

About this time Dillon began kidding me about publishing a book he was writing on Browne as a confidential agent. Inasmuch as none of the three Browne books I had reprinted were rapid sellers I was reluctant with my limited finances, to attempt another, so I didn't push the matter. In the interim Dave Goodman and I had talked about a small limited edition of an exhaustive bibliography of Browne's writings—but even this was indefinite.

In one of Dillon's notes to me he mentioned that the University of Oklahoma Press was considering his manuscript on Browne as a confidential agent. Some months later, via the grapevine, I heard Goodman was writing a book on Browne for The Arthur H. Clark Company. I was delighted in both instances. Browne was finally receiving the recognition he deserved. Furthermore, the more publishers working with Browne the better.

Late in 1965 I received Dillon's *J. Ross Browne: Confidential Agent in old California*, and early in 1966 a republication notice of Dave Goodman's—*A Western Panorama 1849–1875: The Travels, Writings and Influence of J. Ross Browne*. Seemingly all three of us are stuck with long book titles about Browne and his work.

Although I had skimmed Dillon's *Confidential Agent*, I held off reading it carefully until after I had received Goodman's work. Then I took a weekend off and read them both.

In my estimation these two books have laid the foundation for Browneiana—present and future. They are primary source books and should be in every library of Western Americana. Where Dillon emphasizes Browne's work as a confidential agent, Goodman's is more biographical and, most valuable to all, contains exhaustive bibliographical material.

Stylewise both books are good, but my interest is more in content and accuracy rather than literary "artiness." Neither writer has held back any punches and some hitherto bright and shining pioneers may become a little tarnished through their research of Browne's investigations. As Dillon stated, "The Gold Rush has been much documented; the Graft Rush which followed has hardly been studied at all. Conmen, quacks, and thimblerriggers were not given to bragging over their reprehensible conduct. They preferred to operate under cover. They have not been discovered by the popular historians who have made famous their colleagues in the more open outlawry of murder and road agency . . ."

I am proud of my boys—Dillon and Goodman—they came; they studied and researched; they wrote, but what is more important they got their material pub-

lished—seldom have two more significant works been accorded any Western pioneer. Volumes have been written on the Western bad men, but only on occasion has the good and deserving been given an audience.

There are still some untouched fields in Browneiana such as a critical study of J. Ross Browne's rightful niche in American art and literature. Granted, I am not a qualified critic and I am also prejudiced, but I think it will be found that Browne was the originator of or at least pioneered many fields. His role in Western frontier humor may well be that of an originator rather than simply a member of the school. Browne was a prolific writer—no doubt selected works from his output may equal that of some of his better known contemporaries.

I think he originated the humorous travel book. Melville acknowledges his debt to Browne for *Moby Dick* from Browne's *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*. Long before "Bitter" Bierce, Browne pioneered the macabre in humor. It is well-authenticated now that Mark Twain delivered his first lecture under the critical eyes of Browne, the experienced lecturer, and the Browne family in their home in Oakland. Furthermore his role as a mining expert and historian is relatively unknown to the average student of Western Americana. The great California historian Bancroft considered Browne the outstanding writer of his time on the Pacific Coast, and delegated him to review his *Native Races*.

One can only wonder at this late date if J. Ross Browne had lived another decade perhaps he would have added additional laurels to his name and California history for he was only 54 at the time of his death in Oakland on December 8, 1875. Only a dedicated and observant genius could accomplish and leave so much for posterity to examine in the scant span of 54 years.

## A Relic of Gold Rush Days

by Earle R. Forrest

June, 1967

**O**n the wall of my den in Washington, Pennsylvania, is an Indian tobacco bag, made of buckskin and decorated with beads and long buckskin fringe hanging from the bottom. Its age is uncertain, but it could be close to two hundred years, as I will explain later. It has hung on the wall of my den for fifty years, but its known history goes back to the early years of the great Gold Rush. This is the only souvenir that James Kuntz, Sr., brought back when he returned from California to Pennsylvania about 1852 or 1853. The name of the tribe where it was made is not known, but those Indians did a good job of tanning, for the buckskin is as soft today as when completed long ago; and the beadwork is not heavy as in more modern tobacco bags, possibly because beads were scarce in those long ago days.

James Kuntz was a member of the first company of Forty-Niners who left Washington, Pennsylvania, after news of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill reached the town. There were eight men in the party that left on April 1, 1849, and crossed the plains and mountains to the land of gold.

In later years when Kuntz gave the ancient relic to his niece, Mrs. Sarah Hayes Forrest, wife of my uncle, Robert R. Forrest, he told her the story of its interesting history. I had seen this bag hanging in the hall of my uncle's home as long as I could remember; and one evening when I stopped to see my uncle I asked my aunt where she got the bag. After she related the story she told me that as I liked relics of that kind, to take it when I left. She did not have to tell me that twice, and I have kept it for more than half a century. Here is the story that her uncle told, which she passed on to me.

She did not recall the name of the mining camp at which her uncle was located, but it was somewhere on the Mother Lode. One evening when he was returning to his cabin from a claim he was working he found a crowd of miners having a good

time for themselves, teasing and making sport of an old Indian, who had brought some venison from his nearby village to sell. That did not go very well with Kuntz, and he put a stop to their sport. I remember that in his old age he was a large, powerful man; and I do not think that anyone would cross him when he was young.

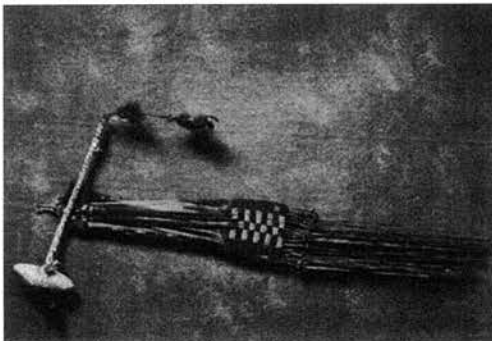
After rescuing the old man from the gang, Kuntz escorted him out of the camp, and started him on his way to the village. Several nights later an Indian who could speak English fairly well, appeared at Kuntz's cabin, and told him that the Indian whom he had befriended was the chief of the village, and was anxious for him to return with the messenger, which Kuntz did. When they arrived, the old chief told Kuntz that in gratitude for what he had done he wished to adopt him as his son, to take the place of his own son who had met death in a hunting accident. After the adoption ceremony, Kuntz remained for a while, and then returned to his cabin. From that time he was never out of fresh meat. When he would return from work he would find a fresh quarter of venison in his cabin, and when that was gone another would take its place. Kuntz did not forget his Indian friend, and he visited him frequently.

Several months later an Indian came in the middle of the night with a message that the chief was dying, and wanted to see his adopted son. When Kuntz hastened to the old man's side, the chief told him that he would soon pass to the land of his fathers. Then he gave him this tobacco bag, which was his most prized possession. He explained that it had been given to him by his father before he passed to the spirit land; that his father had received it from his father, who had made it a long time ago, and before his death he had given it to his son. Now the chief wished it to go to his son.

The white man sat beside the dying Indian chief, holding his hand, until he passed to the spirit land just as the sun appeared over the mountains.

After working his claim for several months longer, James Kuntz decided to return to Pennsylvania, for he was barely making a living. He managed to save enough to pay his passage on a vessel from San Francisco to Panama, and when he arrived, he walked across the Isthmus. From there he worked his passage on a sailing vessel to New Orleans and, when he landed, all of his worldly possessions, besides the clothes on his back, were this tobacco bag and twenty-five cents; but he had no trouble in securing a job on a river steamer to Wheeling, Virginia (now West Virginia). From the "Nail City" he walked the twenty-six miles over the old National Pike to his home town of Washington, Pennsylvania.

When he died, some thirty-five years later, his estate was valued at more than a quarter of a million dollars—which was a lot of money in those days. And so, after traveling across the continent in his search for riches he found his gold right in his home town, which he had left so many years before to seek wealth in the new land of gold.





## The Pioneer Doctors and Medical Association

by Harvey E. Starr  
June, 1968

**E**ditors Note—*At the closing session of the California Medical Association's recent annual meeting in San Francisco, Dr. Harvey E. Starr, ex-Sheriff of Los Angeles Corral, Medical Convention delegate from Los Angeles, and a L.A.C.M.A. Councilor, delivered an eloquent centennial commendation honoring the Sacramento and the San Francisco Component Medical Societies. Since it is a concise and valuable history of California's pioneer practitioners, it was reprinted as a guest editorial in the L. A. C. M. A. Bulletin. For this precisely same reason, it is reprinted in the Branding Iron.*

Prior to the Mexican War, Americans were making their way across the plains and mountains in increasing numbers to Oregon and California to establish their homes. The Elisha Stevens Party of 1844 opened the Humboldt Route from the vicinity of Fort Hall to the Truckee River. They crossed the Sierra by a pass that after 1846 would be called Donner, and escaped by leaving their wagons on the shore of Donner Lake under the care of young Moses Schallenberger, brother-in-law of Doctor John Townsend, and pushed on to Sutter's before the snows sealed the passes.

Doctor Townsend, graduate of Lexington Medical College in Pennsylvania, established a practice at Yerba Buena, thus becoming San Francisco's first physician. He was elected to the school board in 1847, and appointed *Alcalde* of San Francisco by the Military Governor in 1848. With his wife and young daughter, he succumbed to cholera at his house near San Jose in 1850.

With the American occupation in 1846, surgeons arrived with the military forces, and some of them remained after the close of hostilities.

In 1847, Victor Fourceaud settled in San Francisco, coming overland with his wife and young son. He was a graduate of a medical school in his native State of South Carolina, had furthered his medical education in France, and had practiced in St. Louis, where he also founded a medical journal.

About 18 months after the American Flag was raised over California, an event of the most dramatic and far-reaching importance took place. James Marshall, a native of New Jersey, in the employment of John Sutter as a carpenter and foreman, was erecting a sawmill near the Indian village of Culloma, some 40 miles north and east of the fort, and beyond the domain of Sutter's grant. One day in late January, Marshall picked some brassy metallic particles from the tail-race. He told his fellow workmen that he had found a gold mine, and after a few days he took specimens to Sutter for confirmation.

The telling of the contradictions and the affirmations of the true nature of these particles is a fascinating story in itself. Sutter requested an assay from Doctor Fourceaud after Capt. Folsom, Assistant Quartermaster stationed at San Francisco had reported, *Mica*. The doctor's assay reported ".926 fine"—almost pure gold—whereupon, he closed his office and, procuring miner's tools, was off for the gold fields before the rush started.

In May, 1848, the Mormon, Sam Brannan, made a trip to the diggings to see for himself, what with all the rumors and counter-rumors. He was convinced. Hurrying back to San Francisco, he jumped to the dock before his boat could be made fast. Waving a quinine bottle filled with gold, he dashed up the hilly streets of San Francisco, shouting over and over, "Gold! Gold! Gold from the American River!" The Gold Rush started then and there, and as it spread, San Francisco and Sacramento, California, the United States, the world, and yes—even the Medical Profession—would never be the same again.

The Gold Rush in the East started at year's end of '48, when specimens sent by Colonel R. B. Mason, Military Governor of California, to Secretary of War Crawford, were declared "genuine" by the Philadelphia Mint. Seafarers poured into the Port of San Francisco in '49—the Wayfarers from "move-out" towns along the Missouri River bound for Sacramento. Forty thousand by sea—thirty to thirty-five thousand by land; in 1850 the number would almost double, and the Rush would continue until 1855 before it noticeably declined.

Many of the immigrants were doctors. How many? A guess. Henry Harris in his book, *California's Medical Story*, estimates 1300 to 1500. They came from settled communities all over the United States; from England, France, Germany, Poland, Peru, Chile, and other nations of the world. There were Regulars, Eclectics, Homeopaths, and the quacks were like a plague of locusts.

A French doctor, Pierre Garnier, who visited California in 1850, wrote, "only two of eight 'doctors' in Monterey—Mr. King, the United States Army Surgeon, and a Mr. Wallack, an Englishman—were truly full time doctors . . . In San Francisco, for example, there were scarcely 30 out of 200 'doctors' in this modern Babel."

The *San Francisco Medical Journal*, Vol. 1, No. 1, January, 1856, stated: "California is cursed with advertising quacks; the vermin of the profession."

Added to the quackery problem was the disharmony of the various cults of medical practice, and the infighting among the regular physicians. But the murk began to clear, and progress toward sanity, though halting, made headway. As George Groh in his book *Gold Fever* so succinctly summarized. "For all their rambunctiousness, the physician participants served a civilizing influence; they founded hospitals and

medical schools; established professional standards; helped codify the laws that shielded people from the outbreak of disease; they did more than soldiers and sheriffs in taming the West.”

Medical Associations were formed only to die or become inactive, but many were later to be formed or revitalized, and to be in service today. Sacramento County led off in 1850, San Francisco and Eldorado in '53, Yuba in '56, and Tuolumne in '58.

In '56, delegates from 16 counties in the Central and Northern parts of the State met in Sacramento to organize the California Medical Association. After meeting in '61, the Civil War proved disruptive, and it was not until 1870, under the urging of the newly created State Board of Health, that the California Medical Association was reorganized. In 1876, the State Legislature established the State Board of Medical Examiners, following the lead of New York and Nevada. No longer would a man be able to practice medicine in California without a diploma from a recognized medical school.

In 1871, the American Medical Association chose San Francisco for its annual meeting—only two years after the driving of the golden spike at Promontory Point, Utah, which gave the United States its first transcontinental railroad. Quite a few of those early immigrant doctors were in attendance at the San Francisco meeting.

Now this June, 97 years after its first meeting in San Francisco, the American Medical Association again convenes in the historic, charming city by the Golden Gate.

## Who Was the First Borax King?

by Archie D. Stevenot  
December, 1968

**T**his is the early history of my father, Emile K. Stevenot, in connection with the borax business. The history written here is taken from the Society of California Pioneers, Pioneer Hall, and my father's records, with names of ownership of stock in the Columbus Borax Refinery office and works at 2005 Powell Street, San Francisco. Also that of Emile K. Stevenot, chemist and superintendant, advertising under "E. K. Stevenot and Company, Borax and Metallurgical Refinery, assay office and chemical laboratory," Chestnut Street between Powell and Mason Streets, North Beach, also offices at 411 Montgomery Street, near California and San Francisco. Also there were records of it in the *San Francisco Directory* in the 1870s.

My sister, Mrs. James R. Gericke, Fallon, Marin County, California, who is now 92 years of age, remembers well the Borax works and my father's connection with it. My oldest brother, Fred G. Stevenot was well acquainted with this history and contributed much to it.

Jean Gabriel K. Stevenot, my grandfather, born in Rohrback, France, graduated in law from the University of Strasburg. In the year 1848 he enrolled my father in the University of Strasburg, then he left his family in Alsace Lorraine, their home in France, for the big gold strike in California, by the way of New York and the Isthmus of Panama; then up the coast in a sailing vessel to San Francisco. He arrived in California August 1849. After a short stay in San Francisco he went with Captain John Sutter up on the Feather River, and they built the town of Elizaville. He left there for the gold mines in Calaveras County in 1850.

When my father, Emile K. Stevenot, graduated from the University of Strasburg, in mining engineering, geology, chemistry and languages, he also completed a course in chemistry at Heidelberg. He came to California by way of the Isthmus

of Panama, coming up the coast to San Francisco by ship. He went to Carson Hill, Calaveras County, arriving in 1863, joining his father, who had valuable mines operating at that time on Carson Flat, Carson Hill, Calaveras County.

Emile K. Stevenot was placed in charge of the Melones Mining Company and shortly after was elected president of the company. This was on the northwest side of Carson Hill. He and his father lived on the old Stevenot place, where my grandfather had built a home in 1852.

My father, having been educated in mining engineering chemistry, he and his father built an assay office on the old home place, treating all kinds of metals, making tests, retorting and melting gold from the mines and all others who wanted it done. Mining slowed down near the end of the 1860s, and my grandfather suffered a stroke.

My father met a Mr. Kauffman, who had been experimenting with salts sent to him from Nevada, in an attempt to produce refined borax. He had not been successful, so he suggested to my father, Emile K. Stevenot, to check his experiments. In a short time they succeeded in producing a high grade refined borax in a small pilot plant. In 1871 they had built a larger plant to produce borax in commercial quantities. He extended this plant at Chestnut and Powell Streets, in San Francisco. The main source of his raw material was from Teel's Marsh, Columbus, Nevada, where they had some works, consisting of a concentration plant. First the material was scraped up on the surface, and then shipped direct to the San Francisco plant at Chestnut and Powell Streets.

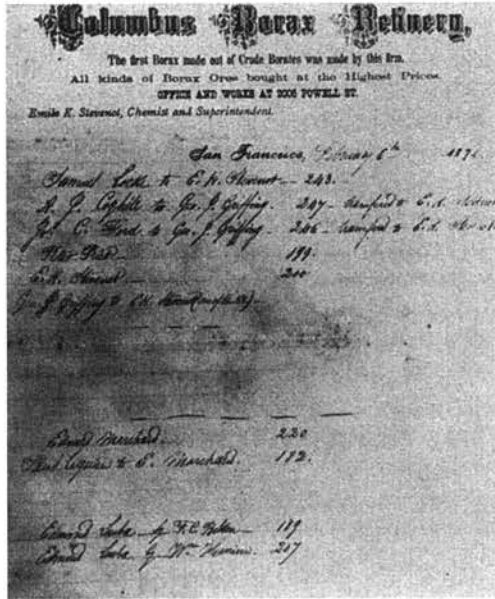
The concentration plant at Columbus, Nevada, gave them a clean grade of crude borax, thus eliminating the shipping of considerable foreign material to the factory in San Francisco. They were purchasing this material from parties who had control of Teel's Marsh.

About this time a young man by the name of Francis Smith came to the factory in San Francisco. He told my father he was very much interested in borax. At the time my father had no opening in San Francisco, and told he would give him employment at Columbus, Nevada, at the plant there. Smith went to Nevada, and started on the job at Columbus. He first cut wood for the large boilers. This was about 1872 and 1873.

About this time my father married Miss Sarah Stephens, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stephens. Mr. Stephens was connected with the Department of the Interior, U.S. Geological Survey, and later he was United States Marshal in Lone Pine, California.

My father and mother were married in San Francisco, and in 1872 the United States Government, knowing my father's interest in borax as a chemist, asked him to make an examination of the deposits at Death Valley. He took leave, from the Presideo, with a number of soldiers.

The two plants in Columbus, Nevada and San Francisco were working day and night. They had shipped throughout the United States and Europe about \$150,000 worth of refined borax at a time. It took considerable money to finance the operation, and a Mr. Jos. M. Mosheimer, a financier and, later, president of the Anglo Mexican Land and Mining Bureau Association, offered to help. Through Mr. Mosheimer, my father was financed. At this time my father owned the entire business. My father told us he was offered part of Teel's Marsh for \$3,000. He told Mr. Mosheimer it was worth it. Mr. Mosheimer hesitated in paying this price, and thought he could do better.



In the meantime Francis Smith, as my father always said, was a very observing man and was working in the Columbus plant at the time. Mr. Smith made a trip to Chicago, where he induced certain men to back his plan to acquire the marshes. He was successful, and soon set a price on crude material which induced my father to dispose of the Columbus plant to Mr. Smith. Following this the concentrates were increased in price to where the San Francisco plant could make little or no profit, resulting in the sale of the San Francisco plant also to Francis Smith for the sum of \$17,000. Mr. Smith was now launched in a venture which led him to be known as "Borax Smith."

In San Francisco, in 1873, Emile K. Stevenot received a large diploma naming him the "Borax King of Refined Borax." This citation hung on our dining room wall. Later it was in my sister's home, until the San Francisco fire in 1906.

Mr. and Mrs. Emile K. Stevenot, in 1879, returned with their family to Carson Hill, Calaveras County and the gold mines with their \$17,000 and the honor of receiving the citation as King of the Refined Borax, and he was very successful in his continued operation in the mining business. As for Mr. Francis Smith, my brother, Fred G. Stevenot, wrote this: "I might add by saying that eventually Smith's great speculative energies led him far afield from the business of borax and finally to financial difficulty. However, through all this he never lost interest in the borax business, and after a long period of experimentation with the underground liquors of Searles Lake in San Bernardino County he established a chemical plant designed to produce borax.

This plant, owned by West End Chemical Company, has grown in size and importance as one of the leading plants of its kind in the country. Mrs. Francis Smith, widow of Mr. Francis Smith, as well as my brother Fred, were both on the board of directors.

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## Academic *Braceros*

June, 1969

**M**y grandfather, George Washington Faulkner, came to California in 1875 via emigrant train on the Union Pacific-Central Pacific transcontinental railroad. Gramp was a typical emigrant from the "Bible Belt" coming west in search of cheap land, a milder climate than Ohio could offer, and a fertile field in which to raise his children in the stern Methodist principles of his ancestors. He found his first two objectives in the Santa Clara Valley of Southern California, and pioneered the third in collaboration with the Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, like-minded Methodist settlers and the Rev. Marion Bovard of Los Angeles.

From an agricultural standpoint the next fifteen years were one of trial and error, with experimentation the order of the day. Everything from prunes to mulberry trees were noted in his diaries, while the grain and bean crops sustained the family economy through the difficult period.

In 1882 Faulkner, along with a number of other Methodist pioneers, built the first church in Santa Paula, a building that was dedicated on February 25, 1883. At some time in the preceding years, he had made a firm friendship with the Reverend Marion Bovard, a minister intrigued with the idea of founding a Methodist university in southern California. Mr. Faulkner had assisted Bovard in raising money in Ventura County for the proposed school, stating that he wanted his children to have "a good Christian education." When that first Santa Paula church was dedicated, it was the Reverend Mr. Bovard who preached the dedicatory sermon.

Bovard appears to have been a popular speaker for such occasions. When the Hueneme church was dedicated two years later, it was Bovard who again did the honors.

The first president of the University of Southern California would invariably follow up these dedicatory sermons with a week-long series of lectures on "Edu-

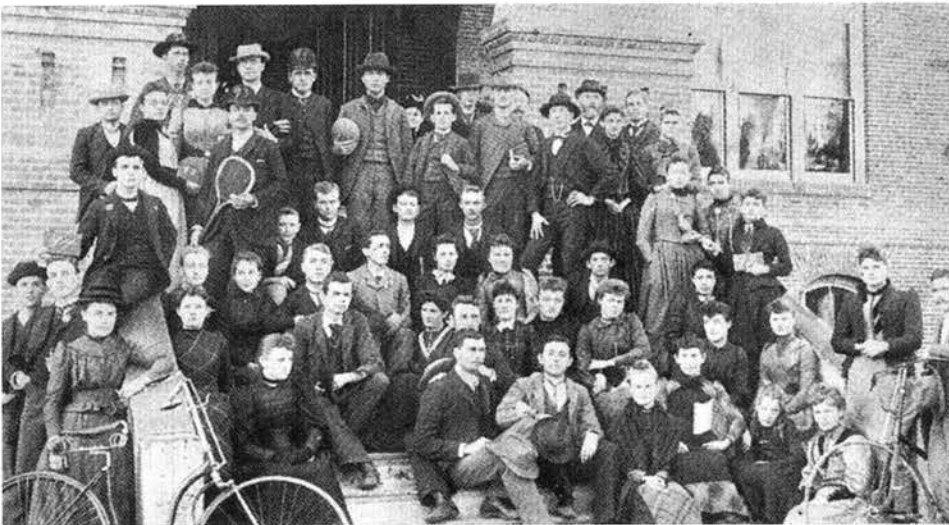
cation." It can be assumed from reading between the lines of contemporary newspaper accounts (and Mr. Faulkner's diaries) that these Bovard lectures were used as leverage to raise money for the fledgling university. While the sums realized must have been modest, the spirit behind the pioneers' giving was not forgotten by Bovard.

By 1890 Mr. Faulkner had developed his 150 acres into full-bearing apricots, the crop that gave promise of being the most lucrative of all those with which he had experimented. As harvest season approached in mid-June, those apricot trees were bent to the ground with the heaviest burden yet seen in the valley. Growers were in high anticipation of the profits to be realized after so many years of indebtedness and frustration. And then the nightmare of the apricot grower struck: a sudden heat wave that would ripen all the huge crop at one time and with serious labor shortage an assured consequence.

Faced with disaster at a time when he should be gathering the profits from a year's labor, Faulkner had an inspiration. Remembering all those occasions wherein he had helped Bovard raise money for the University of Southern California, Gramp reasoned that possibly the Reverend Mr. Bovard could enlist the aid of the student body to help save his crop. (The pioneers never felt any pangs of compunction about practicing the theory of mutual back-scratching!) A telegram was hastily dispatched to Los Angeles.

It would be interesting to know how that call for help was worded. Having known my grandfather's *modus operandi* in such matters, one would expect to find a none too subtle hint that future cooperation on the part of Mr. Faulkner in raising funds for the University might be contingent upon what percentage of his apricot crop could be saved. Whatever the wording, the S O S was effective. Bovard rounded up every male student of the university he could find, herded the group down to the Southern Pacific depot, and put them aboard the night train for Santa Paula with orders to remain until Mr. Faulkner's crop was saved!

It was dark when the train stopped at the flag station of Haines, four miles west of Santa Paula. Only the dim flickering of kerosene lanterns from widely scattered farmhouses broke the darkness. The sophisticated urban students from Los Angeles





must have felt a tinge of uneasiness about Bovard's brainstorm, for one timid soul addressed the conductor:

"Sir, can you direct us to the farm of Mr. Faulkner?"

The Southern Pacific dignitary with the handle bar *mastachio* responded with icy aloofness:

"Gentlemen, you are on the farm of *Mister* Faulkner," and with a haughty wave of the lantern, highballed his engineer into the night.

That conductor, as well as every other trainman on the line, had good reasons for knowing *Mister* Faulkner. When the Southern Pacific built through the Santa Clara Valley in 1887, Faulkner had been one of the last landowners to agree to right of way terms. He had stalled, dawdled and evaded the issue to the last minute and then had the temerity to demand fifty dollars an acre more than the railroad had been paying for land. The Espee was disinclined to make an issue in court over such gross impertinence and paid the money, plus throwing in a hog fence and a few other concessions.

Mr. Faulkner's obnoxious habit of bypassing the bureaucrats in the railroad's engineering department in matters concerning irrigation lines under the ties, and railroad crossings over the iron, did nothing to promote a feeling of brotherhood within the Southern Pacific. Nor had diplomatic relations improved when his bull took an intense dislike to the motive power of the railroad and charged under a full head of steam the late afternoon train to Los Angeles. In his later years Gramp conceded the Southern Pacific had won that encounter!

By 1890 there was not a trainman on the line that gave a tinker's damn whether *Mister* Faulkner's apricot crop rotted on the ground or was shipped via Southern Pacific.

It can be assumed that those pioneer Trojans had a more objective and tolerant attitude about the fruit crop. It can be further assumed that those ideas were implanted in youthful minds by some very precise instructions from President Bovard of the University of Southern California. For the next thirty days the academic *braceros* worked like true Trojans to save that crop. Never did youth labor so nobly, sleep so soundly, clean up the boarding table so thoroughly or have such a rousing good time as those Southern California students. Mr. Faulkner's apricot crop was saved, and the manner in which it was accomplished has become a treasured family legend to be handed down from generation to generation. Only one who has been born and raised on the farm can know the true meaning of saving a crop, of winning when an entire year's work hangs in the balance.

My mother was a girl of nine at the time and became quite a favorite with the students from Southern California. When they returned to school in the fall and posed for a student body photograph, the group chipped in and bought a copy of the picture and sent it to her. It was one of my mother's most prized possessions until her death in 1968. That picture shows a student body of twenty-six men and twenty-seven women. Over twenty of the men had been involved in the crop saving incident. The President of the University of Southern California would have made a fine cow poke; there were very few of the "Thundering Herd" who escaped his roundup!

It would be interesting to know if the Reverend Mr. Bovard's university received a monetary "Thank You" from Mr. Faulkner; but then, that is an academic question.

## How the Western Indians got their Horses

by Ben S. Milliken  
June, 1969

**T**here were no horses native to America. Fossils of a type of horse were discovered in America but these "horses" became extinct. The first indication I had of the origin of horses among the Western Indians was declared in the story of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Lewis speaks of seeing horses in a herd of horses belonging to the Nez Perce Indians. He also tells of seeing Spanish saddles and bridles on these horses.

There are stories how horses strayed away from the DeSoto Expedition and were obtained by the Indians, but authority has disclaimed this and said that these horses perished. Suggestions have been made that horses were lost by the Coronado Expedition. However, authority explodes this story proclaiming they died in the desert.

The Indians living near the Mexican border observed the use of the horses for years. In fact, over 100 years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620, Cortez captured Mexico in 1519. Mexico was over 250 years old when the American Revolution was fought. So, the Indians were quite familiar with the use of the horse at that time.

The Indian's thinking was developed from his freedom of restraint. He could go into the prairie and take the buffalo or the hills and take the deer with no questions asked. He looked at taking the horse the same way. The Indians did not consider this personal property. If an animal was at large, it was free to be taken and this was the notion when taking the horses from the Mexicans. In his observation of the horse he learned how to use it and the method of increasing the herd.

The Indian was a different man when he got on a horse's back. It placed him in a position to obtain food more easily and quickly. This advantage made him a meat eater instead of being primarily a vegetable eater.

Food has been a very important influence on human beings. Good and plentiful of food was always a conducement of strength and aggression. It has been stated that wheat eaters are the most virile people on earth except the Japanese, though he is a rice eater.

Further, the Indians that obtained horses were the dominant factor to all tribes without horses. When a cavalcade of Indians on horseback approached a tribe without horses, the defender took to the hills. The horse was of an advantage in securing more wild animals which provided more hides with which he could have a warmer teepee, plenty of moccasins, and warmer clothing.

The Comanche and Apache Indians had more horses than other tribes because they were nearer to the source of supply. They became superior in horsemanship and held all other tribes at their mercy until other tribes secured horses and could protect themselves.

There was an element of interest between the tribes because of the specialty each tribe possessed. For example, the Nes Pierce Indians made bows from the Hemlock tree which were unusually strong and springy. The Utes had a baby carrier with a sun shade. The Shoshone had a special food made of pounded salmon and berries that was very popular: they also made the first water tight basket. They would take a portion of the salmon and berries, cover it with water and throw hot rocks into the basket and then cover the basket with robes, forming a fireless cooker.

Information passed between tribes of these various articles and they became a medium of exchange. There is a glass mountain in the Yellowstone Park we know as obsidian. This was a reservoir for arrow material because it offered sharp edges and became a highly prized article for arrows. Flaked pieces of this material were used as knives for skinning animals, scraping the hides for tanning and cutting meat.

All of these places and products made up a trading custom among the tribes and it was through this relationship and trading that horses became common property among all western tribes.

Another game by some tribes to obtain horses was to observe the traveling of a troop of Indians with a band of horses. Grizzly bears were feared by all tribes. These bears could be detected at night in their approach by their grunting, which was much like the grunting of pigs. One reason the Indians were so afraid of the grizzly bear was that he was so hard to kill. The Indian had to be close to him to be effective with an arrow. A tribe looking for horses would take advantage of the traveling troop of Indians while they were in camp and their horses tied up. The attacking Indians would approach the camp by a few pretending to be a group of bears grunting and breaking sticks as bears would do, while the rest of the attacking Indians would be ready to cut the horses loose at the proper time. Most assuredly with the apparent approach of the grizzly bear, the Indians in camp would make for the trees and the grunters would keep them up the trees until the other group cut the horses loose and drove them away. Then all the attacking Indians would leave but the Indians treed would find their horses were gone and being on foot, could not follow.

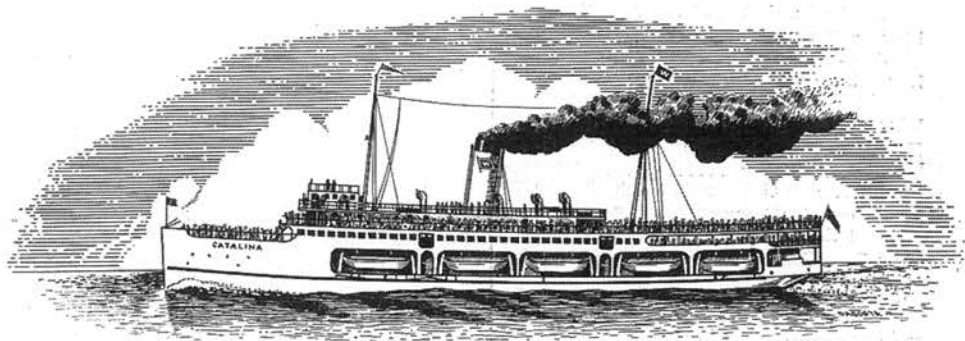
The members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition were handicapped by the weak fire power of their guns. One shot would not stop the grizzly bear, so the men learned to gang up on him when he approached.

Buffalo hunting became the great event after horses came into the hands of the Indians. The only way the Indian could shoot down a buffalo with his bow and

arrow was to get close to him. Some of his choice methods were to camouflage himself with branches and approach the trail where the animals went to water. If not detected, he could make his shot. Sometimes the Indians would throw buffalo hides over two or three Indians and often approached close enough to shoot. One of their favorite methods was to dress themselves in deer hides and deer horns and many times they could approach very close without detection and make their shot.

As time went on the Indians became excellent riders, especially the Comanche and Apaches. They became a very evasive target to the white man. The Indian developed a skill to slide over the side of the horse and very little of him could be seen from the other side. In this position, he could evade the enemy and shoot at will. In this position he would shoot under the horse's neck. The Indian could shoot faster with his bow and arrow than the white man could shoot with his muzzle loading gun. The Indian method of fighting the white man was to wait until the white man would shoot then rush him before he could reload his gun.

All of these things combined were done to distribute the horse among the Western Indians. The white man was not able to conquer the Indian until the repeating rifle was invented. So we see what a wonderful influence the horse had on the Western Indian.



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## The Big White Steamer

by Lester Glenn Arellanes

June, 1971

**J**uan Rodriguez Cabrillo discovered Santa Catalina Island in 1542—and tourists found it soon after 1919, when William Wrigley, Jr. bought this serrated mountain range rising out of a sapphire sea and turned it into a first class watering place.

"We'll have to go to Catalina one of these days." Southern Californians have been saying that ever since one square mile of Timm's Landing became the town of Avalon in 1887—long before the modest resort coined the immodest but unasailable slogan "In All the World No Trip Like This." The island will remain forever, but this may be your last chance to ride *S.S. Catalina*, the last honest to goodness steamship of her kind under United States Registry. And by the way, getting there is more than half of the fun!

In an age when passenger liners are fast disappearing like the proverbial passenger train, it gladdens the heart to know this vessel still runs. From Berth 95 in San Pedro, *S.S. Catalina* swings into the morning tide. She steams slowly down the Main Channel, between the massive piers of Vincent Thomas Bridge and the mellow, touristy waterfront of old San Pedro. Huge vessels with canted bows and tapered funnels also take this way in and out of the West's busiest port, but for the moment the big white steamer, *Catalina*, immaculately groomed, is mistress of the channel. Instead of straining forward, she leans rakishly backward, and cleaves both water and air impartially.

Ships play an important role in the development of any island and it was the flagship of Cabrillo that first hove to off the shores of this paradise just 21 miles off the Southern California mainland. The year was 1542 and in 1602, Viscaino arrived and gave it the name of Santa Caterina. Soon to follow were the vessels of pirates,

Chinese slave traders, Yankee fur traders, smugglers and, of course, rum runners. It was in 1863 that General Phineas Banning, the Southwest's stagecoach king, began the operation of the little steamer *Cricket* to the island in irregular service. The first real passenger ship on a regular schedule came in 1880 when Banning introduced the side-wheeler *Amelia*. In 1884, the Wilmington Transportation Co., also a Banning enterprise, was incorporated and under its houseflag a whole fleet of small steamers would find their way into the history and hearts of local residents. Names like *Ferndale*, *Falcon*, *Hattie*, *La Paloma*, *Oleander*, *Hermosa* and *Warrior* were often heard in pleasant conversation and passenger traffic steadily increased. On July 4, 1902, a new steamer *Hermosa II* made her maiden voyage, an event made spectacular by the burning of the earlier, first *Hermosa*, as she lay in Avalon Bay. An even larger ship, proudly called *Cabrillo*, was placed in service in 1904. She would be around for a long time, too.

When control of Santa Catalina Island passed to Wrigley in 1919, even greater development of the island ensued. A much larger vessel was immediately required and a search was undertaken. The *Virginia*, a former Great Lakes vessel, was found in Boston and navigated to San Pedro via the new Panama Canal. On April 15, 1920, she made her first voyage in trans-channel service as *Avalon* and was very popular because of her size, comfort and speed.

For years Santa Catalina Island had been popularly known as the "Enchanted Isle," but under the Wrigley ownership the mysterious land afloat on the blue sea was publicized as "The Magic Isle" and business boomed as never before.

*Avalon* and *Cabrillo* operated at full capacity, but could not handle the traffic. *Cabrillo* was a good ship, but too small. Wrigley announced a new ship would be built especially for the Catalina run and plans were made for a new steamer to be the finest of them all. A contest held among the leading marine architects and shipyards resulted in a vessel designed like no other steamer afloat. Moreover, a local shipyard, the Los Angeles Shipbuilding & Drydock Co. was awarded the construction contract.

On December 26, 1923, Wrigley presided at the keel-laying ceremonies. Just 17 weeks later, on May 3, 1924, she slid down the ways as Miss Marcia A. Patrick christened her *Catalina*. Taken to the fitting-out dock, work was quickly completed for the maiden voyage.

What a great ship she was. From her sharp stem to her graceful, rounded stern she measured 301 feet 7½ inches with a width of 52 feet 1 inch. Of 1,766 gross tons, she could carry 1,950 passengers and a crew of 71 on three passenger decks that boasted of every comfort and facility for the two hour voyage. Two massive, triple expansion, reciprocating steam engines, developing 2,000 indicated horsepower each, enabled her twin screws to drive her at a cruising speed of 15.5 knots. Steam for the main engines and auxiliaries was supplied at a pressure of 225 lbs. per square inch from four, oil fired, Babcock & Wilcox watertube boilers. Even the great steel rudder was turned by a steam steering-engine which responded to the helmsman's slightest touch.

*Catalina* was pure white from her waterline to the bridge, except for the guards which presented a fine black stripe almost her full length. The two tall, graceful masts and the huge funnel were a smart buff with black trim and there was a large, melodious steam whistle of gleaming brass that emitted an endearing tone, along with clouds of billowing steam. The latest in navigating equipment included an electric Sperry gyroscopic compass, along with a powerful wireless radio-transmitter and receiver for added safety. The passenger accommodations were particularly spacious

and included a lunch counter with completely equipped galley and a ballroom with a real live orchestra. No one, mercifully, had ever heard of a "juke box," or coffee served from a thermos bottle. Because of Prohibition laws then in effect, there was no bar, but the middle deck was called the Saloon Deck, meaning "parlor," and it contained luxurious leather upholstered settees and chairs. On the Promenade Deck was even a super de-luxe stateroom fitted out for Wrigley's exclusive use when he traveled to and from his impressive Mt. Ada mansion, overlooking Avalon, on the mighty business occasions that symbolized a multi-millionaire of the period.

William Lambie was one of the leading naval and ship designers of that period and submitted plans for the vessel. While he did not win acceptance with his design, he went on to greater achievements, one being the famous Lambie propellers which received worldwide acclaim for efficiency and were later installed on *Catalina*.

Bruce Newby was chosen as her designer and the finished product showed that he had excelled. One of the most unusual and special features of his design had been the removal of all lifeboats and launching gear from the top deck and locating them on the second deck below. This placement served the dual purpose of clearing the top deck of all obstructions so that a clear view could be obtained forward, aft and to seaward by passengers occupying the vast seating and deck space, plus providing the ship with greater stability by shifting the weight of the 20 large steel lifeboats to the lowest possible point. Supposedly, too, they could more easily be boarded and launched from this location in case of an emergency. Fortunately, this never became necessary.

On June 30, 1924, under command of Captain A. A. Morris, *Catalina* sailed for the first time down the main channel of Los Angeles Harbor with every ship in the harbor saluting her with their whistles and she replying with hers. As she rounded the lighthouse on the end of the breakwater, her full dress flags floating in the breeze, 600 guests and officials enjoyed the full orchestra carried aboard and explored this fabulous new ship that bespoke the fact that it was indeed a "Million Dollar Ferryship to Fairyland."

Approaching Avalon many small craft came out to meet this newest and greatest addition to the fleet, the official greeter being the *Blanche W*, a sightseeing vessel that had achieved great fame because of her 40 million candlepower searchlight that caused flying fish to leap out of the sea by the hundreds. Today she had aboard the full Whittier Brass Band and they tootled lustily as *Catalina* tied up to the Steamer Pier on Crescent Avenue at the foot of Metropole Street. The entire town was on hand to do honor to both ship and passengers and from this time on *Catalina* was to be essential to the prosperity and success of the island. Now the new slogan was to be, "Two Ships A Day To The Isle of Play."

Traffic to Catalina Island boomed. All three vessels operated with capacity loads, the *Cabrillo* sailing via the Isthmus (today known as Two Harbors). Many extra sailings were required in addition to the regular schedules.

Since 1905, the Pacific Electric Railway had operated boat trains to dockside with passengers from the inland communities en route to Santa Catalina. Now extra sections of the "Big Red Cars" were running at high speed direct to the new Catalina Terminal in Wilmington. The famous Bird Park was opened and on May 29, 1929 Wrigley celebrated his first ten years of ownership by dedicating the new \$2,000,000 circular Casino, built on Sugar Loaf Point, where it would become Catalina's most famous landmark. Avalon was truly a place where "Every Minute Had Pleasure In It."

The Depression caused some temporary slump in business and in 1931, William Wrigley died, leaving further development in the hands of his son, Philip Knight Wrigley, who continued to make improvements. By 1934 the worst was over and traffic was again on the rise. Prices were reasonable and the crowds returned, again taxing the steamer capacity. The slogan was "The Price You Won't Remember—But The Trip You Can't Forget." Then it was forgotten—quickly. It was December 7, 1941.

Santa Catalina Island was closed to the public and became a training area for the war effort. The channel was considered highly unsafe for *Catalina* and she was withdrawn from service, along with *Cabrillo* to protect them from possible Japanese torpedos. With hundreds of Merchant Marine and Armed Forces personnel on the island, it was necessary to have a daily steamer to transport and supply them, and to *Avalon* fell the task. Painted war-time gray, ports blacked out and with life rafts slung over her sides, she did a magnificent job. After a short lay-up, both *Catalina* and *Cabrillo* were requisitioned by the government and steamed under their own power to San Francisco. There they served throughout the War carrying troops between Fort Mason and Camp Stoneman and other points on the Bay and lower rivers.

*Avalon* was first to return to civilian service when in 1945 the commercial run was re-established. *Cabrillo* never returned and today, at the honorable age of 67, she slowly rots away in the Upper Napa River, a ghost of her former beauty. *Catalina* came home in 1946 and was fully restored to her peacetime condition.

But all was not well. People no longer came to "Stay A While at the Magic Isle." There were new places to go. Palm Springs, Las Vegas and other new names were on the lips of travelers who were also clamoring to be shot like food from guns on the new, so-called "air-liner" to various destinations at home and abroad. There were other reasons, too. Some simple and some complicated. But "the Magic Isle" could seemingly produce nothing to restore the crowds that once thronged the decks of the big white steamers. Even worse, the ship operation became involved in a series of labor disputes and union-management relations went from bad to terrible with all the incidents common to such conditions. *Avalon* was removed from service and sold in 1960 for scrap. *Catalina* no longer flew the blue and white house-flag of the Wilmington Transportation Co. after all these years. She had been leased to another operator and was run only during the Summer seasons. While no longer permitted to haul mail, freight or express, the cost of operations, none-the-less, continued to rise each year. Passenger fares eventually had to be increased, but it did little to increase revenue and even less to attract new business. Fortunately, many loyal customers continued to sail each summer.

In 1968 *Catalina* experienced her darkest hour. The unending demands of labor caused her owner to place her up for sale and she did not operate at all that year. While the merchants of Avalon had the worst year in history, it was rumored that this proud ship had been sold for scrap or for some undisclosed service in Mexico. She was towed from her dock to an anchorage in the outer harbor. All of the so-called "transportation" together could bring nothing approaching the 2,100 persons which *Catalina* was now licensed to carry to Avalon each trip. Perhaps something was learned from this experience, because she resumed her sailings in 1969 and has sailed each summer since.

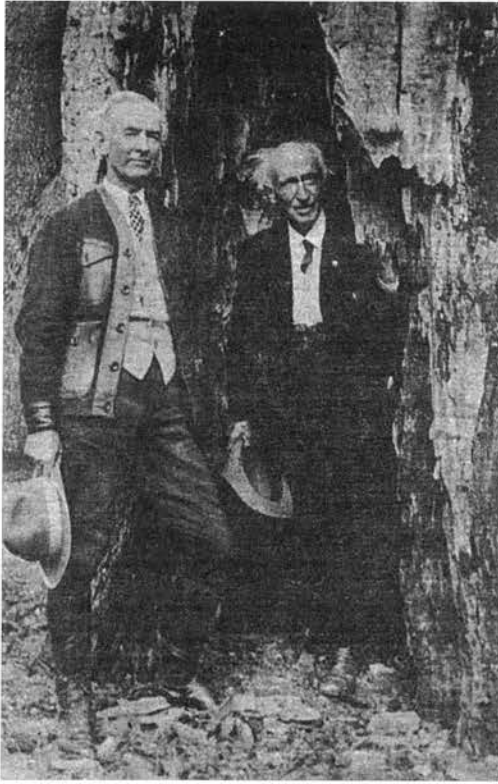
This year, *Catalina* celebrates 47 years of service. It could well be her last. Not because she is too old, worn out or otherwise unsuited. It would be because of still rising labor costs, forced ever upward by the maritime unions who insist upon a



completely unrealistic wage scale and formula for this one-ship operation on a 21 mile run. The same that is applied to operators of deep-sea fleets that sail on the oceans of the world and with the same results; elimination of American flag vessels from the high seas.

Each morning this summer, she'll stand down the harbor, newly painted and spotless throughout, sounding that beautiful whistle to signal an oncoming ship. Below decks those same impressive steam engines throb as piston and crank rods flash and whirl, still turning those famous Lambie propellers that speed her along at 15.5 knots. In addition to the gyroscopic compass, there is now a new radar set. The stateroom once used by Mr. Wrigley, is still luxuriously furnished and used occasionally by VIP's. The tall masts are gone, along with the wireless radio set. In its place is a high-powered radio-telephone that can establish instant voice circuit communication whenever needed. The old life boats have been removed and replaced by the latest type, self-inflating life rafts, which the Coast Guard considers much safer. More deck space was gained thereby, too. Far aft, on the stern, a new Fantail Bar serves the thirsty passengers, while others dance to a small but still "live" orchestra. The "Big Red Cars" run no more, but a giant parking lot is provided for the popular transport to the new Catalina Terminals in San Pedro. Over in the shipyard that gave birth to *Catalina*, William Lambie's son, R. C. "Bob" Lambie, holds a top position with Todd Shipyard, formerly Los Angeles Shipbuilding & Drydock Co., and affectionately supervises some of the care *Catalina* receives on her yearly visits for inspection and overhaul. Shipyard workers are amazed that she is in better shape than some vessels scarcely three years old. Wrigley built his prize ship to last forever.

The important thing is, her new owners want to keep her running as long as she is seaworthy. Already, tourists, steamship buffs and historians are coming from around-the-world to sail on her and feel the roll of the long Pacific swell as *Catalina* rounds the lighthouse as she did that first morning so long ago. They'll know, and so will you, that there is "In All The World No Trip Like This."



27

## Lummis and Maynard Dixon Patron and Protege

by Dudley Gordon  
September, 1971

**A** notice in his *Land of Sunshine* magazine in April 1898 expresses Lummis' evaluation of the talents of a young illustrator he had "discovered" in San Francisco. The artist was Maynard Dixon, and throughout the more than thirty years of their close association he was grateful to Lummis for having given him his first job and for the advice and encouragement that were available to him whenever he was in need of it. The notice read:

L. Maynard Dixon, though but 22 years of age, is one of the most promising illustrators of the West. Earnest, sympathetic, with a vein of genuine poetry in his nature, and at the same time practicing tireless patience in study, he shows in his work not only feeling, but growth. He has a peculiar aptitude in types, an intimate touch for Western subjects; and the rapidity with which his technique improves augurs very handsomely for his future as an illustrator.

During the Winter of 1940 it was my privilege to interview Dixon at his camp on the beach at the Salton Sea where he and his wife, the former Edith Hamlin, were

stopping with the hope that Maynard might enjoy relief from the ravages of asthma. At the time he looked quite well, though his face was drawn and somewhat haggard. Mrs. Dixon exemplified Maynard's expert skill in selecting a fine example of beautiful womanhood—and she could cook, too. While my wife, Jean, and Mrs. Dixon were busy with woman talk in the cottage, Maynard and I strolled down to the water's edge where we sun-bathed *au naturel*. As we lolled on the smooth sand, Dixon recalled that when he was a striving young artist under the wing of his mother, and trying to earn his living in San Francisco, he was visited by Charlie Lummis. Lummis was a foremost Southwestern author, editor-poet-athlete who had walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles and became the first City Editor of the Los Angeles *Times* in 1885. Now, some ten years later, he was the editor of a quality regional magazine, the *Land of Sunshine*, and had come to offer young Dixon an illustrating job for the publication.

The young artist stated that Lummis was the first man to give him counsel, advice and encouragement. Thereafter Dixon admired Lummis greatly and adopted Lummis' hat style (Stetson *sombrero*) as his own.

In the course of their early friendship, the young painter was the guest of Lummis at El Alisal, his rock castle home, for a period of a month. Ties of friendship established during that month remained strong until Lummis' death in 1928.

Concerning Lummis' characteristics, Dixon remembered him as having been domineering and inconsiderate of Mrs. Lummis. Also, that he had a great ego, and that he went out of his way to encourage young talent, so long as that talent did not compete with him. He cited the example of Mary Austin who sought to become an authority on New Mexico, which Lummis considered to be his private preserve.

He also recalled that Lummis worked hard and long; that he was completely honest and of impeccable integrity. He possessed the Yankee virtues, taught thrift and insisted upon "getting his money's worth." He entertained a great number of celebrities to whom he served simple meals with great flare, to the tune of California and Spanish songs.

He recalled El Alisal with its different levels and inadequate windows as a symbol of Lummis' individuality, and that it was not in the Hopi style (it was part Spanish, part Indian and part Lummis). He doubted if it should be preserved. (It is now a State Historical Monument and has been cited by the Cultural Heritage Board of Los Angeles.)

Dixon stated that Lummis possessed much of the Indians' mysticism, that he understood the Indian better than many white people did, and that he got along with them splendidly. He mentioned that Alexander Harmer had introduced Lummis to many California families, and that Don Carlos esteemed people of wealth and talent and gave his friendship with Mrs. Leland Stanford as an example.

Dixon stated that once, when he was in New Mexico at Lummis' invitation, Don Carlos cut him cold. It hurt. It was Dixon's opinion that Lummis' period of "blindness" was bunk. He said that Lummis was acting all the while, that he capitalized on his eccentricities.

As to the many activities of Lummis, Dixon said that it was not a matter of glands—it was the power of mind over fatigue. That Lummis' type was normal, and that we are not.

During a visit to El Alisal, Dixon handcrafted a clothes closet and decorated its door with pyrograph ornaments. He also designed the iron Lummis monograph which may be seen on the main entrance door of El Alisal. The fabrication of the design may have been the work of Dixon's brother who was skilled in iron work.

The first of a series of letters to be exchanged between Lummis and Dr. Herbert E. Bolton was a request in 1904 for the use of a half-tone drawing by Dixon. It was an illustration for George Parker Winship's *The Story of Coronado* and bore the caption "Quivira Was Always Just Beyond." It may be seen on page fifty-two of the *Land of Sunshine*, July 1898. In the same article Dixon had a lively sketch depicting "The Fight at Zuñi." In 1905 Dixon and Lillian Tobey were married under the enormous sycamore in the patio of the Lummis home. At another time Ed Borein and his lovely Lucille were married on the same spot.

An understanding of the comradery shared by Lummis and Dixon may be ascertained through the reading of the following sample letters from a considerable correspondence.

Dec. 6, 1907

Dear Kid:

Sorry to see you go to New York. It is like a peach—not that you are one—going from its own free twig to the cannery. You are old enough to have acquired permanently in your bones the need of freedom.

Seriously, I am sorry to see you go, but I can understand your point of view. Only, don't let them swamp you. Don't forget that everybody knows more than you about something; but that you know more than all the world about your own. The trouble with any such alleged metropolitan center is that it wants to use you. Don't be used. Go hungry first. Don't let any of them buy you. Don't sell anything that isn't in you. Don't forget your backbone.

CFL

2/28/1912

Dear Kid:

Glad to hear from you, but sorry that you are unstrung and overworked. Get a set of boxing gloves, and take it out on one another; or, come out here and rest yourselves up watching the deliberate motions of a wise old man! . . . You and the infants can come and camp here and go meandering from these headquarters as far as you darn please . . . or you might take in my Jib-O-Jib at San Pedro if you want to flock together by yourselves. You can put the baby there in the sand with the salt air all around her, and keep house for yourselves.

Love to the little wife and the baby and your own worthless self.

CFL

Oct. 29-16

Dear Pop—

The main reason you have not heard from me is that the report has been mostly bad. Too much—I can't write you all about it here—But this much I can say—that experience has taught me the futility of further effort along the lines I had chosen, and the absolute necessity of freedom, cost what it may. This essential—the one essential—as conditions have brought me to an absolute standstill.

I have produced practically nothing in a year—I am paralyzing in my work and powerless to do anything in this state for L. or little C.—much less for myself. January will probably see the matter decided.

. . . I'm glad you are contented and going ahead—continue. But I'd rather see you writing books than patching up old walls:—The Great Eliminator, perhaps, knows best about them. But this intangible stuff that floats from one to another of us—the stuff we think—somehow I believe that never dies.

With affection and best wishes,  
Maynard D—

June 27, 1918

Dear Maynard:

... I am glad that you are "beginning to come back." If you were an athlete or a bull I would not feel as I do; for it is hard for me personally to conceive that any sorrow or bother should cut a man out of his work. On the other hand, I never was an artist; and my dull work can go ahead anyhow, no matter what happens.

But I hope you "get interested in painting again." You may remember that I detected in you very many years ago an uncommon capacity to do a valuable thing in an uncommon way. You have grown enormously in these years, not only in your technique but in your soul. And I want to see you go ahead and grow up to your full stature! These are days when art has become almost a by-word. You have the old chastity of feeling towards it; you have a chance now that you never had before—if you will buckle down and work like hell, and keep working your very best. You are young yet, you have an uncommon natural talent, you have developed it in a way which has pleased me very deeply. Keep it up!

Don't let any sorrow or worry or sickness or drawback cut you out from being the really great artist that it is in you to be. You have thirty years to go yet, growing. That was one of the wonderful things about Keith and very few other artists I have known—that instead of getting stale or stagnating, they did better work the longer they worked.

I can understand from your temperament something of the meaning of what you say about dreams and socialism etc. and nothing seeming real. But that isn't the real Dixon that I have watched and been proud of these many years. That is simply a sick mind that you must cure yourself of—since no other doctor can do it. Never mind about the government or the war or socialism or dreams or anything else. Hogtie your mind and your attention and your intention, and turn out paintings. And between painting, do poems. You are really about as much a poet as artist—and that is one reason your pictures are what they are. I don't know that you will ever sell your poems much; but it will do you good not merely to get them off your mind, but through your mind. Every poem you write is a help to a picture you are to paint.

Don't ask me about the war. It isn't legal. I think we have got to win it. And that is all there is to be said.

All serene here, and Busted, and working, and trying to live as we go.

Always your friend,  
Charles R. Lummis

Oct. 1, 1918

Dear Boss:

Please rush along your stuff so I can sandwich it in with my other work. And how about a cover design for December in three colors? Figure of "The New West" looking out against the sun—wind blowing her skirts back—"Los paisos del sol, etc." To be done in blue, buff and brown. If you want it, please send in your lettering reduced to a minimum and will submit a color sketch. Or if you have any other idea—something simple—you'd rather have, let's hear it.

I have several things under way for the exhibition. I want to get them all along together. Keep me going so I won't have time to think how tired I am.

Your friend  
Dixon

## What is your Membership Worth to You?

by Paul Galleher  
December, 1971

If an Organization such as ours has been in existence for a quarter of a century, and we wish to recognize this fact, we might review our past and ask ourselves several questions:

1. Why was such an organization formed,
2. How has it demonstrated its vitality,
3. Is there still a need for a continuing effort to do what we are doing, if in truth we are doing anything at all?

This Corral has enjoyed 25 years of prosperous and continuous growth and activity. Looking back over these years, I cannot help but be impressed with several factors which have contributed to our development. However, before I report on these factors, let me set the scene for you.

The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, was born amid a somewhat distinguished environment of happenings. In December of 1946, several things were taking place which will help identify the time for you. It was in that month and year that Roscoe Conkling, recently deceased, was bringing to a close his magnum opus, the large 3-volume set of *The Butterfield Overland Mail*, which has been characterized as without question the final and definitive work on this important phase of westward development. Almost at this time, Bernard DeVoto was putting the finishing touches to his now-classic *Across the Wide Missouri*. Membership in the Historical Society of Southern California was five dollars, and J. Gregg Layne, the first speaker at our first Westerner meeting, was editor of the *Historical Society Quarterly*. Parenthetically, it is

interesting to observe that not by design, but by fortuitous circumstance, our Silver Anniversary volume just published, should be on the subject of vigilantes. This was also the subject of that first talk given to the Westerners by Mr. Layne 25 years ago, on the 19th of this month.

Also one day in mid-1946, there had assembled in front of the Los Angeles City Hall, 25,000 citizens to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the raising of the first American flag over the *pueblo*, in 1846. It was a year of centennial celebrations to commemorate the capture of Los Angeles. It was also the year in which Paul Bailey introduced his now-famous publication, *Deliver Me From Eva*. In the same year, W. W. Robinson was working on a study of land in California which was later to be published under that same title. Art Woodward did his *Lances at San Pasqual* and there was a 2½% California state sales tax.

It was then during these times of exciting happenings that The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, was born. Last month we had some reminiscences of what, for lack of a better phrase, was put on by the "Old Timers." We will try to avoid repeating what was said then, and in some small way, take a look at these 25 years on the basis of the accomplishment of the Westerners of Los Angeles, and a forward look at what is expected of us in the future.

Mention has already been made of the several factors which contributed to our growth and development. First I should mention the little set of principles and policies which were wisely conceived a quarter of a century ago, and indicate to you that they have been pretty-well adhered to. Here is a quotation from our very first publication: "The new Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, organized December, 1946, came into existence to enable men with common interests to meet with reasonable frequency, and to exchange information and knowledge. They are motivated by sincere desire to learn more of our own great West—its background, its people, its traditions and its history. Westerners know that in their own backyard, they have a rich heritage of fascinating facts and lore well worth perpetuation. In a modest way, the Westerners are trying to stimulate this interest, trying to unearth and rediscover our ancient past and trying to preserve our more recent history of the Indian, pioneer and others who trod our plains and mountains in opening the West to so-called civilization. While doing this purely as an avocation, they feel richly rewarded in the pleasure they derive from their study and research. They neither expect nor wish any other reward.

*Each man is expected to take an active interest in each meeting and to prepare a paper on a subject of his own choice. This spirit of fair exchange enables every man to broaden his own knowledge of the West and to contribute some of the richness of his own experience and study."*

Our batting average hasn't been 100%. I'm sure you all realize this, but with this goal before us, we have made progress toward these objectives. Secondly, we *have* had dedicated and vital leadership, and while we have had renegades among our membership who would have liked to do other than maintain our principles which on occasion might have led us away from our purposes, the far seeing vision of our leadership has always been able to get us back on the right track, and for this I'm sure we are all grateful. Men who were merely 'joiners' or who had ulterior motives in gaining membership to our organization, were soon disillusioned and resigned. We always need to remind ourselves that we are not just a drinking society, nor a knife and fork club, but first and foremost we come together for the purpose of learning something ourselves, and broadening our own horizons as well as helping others in their quest for knowledge.

Thirdly, in the sense that we have demonstrated our vitality, we should say that to the credit of The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, there has already accrued a significant shelf of books, quarterly publications and keepsakes. To a large extent, the substance of these publications has been either directly or indirectly contributed by our members. It may interest the new members and guests to know that a complete set of our *Brand Books*, thirteen in all, recently sold for \$800. These books have been the fruit of the labor of our membership and at no financial gain to themselves.

Testifying to the fact that these *Brand Books* are much more than just publications here is what Paul Bailey wrote several years ago. "There is nothing on God's sod that so fraternally unites the souls of men as mutual endeavor in a common project. . . . From the organization's very inception, the *Brand Book*—from incubation, from sweat and terror of production, through to the satisfying joys of completion—has been the catalyzing factor in welding the men-souls of this unique fraternity into the common joy of creation. . . . Twelve times has this dedicated little group of men risked effort, time and money to the bringing forth of their periodic volumes. Twelve times has this dedication and risk been vindicated by a unique and timeless book worthy to take its place on the shelf of publications which have made The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, famous. . . . From Hodge, Harrington and Wellman, to Russell, Dixon and Ellsworth, have come the riches of scholarship and art. Between the covers of these books are the scores of papers written by men of skill and dedication, whose sole purpose was to make articulate the memories and experiences to which the Great West had moved them. The great majority of these contributors have come from the membership rolls of the organization they have so ably and imperishably served. The frantic and continued demand by libraries and scholars for these *Brand Books* is final clinching proof of their importance as publications. . . . But important and heartwarming as is this achievement, it is not the most important asset inherent in this publishing endeavor. A greater thing by far has been the magnetic, almost spiritual quality which this united endeavor has laid upon Los Angeles Corral through the years. Like a lodestar, the *Brand Book* has been the strength and sinew which has welded a very small group of men into a dedicated force. More than any other one thing, the periodic issuance of these books has been a force that has gathered and fashioned men of diverse backgrounds into a fraternity of dedication."

Thus the Westerners have demonstrated the vitality of the group by not only doing the research, the publishing and individually supporting these publications, but also seeing to it that these books find a permanent place in the libraries and colleges both here and abroad so that their efforts may be for all time available for study and use. In further defense of the vitality factor, it should be mentioned that many of our own members have been frequent speakers at many historical functions, various historical societies throughout the state, many conferences such as the Western History Association whose ten annual meetings have found a number of our members making solid contributions to the great body of western history. They have appeared before corrals not only in this country, but in foreign lands as well, and otherwise brought glory to and expanded the image of our own Los Angeles Corral. Conversely, the ever-growing stature of The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral attracted many well-known personalities from outside our Corral who accepted our invitation to address us. While it's risky business to try and name them all, just to make a point, I do recall among a host of visitors, Oscar Winther, Horace Albright, David Lavender, J. Frank Dobie several times, Dr. Robert Cleland, Paul Wellman, Roy Hafen and many others. The point I am trying to make is that men

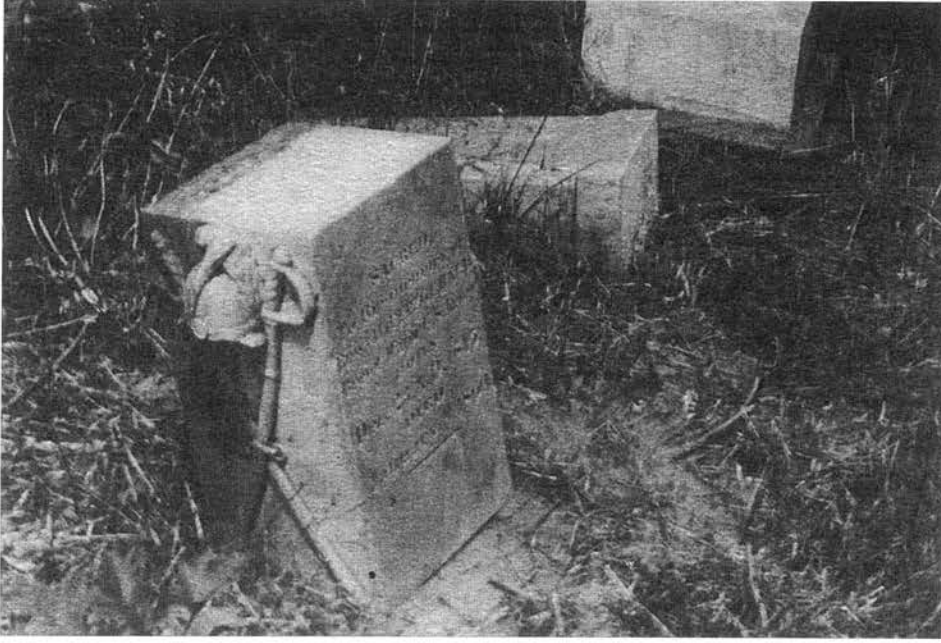


of achievement from whom we can learn, did and still do, come to us to help with our aims and objects—another addition to our vitality factor.

But what of the future? Just what do you think your membership is worth to you? Is there a continuing need for this organization, and if so what is to be done about it. Time has a way of marching on, and in its wake members are taken from us just as the Fred Hodges, the Homer Britzmans, the Lonnie Hulls, the Percy Bonebrakes, the Ernie Suttons and those who were so fondly recalled last month. Has this 25 years stressed enough the values which come from taking an active part in such an organization so that the interest and research among men with common interests will endure? Is this spirit of fair exchange, in an atmosphere conducive to the absorption of such material to be continued? The phenomenal growth of our state and city in the past ten years has created situations which all organizations have had to take into consideration. We now have many more people interested in the West who must be served. For many years our active membership had been limited to 50 men, with an unlimited number of corresponding members. There were some advantages to this. Each one knew the other in a more intimate and attached way. They helped solve each other's problems and the spirit of comradeship prevailed in their kindred interests. By action of this Corral not too long ago, the active membership was increased to a base of 75 members and only very recently an 'Associates' program was initiated to allow for an additional 25 or 30 members in this category. These new men are going to have to gradually assume the responsibility of continuing the principles and purposes for which this group was founded, and it is going to be up to them to see that this Corral of Westerners maintains its place as a living, vibrant organization—not only with a past, but with an even greater future. I feel that we now, as a larger group in a more populous community, can still generate the same feeling which was true with 50 men if we but do two things: First, be sure we maintain only a membership of interested men who believe in what we are trying to do, and secondly, insist that each man actively participate to reflect this interest.

Our corresponding membership has never been limited and has grown to the extent that we now have members throughout the United States and in some foreign countries, and with their help in joining forces with us at home, our energies will be put to an even greater use.

Some years ago we adopted the Southwest Museum as a depository for our papers, reports, manuscripts, books and the like, and just recently our Trail Bosses created the office of Historian, looking forward to the time when we ourselves, through interested members who accept this office from time to time, may create an even greater source for our use and study, and make it also possible through the Museum to help others do the same. So I think in part, we have answered all of the questions we were asking ourselves at the outset—why was such an organization formed; how has it demonstrated its vitality, and finally, is there any need for a continuing effort to do what we have been doing? Thus in truth we are still trying. We still have the future in focus, and acting on behalf of posterity, we will continue to unselfishly address ourselves to the needs of others by maintaining the principles upon which our little group was founded 25 years ago. What is your membership worth to you? I would guess the answer is directly up to you.



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## A Funeral in the Queen of the Cow Towns

by Albert Shumate  
March, 1972

**W**hen the Old North Broadway Cemetery in Los Angeles was condemned by the City in 1926 necessitating the removal of all bodies, the Quartermaster General, Colonel L. H. Bash of Fort Mason, directed that the remains of Brevet-Major Edward Harold Fitzgerald be transferred to the National Cemetery in the Presidio of San Francisco. Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Hutchinson, who was in charge of the operation, wrote that it was only through diligent search that he had located Fitzgerald's grave. He noted that, "The Old Broadway Cemetery, as it is now, is a mighty lonesome place to be buried in, and I feel sure that the Major is glad of the transfer."

Fitzgerald's old monument, repaired and the shaft once again attached, was also moved and placed over the Presidio grave. Close by stand monuments to General Shafter, General Evan Miles, and General Henry Haskell. Also near is a small marker inscribed "Pauline Fryer, Union Spy," a memorial to the famous Pauline Cushman, the "Spy of the Cumberland." Inscriptions on Fitzgerald's marker include the following: "He served his country gallantly in the battles of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Coutreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, Mexico." The Civil War "Camp Fitzgerald" on Fort Street (now Broadway) in Los Angeles was undoubtedly named to honor the Major.

Fitzgerald was born on December 23, 1815, in Morristown, Pennsylvania, and in 1839 entered the Army from Virginia as a Second Lieutenant. He served in the Seminole War in Florida until 1841 when he conducted a band of Seminoles to the "Western frontier of Arkansas." He was stationed in the Cherokee Nation until 1846.

At the outbreak of the war with Mexico, his battalion joined General Wool in Texas, and in 1847 he became a member of the Army under General Scott. In the landing at Vera Cruz, Fitzgerald reportedly was the first of the invading Army to leap to shore. He received his commission of Brevet-Major for "conspicuous gallantry" during the storming of Chapultepec. At the close of the War he entered the First Dragoons and was stationed on the Pacific Coast from 1849 until his death in 1860. In 1849 he was Supply Officer at Fort Mason, and in 1851, during the Indian disturbances at Warner's Ranch, Major Fitzgerald organized a volunteer company to defend San Diego. Agoston Haraszthy (whose name is so closely allied with the development of viticulture in California) wrote as sheriff of San Diego to Governor John McDougal on November 26, 1851, asking for assistance because the "Indians have begun hostilities." Haraszthy also added, "With pleasure I mention that Major Fitzgerald, U.S.A., hearing of the emergency, volunteered as a private and deposited \$210.00 out of his purse for the purchase of provisions etc."

On January 9, 1860, Fitzgerald, after a long illness, died of tuberculosis at the Sisters' Hospital. Founded by the Sisters of Charity, the hospital was a forerunner of the present St. Vincent's Hospital.

When the tidings of Fitzgerald's death reached the First Dragoons at Fort Tejon, they passed resolutions of sorrow and esteem for their late comrade. The resolutions were signed by the following officers: Lieutenant-Colonel B. L. Beall, Brevet-Major James H. Carleton, Captain John W. Davidson, and Lieutenants C. A. Ogle, H. B. Davidson, M. T. Carr, F. F. Davis, and Leroy Napier.

Announcing the arrival of a squadron of the First Dragoons from Fort Tejon to attend the funeral, a Los Angeles newspaper stated that the squadron "performed the march, a distance of over 100 miles, in the unusually short time of thirty-one hours, including all stoppages, over bad roads and during a snowstorm in the mountains."

When the funeral ceremonies were held on January 12, the Los Angeles *Star* reported:

"On Tuesday afternoon, the mortal remains of Major Fitzgerald were conveyed to their last resting place, in the Catholic Cemetery of this city. The large assemblage of citizens who attended on the melancholy occasion, proved the esteem in which the deceased gentleman was held in this community; there were at least 2,000 persons, the stores along the line of procession were closed. A good man and a brave soldier was taken from us; our citizens mourned the loss, and by their presence testified their respect for the departed.

"The funeral Cortege started at one o'clock P.M., from the Sisters' Hospital in the following order:

"Lieut. C. A. Ogle, Adjutant First Dragoons, Marshall.

"The Band of the First Dragoons.

"A Squadron of Dragoons, with their guidons shrouded in crepe.

"The Hearse, containing the Body, the coffin covered by the American flag; Pall Bearers, four on each side.

"The Rev. Clergy, in canonicals, accompanied by boys bearing the Cross.

"Citizens, two abreast; embracing the Judge and officers of the U. S. Court; Capt. Greenwall, U.S.C.S., and Federal officers; members of the Bar; the merchants and citizens generally.

"A carriage containing the Sisters of Charity.

"Then followed a long line of carriages and citizens on horseback.

"A conspicuous object on the mournful procession was the black horse of the deceased, in trappings of woe; led by Privates Howard and Egan, of the deceased's Company, who had served with him for many years.

"The body was conveyed to the Church, where the services were celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Raho, V.G., Rev. P. Oneto, 1st Assistant, Rev. P. Garibaldi, 2nd Assistant. After which a solemn and very impressive discourse was delivered by the Very Rev. Father Raho.

"After service, the procession was reformed, and marched to the cemetery, where Father Raho closed the religious services; the body was committed to the earth; the Dragoons fired the salute, and the gallant soldier and true Christian was left in his lone home. Peace to his ashes!"

In San Francisco on January 17th, the *Alta California* reported Major Fitzgerald's death on the front page. The article concludes: "He sank to rest as calmly as the beautiful sunlight, which fades majestically from the summits of our snow-capped Sierras [*sic*] and leaves them in evening gloom."

The two thousand citizens present at the funeral represented fifty percent of the population of the City of 1860. I doubt if Los Angeles, the home of the super-colossal, could have such a grand funeral procession today. However, when one considers the present population, and visualizes fifty percent of the three million attending, it may be just as well!



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## San Marino Rancho

by Edwin H. Carpenter

June, 1973

**D**on Bernardo Yorba, great landowner in Mexican days in what is now Orange County, did not know it, but he planted the seed of San Marino Ranch when he named his granddaughter María de Jesús Wilson as a residuary legatee in his will. She was a child of Don Bernardo's daughter Ramona and Don Benito Wilson, born in 1845. Benjamin D. Wilson—called Don Benito by the Spanish-speaking—born in Tennessee in 1811, was one of the Anglos who came to California in the Mexican period, married into a local family, and became a *ranchero*. From 1833 to 1841 he was a merchant in Santa Fé; in the latter years he came to Alta California with the Workman-Rowland party. He purchased Rancho Jurupa, where Riverside now is, and lived there with his bride. Unfortunately she died after only a short life together, and soon thereafter the widower moved into Los Angeles, where he turned from cattle to grape-growing and business ventures.

In 1854 Wilson began buying pieces of property in the San Gabriel Valley, small Mexican grants, portions of others, bits of public land, and so on. These he put together into a ranch of some 1,200 acres which he called Lake Vineyard, most of which lay within the present city limits of San Marino. As the name shows, his ranch was a vineyard, though he also had extensive orange groves, and there were other fruits which had been planted by the Mission fathers and earlier owners. Wilson was a pioneer and leader in the commercial development of both grapes and citrus fruits. In those days, almost all grapes had to be shipped in liquid form, so he had wineries, and had to concern himself with improving transportation from southern California to world markets. (It was his sending a work crew to blaze a trail up the nearby mountain in search of lumber for casks, barrels, and crates that caused his name to be given to it.)

Wilson's former father-in-law, Yorba, died in 1858, and the legacy to his daughter was paid to him, since she was a child. When she grew up and married, it was appropriate to pay the amount over to her. In 1867 she married J. DeBarth Shorb, a Marylander, born in 1841. He had come to California in connection with the oil industry which started here in the 1860s but failed to develop. Wilson was involved in this activity, and no doubt invited Shorb to Lake Vineyard as a guest.

In 1869, in lieu of giving her her grandfather's legacy (which, perhaps, he could not raise in cash), Benito Wilson deeded his eldest daughter—he had meantime had two more by a second marriage—about half of Lake Vineyard. When she and her husband received this portion, some 600 acres, they named it San Marino Ranch. The name was taken from that of Shorb's old family plantation in Maryland; that, in turn, had been named after the Republic of San Marino, though explanations differ as to why.

The Shorbs used the property as had Wilson—to produce grape products and oranges. In the course of time Shorb became much more active and productive in viticulture than was his father-in-law. He had several wineries, and many acres of vineyards elsewhere than on the ranch, such as in the west end of Alhambra. He operated the San Gabriel Wine Company, which by the early nineties had an extremely large output. Having the same need as Wilson for transportation, Shorb too was active in promoting improved rail connections, and had a hand in the coming of the Santa Fe through Pasadena.

Partly from lack of hotels and partly because it seems to have been their nature, the Shorbs were extremely hospitable. About ten years after their marriage they built on San Marino Ranch a large two-story wooden house; in the next decade, as the family increased to about a dozen, this was given a third story and other added rooms and a "Charles Addamsy" turret. This house was a landmark and center of hospitality for many years. It stood exactly where the later Huntington residence, now the art gallery of the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, stands. (Incidentally, when Mr. Huntington came to tear down the old house he did not just have it bulldozed, but caused it to be taken apart carefully and the plumbing, wiring, wood, and so on used in the construction of cottages for workmen on the ranch. The paneling from the principal rooms is still to be seen in one of the out-buildings of the Library.)

During the last quarter of the century the Shorbs lived in style on San Marino Ranch, well up in social, horticultural and other circles. Among their guests was Helen Hunt Jackson, and it is a family story that she took the name of the heroine of her famous novel from the Shorbs' daughter Ramona who was, of course, named for her grandmother. Certainly this family is the source of the name of the Ramona Convent, for this was a benefaction of J. DeBarth Shorb.

In the early 1890s phylloxera, a virus-carrying insect, struck the vineyards of the Los Angeles area and caused very extensive damage. Shorb's vineyards were wiped out. This and the Panic of 1893, perhaps combined with some overextension, also wiped out Shorb, who was a ruined man when he died in 1896. San Marino Ranch was lost on a mortgage to the Farmers and Merchants Bank, which allowed the family to live there until a purchaser was found.

An Eastern railroad man named Henry Huntington came to California in 1892 to be vice-president of the Southern Pacific. In his travels within the state he was a guest of the Shorbs and of her half-sister, Mrs. George S. Patton, who occupied the other half of Lake Vineyard, Wilson having died in 1878. He was very much taken with the property and the location. When he transferred his activities to southern

California at the turn of the century, he was pleased to find that San Marino Ranch was on the market, and he bought it from the bank in 1902. Mrs. Shorb and some of the children moved to San Francisco.

This is not the story of Henry Huntington's collecting activities or of the institution which he left to the public, but a word might be said about the ranch under his ownership. It was expected to be an income-producing property. The vines were gone, but the ranch continued to produce citrus fruits, and Mr. Huntington had his own packing plants and brand names. He introduced a new cash crop, the avocado, and was an early figure in the commercial development of this product. Other things too were sold, such as eggs. For several years Mr. Huntington did not live on the property, but eventually he started a mansion, which was finished in 1913, in time for him to move in following his second marriage. Gradually, productive area was sacrificed to landscaping, and in addition Mr. Huntington sold some of the property. After his death a small portion was subdivided, as allowed in his will and deed of gift; since that time the ranch as occupied by the present institution has been 207 acres. The Huntington Library keeps up an orange grove by replacing aging trees with new stock; there are many huge avocados left; and especially there are, carefully cared for, many fine oaks, which were there before any of these people held title to the land.

## Lansford Warren Hastings

by Thomas F. Andrews  
September, 1973

**M**uch of what has been written about Lansford Hastings focuses upon his activities prior to the California Gold Rush. Very little is known about his public career after 1846. Most authors have assumed that he lived out his remaining years in the shadow of the ill-famed Donner incident. George R. Stewart puts it this way: "Instead of a host of friends and retainers, he [Hastings] found his summer's endeavor [in 1846] had won him bitter enemies. Some even made threats to kill him." (*Ordeal by Hunger*, p. 284). Actually, there is ample evidence to show that few of Hastings' contemporaries associated him in any way with being personally responsible for the disaster that befell the unfortunate emigrants in the Sierra Nevada. The following sketch of Hastings' gold rush activities is offered as an alternative to that generally accepted view.

The Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo had no more than been signed when gold fever swept across northern California, reaching epidemic proportions by the end of May 1848. On May 30 William Warner wrote his sister from Monterey: "The towns are almost depopulated, & the farms deserted, of late, in consequence of the gold fever that prevails. . . . Perhaps you may hear soon that I have turned digger." Two days previous Kimball H. Dimmick, captain of Company K of the New York Volunteers recorded in his diary: "Last night about 18 men deserted for the purpose of working in the Gold mines. Nine of them [were] from my company." Indeed, the entire population between Monterey and San Francisco seemed to be pulled toward the mines as if by a giant magnet.

Lansford Hastings, lawyer and recently elected school trustee, proved no exception as he left San Francisco and headed for the familiar confines of Sutter's Fort. There on June first, he and "the Captain" (as he referred to the venerable



Sutter), and Henry Chever agreed "to go into the gold business as soon as [Sutter's] crops were harvested." Hastings confided to George McKinstry that he expected the partnership to last at least a year, but in January 1848 Sutter pulled out (and not without some hard feelings), and "Hastings and Co." existed on into the summer before the store in Coloma was sold. It was not a very auspicious beginning for a gold rush merchant.

Hastings, meanwhile, had married Charlotte Toler at the fort. The date was July 19, 1848. Late that summer or early in the fall he took his bride to the mines and opened the Coloma store. General William T. Sherman, who was entertained by Mrs. Hastings in November, described her as "really a good looking wife, a little too fine for the Diggins." That fall Hastings accepted Colonel Richard B. Mason's offer of the judgeship for the northern district and complained to the military governor that murder and theft were of "frequent occurrence" as was the "selling [of] liquor to Indians." Mason informed Hastings that he was "well aware of the want in California of a regular organized government," but predicted that California would have it shortly. Mason's optimism proved to be unfounded, however, as two sessions of Congress were to pass without any action being taken toward the establishment of a civil government in California.

Hastings remained in Coloma through July 1849. His store was located, he assured McKinstry, "in the heart of one of the richest gold regions found any where in the mines." While in Coloma Hastings also devoted a good share of his energies and finances to the development of the town of Sutterville, located three miles down river from the fort. In this enterprise Hastings joined forces with McKinstry and George McDougal, a San Francisco broker. As associates and sponsors of Sutterville, they found themselves locked in a vigorous battle with John A. Sutter, Jr., the promoter of the newly laid out town of Sacramento City, at the confluence of the American and Sacramento rivers, two miles up stream from Sutterville. The battle, though sensational, was short-lived. By mid-summer of 1849 Sacramento City was on the rise with a newspaper and thirty business houses while Sutterville was unmistakably on the decline. There is some evidence to suggest that Hastings may have been partly responsible for Sutterville's failure to attract sufficient business investment. It was Hastings who had insisted from the beginning that all lots in the business district be sold at a premium price. What is of importance here is not that Sutterville was another unsuccessful Hastings business venture, but rather that such business opportunities as these probably would not have existed had Hastings inherited the congeries of bitter enemies Stewart suggests.

At this time Hastings also actively participated in local politics. In February 1849 he was unanimously elected one of four delegates to a "Territorial Convention" at San Jose. In July he declined the nomination of "1st *Alcalde*" tendered him at a meeting of the citizens of Coloma in which he served as secretary. In August he was elected as a delegate from Sacramento district to the constitutional convention in Monterey. Hastings' frequent election to local office suggests a second point generally overlooked by writers of Western History: he had leadership ability which was recognized and respected by his contemporaries. His relationship to those around him was not colored by the events of 1846.

One further aspect of this story needs to be mentioned. Hastings' contributions to the convention at Colton Hall in Monterey were not notably significant. He took an active part in the debates and served on two committees, one of which was set up to recommend an eastern boundary for the new state. What is important is that Hastings, throughout the course of the convention, gave every indication of

having little taste or talent for politics. He always remained aloof from serious political involvement at the higher levels. As was true of most of his activities, including his business ventures, Hastings only dabbled in politics. Certainly his political activity in California during the early years of the Gold Rush casts serious doubt upon his image as a political opportunist. Hastings simply did not relish politics as much as did John C. Fremont or William Gwin, for example. To be sure, the early years of the California Gold Rush were no halcyon days for Lansford Warren Hastings, but neither were they the bitter, troubled days Stewart and other writers have intimated.

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## Old Indians

by Harry W. Paige  
March, 1974

If you want to know a people—really *know* them—go first to the old among them. The ones with the lived-in faces and long memories. The ones who know the stories and songs. The ones who straddle the fragile edge, with one foot in eternity. The ones who have come far enough to want to turn and look back, not in anger but in wonder. The ones who have returned to a childhood of faith. The ones who have endured.

Yes, old people have a beauty of their own and nowhere is this more apparent than among American Indians.

Take a walk through any of the dusty, sun-baked reservation towns on the prairie and study the old people. Study the deep lines in their faces and trace the history of grief. Study the dark flame in their eyes and see the fires of hope kept burning for their grandchildren. Listen to the soft, lyric run of Indian words. Hear their memories rise to the surface on a tide of yesterdays. Hear their gentle laughter. Feel their strength in having survived. Know their faith in what lies beyond time.

A pulse throb from eternity and yet he walks two miles under a prairie sun to buy his grandson an ice cream bar. The boy's free hand is lost in his. And the boy's imagination leaps to the bait of the legend that the old man spins from memory. The old values are passed down this way—disguised in tears or laughter or wide-eyed attention. Education is a walk in the sun. Security is a dark hand bound and raised in purple veins.

In a tribal society the old are the repositories of knowledge and wisdom. In a society that changes slowly knowledge does not become obsolete in a generation or two. The things that are necessary to sustain life and spirit take years to learn and are not finally written down in books. The fragile legacies of dreams are held

in the memories of the old until they are handed down lovingly to the young. The old become the living link between the past and the future.

Drive out across the open prairie, carefully dodging ruts and high centers. Climb a butte to a tar paper shack that squats forlornly on the edge of the empty miles. The children will scatter when you pull up to the house, their dark eyes flashing *stranger*. The chickens, scratching bare islands in the stubbed grass, will scatter too in a flurry of feathers that waft back to earth in waltz time. Wait in your car a few minutes and you will see the burlap curtain at the single window drawn back. You won't see the hand that drew it or the dark eyes that peered out to fix you in a glance.

After a few more minutes the door swings slowly open and an old woman is framed in the doorway. Her plain, coarse dress is long, almost to her ankles. Two stockinged, pipestem legs run into canvas tennis shoes, adorned with Indian beadwork. A dark shawl is draped around thin shoulders. Her black hair is laid back tightly from her high forehead and then spills in a waterfall down her back. Her high cheek bones are a gun-metal blue and set deep are liquid eyes with the surprised look of a startled fawn.

She seems to float as she walks toward you shyly. She holds out a thin and boney hand—fragile, almost transparent like delicate glass. The single word *hau* falls from the tight purse of her lips. It means *hello* and *welcome*. She says it with the ghost of a smile. Then she talks *Wasincus*, English, with a kind of rural lyricism. But it is important to her that the greeting be in Lakota.

The children drift back like something blown by the prairie wind that whispers over the grass. They pull on her dress and hang on to the sticks of her wrists. She ignores them in patience, talking to you about the hail storm that destroyed her garden. Her fingers move to her words as though she were a puppet as well as puppeteer. You wonder how many holes those fingers have darned, how many beads they have sorted before they became stiff and claw-like. You wonder how many dreams they have mended; how many stories they have drawn on air.

The old woman explains that she cares for the children. The parents, her son and daughter-in-law, are picking potatoes in Nebraska and won't be back until the work is over. It is better than welfare, she explains: it gives a man pride. And pride is important to the poor, a badge worn on dusty jeans.

The old woman works hard—cooking, mending, fixing and taking care of her grandchildren. She does it alone since her husband returned to the earth. She is fiercely independent, clinging like a scrub pine to a lonely butte, a tree that draws just enough sustenance from the dry, flinty soil. She cares for the bodies of the children but she also nourishes the spirit. She knows the old stories, myths and legends of the Sioux. They are tucked away in her memory like jewels on dark velvet. At night she brings them out and sorts them with a jeweler's eye. There are *Iktomi*, the trickster-spider stories, that hide a lesson in their humor. There are the legends of places and how they got their names—Porcupine Butte, Potato Creek, Grass Mountain and Wounded Knee. There are animal stories. How the mudhen got red eyes. How *Mastincala*, the rabbit, got his short tail. The woman who lived with the wolves. There is the story of Indian Summer and the story of *Wakinyan*, the Thunderbird. And there are her own stories of her childhood in the far-away times—stories to draw a tear from the teller.

Nights are long on the prairie and her cabin has no electricity to feed a television or even a radio. Smoking kerosene lamps hang from nails in the beams and draw a cloud of insects. There is no running water: it is hauled from a creek over a

mile away. The nights are long and the stories fill them with light and laughter. They are not for entertainment only, nor for teaching. They are for survival.

The old woman has a young heart. She loves and she is loved. She needs and is needed. She is entrusted with the real wealth of the people—their children. She is lonely since her husband's death, but she has no time to brood or wear her heart on a calico sleeve for everyone to see.

Once she went to Rapid City to visit one of her white friends in a nursing home. When she walked through the antiseptic halls and the sterile sameness of the place a cold fist closed on her heart. When she saw the old and the feeble sitting around idly and staring into yesterday, she wanted to cry. When she saw the starched and rustling nurses, paid money to be kind, she wanted to cry out: "Where are your families?" And when she heard no laughter in the place—only the echoes of silence—she wanted to cry out: "Where are the children?" She had known hunger and she had known pain but that was the only time in her long life that she had known terror. And when she returned to her prairie shack, she threw her arms around her grandchildren and wept.

The children never knew why.

Old Indians are as patient as time. The little children pull on them, climb on them and dash about the house like whirlwinds. A kind of festive anarchy seems to prevail.

Yet there are no sharp words, no raised voices, no quick slaps. You ask one of the old people about the lack of discipline, the "permissiveness". There is a tolerant, easy smile, a shrug of the shoulders. "The white man beats his child and pets his horse. That is *witko*, crazy. Nothing is ever spoiled by love."

End of discussion.

In the summer old Indians are seen frequently in the treeless border towns adjacent to the reservations. They come to shop or window-shop or visit. They sit on the worn wooden benches in front of the stores, searching out the thin slices of shade. They sit on the cement steps and the curbing. They seem to be waiting, like city people waiting for a bus. But there is no bus. There is only time. Time passing.

Old women walk in the unpaved streets of the town, their sneakers kicking up puffs of dust behind them. Their shawls are drawn around their shoulders; their black umbrellas raised against the sun so that they appear to walk in a moving pool of shade. Their shadows follow, stretching in the sand. Some of the old women smoke cigarettes—hand-rolled, flat and loose. They carry them in nicotine-stained fingers or dangling loosely from their lips so that they jump to the words that are spoken. In a society in which smoking is a ritual of prayer, the habit dies hard.

The old men smoke too, sitting in the shade and rubbing gnarled fingers around the sweatbands of their Western hats. The men suffer more from idleness. Many have not worked in years. They have lost the symbols of prestige they once had in the old hunter-warrior days, in the free life on the Plains. Now the women have quietly taken over and the men are left with their dreams. The women would not admit this: it is a point of honor and pride. They still defer to the men but they know and their hearts are sad watching their men wasting away like autumn leaves, waiting for the final breath of wind to set them free.

Some of the old men buy a brief trip to oblivion for less than a dollar. Others sit before a polished bar, staring beyond the pyramid of bottles into the mirror of no return. Or else their heads are bowed over a glass, staring into a pool of wine abstractly, like a priest of sorrows. These are the ones for whom the present is too heavy

a burden. They are lost somewhere between the fact and the fragile dream. They do not joke or laugh: they are deadly serious about their escape from the moment.

The old look into the store windows and, beyond their own images, see the things that are new—electric can openers, color televisions, calendar watches and long-stemmed crystal. They stare at them like archaeologists who have unearthed a find. And most of the items are just as strange as Grecian urns or the time-frozen paw tracks of something extinct. In a prairie home far from the transmitting station and without electricity, a color television is just a Cyclops, a giant, blinded eye staring back from across the room. Yet there are some older people who, through ignorance or some strange desire to be a part of affluence, buy the symbols of success. One old woman bought a new refrigerator and had it delivered to her prairie shack, a shack far beyond the web of power lines. It still sits on an earthen floor, pale and impotent, a storage space for kitchen utensils and home-made quilts. When asked why she made the unlikely purchase, the old woman replied candidly: "So the whites would like me better and buy my quilts."

But there are delightful things to buy too. Things for the grandchildren. A new pocket knife. The strange yo-yo toy that comes back when you throw it away. A new pair of jeans. Plastic beads to decorate a dance costume. A square of ice cream on a stick. A bottle of *kapopop*, the white man's soda. Colored, tourist postcards of familiar places to tack on bare walls. The women dig into worn, leather purses with stiff fingers and come up with the dime to satisfy a boy's thirst. An old man grapples in tight jeans for the price of a candy bar. These are the good things because they beg a smile from a child's eyes.

The summer is the time for them—the old ones. When the sun bakes the pain from welded joints. And the prairie is the place for them, a place as full of yesterdays as memory. It is not like the city where the old Indians are drawn to the green of tiny parks, hoping for a chance to hope. For the old ones have a special relationship with the open land. A mystical, spiritual relationship. The Sioux call it *wakaN*—holy or mysterious. You can feel it in the way they look at a hawk sliding down the air columns of the sky. There is a kinship in those looks: the distance in between is shrunken to a sigh. You can feel the communion in the way their eyes wander over the hills, the breasted hills that nurse an ancient dream. You can see it in the way they touch the sage or wear it in their hair. God is as close as that look, that touch.

Yes, summer is the time to quit the stuffy cabin and set up the tent or tipi in the yard where the evening breeze blows cool and the stars are close and bright. Summer is the time of the sweet return. A time for reunions. A time for rodeo, fair, picnic, pow wow and Sun Dance. A time for old men to strut in the dance circle, feathered and flying. And a time for old women to do the slow, kneebending dance to the strict pulse of the drum. A time to take pride in the grandchildren learning the old dances, spinning circles in the dust. It is a time when the blood flows warm again and the old people almost forget their winter hibernation and the loneliness of the snowfolds draping the cold.

Summer is the time for the annual Sun Dance, their oldest and most vital native ceremony. Indians come from all over the country in ragged caravans to watch and participate, giving thanks to *WakaNtaNka*, the Great Spirit, through his burning eye, the Sun. The old ones are honored guests, frequently advisors in conducting the rites that go back to the beginnings of the plains culture. There is pain in it too when they see the old ways treated carelessly or neglected. There is pain when

the sacred ceremony threatens to become a tourist attraction or a hand shaking time for politicians or a carnival. When the hot dog stands outnumber the purification lodges and the cheap souvenir booths spring up like puff balls on the prairie. There is a pain, but it is tempered with a patient resignation to such changes. The old ones shrug and say: "Such a Sun Dance is better than no Sun Dance."

The old people age like the prairie itself, a furrow at a time. They seem to erode, almost geologically, and their features grow sharper, chiseled by the wind and sand, until they resemble predatory birds perching on a barren tree. They age as the hills age. As a canyon ages. Yet the eyes stay young, mirroring the inner fires—the pride of having endured and the hunger for immortality in an ageless land.

Perhaps it is because they are so close to death that makes them burn so brightly. Like a candle's flaring up before it sputters out. Perhaps because they are already at home in eternity, feeling it as a prairie without horizons.

The sun too is never so beautiful as when it sets.

Some of the old still sing their death songs—a last, keening affirmation of the life that is ending and a trembling anticipation of what lies beyond the spirit trail.

I heard such a song once, coming from a bed that had been moved out of doors so that an old woman could look out on the swell of the prairie for the last time. It started as a whisper lost on a prairie wind and then rose, pumped by some frail bellows of the heart, to a tuneless chant:

Let me look again  
 Only the hills last forever!

And it was not death that brought the tears to my eyes. It was life.

## Lincoln and the Indians

by Harry Kelsey  
March, 1974

**M**ost Lincoln biographers assume the Great Emancipator had no interest in Indian problems. Numerous scholars have managed to discuss the life of Lincoln without ever mentioning the word Indian. One writer, who spent years studying the Lincoln phenomenon, concluded that Lincoln never saw an Indian dead or alive as a boy and perhaps never saw a live Indian at all before 1861. The actual record differs considerably from this general assumption. Lincoln's acquaintance with Indians was much more extensive than most historians seem to think. Lincoln saw Indians and heard about them frequently on the Indiana-Illinois frontier, and his opinions about Indians are in some ways surprisingly at variance with ordinary frontier attitudes.

Evenings during Lincoln's boyhood were enlivened with family stories. After his death relatives committed the stories to writing, probably with the usual embellishments, although a few have the ring of basic truth. Little Abe doubtless heard his father tell how Grandfather Abraham was killed by Indians while young Thomas watched. Probably Thomas also told his son about the occasion of his father's first visit in 1780 to Kentucky, where he was captured by Indians and forced to run the gauntlet. Nancy Hanks Lincoln apparently lived with a cousin, Sarah Mitchell, who was for several years an Indian captive, and Sarah's stories had countless retellings in the Lincoln home. Most Indians had been ejected from Indiana by the time the Lincolns arrived, but a few stragglers still remained, and many local people were heavily engaged in the Indian trade. So, while it may well be true that the boy Lincoln was not personally acquainted with any Indians, he at least knew a lot about them.



The Blackhawk War saw young Lincoln elected as captain of volunteers in the Illinois militia. His only extended public comment on this service came in 1848, when he discovered that Lewis Cass, the Democratic nominee for President, was campaigning as a hero of the War of 1812. Cass' credentials as a war hero and Indian fighter failed to impress Congressman Lincoln, and he said so in a speech to the House of Representatives that went something like this:

Mr. Speaker, did you know I am a military hero? Yes sir; in the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled, and came away. If General Cass. . . . saw any live, fighting Indians it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes, . . . although I never fainted from loss of blood.

Lincoln might have added—but didn't—that he also saved the life of an ancient warrior who stumbled into camp one day. Anxious for at least one Indian scalp, a few militiamen decided to execute the feeble old man. Lincoln announced that any attack on the Indian would have to be over his dead body, saying that even barbarians do not kill prisoners. Some men, muttering that Lincoln was a coward, were shamed into silence when the frontier strong man said, "Try me." So the old Indian's life was spared. Anyway, that's the story William G. Green told a campaign interviewer in 1860.

Historians have generally ignored Green's account, although it shows a Lincoln concerned that Indians be treated with the same principles of justice and humanity he sought for Negroes. Indian rights were certainly not a burning issue in the fifties. Nevertheless, there is evidence to indicate that Lincoln gave the matter serious thought. His Democratic rival, Stephen A. Douglas, went to some pains to put Lincoln on record with a public statement of his Indian views. In the debate at Ottawa, Illinois, August 21, 1858, Douglas told the crowd that Lincoln wanted to confer citizenship "upon Negroes, Indians and other inferior races." Hoping to keep the debates centered on Negro slavery, Lincoln ignored the Indian issue. At Jonesboro on September 15, Douglas repeated the charge, and Lincoln again decided not to reply. Later at Alton, Illinois, Douglas asserted that the signers of the Declaration of Independence "when they declared all men to be created equal. . . . did not mean Negro, not the savage Indians, nor the Fejee Islanders, nor any other barbarous race," and challenged Lincoln to reply. No longer able to ignore the Indian issue, Lincoln repeated a stand he had taken in Springfield some months earlier. "The authors of that notable instrument intended to include *all* men," he said. "They meant to set up a standard maxim for free society" applicable "to all people, of all colors, everywhere." Slavery was the issue in the debates with Douglas, but Lincoln, with some prodding from Douglas, served public notice that he was just as interested in securing basic rights for Indians and other people as he was in establishing the rights of the Negro.

When Lincoln became President, he appointed William P. Dole as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Dole was an old friend from Illinois, and if he had any prior experience with Indians, that fact has escaped notice to this day. However, Dole was a frequent—almost daily—visitor to the White House during Lincoln's term of office, and a mass of evidence shows the two men discussed Indian problems at great length on many occasions. Although there are discouragingly few written records of these discussions, the reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs give a pretty good idea of the conclusions reached by Dole and Lincoln on Indian matters. Both Lincoln and Dole emerge as men concerned about fair treatment for Indians and laboring to discover a way to blend them into general American society.

Still, the Lincoln administration devoted most of its effort toward fighting the war and was only peripherally concerned with Indian problems. For the most part Lincoln's Indian Bureau followed practices and policies tried and proven in previous administrations. One of the traditional techniques for dealing with Indians was to bring a delegation of chiefs to Washington, where they could be suitably impressed with the superiority of white society. On these trips all expenses were paid, both for the Indians and the Indian agents. Ostensibly planned as treaty conferences, these junkets were in fact used as rewards for well-behaved agents and chiefs and as bribes to bring trouble-makers into line. Naturally, everybody wanted to go, and some sort of record must have been set in the spring of 1863, when literally dozens of Indians visited the Capital, including a few hereditary enemies, like the Utes, Comanches, and Apaches. This particular combination, by the way, very nearly resulted in an Indian war right on Pennsylvania Avenue. So the Commissioner dispatched special instructions to the agencies forbidding any trips to Washington without advance clearance from the Bureau.

Regardless of administrative problems, the Indian visits were great entertainment for the public and a soothing balm for the egos of chiefs and politicians. Commissioner Dole invited all his friends and their wives to the ceremonial receptions held at bureau headquarters in the Patent Office Building. A man not unduly burdened with humility, Dole told the chiefs at one ceremony they would be allowed to address him as "Father." Although Secretary of Interior Caleb Smith walked in on one reception and was grudgingly introduced as the "Bigger Father," this was Dole's party and generally the Secretary was not invited to attend. Of course, the "Great White Father" had his own separate ceremonies at the White House.

As Buffalo Bill would soon discover, Indians always gave a good show. By 1860 few Indians wore anything that could be readily identified as a native costume, but usually some chiefs in each group managed to deck themselves out in feathers and buckskins to impress the people they met. One party from Arizona and New Mexico went around in breechclout and beads, to the great delight of the fair sex promenading on Pennsylvania Avenue, who turned out in record numbers to be frightened and scandalized by the naked savages.

The Indians found similar amusements of their own. A group of thirty Chippewas from Lake Superior and Northern Minnesota apparently spent a good deal of time studying female anatomy at Washington burlesque shows, on the principle "that the more you see of the natural figure the better for the observer."

Noah Brooks, Washington correspondent for the *Sacramento Union*, filed a long dispatch about an Indian visit to the Washington office of the Indian Bureau in March, 1863. The Brooks account is worth reading, as it has several important things to say about relations between the Lincoln administration and the Indians.

The rooms of William P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, were crowded yesterday afternoon by the curious public, which wanted to look in security upon the deputation of red rascals who were but a short time ago plundering and robbing every white man upon whom they could lay hands, but who were now amicably hobnobbing with the veteran Commissioner, preparatory to a full and fair understanding as to their future. These 'plumed riders of the desert' appeared in the levee with all their glory on, being gay in paint, feathers and beadwork, albeit some of the party had been coaxed into hiding their nakedness in dingy garments of civilization, in which they looked about as comfortable as bears in moccasins. The majority of the party, fine-looking fellows, wore blankets embroidered with colored quills and made of skins of animals. Their legs were encased in buckskin leggings,

gaudily decorated with beadwork. They squatted on the floor of the room in a semi-circle, in the midst of which a spokesman for each tribe—six in all—seated himself uncomfortably and had his say, which was interpreted by their ‘guide philosopher, and friend,’ who accompanies them, and the reply of the Commissioner was then translated to the crowd, who manifested their approbation by a unanimous howling grunt of applause, or ‘You Bet.’ The chief spokesman of the deputation is ‘Ten Bears,’ a splendid looking and intelligent Comanche, who can speak a very tolerable Mexican *patois*. He informed the Commissioner that he considered himself a highly respectable Indian, and the Commissioner a nice old man; that the party had a big disgust at the noise, confusion and crowd of the city; that they longed for their prairies and dog soup; that they were much obliged for their fare at the hotel, and that they preferred, like sensible Indians, to settle up affairs, promise to be ‘heap good Indian,’ and go back to their hunting ground; all of which the Commissioner promised, in the most approved style of white man’s Indian highfalutin lingo, should be done. They are to see the President before they go, and have a small palaver with their Great White Father.

The Brooks report illustrates several of the problems that plagued Indian-White relations. For one thing, neither party took the other very seriously. The conferences were usually occasions for long, windy speeches and tired old jokes. One lusty young warrior, pining for the solaces of the flesh, announced his regret that the customs of the white man would not allow him to kiss all the ladies in the room, and though a few dowager bosoms fluttered, all the man got for his gallantry was a big laugh and some hearty applause.

Each party in these conferences assumed that the other had to be addressed in a sort of special language which neither could really comprehend. Moreover, both Indian and white were manacled by a cultural arrogance that made it impossible for either to understand or appreciate an alien way of life.

John Hay’s record of a meeting between Lincoln and three Potawatomi chiefs at the White House in 1861 shows how grossly deficient was Lincoln’s own appreciation of Indian culture. Apparently assuming all Indians spoke the same language, the President baffled his visitors by airing the two or three Indian words he knew, none of which happened to be Potawatomi. Then, even though one chief spoke excellent English, Lincoln resorted to the universal method for conversation with foreigners. That is, eliminate all unnecessary words and raise the voice level correspondingly. The result was something like this: “Where live now? When go back Iowa?” The astonished chiefs hardly knew whether to laugh or run for cover. Thereafter, Lincoln’s aides saw to it that notes were provided in advance by the Office of Indian Affairs and that an interpreter was always on hand.

So far as I know there is only one recorded address by Lincoln to a group of Indians. This curious account shows that the man who had great compassion for the downtrodden found it surprisingly difficult to fathom the Indian mind. The speech was made at the White House late in March, 1863, when a group of Plains chiefs visited the President. Here is what they heard:

You have all spoken of the strange sights you see here, among your pale-faced brethren; the very great number of people that you see; the big wigwams; the difference between our people and your own. But you have seen but a very small part of the pale-faced people. You may wonder when I tell you that there are people here in this wigwam, now looking at you, who have come from other countries a great deal farther off than you have come.

We pale-faced people think that this world is a great, round ball, and we have people here of the pale-faced family who have come almost from the other side of it to represent their nations here and conduct their friendly intercourse with us, as you now come from your part of the round ball.

Here Lincoln stopped while servants brought in a world globe, giving the crowd a chance to consider his clear distinction between sovereign foreign nations with ambassadors in Washington and the Indians who were subject to the directions of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. In a very roundabout way Lincoln was warning the chiefs that Washington no longer considered them to be heads of independent nations. His message was clear to Dole, to some senators, and to a few other people in the room who had discussed the treaty question for some time. It was certainly not clear to the Indians, but it would become painfully obvious to them in a few years when Congress would finally put an end to the treaty system.

Then, laying his hand on the globe, the President continued: "One of our learned men will now explain to you our notions about this great ball, and show you where you live." With this introduction, Professor Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian Institution presented a brief lecture of the basic elements of geography, while a glazed look spread over the faces of the uncomprehending Indians. Before the professor's marvelous cosmography could elicit even a faint glimmer of comprehension, Lincoln was back at center stage, with the next act of his extraordinary performance:

We have people now present from all parts of the globe—here, and here, and here. There is a great difference between this pale-faced people and their red brethren, both as to numbers and the way in which they live. We know not whether your own situation is best for your race, but this is what has made the difference in our way of living. The pale-faced people are numerous and prosperous because they cultivate the earth, produce bread, and depend upon the products of the earth rather than wild game for a subsistence.

This is the chief reason for the difference; but there is another. Although we are now engaged in a great war between one another, we are not, as a race, so much disposed to fight and kill one another as our red brethren.

Lincoln here defined an aspect of Indian relations that still puzzles people who prefer to think of Indians as a single nation and a single culture, united in opposition to European invasion. As Lincoln said to the chiefs, Indians consistently gave the appearance of being more interested in fighting among themselves than in presenting a united front to the American government. This was true from the time of Cortez' conquest of Mexico in the 1520s, through the European struggles for control of North America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and on down to Lincoln's own day.

The President then commented on the bleak future that seemed to be in store for the Indians.

You have asked for my advice. I really am not capable of advising you whether, in the providence of the Great Spirit, who is the great Father of us all, it is best for you to maintain the habits and customs of your race, or adopt a new mode of life.

I can only say that I can see no way in which your race is to become as numerous and prosperous as the white race except by living as they do, by the cultivation of the earth.

Lincoln's reference to agriculture as a suitable way of life for Indians reflected the new reservation policies that were taking shape in his own Indian Bureau. Inspired by the relative success of the California missions, the Bureau aimed for a repeat performance, but this time with secular establishments in the harsh environment of the Great Plains. Sad to say, nothing much came of this grand project to make instant farmers out of hunters and warriors.

Lincoln continued with a final comment on the precarious benefits of the treaty system.

It is the object of this Government to be on terms of peace with you, and with all our red brethren. We constantly endeavor to be so. We make treaties with you, and will try to observe them; and if our children should sometimes behave badly, and violate these treaties, it is against our wish.

You know it is not always possible for any father to have his children do precisely as he wishes them to do.

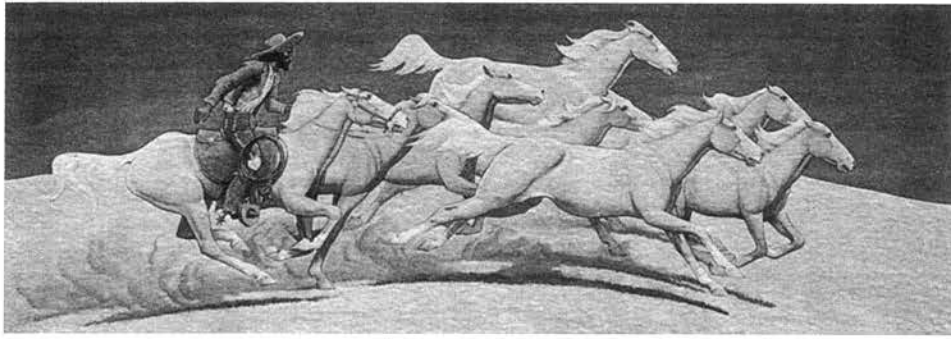
Finally, responding to questions from some of the chiefs who were getting homesick, Lincoln concluded:

In regard to being sent back to your own country, we have an officer, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who will take charge of that matter, and make the necessary arrangements.

It is unfortunate for the whole country—not just the Indians—that Lincoln and his administration could not devote more time to Indian affairs. Winning the war was the main concern, and Indian problems were shelved for the duration—even Indian war problems. When the Confederates invaded Indian Territory, the Federal government told the Indians in effect to defend themselves. This policy helped drive thousands of slave-holding Indians into an alliance with the Confederacy and left loyal Indians to the mercy of Confederate troops and of scheming Indians and whites on the border of the Indian country. In addition, the alleged disloyalty of many tribes led to the nullification of their treaties and created the excuse for moving many of the Plains tribes into Indian Territory after the war.

During most of his administration, Lincoln was unable to give much personal attention to Indian matters—but he tried. When important negotiations were pending with Indian tribes, Lincoln dispatched special emissaries to conferences in the West, including Commissioner Dole and John Nicolay, Lincoln's own secretary. When the Minnesota Sioux took the warpath in 1862 and slaughtered hundreds of whites, the army moved in to suppress the uprising, then condemned 300 Indian prisoners to die on the scaffold. When Lincoln heard the results, he quickly revoked the sentences of all Indians except those guilty of atrocities, and directed that the others be treated as ordinary prisoners of war.

It seems obvious now that Lincoln was more than casually interested in Indian matters—that he had the right humanitarian impulses, but that unfortunate circumstances kept him from giving much attention to Indian affairs. The Civil War, the problem of slavery, and the restoration of the Union made insistent demands on his attention and kept him from dealing effectively with the legitimate concerns of the Indians. If he had been able to acquire the same grasp of Indian relations that he had for military affairs, the present condition of the American Indian might be vastly different. That other events conspired to keep this from happening is one of the major tragedies of the nineteenth century.



34

## Palomino Ponies . . . Saved and Restored

by Thomas McNeill  
September, 1974

**A**n important local public building mural has been saved and renewed. A painted outdoor view portraying a ranch scene now remains to enrich the lives of those who live in the west San Fernando Valley.

Thumbing through *Westways* magazine for March 1972, one finds color reproductions of several typical post office murals in the greater Los Angeles area. Most such wall decorations were painted in the Depression and post Depression years. One of these, with the title "Palomino Ponies," covers the east wall of the lobby of the Canoga Park Post Office. It was rendered by the notable California painter, Maynard Dixon. Five swift moving ponies, matched in speed by a galloping vaquero-type rider, is the subject of the oil on canvas mural.

Recently, the future of the mural was in question. Should the possibility of a sale or demolition of the building transpire, what would become of the colorful mural? It was reported that Brigham Young University was most interested in acquiring the canvas.

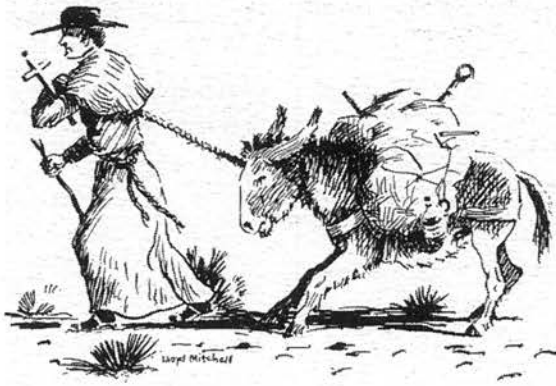
Last year, Edith Hamlin, widow of Maynard Dixon, began a movement to save "Palomino Ponies." Mrs. Hamlin is one who believes murals should remain on the walls for which they were designed. Herself an accomplished painter and muralist, she offered to clean and restore the impressive wall painting. After 32 years of dirt and grime, strong light and dust, the surface of the paint needed attention. Consulting with local Postmaster Harold O'Neal, the General Services Administration in Washington, D.C. agreed to finance the project. Mrs. Hamlin was awarded the commission.

Corresponding Member Joseph O'Malley, well known Los Angeles painter, offered to examine the mural to determine the extent of the work needed. He found

some yellowish varnish-like streaks, a few scratches, and a small hole in the canvas and supporting wall where a lighting fixture had been removed. This information helped Mrs. Hamlin in her plans for restoration. With her young assistant, Bob Grossman, U.C.L.A. student and grandson of Dorothy and the late Duncan Gleason, the work went forward. Cleaning the surface a square foot at a time with a wax solution followed by matte varnish, the mural was completely rejuvenated the first week in November 1973. A strip of wood molding was added at the bottom of the canvas to hold it securely to the wall.

Asked how Dixon was prompted to choose horses as subjects for the painting, Edith Hamlin relates the following story: "Maynard and I were staying at a large fig ranch nearby (Canoga Park) while he was recuperating from a surgical operation performed in Los Angeles. This was in 1937. Of the many horses on the ranch, Maynard chose to sketch palominos." Five years later, Dixon completed the "Palomino Ponies" mural in his Tucson studio.

The post office building is now a branch, and quite busy according to reports. The galloping fawn-and white colored ponies on the wall will hopefully please the residents of Canoga Park for at least another 32 years.



35

## The Soldier and the *Padre*

by Ardis M. Walker  
March, 1975

**T**he primitive horizon of Indian culture in the land that was to become Southern California was fated to be penetrated two hundred years ago by two Spaniards uniquely qualified to illustrate the best of the dual objectives of the leaders of New Spain in their spiritual and military conquest of the great Southwest. One of these was a Franciscan missionary primarily impelled by a passionate compulsion to save the souls of heathendom and a secondary desire to expand the boundaries of New Spain so that as many as possible of "the pearls which are souls" could be gathered into his dual kingdom of God and man. The other was a hard-bitten soldier of Spain whose major objective was conquest and settlement in the name of his terrestrial king.

These two, Fray Francisco Garces, a deeply dedicated missionary, and Don Pedro Fages, a soldier of the king, moved contemporaneously across the scene of conquest and exploration in New Spain. Each made contributions of major historical significance to an era of fabulous hemispheric development. Both were Spaniards when the Kingdom of Spain in the New World was still in its ascendancy.

Fray Francisco Garces, a native of the Villa del Morota del Conde in the Province of Aragon, joined the Franciscan order in 1753 and took up his duties at the frontier mission of San Xavier del Bac near the present town of Tucson, Arizona, on April 12, 1768.

Don Pedro Fages, born in the Villa de Guisona, in the Bishopric of Vogel, Principality of Catalonia, enlisted as a second lieutenant in a company of the first battalion, second regiment of the Catalan Volunteer Light Infantry on June 29, 1762. On May 15, 1767, he was made a full lieutenant and in the same month left Spain with his battalion for Mexico. Soon after his arrival he joined Colonel Domingo Elizondo in an expedition against the Seris and Apaches in the state of Sonora.



Thus two significant careers were launched almost simultaneously and in the same general area, careers which were to parallel each other in the course of history in the Southwest. It is of special interest to students of Southern California history that these careers were to thread themselves into its design, creating major patterns. Fages was to discover the great reaches of the southern San Joaquin Valley and give it its first place name Buena Vista; Garces was to be the first white man to gaze on the Kern River and designate it in his diary as Rio de San Felipe.

To understand how the careers of men of unlike callings and temperaments could parallel so closely and complement each other so well, it is only necessary to review basic techniques of expansion exercised by Spain in America at the time. These were exemplified on the one hand by conquistadors and on the other by missionaries. The first were present to extend the limits of the kingdom of New Spain by force of the King's arms if necessary; the second worked to extend the spiritual kingdom of His Catholic Majesty. In either case, exploration and settlement were prime factors in success. For this reason, almost without exception, soldiers and *padres* moved together across the land.

### Fages

The involvement of Spain in extending its provinces northward along the coast of Alta California and northward, too, into the state of Sonora provided historical backdrops for the careers of both of these men. Fages soon found himself involved in the coastal activities.

In the autumn of 1768, he was sent from Guaymas to La Paz to join the California expedition projected by *Visitador General* Don Jose de Galvez. With him were 25 members of his "*Compania Franca*."

Governor Don Gaspar de Portola was commander in chief of this expedition. It was a massive project involving a sea expedition of two vessels, the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio*. Two contingents were to move up the peninsula by land to join the sea expedition at San Diego.

On January 10, 1769 the *San Carlos* sailed from La Paz. On board was Don Pedro Fages as chief of the military expedition at sea. The *San Carlos* dropped anchor in San Diego harbor on April 29, after 110 days of tortuous seafaring during which all were sick with scurvy; some had died and only four sailors remained on their feet. The *San Antonio* which had arrived on April 11th had fared little better.

On the 14th of May, the first land division, under Captain Don Fernando de Rivera y Moncado of the Presidio of Loreto, arrived. Then, to the joy of all, Portola arrived with a pack train of mules laden with provisions. Governor Portola then proceeded to organize his force for the march to Monterey, 159 leagues up the coast.

Portola began his march on the 14th of July. With him went Fages with six of his Catalan volunteers—all that were well enough to travel. Two days later Fray Junipero Serra, who had remained behind, founded San Diego de Alcala, the first mission to be established in Alta California. Juan Rodriquez Cabrillo had discovered it by sea on September 29, 1542, calling it San Miguel. On November 10, 1602 Sebastian Vizcaino had sailed into it, changing its name to San Diego. Thus it had remained, for all intents and purposes, undiscovered and unknown for more than a century until the arrival of the Portola expedition.

In addition to Fages, Portola was accompanied by Fathers Juan Crespí and Francisco Gómez, engineer Miguel Costanso, 27 soldiers, muleteers, and Christian

Indians. On October 3, 1769, he reached the Point of Pines on the rim of Monterey Bay without recognizing it. The description Vizcaino had included in a letter to King Charles V dated May 23, 1603, depicted a different scene. He had said "It is all that can be desired for commodiousness. . . . this part is sheltered from all winds. . . . and is thickly settled with people. . . ." What Portola and Fages saw was an open roadstead or, as the Spaniards would say, a great *ensenada*, edged with sand dunes and deserted by humanity at this time.

A meeting was held, and it was decided to move on north in search of the Monterey described by Vizcaino. The way was rough, and the going was slow. Sixteen of the men had lost the use of their legs and had to be transported in hammocks swung between the mules. Others still suffered from scurvy. Then an epidemic of diarrhea attacked all of them. Just as they were despairing, the diarrhea seemed to relieve those who suffered from scurvy. The cripples, too, were relieved by having their swollen limbs rubbed with oil.

On the morning of October 31st, the party struggled to the summit of the promontory of Point San Pedro where a fabulous sight met their eyes. Before them curved a wing of the sea which sparkled in the sunlight. Beyond and to the west a peninsula reached out above the sea. Further to the left they saw white Farallones and before them, in the distance, white cliffs above what appeared to be the mouth of an inlet. They were looking at the Gulf of the Farallones. They called it the *Bahía o Puerto de San Francisco*.

Then there were debates as to whether they had traveled beyond the Bay of Monterey. To clarify the matter, Sargent José Francisco Ortega and his men were dispatched to explore the region to the north and report back within three days. On November 2nd, the morning after the departure of Ortega, soldiers climbed the mountain east of camp to hunt deer. They returned to report what they had viewed from the mountain top. They said that they had seen an immense *estero* or arm of the sea stretching toward the southeast as far as the eye could see. Ortega, on returning to camp the next night, reported that an immense body of water had obstructed his explorations to the north. Thus was discovered the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay.

Turning south, the company encamped again at the Point of Pines. This time they searched southward for the bay which they still did not recognize and which should have sheltered a badly needed supply ship by now. The exploring party returned with a report that shoreline travel was blocked by the bluffs of the *Sierra de Santa Lucia*.

With supplies depleted and no relief ship in sight, they decided to return to San Diego. Marching across the Point of Pines they camped for the first night of their return journey on the shore of the very bay they sought. Here they erected a cross inscribed to announce their departure.

Arriving in San Diego on January 24, 1770, Portola immediately began organizing a second expedition to search out the Bay of Monterey and establish a mission and *presidio* at that location. Fages again accompanied the expedition of soldiers, muleteers and *padres*. This time they arrived at the point where they had erected their cross with the assurance of Captain Vila of the San Carlos, after listening to the report of their first expedition, that this place was, in fact, Monterey. The date was May 24, 1770. Portola, Fages and Father Crespí formally recognized the port of Monterey, the one they had failed to recognize in 1769; a mistake that led to the discovery of San Francisco Bay.

The *San Antonio*, bearing Captain Juan Perez and Father Junipero Serra, arrived at Monterey on April 16, bringing supplies and personnel for the founding

of Mission San Carlos de Monterey and the *presidio* at Monterey. This was accomplished on June 3 when the members of the joint expedition took formal possession of the land in the name of Charles III, King of Spain.

On July 9, 1770 Portola sailed on the *San Antonio* for Mexico, leaving Fages in command. Thus, Don Pedro Fages, an important participant in the expeditions which brought about establishment of the new mission and *presidio* in keeping with the plans of empire, took over his duties as governor of the new state of Alta California.

San Diego and Monterey, now under the administrative wing of Don Pedro Fages, represented but two steps designed to meet the national urge to extend the boundaries of New Spain northward along the Pacific and northward from such wavering outposts of Sonora as Garces then served at the mission of San Xavier del Bac.

Fages, whose energy and drive had been a key factor in the sea voyage to San Diego and the land voyages north to Monterey, enjoyed no time for relaxation. On November 21, 1770 he, with six soldiers and a muleteer, left Monterey and explored the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, returning to Monterey from near the present site of Alameda on December 4th. His urge for exploration had led to this first sighting of the Golden Gate from the land side.

As of November 12, 1770, Viceroy De Croix had dispatched instructions to Fages as commandant. These included all the administrative and exploratory duties necessary to the founding of a string of missions between San Diego and San Francisco Bay. These duties, relative to this gigantic project, he shared with Father *Presidente* Junipero Serra.

Throughout his career in California, Fages had proven dedicated and dynamic. The Father *Presidente* also was dynamic and dedicated. Since their respective areas of responsibility had not been clearly designated, they were thrown into unavoidable conflict which led to a break in personal relations. At this point Father Serra made the long journey to Mexico to lay the problem before the Viceroy and ask for the replacement of Fages as governor. In this Serra was successful, although in the light of subsequent experiences with Fages' successors, Rivera and Neve, he openly regretted his action.

Major cause of friction between Fages and Serra had been their common anxiety for the success of the projected mission chain, an anxiety caused largely by a critical supply problem. It looked as though these pioneers would be starved out before they could accomplish their purpose.

Fages had been instructed to establish a colony in the San Francisco Bay region as a deterrent to incursions into the area by Russia, England or other powers. In line with these orders, he left Monterey on March 20, 1772, at the head of an expedition to explore around the bay to Point Reyes if possible. With him went Father Crespi, twelve soldiers and a muleteer. They moved through the Salinas Valley, over Gavilan Mountain, through Santa Clara Valley and on to the head of the bay a few miles north of Milpitas. They then moved along the eastern shore of the bay in an attempt to reach the mountains seen north of it. They found that the Straits of Carquinez blocked their path, so they turned eastward along the south shore of Suisun Bay. Breaking over a point in the hills north of Mount Diablo, they suddenly beheld the great interior valley of California. Before them lay two great rivers, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, emptying into Suisun Bay "... communicating with each other near their mouths by numerous channels." Truly, Fages had made important discoveries even though he was unable to reach Point Reyes.

On his return to Monterey, Fages found the larder empty. To correct this condition, he took some of his soldiers on a massive bear hunt to the *Cañada de los Osos*. For a time, at least, the soldiers and colonists were thus kept alive. Meantime, overdue supply ships had reached San Diego, but storms had pinned them down. Fages, therefore, hurried south so that he might bring back critically needed provisions by pack train.

On his return from San Diego, Fages took a most significant course with respect to the history of Kern County. He swung easterly into the Imperial Valley, thence across the mountains to San Bernardino Valley, through Cajon Pass, along the western edge of the Mojave Desert, across Antelope Valley and through a pass into the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley. He crossed this valley north and west to Buena Vista Lake and Hills and on through the mountains to San Luis Obispo.

Thus, Fages saw the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley four years before it was to be visited by Garces. In his diary and notes he described the region giving it its first place-name, Buena Vista.

Fages account of this visit has been translated by Herbert Ingram Priestley and published by the University of California under the title *A Historical, Political, and Natural Description of California by Pedro Fages*. It has taken a place of ever-increasing importance in the eyes of ethnologists, geographers, naturalists and historians. Fages was careful to give a clear and succinct picture of the region as it was when the first white men gazed on it.

In 1774, orders came through which installed Diego de Rivera as governor, and Fages returned to Mexico. In spite of the friction experienced between himself and Serra, the logical result of two dynamic and dedicated men working in the same field with ill-defined division of responsibility, Fages returned with the sure knowledge that he had contributed much to the herculean task of founding the missions of California. There remained an equally important task of assuring their survival.

## Garces

Meantime, from his mission of San Xavier del Bac, Fray Francisco Garces had engaged in three of the historic *entradas* that would establish him as an incomparable trail breaker of the Southwest. In August of 1768, he had set out on the first of his *entradas*. It took him as far as the Pima village of Pitiaque on the Gila River a short distance below Casa Grande. Then, on October 8, 1770, he entered on his second *entrada*, equipped as has been said, "... only with charity and zeal ..." and intending to be gone but five days. That October was a month of "... epidemic of measles, fever and diarrhea throughout the province, of which diseases many died." Among people in sickness and distress, the good *padre's* journey of five days became one of thirty. And his brief visit became a *jornada* of ninety leagues to the western elbow of the great bend of the Gila River. When he made report of this journey he praised the fidelity of the one Indian who accompanied him the whole way. Also, this report, on reaching his superiors, inspired deliberations and plans for founding missions on the Gila. The wavering frontiers of Sonora must be extended and strengthened.

Also, the mission frontier along the Pacific coast where Fages and Serra toiled, must be given the additional support that could be achieved by establishing land communications between Sonora and the *presidio* recently established at Monterey by Fages. With such thoughts in mind, Garces started on his third *entrada* on August 8, 1771. With a Papago Indian as his sole escort, he carried on horseback the

necessities for saying Mass. It was his hope that he would find the Rio Colorado during this exploration. He traveled alone much of the time, through the lands of warlike tribes, each of which despaired of his life at the hands of the others. Where his Indian friends feared to go, he went alone. Without recognizing it because he had missed its junction with the Gila, he crossed the Colorado River. After his Indian guides deserted in fear of heat and drought on the hot, waterless desert, he crossed that desert alone and penetrated to where, from the foot of the San Jacintos, he could see the pass of San Felipe.

Dr. Herbert E. Bolton has said of the *entrada*, "The significance of this arduous journey, made by a lone man with a single horse, is greater than would appear from a glance at the map. . . . He had crossed the Yuma Desert in two places, a feat never before recorded. He had opened a new trail from the head of tide water to upper California; on his return he had crossed the terrible Colorado Desert for a distance of nearly a hundred miles."

Garces' report of this *entrada* made possible the official support needed to authorize the first Anza expedition. It is an important matter of history that this expedition, which got under way January 6, 1774, opened a land route from Sonora to the San Gabriel Mission, thence along Portola's trail to Monterey. Garces served with Anza as guide. Dr. Bolton has pointed out that, ". . . it is significant that from the foot of the Gila range to the foot of the San Jacintos—all the way across the two terrible deserts—Anza followed approximately the trail which had been made known to white men by the intrepid missionary of San Xavier del Bac."

The expedition had proceeded by devious stages through Lower Pass in the Cocoph Range, past Laguna Salada and Santo Tomas where they found fresh water. They then skirted the Sierra Madre and arrived on March 8th at the Wells of *Santa Rosa de las Lajas*. This put Garces near the spot from which he turned back to the Colorado during his lonely third *entrada*. After refreshing their jaded animals, they moved on to *Arroya del Coyote*, then crossed killing sand dunes between Fish Creek Mountain and Superstition Mountain to camp at San Sebastian where there was an abundance of good water.

Here many of the Indians remembered Garces as having been among them three years before. Here, too, the paths of Fray Francisco Garces and Don Pedro Fages probably crossed for the first time, as the Indians told of soldiers who passed that way two years before. Over the Royal Pass of San Carlos in the San Jacintos, through Cahuilla Valley, past Mt. Rubidoux and across the San Gabriel River, Anza and Garces completed their historic march to San Gabriel.

From those who celebrated this event in that Franciscan outpost, Garces must have gathered hints of what might be searched out beyond his new horizons. Had not Don Pedro Fages penetrated into a great region of Tulares far to the North? Was there not talk of ". . . the San Francisco River [San Joaquin] which I believe is connected with the Colorado, and both with some very large lakes, or water which is still, and is very large as the Gilenos have told me."

It had been planned that the expedition would attempt a more northerly route back from Monterey to the Colorado. The *padre* had been happy with these plans. They had promised him sight of that region of the Tulares to the north and of that San Francisco River which might serve to open up great vistas. But Anza pushed on up the Portola trail to Monterey while Garces was instructed to set out for the Colorado with most of Anza train.

Garces felt that his chance to visit the Tulares was within reach, however, when, on October 21, 1775, he journeyed to Tubac with Fathers Exiarch and Font to join

the second Anza expedition which was to deliver the first settlers to a town later to be known as San Francisco.

On this occasion, Garces accompanied the expedition to the Colorado. There he aided in building a hut as headquarters for himself and his companion, Father Tomas Exiarch. For more than a month he remained with Fray Tomas, during which time he explored to the mouth of the Colorado with the Indian, Sebastian, who had become his constant companion.

But his prime urge was to seek out a more northerly, more direct route by land between Sonora and Monterey. Therefore, it was a satisfying occasion when he set out from Yuma on February 14, 1776, with Sebastian, on the long journey which was to take him to the land of the Tulares.

Father Garces moved northward along the Colorado River to Needles, then turned westward. He discovered and traversed the Mojave River. He crossed the barren Mojave Desert with Sebastian and three Mojave Indians, one of whom deserted. On March 12, he killed a horse for food saving even the blood of it. He crossed the San Bernardino Mountains, to reach San Gabriel on March 24. Here Fages' successor, Captain Rivera, refused him the animals and supplies he requested for his journey into the Tulares.

Leaving without them on April 9, Fray Garces crossed the San Fernando and Santa Clara River valleys and the mountains east of the present Ridge Route. Here again his trail crossed that of Capt. Pedro Fages who had passed that way on the trip which led to his discovery of the south San Joaquin Valley in 1772. The *padre* crossed Antelope Valley and the Tehachapi Mountains and entered the San Joaquin Valley by way of Cottonwood Creek and Tejon Canyon on April 26, 1776.

On May 1, 1776, traveling alone again where his companions feared to follow, Garces discovered the Kern River. He said in his diary, ". . . I came upon a large river which made much noise, at the outlet waters, crystalline, bountiful, and palatable flowed on a course from the east." Indians helped him to cross this river which he named *Rio de San Felipe*.

In his zeal to discover a more northerly and more direct route between Monterey and Sonora, Garces followed the foothills of the Sierra Nevada northward to the vicinity of White River. By this time, he became convinced through his own observations and through questioning Indians, that there were no passes farther north that could meet the needs of his countrymen. The Indians did tell him of a route up the Kern River which continued through a pass into the region east of the Sierra Nevada range. On his return to the Indian village where he had left Sebastian and his Mojave Indian companions, Garces had this to say in his diary, ". . . I urged upon the Jamajobs (Mojaves) that they should return with me to (*Rio de San Felipe*) in order to follow up river to the Chemebet Quajala (a region east of the Sierra), but this they refused to do. Although this project was unsuccessful, I accomplished the return journey by a different route." Thus the discovery of Walker Pass was delayed until Joseph Walker led his expedition over in 1834.

One could well say that the trails of Garces and Fages merged again in the southern San Joaquin Valley. As was the case with Fages, Garces devoted much time and space to the region in his diary. He used care to record, in comparatively great detail for one of his limited inclination for writing, the things he saw and heard in the raw wilderness which was to become a commonwealth. Present members of that commonwealth, and ethnologists, biologists and geographers, are fortunate, indeed, to have available the records of exploring left by the soldier and the *padre*.

Garces left the valley by a pass between the Tehachapis and the Sierra Nevada. He crossed the Mojave Desert to the Mojave River and followed it before striking out on a more northerly course than the one he used previously. On his return journey, he blazed a trail across Grand Canyon and into New Mexico before turning back to his mission at San Xavier del Bac. From here he traveled back along the trail over which he had led the Anza Expedition. Garces wrote as a finale to his greatest *entrada*, "Finally I arrived at my mission San Xavier del Bac the 17th day of September of the year 1776; for which did I give and still do I give infinite thanks to God and to all my celestial patrons by whose favor and intercession I succeeded in escaping every ill."

During all of his visitations among tribes of the Southwest, Garces had succeeded in building friendships and trusts in nearly every instance. This was especially true of his relationships with Chief Palma of the Yuma tribe which controlled the vital access corridor across the Colorado to Monterey. Promises for the establishment of missions on the Colorado had been offered in good faith by Garces with the official sanction of his Viceroy. These were hailed with joy by Chief Palma.

But while Fathers Garces and Baraneche at Mission Purisima Conception and Father Diaz and Moreno at Mission San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñer were trying vainly to fulfill such promises, Spanish abuses over which they had no control sparked the Yuma rebellion. In the course of it the four *padres* were clubbed to death by riotous Indians to whom they were devoting their service.

The martyrdom of Fray Francisco Garces at the early age of 43 serves to point out his incredible achievements in the short time he served on the frontiers of New Spain. His last *entrada*, which took him to the land of the Tulares, made him the discoverer of the Mojave and Kern rivers, the first white man to approach Grand Canyon from the west and the first to break trail from California to New Mexico. Dr. Bolton has called this one of the epic journeys of all North American history. In his third *entrada*, he broke trail across the Yuma and Colorado deserts from Sonora to the Pacific. On his fourth *entrada*, he served as guide to the first Anza expedition which made possible the founding of San Francisco and then saved California from the possibility of Russian or British seizure. Above all, he was the gentle missionary who carried his heart and his hands to the Indians of the Southwest. He not only blazed paths of empire to match the exploits of Fages and his military confederates; simultaneously, he sought out the avenues of service to mankind.

## Epilogue

Although in life their trails had crossed and recrossed without bringing the two blazers face to face along any of their highroads of empire, death was to arrange their rendezvous. After his retirement from California, Fages entered upon a hitch of military service along the frontiers of New Spain. Some of his assignments had taken him along the wavering borders of Sonora. Meantime, for his outstanding service, Don Pedro Fages had been promoted to Colonel. It was natural then that Colonel Fages should be called upon to lead a punitive expedition to the Colorado in an effort to rescue the women and children taken captive by the Yumas and retrieve some of the material losses incurred in the revolt which had taken the life of his compatriot, Fray Garces.

Fages took off from the *presidio* of Pitic on September 16, 1781. After convincing the Yumas that they should turn their captives over to him, he took up the sad

chores of searching out and retrieving the tragic relics of the two missions. Most precious of these were the remains of the four *padres* who had achieved martyrdom at the hands of the Indians.

In his diary of the expedition Fages wrote their final chapter. As of December 7, 1781, he recorded "Arriving at dawn at the foot of the town (San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuner) we found the body of the Reverend Fray Juan Diaz, which was still recognizable by the tonsure. . . . I had his bones gathered up in my presence and put into a sack made of leather along with the body of the Reverend Fray Joseph Moreno, which we found behind the church." Then on December 10, Fages recalled, "But I especially decided and ordered that the environs of the village of La Concepcion should be well searched until the bodies of the Reverend Fathers Garces and Barreneche should be found. Captain Don Pedro Tuera had the satisfaction of finding them; they were buried very close together, as if they had been interred side by side exactly in line, and laid out with their under garments on, and they were not much decayed, especially the body of Father Garces."

He added, "On the bank where they were buried, a quantity of very fragrant chamomile had grown."

Don Pedro Fages and his entourage paid their respects to the four martyrs. The commander described the services as follows. "We halted at the town of San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuner, and deposited the bodies and the bones of the four reverend fathers on the altar of the church, which, although burned, still had its walls almost intact, especially those of the high altar. Upon this altar candles were lighted, and, the troop and the rest of the people being gathered together, except the guard, we recited the holy rosary."

Later, Fages served again as governor of California from 1782 to 1790. His duties during this period were largely concerned with consolidating and extending the string of missions in Alta California. After serving with distinction he retired with his family to Mexico where he died a few years later after outliving most of his contemporaries in California's earliest pioneering adventures.

Many changes have occurred during nearly two centuries that have passed since the meandering trails of Fages and Garces converged in Southern California and the southern plains of the San Joaquin. Gone are the murmur and splash of the millions of waterfowl that animated the maze of lakes and sloughs. In fact, gone are the lakes and sloughs in the wake of the agriculture empire and the metropolitan civilizations that have emerged in their wake. Even the Kingdom of New Spain, where in the bones of the two guides of empire were laid to rest, has disappeared from the continent. Now their old trails thread modern frontiers of two nations whose new horizons verge on interstellar space.



36

## Iron Tail's Phoney Peace Medal

by Al Hammond  
March, 1976

Silver medals had been presented to Indian chiefs and leaders by the countries of England, France, and Spain much earlier than when the medal giving policy of the United States was adopted. The silver medals became known as peace medals and were presented at the time of Indian visitation to the nation's capital, at the signing of a peace treaty, or when important government officials visited Indian tribes. The medals came in different sizes. The largest was given to head camp chiefs, those of smaller size were given to leading war chiefs, while the smallest were received by minor chiefs and leaders.

The peace medals were given with such flowery speeches and so much ceremony that it became an outstanding event in the lives of the Indians. They were being honored and recognized for the first time. Food and other gifts usually accompanied the peace medal presentation. Noted tribal leaders were receivers of government peace medals, but unfortunately there were those who were not chiefs or leaders that were instead "yes" men who were of more service to our government than to their own people. It was a conspicuous practice and did impress the Indians.

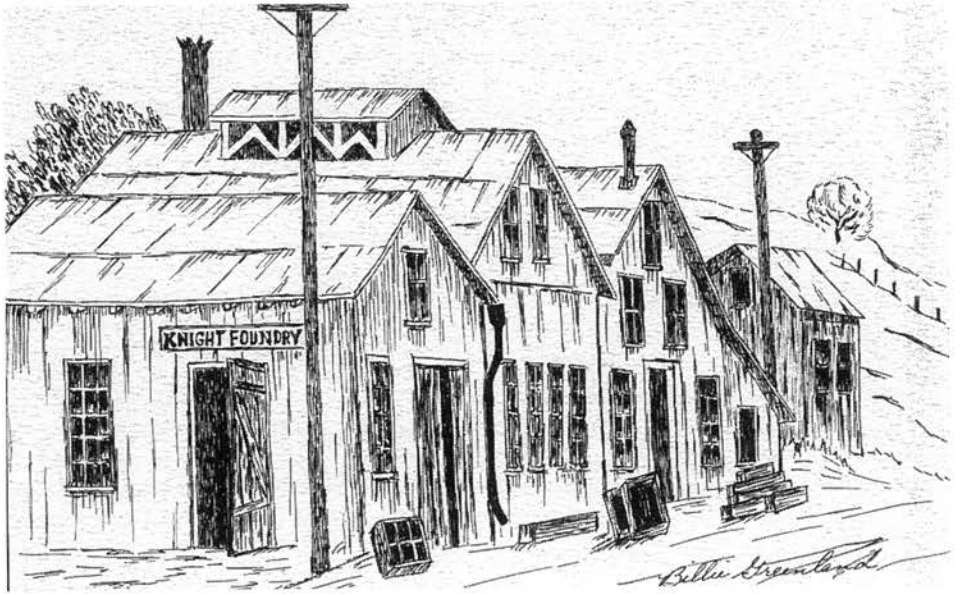
By the late nineteenth century the honor that was received by the giving of peace medals had begun to wane. The government policy had degraded and started to fall in disuse. Shrewd Indian traders and outsiders who showed no scruples had started to bring in use cheaper metal and were casting lower grade peace medals. The workmanship didn't compare with the finer cast official silver medals. Indians could, in fact, buy and trade for the disreputable medals on most reservations. The peace medal giving was therefore discontinued when they became so easy to acquire and were becoming quite common.

Iron Tail was a noted Oglala Sioux Indian and traveled extensively here in the United States and Europe with the Buffalo Bill Cody "Wild West Show" and also the 101 Ranch Wild West Show. He was a much photographed Indian and had been seen by thousands over the years. James Earle Fraser, one of America's most gifted and prolific sculptors, designed the buffalo head nickel and used Iron Tail's features in composite with two other Indians. Iron Tail was so prominent on the coin that it's difficult to realize two other Indians were used in the sculpting of this famous nickel. It did add and help build the fame of Iron Tail.

The imitation peace medal was owned by Iron Tail. It is not known where he acquired it. He could easily have bought it or traded for it. It's even possible he might have received it for a gift. He often received gifts from unknown white people and thoughtful friends. In spite of the fact these dishonest peace medals were numerous, they have become collector's items today. Like the originals they are difficult to locate.

White people weren't the only ones to get in on the imitation peace medal gravy train. An Indian living in Nebraska told of having molds and casting many. His asking price was \$15.00 each and he later dropped the price to \$10.00 for his friends. Somehow his white friends fared even better, cash register wise. He offered them at \$2.00 apiece in quantities of 50 or more with the understanding that under no conditions were they to be sold to Indians in Nebraska or Dakota.





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## Knight's Foundry

by Powell Greenland  
June, 1976

**H**ard rock mining in California got its start in 1850 about the same time the easily-worked placer claims were becoming increasingly scarce. The pick and shovel, gold pan and sluice box were seen giving way to more sophisticated methods. Heavy equipment was needed to operate California's deep quartz mines. Dynamite, air drills, hoisting equipment and, of course, the great stamp mills, to name but a few, all became an integral part of this great new era.

The manufacture of machinery for the mines became the predominant industrial thrust, particularly in San Francisco where such companies as Risdon Iron Works, Union Iron Works and Joshua Hendy Machine Works became giants in their field. In addition, the California gold mines produced manufacturers of mining machinery in the gold camps themselves—notably D. C. Demarest's Angels Iron Works near Angels Camp, the Miners' Foundry at Nevada City and the greatest of them all—and still doing business today—the Knight Foundry of Sutter Creek.

It is not surprising that Sutter Creek, in Amador County, should nourish a company that was destined to become the largest manufacturer of mining equipment in the West. That is, outside of San Francisco! This old mining town is located in the heart of the gold country on the very top of the Mother Lode and within a few miles of some of the largest quartz mines in California. Amador County alone could boast of such mine giants as the "Argonaut," the "Kennedy," the "Central Eureka," the "Lincoln," the "Keystone," and the "Plymouth." Knight's Foundry, however, was not confined to local business, but destined to serve all the mining areas in California, plus the entire West, even Alaska. Eventually customers came for machinery, even from as far away as Australia and South Africa.

Samuel N. Knight, a native of Maine, like thousands of other young men of his time, came to the California gold fields to make his fortune. Knight was, by trade, a carpenter with an inventive genius and the mechanical ability to make with his hand the creations of his mind. Very early he could foresee the need for power-transmitting equipment and developed his first water wheel. It consisted of a wooden wheel with saw-toothed buckets with a surrounding wooden housing. A nozzle was designed to shoot a stream of water into the buckets, thus turning a shaft which operated machinery by a series of belts and pulleys.

In 1873 Knight built his foundry and machine shop primarily to manufacture his water wheel which had been improved in design from its early beginnings. The Knight Water Wheel found wide acceptance in the mines where it was used for hoisting and also to provide power for stamp mills. Among the mines using his equipment were the "Argonaut" for their hoisting works and 40 stamp mill; and the "Kennedy" to power their 100 stamp mill and the hoist for the vertical shaft that went down 5,912 feet—the deepest in North America at the time of its closing in 1942.

Knight's water wheels were later used the world over, some as large as 7 feet in diameter, operating large stamp mills. A popular size was the 42-inch wheel—one of which is still operating the machine shop at Sutter Creek today. Knight's Foundry claims the further distinction of manufacturing the first metal turning lathe to be made in the United States.

The foundry catalog of 1896 reveals that although the water wheel was still the principal product, Knight was adding more items to his line, such as centrifugal pumps and Knight's patented mining and marine dredging buckets. At this time Knight was feeling the severe competition from the Pelton Water Wheel Company of San Francisco and was forced to broaden his own line.

Lester Allen Pelton had invented his water wheel in another mining camp, Camptonville, in 1878. Although it was similar to Knight's, the Pelton Wheel had a partition in the center of the bucket causing the stream of water to be deflected into the two halves. This simple addition resulted in greatly increasing the efficiency, thus causing it eventually to lead Knight's wheel in popularity.

A dramatic show-down between Pelton and Knight occurred in 1894 when the North Star Mining Company of Grass Valley asked them both to demonstrate their wheels at their mine site. The "North Star" was preparing to sink the central shaft and required more power to operate the machinery. At this time mine operators were reluctant to use electricity as it was not thought reliable. Air was to be used to operate the machinery with the water wheels driving two huge compressors resulting in air delivery at 90 pounds pressure to the central shaft half a mile distant. The "North Star" owners found the Pelton Wheel more satisfactory for their needs and Knight lost the contract. The Pelton Company first built an 18.5-foot diameter wheel in 1895, but with increased demand for new machinery, it was augmented by a 30-footer, largest Pelton Wheel in the world, which can be seen this day rusting in Boston Ravine.

Following this incident Samuel Knight began to change the emphasis of his operation toward other heavy mining machinery, instead of the water wheel. In 1894 the Knight Foundry proved its versatility by outbidding all competitors and winning the contract to build a harbor dredge for the San Francisco Bridge Company. Success led to other dredge work in the harbor of Seattle and later an even larger dredge using 30-inch pumps for Portland, Oregon. The catalog for 1912 continued to include the water wheel, but larger equipment was evident. Specialized water

motors, large pumps, hoisting engines, and a mine-timber framing machine, all were featured.

After 40 years of successful operation, Samuel Knight died in 1913. At this time about 44 men were on the company payroll with 16,658 square feet of plant spread out in a cluster of buildings which included the foundry, machine shop, pipe shop and pattern shop. Two employees, who had been with Knight for many years, were willed a substantial portion of the company stock and continued to operate the plant. World War II, however, brought about the closing of several mines and greatly curtailing the operation of others. The foundry again changed hands in 1956 with Herman Nelson as the new owner. Nelson was another long time employee of the foundry. He successfully operated the business until his death 14 years later.

While on a business trip to Sutter Creek in 1970, Carl W. Borgh became intrigued with the foundry, the picturesque town, and the townspeople. Upon learning the foundry was for sale, he soon purchased the firm. With no previous foundry or machine shop experience, Borgh, who had an electronics and aerospace background, found that his lack of experience was no great handicap. He soon found he had inherited a group of skilled men, many of whom had spent their lives working in the plant and some whose fathers had worked there before them.

If Sam Knight were to pay a visit to his old plant today, he would find it unchanged. The buildings are pretty nearly the same—the same 42-inch water wheel is still providing all of the power for the shop. Even new machines are stripped of their electric motors and hitched to the water-driven system. Much of the machinery still in use was designed and built by Knight. Above the rafters one will find a maze of shafts, pulleys and belts running as quietly and smoothly as they did nearly a century ago. The equipment, by the way, is huge even by today's standards. A 16-foot planer capable of accepting a piece of work 4-feet square dates back to 1882. A gap lathe that can swing 14-feet on its giant face plate is slated to be put back into operation soon. The foundry section contains two cupola furnaces, still fired by coke, with molten metal pouring from the same half-ton bucket Sam Knight used when he made iron castings.

Today's visitors might be puzzled by a prominent sign on the front of one of the buildings which advertises the Fry Brothers Carriage Works, with a list of products seemingly manufactured within. Upon inquiry, however, one will learn the sign was placed there some years before, when Sutter Creek was chosen for a motion-picture location sequence of a John Steinbeck novel. Despite the movie prop, the greatest change is not in the physical plant, but rather in the nature of the products manufactured. Today no mining machinery is made—this ended in 1942. But Knight's Foundry is widely known for specialized work. The source of the business is from non-production runs of no more than a few, or better yet, a single part. The customer simply sends a drawing or a sketch of what he wants made. The pattern maker will then make a wooden master pattern from which a casting is made. The casting may even be machined if the customer wishes. This is an unusual and extremely scarce operation today. Yet it has resulted in orders from all over the world.



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## Andres Pico Adobe

by Marie Harrington  
December, 1976

**A**t the confluence of Sepulveda and Brand Blvds. in Mission Hills is located the second oldest home in Los Angeles City—the Andres Pico Adobe, the original part of which was built by the ex-San Fernando Mission Indians in 1834.

The long and interesting story of this landmark starts with conjectures as to what the original building was used for, whether a storehouse, a workman's living quarters or merely a toolshed is open to question for the adobe building with its 30-inch thick walls was located in the center of the ex-mission orchards and surrounding vineyards. Certain it is that use was being made of it when Don Andres Pico leased the entire San Fernando Valley in 1845 to run cattle. Other cattle belonging to Don Andres were already up in the Antelope Valley roaming around La Liebre and surrounding sections but the don needed more room nearer to the *pueblo*. His tenure was short-lived due to the Mexican War breaking out the following year and his governor brother, Don Pio Pico, being forced to sell the valley to raise funds for the war. He sold the valley for the munificent sum of \$14,000 to a Spanish merchant, Eulogio de Celis whose Los Angeles home was opposite the Bella Union Hotel site. It is believed that Don Eulogio made the first additions to the adobe on his new land. But in a few years he returned to Spain and never came back to California although his descendants did.

Before de Celis departed these shores, Andres Pico acquired an undivided half interest in the valley which included the adobe house and the old mission close by. This was in 1853, the same year that the first railroad survey was made. A well-known sketch shows nothing in the vast valley except the mission with some trees

to the south in which the adobe may have been hidden while in the lower right hand corner an Indian in a cactus patch is picking the ripe tunas or cactus fruit.

Don Andres decided the little adobe house was not large enough to entertain the many guests he delighted to receive, being a most convivial soul. The mission was more to his fancy and there he made his country headquarters for the next 20 years or so. The house he turned over to his adopted son, Romulo and his wife, Catarina. Artists especially were royally entertained by Don Andres and some of the striking paintings of James Walker showing cattle drives, etc. were painted in the library while he was a guest at the mission.

The transition of California from a Mexican province to a territory of the United States had been accepted better by Don Andres than by his governor-brother, who had left for Mexico at the beginning of hostilities. Don Andres was well-liked by the *Americanos* despite the memories of the trouncing he and his California Lancers had given General Kearny at San Pasqual. He became a member of the State Assembly in 1851; a presidential elector in 1852; received the title of Brigadier General in the California Militia in 1858 and became a State senator in 1860. In later years he may have settled down and been content to become a *ranchero*.

Due to his close association with the American scene, one supposes that he paid more than a little attention to the Victorian homes being built from Sacramento to Los Angeles. Memories of the wooden ornamentation of these new homes may have had something to do with his decision to add a second story to the adobe building plus putting in wooden floors and other woodwork. This work was supposedly done in 1873; the same year he sold all his valley interests except for 100 acres called the "Pico Reserve" to George H. Porter. Three years later Don Andres passed away at his Los Angeles home on Main Street, but Romulo and Catarina continued to live at "*Ranchita Romulo*" (Romulo's Little Ranch) for many more years. They finally moved to Los Angeles, but kept a room (now the library) for occasional return trips to the valley. The property was rented to various families the next few years. Old pictures show there was an olive grove and citrus plantings during this period. Water was not a problem as there were artesian wells on the property. Early settlers in the San Fernando Valley had found the lack of sufficient water a problem.

Deterioration of the adobe set in during the early years of this century. By 1927 the beautiful and sad old landmark was practically abandoned except for Weary Willies who occasionally spent a night within its walls. Bit by bit, door jambs, window frames, lintels and roof shingles disappeared until just a shell remained of the building. Treasure hunters began to dig up the walls as they had been told of buried treasure and jars filled with trinkets found there in earlier times. They also dug fruitlessly for the supposed "tunnel" that connected the house to the mission.

So it was that in 1928, Mark R. Harrington, newly arrived from New York to become curator of the Southwest Museum, one day visited the San Fernando Valley. He saw the poor old ruin shamefully standing in the middle of waist-high weeds. It was a case of love at first sight. M.R. and his wife, Endeka, wanted a Spanish-type home and wished to save a landmark. In checking the deed to the location they found the property was owned by the Lopez Estate having been purchased years earlier by José Jesus Lopez. He was for many years *mayordomo* of the vast Beale properties on the Tejon. In 1930, M.R. purchased 30 acres of the Reserve from Dona Louisa McAlonen, one of the four remaining Lopez daughters of Don Geronimo, a San Fernando pioneer.

Of the countless articles appearing in magazines and newspapers regarding the restoration work, M.R.'s succinct statement in his usual style was simply: "When I took over the Romulo Pico house about 1930 the walls were still standing, but the roof, stairway, doors, windows, and many of the window and door frames were missing; also most of the cross beams and most of the floor. I did *not* 'rebuild' the walls, but I did replace three or four layers of adobe blocks around the top of the walls, the originals having been damaged by the weather. I put in new timbers, new floors, and a new staircase. I regard the main building as having been built in the Mission period—probably early 1830s, the wings possibly added by the Picos.

"When they restored the house in the 1870s, they used smaller cross beams to uphold the upper floor than the originals, the holes of which we discovered as we replastered the walls. They used wooden floors, but beneath what remained of their living room floor, I found the remains of an original floor of mission tiles.

"The only changes I made were to build an addition to the north wing of the house; put a fireplace in the living room (only the dining room had one originally), rebuild the patio walls and build a garage.

"A friend, who lived with her family at Pico Court, the Mexican housing complex owned by the citrus packing plant, tells how as a small girl she and her school friends played in the ruins of the adobe and heard moans coming from the location of the present south bedroom on the second floor.

"Old timers have told me the only error I made in my restoration was the position of the stairway (in the living room). I have it first running south to north, then west to east. The old one, Benito Pico told me (supposedly an adopted son of the Picos) ran straight from east to west against the north wall of the *sala*.

"The house as it stands today is just as it must have been when Andres and Romulo Pico restored it except for my addition of the north wing."

The adobe is a typical Monterey-type ranch house with long shady corridors on both front and back sections. During Romulo Pico's tenure the south end of the front corridor was latticed and the winter supply of squash, melons and other produce kept there. The patio is located at the rear and until the late 1950s was planted to gardens. The entire patio is now cemented for pleasant entertaining of large groups of various functions. M.R. had been told there never had been a fountain in the patio—imagine a Latin patio without one—but in his excavations he found the old fountain foundations and reconstructed it.

He planted the eucalypti fronting Sepulveda Blvd. and the north boundary of the property. The large eucalyptus trees at the south end of the house became diseased in recent years and most of them had to be cut down. I had an expert of the Parks and Recreation check the tree rings and found the tree to be just under 100 years of age. M.R. also planted five acres of lemons in front of the adobe and joined the Sunkist family whose lemon packing house still stands cater corner from the mission.

It took about a year to bring the old landmark back to life. One can't help but wonder how M.R. ever accomplished what he did when he was away so much of the time on Southwest Museum expeditions. He was fortunate to have expert help in such fields as tile and ironworks; the adobe bricks being made on the spot from a pit dug in the rear of the adobe. When all the work was finished, the home had been termed as one of the outstanding houses in America. Here, M.R.'s son, John, grew up from a small boy until he left for college. John's memories of the adobe have been published in newspapers and magazines years later. Endeka's niece, Berdie, now the wife of Iron Eyes Cody, also spent a portion of her growing years at the adobe.



As with any old California landmark, ghost stories abound to the delight of visiting children. M.R. used to tell many tales of hearing footsteps coming up the stairs at night, but of no one being there; of drawers of the Pico desk being pulled open (the desk is now in my study, but the drawers remain closed), and of a guitar being played in the dining room at night, and of Catarina sitting under the staircase and sewing. Certainly not a ghost, but a real-life person, was Tiburcio Vasquez who visited the adobe late one night while several guests were asleep. They were all sleeping in the long upstairs room, now a museum room. Tiburcio left early the following morning. When one of the guests asked Romulo who that man was who came in late, Romulo nonchalantly answered: "Oh, that was Tiburcio Vasquez." No member of the family was ever bothered by the bandit. His trunk which he gave to friends in Barrel Springs is now in the museum room along with some of the iron utensils found in it.

Among the old papers relating to the adobe, a notice from the Department of Building and Safety said of the 1933 earthquake: "No adobe cracks at all and only one plaster crack in the kitchen." The structure was not so fortunate in the 1971 disaster. The entire building suffered plaster cracks, the City removing the chimney. A section of wall in the office separated, but this may have been from an old crack. Condemnation signs were placed on all the doors and it was many weeks before anyone was allowed inside the house. But I am getting a little ahead of the story.

Considerable time was spent looking for authentic pieces of furniture and china to outfit the house. Cabinets in the kitchen were built to hide the refrigerator and washing machine, otherwise modernity in the kitchen had to be acknowledged. The Ranchito Romulo was becoming a nostalgic memento of the past. During the early days of World War II a camp was located south of the property where a Mexican labor camp had formerly been. The dining room of the adobe was opened to the soldiers who found it a haven as a reading room in their free hours.

A March 5, 1932 invoice from Theodore Payne, veteran Los Angeles seedsman and nurseryman listed plants, shrubs and vegetables that M.R. ordered for the grounds. Listed were California Cherry, California Lilac, Fremontia, Yellow Flowering Currant, both tree and Matilija poppies, as well as other natives such as wild rose, Woolly Blue Curls, Tree Lupine and California Fuschia. Ordered also were both green pod and California wax beans, chayote, leek, Golden Bantam corn, peas and Lima beans. Early Crawford and Hale peach trees were also ordered. A grape arbor was located running west from the kitchen area and a small chicken yard was constructed at the rear of the adobe. Not a single trace of these plantings remain today, save for olive and eucalypti trees.

Finally, in 1945, M.R. decided to sell his beloved *ranchito* to friends, Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Lindblad. The Lindblads continued the tradition of gracious living and entertaining for which the *ranchito* had become known. They replaced the roof with terra cotta tiles since sparks had burned the redwood shake shingles around the chimneys. Not happy with the flaking whitewash on the inner walls, they were sandblasted, coated with layers of cement paint and a final coat of cream beige paint. Whitewash, applied to the ceiling to give more light, was scraped off and a natural wood stain applied. In the mid-1950s Dr. Lindblad received a teaching position from a university in Holland and once again the adobe was put up for sale.

During the succeeding years there were several short-term owners of the adobe who bought the property chiefly for speculation. Finally in 1957 the North Valley Y.M.C.A. was given funds to purchase five acres and the adobe became their headquarters, changing the appearance. The format of the rooms was changed to ac-

commodate offices and meeting rooms. In 1965 the local newspaper reported that the Y.M.C.A. wished to sell the property with its valuable Sepulveda Blvd. frontage. The San Fernando Valley Historical Society, alarmed that the adobe might be demolished, spearheaded a drive to save the landmark. For over two years they valiantly sponsored many money-making affairs, but the asking price could not be met. It was then that Councilman Louis Nowell, in whose First District the property was located, became interested. After negotiations, he was successful in having the City of Los Angeles purchase the two and one-half acres facing Sepulveda Blvd., including the adobe. The Y.M.C.A. retained the remaining half of the property facing Columbus Blvd., and commenced work on a new headquarters building on the site.

This landmark owned by the City of Los Angeles since 1968 is administered by the Department of Parks and Recreation and run by the San Fernando Valley Historical Society under contract. Immediately restoration work was undertaken to bring the Andres Pico adobe back to its original condition. The volunteer labor was undertaken by society members. They had no more settled down to hard work when the 1971 earthquake struck the valley. The long uphill climb to restore the building began all over again. It was slow work, but once again the adobe is a living monument to the valley's past.

Gifts of authentic furniture, china, silver, costumes and numerous other artifacts were given by devoted friends until the adobe is now almost completely furnished in the Victorian period in which the Picos lived.

In 1970 the Mark R. Harrington Library was dedicated in the room that had been M.R.'s original study. This affair and the Westerners Fandango that year were the last social affairs attended by Mark R. Harrington. Just a year following the dedication he passed on. Today the library honoring his name specializes in valley and California history and many individuals and students do historical research there all year long.

The library is only one of the many interests of the Society. It carries on a year round program of tours, monthly meetings, summer Sunday breakfasts in the patio, plus gala affairs such as Rancho Days, Cascarone Breakfast and Las Posadas. Costumed docents greet visitors on weekends and give group tours by appointment.

Honors have come to this landmark now in its 142nd year. A plaque was awarded by the Department of the Interior. A letter from Harold L. Ickes, then Secretary of the Interior said in part: "It is possible . . . to record in a graphic way before it is too late, the exact appearance of these buildings and their surroundings. This is the purpose of the Historic American Buildings Survey." It was this 1935 survey that named the adobe as "one of the most outstanding homes in America."



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## Earthquakes

by Abraham Hoffman  
March, 1977

**E**arthquakes have always been a fact of life to Californians. Unlike the capricious tornados of the Midwest which may utterly destroy one house while leaving a neighboring home unscathed, earthquakes deliver a collective punishment. Their history is as long as California's written record, and their future probabilities are a matter of constant speculation.

No record, of course, exists of earthquake occurrences prior to 1769 other than geologic evidence. But it did not take long for the earthquake phenomenon to make itself known to the first explorer-colonizers who journeyed to California overland. While Gaspar de Portola's 1769 expedition was encamped by the Santa Ana River, four violent shocks occurred in a three-hour period. Numerous aftershocks followed. Thus did California announce the price to be paid for coming to live there.

In the decades to come the price of admission was exacted on a periodic basis, at a cost sometimes tragic. On December 8, 1812, while Mass was being conducted at the new stone church at Mission San Juan Capistrano, two massive shocks hit close together. The church domes fell into the nave, killing 39 and injuring many others. This quake is estimated to have been between 7 and 8 on the Richter scale and coincides in time with the New Madrid earthquakes on the Mississippi River.

During the Gold Rush years Los Angeles, then a scruffy cow town, experienced several sharp quakes that were duly noted by old-time settlers and recent arrivals alike. On July 11, 1855, an earthquake estimated at 6 on the Richter scale was felt in the region between the San Gabriel and Los Angeles Rivers, with many aftershocks. This quake paled in comparison with the one that struck 18 months later in the Tehachapi Mountains. On January 9, 1857, Fort Tejon was nearly leveled by an estimated magnitude 8 earthquake plus aftershocks, including one said to have

lasted three minutes. This earthquake was easily felt in Los Angeles, some 100 miles away.

Harris Newmark, then a recently arrived immigrant to Los Angeles, recalled the 1857 quake in his famous *Sixty Years in Southern California*: "At half-past eight o'clock on the morning of January 9th, a tremor shook the earth from North to South," he said, "the first shocks being light, the quake grew in power until houses were deserted, men, women, and children sought refuge in the streets, and horses and cattle broke loose in wild alarm." Newmark estimated the duration of the major tremor at from two to two-and-a-half minutes, noting that much damage occurred during this time.

The extent of destruction was much worse, however, at Fort Tejon, near the quake's epicenter. Newmark reported that "great rents were opened in the earth and then closed again, piling up a heap or dune of finely powdered stone and dirt. Large trees were uprooted and hurled down the hillsides; and tumbling after them went the cattle." The adobe buildings at the fort sustained major damage, "and until the cracked adobes could be repaired, officers and soldiers lived in tents."

Another major 19th century earthquake occurred on March 26, 1872, in the Owens Valley. Also estimated at magnitude 8, this one was felt over 200 miles away in Los Angeles. Tremendous devastation occurred, but few people were living there. This earthquake may have inspired Bret Harte to write his science fiction-like farce, "The Ruins of San Francisco," published in a volume of short sketches in 1872.

Harte wrote in the style of a future historian reporting on archaeological investigations in San Francisco Bay. "Toward the close of the nineteenth century the city of San Francisco was totally engulfed by an earthquake." Note that this remarkable statement fell just a few years short of the actual disaster. In Harte's version of the catastrophe, San Francisco sank beneath the waves of the Pacific Ocean—a punishment by water rather than fire—and San Francisco's buildings were preserved in mud in a fashion similar to the preservation of Pompeii. "For many years California had been subject to slight earthquakes, more or less generally felt, but not of sufficient importance to awaken anxiety or fear," reported Harte. "Perhaps the absorbing nature of the San Franciscans' pursuits of gold-getting. . . . rendered the inhabitants reckless of all other matters."

Harte's satirical prediction became tragic reality on April 18, 1906, when San Francisco crumbled under the force of a major earthquake. Seventy years have passed since this most destructive catastrophe struck the city, and the destruction has been memorialized in both popular and scholarly books and articles and a perennially popular motion picture. It is the image created by the motion picture that comes to mind (not, however, to the mind of the San Franciscans who experienced the real thing) when one mentions the San Francisco earthquake: bottomless fissures and chasms up to twenty feet wide; prolonged shaking from three minutes to half an hour, buildings constantly falling on people, who must constantly dodge crumbling walls; thieves shot for looting, their bodies posted with a warning against others not to try any criminal acts.

The reality of the San Francisco earthquake is less sensational but possibly more heroic. When the initial quake began, scientists and newsmen checked the nearest timepiece and measured its duration. The general consensus was that it was 47 seconds long. Additional aftershocks occurred, but none was so long or so severe as the first one. As for the chasms, cracks appeared in the ground, but none was so large as to swallow up people. Since the earthquake occurred at 5:14 a.m.,

few people were out on the streets where a building could fall on them. Looting and thievery were at a minimum, thanks to the spirit of the citizens who rose to the crisis and the watchful eyes of national guardsmen, soldiers and police.

Although San Franciscans insist that most of the deaths and destruction resulted from the subsequent fire rather than the original quake, there can be no doubt that the earthquake was a major calamity. Seismologists estimated it at a magnitude of 8.3. Not only San Francisco was affected. 400 miles of coastline from Fort Bragg to San Luis Obispo felt the tremors. San Francisco counted over 450 people officially dead and estimated up to 600 more caught in the firestorm, but other communities were severely hit as well. Up to 100 people were killed in Santa Rosa; nineteen died in San Jose; and heavy damage was sustained in such communities as Palo Alto, Salinas, Hollister, Gilroy and Burlingame.

Nevertheless, fire proved to be the earthquake's most vicious ally in San Francisco. The earthquake damaged water mains and broke pipes. Had it hit a little later, when people were up and making breakfast, the fires could have been much worse. Because the fires were concentrated rather than widespread, people could escape from the city without difficulty. In any event, smoke and fire were obvious within fifteen minutes after the first shock and the city's fire department was powerless against the threat. One contemporary observer noted, "San Francisco's efficient force of fire fighters, in spite of the fatal injury to their beloved chief, who was crushed in his room, rushed to their duty, prepared to put up a hard fight against their old enemy." The fire fighters manned engines and hose carts. It was then discovered that the water supply had failed, and except in a few districts where there were reservoirs, there was nothing to do but to watch.

Efforts to contain the fire by dynamiting buildings proved futile. Most of the business and manufacturing district was destroyed, and the fire spread to fancy residential areas, consuming the mansions of many of the city's most notable citizens. Finally the fire burned itself out and the city began almost immediately to rebuild itself.

Mayor Eugene Schmitz, who would shortly become implicated in the prosecution of Boss Abraham Ruef, met the challenge of recovery by organizing a Committee of 50, with many subcommittees, to supervise relief work. The subcommittees included Relief of the Hungry, Housing the Homeless, Relief of the Chinese, Restoration of Water, Resumption of Retail Trade and many others. The secretary of one relief committee observed, "The use of toilets in dwellings was prohibited. Garbage was collected by wagons, placed on scows and towed out into the ocean, where it was deposited. Orders were issued to boil all water for drinking purposes."

Under the Committee of 50, bakeries produced bread, stores provided clothing and tent cities were erected. Nearby cities sent medicine and food. People without funds who wanted to leave were given free transportation from the Bay area out of the state by the Southern Pacific. Thousands of people took advantage of the SP's offer, thus reducing the relief burden for those who remained.

Ironically, San Francisco in its rebuilding became a healthier city than it was before the earthquake. Its citizens accepted the positive note proclaimed by business and civic leaders who declared that the city's wounds were far from fatal. Some even considered it a blessing of sorts. "With head erect and steady purpose in her eyes San Francisco undaunted looks out upon the future," said the secretary of the Committee on Reconstruction. Another loyal San Franciscan exclaimed, "San Francisco's disaster is San Francisco's opportunity." Within a year magazines such

as Charles Lummis's *Out West* and *Sunset* were running illustrated articles on the progress of the city's reconstruction.

James D. Phelan, a former mayor of San Francisco and now United States Senator, even found the words to describe the tragedy in an understated and remarkably optimistic manner: "The burning of San Francisco, caused indirectly by earthquake shock, was merely a tragedy which will subsequently serve to make the history of California interesting." He also said he expected to see the San Francisco of the future a far greater and more beautiful city than the San Francisco of the last fifty years . . . Purified in the furnace of affliction, San Francisco will be better for her fiery ordeal, through which she has come undismayed and unconquerable."

Although San Franciscans such as Phelan seemed to consider the earthquake and fire as merely a drastic form of urban renewal, other Californians have greeted more recent quakes with heated arguments over the quality of building construction, as if better buildings could prevent earthquake damage. After the Long Beach earthquake of March 10, 1933, in which 120 people were killed, observers noted that the most severely damaged buildings were those that failed to meet minimum construction standards. Despite periodic shakeups, Californians seem to believe that if and when a major earthquake hits, modern buildings will successfully resist the shocks.

In the meantime, evidence and expectations dictate that the state is scheduled for an earthquake that may dwarf those that devastated San Francisco and Long Beach, a quake for which the San Fernando shock of 1971 is just a prelude. Discussions about this predicted quake bears much in common with weather analysis. No provision for rescue operations or recovery have been announced to the general public. Indeed, public expectation resembles nothing so much as a roller coaster headed for an inevitable derailment; the trip is a heady one, but the car has yet to jump the track. In 1968 Curt Gentry, writing in his *Last Days of the Late, Great State of California* as if it were 1971, predicted that California had disappeared in a major cataclysm in 1969. The San Fernando quake of February 9, 1971, occurred immediately after the appearance of an article in the *Los Angeles Times* on how a "future great earthquake in Los Angeles" would "test the quality of construction of new skyscrapers, not the engineering principles on which they are being built." The quality of Los Angeles skyscrapers certainly failed the test as far as the motion picture *Earthquake* was concerned; inspired by the San Fernando earthquake, this film utterly destroyed the city.

Two scientists have even predicted an exact date for the demise of Los Angeles. John Gribbin and Stephen Plagemann, co-authors of the book *The Jupiter Effect*, note that Jupiter, seven other planets, and the moon will line up virtually in a straight line from the sun in 1982. The lineup, according to Gribbin and Plagemann, will exert tremendous tidal pressure and place great strain on earthquake fault lines. They claim that sometime between October 11 and 31, 1982, an earthquake will destroy Los Angeles. Their prediction, it may be comforting to note, has been disputed by other scientists.

Meanwhile, there is still the problem of the mysterious Palmdale Bulge. Seismologist Charles R. Real and geophysicist John H. Bennett, writing in the August 1976 issue of *California Geology*, carefully weighed the available evidence concerning this strange uplifting of land. Unlike Gribbin and Plagemann, Real and Bennett exercised extreme caution in their observations, noting the need for additional geological and geophysical investigations. However, they also note, "Scientists

speculate that the uplift may have been responsible for the 1971 San Fernando earthquake and perhaps even the 1973 Point Mugu earthquake. If this is true, a continuation of strain accumulation may result in the generation of more earthquakes like the San Fernando earthquake." At 6.5 on the Richter scale, the San Fernando earthquake may well be a preview of bigger things to come. Charlton Heston, where are you now that we need you?

## The Traveling Libraries of California

by Raymund F. Wood  
March, 1977

**I**n the year 1895 James L. Gillis, a man who had spent over twenty years of his life as a Southern Pacific executive and lobbyist, abandoned his railroad career and was appointed Keeper of the Archives in the Sacramento Office of the Secretary of State.

Mr. Gillis happened one day to go into the state library for some information of a legislative nature. While he stood admiring the interior architecture of the rotunda, he waited for someone to come and give him the library service he required. No one came. It appeared that the entire state library was deserted. Gillis was very perturbed by this incident. All those thousands of books, and no one outside of the legislature and a few other privileged persons could legally borrow them. He resolved that if ever an opportunity came he would ask to be appointed State Librarian, and then he would show people how to run a library as he had previously shown them how to run a railroad.

In the spring of 1899 that opportunity came, when a vacancy occurred, and Gillis asked for and was appointed to the position of State Librarian on April 1, 1899. One of his first acts was to take the State Library out of the domain of political patronage and to put it under civil service. Another, even more important, change that he managed to get through the legislature was the insertion of the simple words "... other than those named" ... into the text of the law which had hitherto restricted use of the library's books almost exclusively to the members and staff of the legislature.

By 1903 Gillis felt secure enough in his position, and he had laid enough legal groundwork to begin to implement his dream of bringing good library service to everyone in California. His first step in this direction was to set up a practical



system of Traveling Libraries, modeled on those already in operation in the state of New York. These Traveling Libraries were designed specifically to bring books into rural areas, especially those far away from large or even medium-sized cities where municipal libraries did exist, but whose branches did not extend beyond the city limits.

Traveling Libraries were already being experimented with in California before 1900. In 1898 the California Library Association had placed the topic on its agenda for discussion at its annual conference, and in 1899 at least two private agencies, the California Women's Club and the Tuesday Club of Sacramento, were sending out collections of books as part of their social service function. But these activities, meritorious as they may have been, lacked the central organization essential for long-term operation. So in 1903 Gillis and the State Library agreed to take over and inaugurate a state-wide system.

A Traveling Library as finally organized by Mr. Gillis (and by Miss Laura Stefens who, as Head of the Extension Department, was in charge of details) consisted of a collection of fifty books chosen from various fields of knowledge—philosophy, agriculture, history, biography, literature and so on—including some light fiction and some children's books. A small pamphlet listing each book by author and title and giving a three—or four—line description of each title was also prepared. The fifty volumes were then packed into a sturdy wooden box, along with several copies of the description pamphlet, which served both as inventory and a catalog, and they were then ready to be shipped anywhere in the state.

Any community in California, large or small, could request a Traveling Library. All that was required was for five taxpayers of the community to send a signed request to Sacramento. These five persons then acted as trustees, receiving the shipment, taking responsibility for its maintenance, and loaning out and receiving back the books. The Traveling Library stayed in a community for three months, or for six months if so requested, after which time it was returned to Sacramento, where it was at once disinfected with formaldehyde gas to prevent the possibility of the spread of any contagious disease. A bookcase with shelves for the display of the books was sent along with each initial shipment, which could be retained—either in a store, a high school, a woman's clubhouse, or even a private home—as long as the community wished to continue to receive shipments.

A fee of \$3.00 was at first charged for each shipment to cover transportation costs. Gillis had ascertained that this sum was about the median figure for transportation charges throughout the state, and he did not want communities at a distance to have to pay more than those that happened to be nearby. So all paid the same fee. After a year or so of operation, however, even this small charge was dropped, as Gillis discovered that usually some civic-minded man was paying the sum out of his pocket, it being impracticable to assess an entire community for so small a fee. So after a while there was no transportation fee at all, and by law no membership or subscription fee could be charged to any borrower. The five trustees were permitted, however, to assess fines for overdue books, which money could be used by the local library association, if any, or some other sponsoring agency, for defraying costs involved in making the Traveling Library available a few hours a day to the community.

The first such Traveling Library was shipped off in December 1903 to Auburn, in the old mining country. But by the 20th century there was not much mining being done around Auburn, and the ranchers in that area were more concerned about their cattle and their fruit orchards than about the price of gold. So it was with the

other communities to which the Traveling Libraries went—over 510 of them by 1911, when the program was terminated for budgetary reasons. The vast majority of them were rural communities—Janesville (Lassen County), Lomo Pilon (San Luis Obispo County), Sawyer's Bar (Siskiyou County), and Glen Ellen (Sonoma County) being typical names—and many of them were located far from a railroad or even a macadamized highway. This latter situation brought up a new problem. As long as the postal service, which accepted the boxes as parcel post (book rate), could deliver the books to their destination by railroad well and good. But if the community was not on a railroad, or even near a main road, transportation of the heavy books became quite a problem. This was usually solved by shipping the books from Sacramento, not in a box, but in two leather-reinforced canvas cases, which could be strapped onto the back of a mule or burro; and there were tales of instances where the citizens of some remote communities made the trek, even in winter, to the nearest railroad depot, unloaded the precious books from their containers and carried them on their backs through the snow to their own community.

The number of communities requesting libraries increased very rapidly, requiring Miss Steffens to compile more and more collections, until there were a total of fifty numbered Traveling Libraries. Actually there were not quite this many different collections since No. 37 was largely a repeat of the titles in No. 1, No. 38 a repeat of No. 2, and so on, although No. 39 was a completely new collection. But even so, with more than thirty-six libraries to choose from, even a community that received a box regularly every three months, or four a year, would be able to go on for nine years without once receiving a title they had had before.

We do not have detailed statistics for the first couple of years in operation, but after 1906 statistics were published quarterly in *News Notes of California Libraries*, and these provide fascinating information. From the issue of October 1909, for example, we learn that 454 communities up to that time had received a Traveling Library, there being eight new ones during the previous quarter, places with such interesting names as Ocean View (Alameda Co.); Mosquito (El Dorado Co.); Conejo (Fresno Co.); Johnstonville (Lassen Co.); Los Olivos (Santa Barbara Co.); Hester Creek (Santa Cruz Co.); and Guinda and Rumsey (Yolo Co.). Of the 454 communities, only 263 were still active in October 1909, 37 having returned their latest shipment without requesting another because in the meantime they had established their own branch library, and 154 having done the same thing, but for different reasons, usually lack of volunteer personnel to take charge of the collection.

The success of the Traveling Libraries as a way of bringing culture to the agricultural areas of California may be assessed in two ways—first by actual statistics of the number of borrowers and of books circulated, and secondly by the number of communities which were later able to establish a permanent local library as a result of the enthusiasm aroused by the Traveling Library.

As to the first statistics, we do not have access to a total for the first two and a half years of operation. But from May 1906 to July 1911 we do have quarterly statistics in the *News Notes of California Libraries*, which show a total of 99,168 borrowers and a circulation of 295,409 titles, an average of approximately three books per borrower. If we add to these totals some extrapolated figures for the missing years of 1904, 1905, and the first four months of 1906, we arrive at an approximate figure of 125,000 borrowers and 375,000 titles circulated, truly an impressive total for a period of less than eight years.

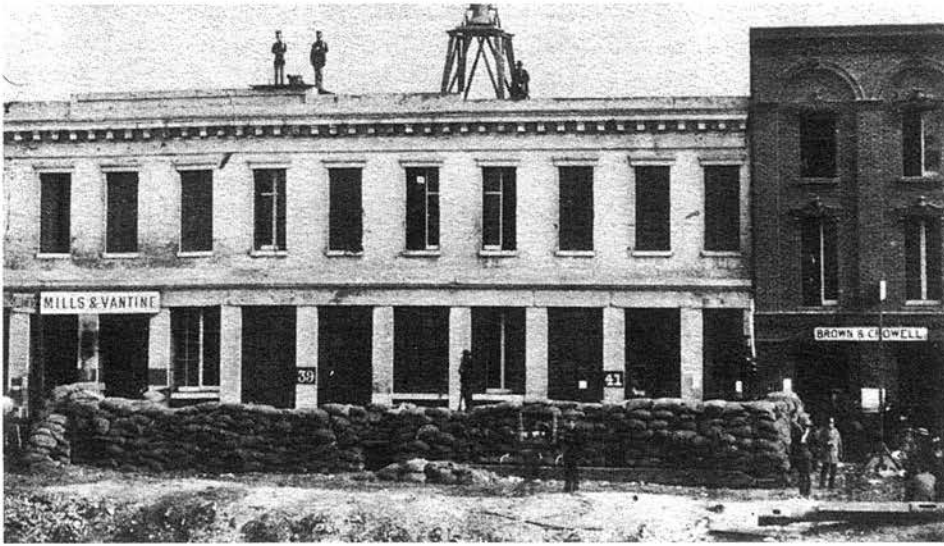
The second criterion for judging success is less easy to establish statistically. From the July 1911 report (the last one published before the demise of the program),

we learn that 90 communities were no longer asking for Traveling Libraries because they were already, or were about to become branches of a permanent county library system. The success of this county system, first established by law in 1909, was largely due to the organizing energy and enthusiasm of one person, Harriet G. Eddy, but to some extent her work was made easier by the fact that many farmers and ranchers of California had had six or seven years of familiarity with books, and with even the limited amount of library service, that the Traveling Libraries had provided.

There have been various assessments of the value of the Traveling Libraries. Miss Steffens, who was in direct charge of the program, is rather ambivalent about the Libraries, if one may judge from her book written in 1924, well over a decade later. She writes that "the traveling libraries service would have been called a success by most library workers." But a page or so later in her book she says "The fixed sets of fifty volumes could not be a success with no librarian in charge and with no librarian near enough to help make the connection between the person and the book." A professional librarian of today would hardly find fault with the philosophy of the latter statement, but the man in the street might wonder how a continuing service that in less than eight years circulated over 375,000 books to readers who would not otherwise have had free access to them can be called a "failure," a term which Miss Steffens used in her summary paragraph. They were a failure only in one sense—that they did not do enough. They provided no reference service, no encyclopedias, no fact books, no almanacs, no dictionaries, and only a few how-to-do-it books.

In many ways, however, they were a distinct success. They provided for outlying rural communities a contact with the world of letters, with current political and social thought, and with the best of literature, both classical and modern. They provided for adults a renewed contact with the kinds of books they had read in high school—famous men and women of history, the fiction of Joseph Conrad, books of music appreciation, or a history of the Santa Fe Trail, as well as practical books with such titles as *California Fruits and How to Grow Them*, *Home Gardening for Profit*, or *A Book on Cattle, Sheep and Swine*. For younger readers there were titles ranging from Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verse* to Jean Webster's *When Patty Went to College*, as well as such universal classics as *Treasure Island*, *Quo Vadis?* and Owen Wister's *The Virginian*.

If books like these, practical, well chosen, and representing the best available in current American literature, both fiction and non-fiction, were borrowed and presumably read by some 125,000 borrowers in rural areas of California, it is hard to conclude that these Traveling Libraries were anything but a success. They may not have been ideal. There were no doubt delays in delivery; an eager reader could doubtless go through the entire collection of fifty volumes, or at least all those that interested him, in far less than three months; and, as already mentioned, at no time was any kind of reference service provided. Still, as a means of bringing good books to communities that might otherwise have simply had to do without, the Traveling Libraries did fulfill a valuable service. And when their time was ended, and they gave way to something better after 1911, there were still many families in rural California who remembered with nostalgia and affection the excitement of those early days, when the news would spread rapidly around the community, The books have come! The latest Traveling Library has arrived!



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## The San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856 Revisited

by Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.  
September, 1977

In 1971, to honor its first twenty-five years of activity, the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners published *The San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856: Three Views*. The heart of the volume contained the written statements by William T. Coleman, William T. Sherman and James O'Meara, eyewitnesses and participants in that momentous event. In the introduction to the book, I surveyed the more important primary and secondary sources which dealt with the history of the 1856 Vigilance Committee, concluding with the bald fact that a "judicious history" of the movement has yet to be written. I am still of that firm opinion.

During the course of my research on the preparation of the text, I discovered by sheer chance a heretofore unpublished letter by William Tecumseh Sherman to Governor J. Neely Johnson, dated November 3, 1856, which contributes another piece to the historical mosaic of the train of 1856 events. In 1972, that letter was published in a limited edition as a keepsake for the eleventh joint meeting of the Roxburghe and Zamorano Clubs in San Francisco. It seems fitting that the letter should be republished in *The Branding Iron* so as to make it more accessible to those who have acquired a copy of the Westerners' silver anniversary publication.

The letter helps explain why Governor Johnson finally agreed to withdraw his June 3, 1856, proclamation which had declared the "County of San Francisco in a state of Insurrection." The crux of the matter was the return to state control of the arms which had been seized by the Vigilance Committee. By October the issue was directly enjoined: the Vigilance Committee demanded withdrawal of the

proclamation before the surrender of the arms; the Governor demanded the surrender of the arms before the withdrawal of the proclamation.

Sherman intervened to mediate the impasse. On October 29, 1856, he wrote to the Governor, "It occurs to me that you require, before you issue any state paper touching the Proclamation, that you should have before you a written document showing that the last act of resistance to the State had ceased, and therefore though reluctant to mingle again in any public transaction, I am willing for the sake of peace and quiet to do this." The solution proposed was simple: if the arms were surrendered, then the Governor would withdraw his proclamation. Time, however, was of the essence.

Governor Johnson had one ace up his sleeve. An election was scheduled for Tuesday, November 4. If the election was held under the stigma of the June proclamation, the legality of the returns could be challenged in the courts; mayhap the entire election would be declared null and void. To preclude that possibility, the Vigilance Committee was anxious for a solution.

Telegraphing the Governor on October 31, Sherman asked cryptically: "Will you recall the Proclamation on the unconditional surrender of the State Arms? Answer by telegraph." In the meantime, Sherman sought positive assurance from the Vigilance Committee. He received that on November 3, when Judge Thomas W. Freelon, speaking for the Vigilance Committee, pledged that the arms in question "will this day be delivered up to the proper authorities." And so they were. That same day, General William C. Kibbe, State Adjutant General, wired the Governor: "The Vigilance Committee have surrendered some 32 cases of State Arms & accouterments this day to me. . . . These arms I have shipped to Sacramento in accordance with your instructions—The surrendering of the State Arms at this time is a tacit acknowledgment by the Committee that this Country has been in a state of insurrection since the issuance of the proclamation. Consequently an important point has been gained. The Cannon will be forwarded as soon as the Excitement is allayed."

Governor Johnson proceeded immediately to countervene his proclamation. The fact that "satisfactory information having been received by me that combinations for the purpose of resisting the execution of legal process by force, existed in the County of San Francisco in this State and that an unlawful organization styling themselves the Vigilance Committee had resisted by force the execution of criminal process and the power of said County had been exhausted. . . . I have this day received satisfactory information that the causes which required the issuance of the [proclamation], no longer exist; therefore I do revoke and withdraw said Proclamation." Thus the conflict was amicably settled, on the eve of election day.

What follows is a letter which undoubtedly played an important part in the peaceful solution to this highly complex and potentially explosive constitutional situation. It was found in the Military and National Guard Papers, 1848–1861, Box 3, in the State Archives, Sacramento.

In addition to this important letter, another set of unique documents have come to light in the California Historical Society's Library. Gary Kurtz, director of the library, recently called to my attention a cache of five letters written by Robert B. Wallace. Wallace served in the Vigilance Committee movement from the outset. He rose to become chief of its police department. Two of the letters were penned in the Committee's headquarters, Fort Vigilance. These are unusual letters and contain pertinent data found no where else. As such, they deserve publication to help complete the record of the history of the 1856 San Francisco Vigilance Committee.

The author of these newly found letters proved a biographical enigma. Fortunately, an unsigned holographic sketch of his life turned up in the CHS Library. It records that Robert Bruce Wallace was the eldest child of William Quinn Wallace and Eleanor Wigton Wallace. He was born June 3, 1830, at Sadsburyville, Chester County, Pennsylvania. When seven, his father moved the family to Harrisburg where he took a position in the state auditor general's office. After an ordinary education, young Wallace entered the employ of his grandfather who operated a foundry and store at Rock Hill in Huntingdon County.

In January 1852, when twenty-one, Wallace left Pennsylvania for San Francisco, accompanied by a young friend and his uncle, A. Jackson Wigton. Traveling via the Panama route, they finally reached California. There hardships had to be faced. In 1854, Wallace was employed as supercargo on a vessel bound for Australia and the Far East. He returned from his overseas voyage to resume his search for a land-oriented career. But his only claim to fame apparently lies in his service with the 1856 San Francisco Vigilance Committee, as attested to in his letters written to Pennsylvania kin.

The year following his stint as "sheriff" of the Vigilance Committee, he married Josephine Lawrence, a young widow with a small son, August 3, 1857. Death claimed him at a young age, thirty-one, on January 23, 1861. He "died from softening of the brain, from over work," and was buried in Lone Mountain Cemetery in San Francisco, survived by his widow and stepson. In April 1885, his remains were sent east to be reinterred in the Wallace family lot at Mt. Kalmia Cemetery in Harrisburg.

To complement these heretofore unpublished documents, Robert A. Weinstein has prepared a brief essay to accompany five unique photographs of San Francisco and Fort Vigilance in 1856. As a personal aside, two photographs are included—the graves and monuments of the two men hanged by the Committee, Casey and Cora. Also included is a broadside of the Constitution of the 1856 Vigilance Committee located in the Huntington Library, San Marino. These new documents and illustrations may rightly be labelled as an agenda to the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners' Silver Anniversary publication, for such they are:

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*The Sherman Letter*

San Francisco, Cal.  
Monday, November 3, 1856

Governor Johnson, Sacramento

Dear Sir:

On Saturday night last I waited at the Pacific Express office and received your letter of Nov. 1 on the arrival of the Sacramento Boat.

I read your letter with much interest and assure you that I have always and still do believe that your whole desire has been to execute the high duties devolved on you in a manner worthy of your office. I know that you would hold no correspondence with the Vigilance Committee or any men acting for them, and all I supposed possible was that on an actual delivery to me or to Gen. Kibbe of the State arms, you would say that the Proclamation would be withdrawn. On Saturday the warehouse receipts for 31 cases of arms was placed in my hands subject to a promise from me to return them to the parties from whom I received them, unless at 3 1/2 PM, I would promise that the Proclamation would be withdrawn. When

that time arrived, I was in possession of your dispatch dated Nov. 12-5 PM. "I have written fully. In our conversation I stated my intentions, but I shall not in advance make any promises. The withdrawal of the Proclamation must occur without any prior promise to do so."

Signed J. N. J.

I felt certain that if the arms could be sent to you Saturday afternoon, you would withdraw the proclamation, but I would not pass my absolute promise and so answered. I asserted to the Gentlemen that the chances were 999 in 1000, that their object would be attained, but you can well understand that I could not pass my word when I had not the absolute certainty on which to base a promise.

The 31 cases about which I telegraphed you no doubt contain arms, but whether they hold all the arms I could not tell without personal inspection, and on speaking of the six pounders, I found that they had two given to the California Guard, a body of men who are not true to you, and I had good reason to doubt if you would be willing to act as though they were in the custody of the State Authorities.

I take it for granted that it is now too late to do anything further and that the Election will be held tomorrow subject to the Proclamation, and how far it will be binding or subject to the control of the Executive after the result is made known is beyond my understanding. My opinion is that an Election is not inconsistent with a State of War, for I know that Governor Mason ordered Elections in California during the War with Mexico and the successful candidates were installed in office. I do not think the Election will be void, but that your approval after will legalize the whole. It would be a dangerous exercise of your power to annul an Election should the Candidates succeed whom you reject as hostile to your policy.

I believe the Vigilance Committee still retain their Organization and could wield a dangerous power, and I would like to see them put so completely in the wrong as to arouse on the side of the legal authorities the opinions of the moderate people here and throughout the State—they Still Control the Press—Your Brother has just called, and I will stand ready when he returns to provide from Judge Freelon the paper you request—

12-1/2—Your telegraph is received and I have telegraphed you that I have the letter of Judge Freelon which is herewith enclosed. I have also seen Gen. Kibbe and the Gentlemen who is up at Sacramento. I think the delivery to Kibbe and this letter of Freelon is all you need to justify you in withdrawing the Proclamation and I for one will be glad if you can telegraph it down so that it can be published in the morning papers before the Polls are opened—

Sincerely your friend  
W. T. Sherman

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*The Wallace Letters*

San Francisco May 21, 1856

Dear Father:

Not a moment leisure. I am aid to Chief of Vig. Committee. Requires all my time. Don't be alarmed for me. The danger is over. We have the hounds or villains as you would call them secured. The Bulletin I send you I took from the murderer

Casey's room when I was placing his guard over him. Keep it as a sort of relic for every man connected with this revolution will be proud of it. . . .

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San Francisco June 20, 1856

Dear Sister Annie:

I have but a few moments to devote to you. Been kept so busy for the past month, day & night. Sleeping in my clothes all the time, ready for emergencies. We are a powerful organization. San Francisco has been ruled by murderers & villains long enough. We are sweeping them from the country. I don't know how long this may last yet but there is every appearance of its continuing some time. The Governor has issued his proclamation calling on the militia. Very few responded to his call and they are the ones we are banishing. We number several thousands. Our army is larger by considerable than Genl. Taylor's at Buena Vista. Among us are several preachers, some old men sixty years of age & all the merchants & in fact all the respectable portion of the community. . . .

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Fort Vigilance  
San Francisco July 5, 1856

Dear Mother:

I scarcely know what to say to you. The Vigilance Committee are still at work clearing out the Murderers, Thieves, Ballot box stuffers & c. We will send off to-day Six, two of them are from Philadelphia. We have in custody a Judge of the Supreme Court, David S. Terry, now under trial for stabbing one of our men while attempting to arrest a scoundrel, who was an intimate friend of the Judge's. The man who was wounded is still alive and there is a chance now for his recovery; if he dies, the Judge will hang. He is formerly from Texas, has a notorious reputation. Killed a man in Galveston. Stabbed a witness in open court in this country. He can never again take a seat on the "Bench" in California. Yesterday was a peculiar Fourth of July. Some few fire companies & military were parading, but our Six thousands thought it would be bad taste to make any display until our work is done. You should have seen the rush of excited people when the news spread that Terry had killed Hopkins. We surrounded the armories of the "Law and Murder" party, took them prisoners, with arms and ammunitions, thus in an hour completely annihilating them. A man named Andrews and myself took "Terry," put him into a carriage, and guarded by three thousand muskets brought him to our quarters. I don't know when we will disband, but not until we have finished our work. . . .

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Committee of Vigilance Rooms  
San Francisco, Aug. 19th/56

Dear Father

Yesterday was a glorious day for *Vigilants* in this city. 'Twas just 3 months since we first appeared on the Streets in arms. On that occasion ('twas a Sunday) we marched three thousand of our men from our Rooms on Sacramento St. (Since known as Fort Vigilance or Fort Gunny Bags) all was silent as the grave, not a strain of music to enliven us, but on every countenance you could read the determination



to accomplish our purpose, which was to take from the County Jail & the custody of corrupt authorities, the murderers Casey and Cora. Oscar Smith, "Chief of Police Department," & myself went ahead of the party. He then asked me how I was armed. I said only my revolver. He said I had better get a Bowie knife for "Bob" says he, I will not conceal the danger from you, if we have to fight for those prisoners, you and I will have to enter that Jail to take them. Fortunately our numbers convinced the authorities that resistance would be madness. Consequently we gained our object without firing a shot. Since then in making the numerous arrests although Pistols have been fired & knives used no lives have been lost. Hopkins who was stabbed by Judge Terry on the 21st June has contrary to all expectations survived and is now able to walk about.

Yesterday as I was saying, was set apart for a *Parade* of our forces. We turned out about 5,000 men under arms. It was the most imposing sight I ever witnessed. I never in my life saw so many persons together (who all appeared to hail us as their deliverers from a worse than a Tyrant's rule, that of the villains whom we have either *Banished* from the *state* with orders never to return, under the *penalty of Death* or already sent on that long journey. The sidewalks, windows, doors, balconies &c. were thronged with old & young. I had no idea that San Francisco could boast of so many lovely faces. Bouquets & wreaths were showered upon us as we marched through the different streets. I paraded 124 of my men, all splendid looking fellows, and most of them real dare-devils, in fact, my boys are the only ones who have had any fighting to do, as we had to make all the arrests & ship away the *Banished*. By the way I have not told you of my promotion, from "Deputy Chief" to "Chief of Police." I am now at the head of the Police Department of the Committee of Vigilance. This organization is divided into three Departments, the Executive, Military, & Police. Each one has its own chief. The Military and Police are independent of each other, but both act under the orders of the Executive Committee, which is something similar to a Senate. It is composed of our best men all of them deeply interested in the welfare of our state, all of them men of experience, & most of them over forty years of age. Consequently you hear of no rash proceedings on their part, as would be the case if young men filled their places. The Chiefs of the Military & Police are appointed by the Executive Committee. I consider the approbation & confidence of such a body of men of more value than anything else in this world. The newspaper accounts of yesterday's parade are not altogether correct, as their reporters have no knowledge of the secret proceedings of the Committee and have to pick up their information as best they can. Everything passed off quietly until about 6 o'clock P.M. when we had arrived within a short distance of our Quarters. I had cautioned my men to pay no attention to anything that might be said of any of the "*Law & Murder*" party as we were passing along, but two of the Ruffians who had been using very insulting language to Ladies & others friendly to us & emboldened by our forbearance approached close to our line & applied a very insulting epithet to one of my men, but the rowdies had calculated a little too much on our good nature. To their astonishment, they received a knock down from a couple of my boys. Their friends rushed to their assistance. For a short time the fight was pretty general. At last got the two I wanted and carried them to our rooms. They have been tried to-day. One of them will take a sea voyage to-morrow. On his trial it appeared that he was a noted scoundrel, but from certain influences had gone unwhipt of justice.

We shall probably adjourn in a few days, but ready to meet again at a signal that we are needed, and woe be to them if they give us cause to assemble again.

I have been so situated for the past eight months that I have not corresponded regularly with my many acquaintances in the states. I recd mother's letter by the last steamer, the first in a long time. Mother asks why I need take such an active part in the present difficulties. She believes the movement is right but does not

want me to endanger my life, plenty of others, let them do it. Wouldn't you feel ashamed of me were I cowardly enough to stand back at such a time as this? I could easily have done so, as I was in Nevada (some 200 miles from here) when King was shot (the cause of the present movement). A few minutes after the occurrence, the news was telegraphed all over the State. I knew what would follow & the same night found me on my way to San Francisco, nor was I wrong in my calculations. The day after my arrival we took the Jail. Since then I have devoted my every thought to the welfare of this Organization, & here is where I have found true Patriotism, men risking life & property with the chance of being branded as traitors to our country in case we did not succeed. . . .

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Executive Chambers, V. C. San Francisco Nov. 5th, 1856

Dear Mother:

By the last Mail Steamer I recd your letter of Oct. 3rd. Yesterday was Election day. Buchanan has carried this state. Fillmore has polled a larger vote than Fremont through the State. This City will give Buchanan a small majority. The *People's Ticket* has carried in this city, upholding the Vigilance Committee and turning out the rowdies who have had sway. I was agreeably surprised when the Polls closed yesterday without bloodshed. I thought we would either have a bloody day or such a one as I had not before witnessed in San Francisco, for order and quiet. The fact is they feared to commence a row, knowing that if they did, the chances were they might be taken as ornaments for decorating the Lampposts on the streets.

You need have no fear for my safety in the event of my visiting New York. I would feel more secure there than here & the fact is they know well whom to attack, and when, I value them as highly as I do a *cur dog*, & would shoot one as quickly as the other, if they should attack me. . . .

Phil Herbert (Keating's murderer) goes to Washington by the Steamer of to-day. He yesterday sent a challenge to Tom King for something displeasing that had been published in the Bulletin. King took no notice of him. Word was brought me that Herbert was laying in wait to attack Tom King as he should leave his office to go home which was about 4-1/2 o'clock P.M. I rather imagine *Mr. Herbert* saw some persons lounging about the neighborhood which did not add to his feeling of *safety* in case he should assassinate King. So he left and that was the end of it.

The Steamer has been delayed for several hours to-day to allow an opportunity of sending Election returns. The time is almost up. . . . Some additional returns just recd make the vote of this State for President somewhat doubtful.

*Postscript.* As in all works, invariably an author will commit a few errors of commission as well as omission. This is true of *The Vigilance Committee of 1856*. There is one bibliographical entry which should have been clarified more succinctly. Stanley A. Coblenz, *Villains and Vigilantes: The Story of James King of William and Pioneer Justice in California*, originally appeared in 1936. New material, however, was incorporated into an 1957 edition, and in the 1961 edition, which was cited. In my opinion, the latter edition is the best, and that is the one I relied on, rather than the original imperfect 1936 edition. So much for an error of commission.

Recently, in reading a book catalogue, a habit to which I am terribly addicted, I came across a fugitive governmental document on the 1856 Vigilance Committee, which I promptly purchased. This item should have been included in *The Vigilance Committee of 1856* bibliography—it is important: "Report of the Secretary of War, Communicating. In compliance with a resolution of the Senate, of the 2d instant, correspondence in relation to the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee in

San Francisco, California," U.S. Senate, *Executive Document No. 43*, 34th Congress, 3d Session (Washington, D.C., 1857), 29 pp.

One reviewer felt that Stewart E. White, *The Forty-Niners: A Chronicle of the California Trail and El Dorado* (New Haven, 1921), should have been included in the bibliographical discussion because it had been widely used as a textbook. Chapters XIII–XVI, pp. 174–265, center on the 1856 Vigilance Committee. The treatment is sympathetic, but the research is dated.

It should be noted that it was not my intent to cover every book which had dealt with the Vigilance Committee of 1856 either in passing reference or in some detail. My intent was to discuss only major works which focused on that extraordinary event.

## San Francisco—1856

by Robert Weinstein  
September, 1977

**O**vernight the California Gold Rush transformed Yerba Buena into a new metropolis, San Francisco; a new name for California, a new and exciting name for the gold-maddened world of that day.

So many tales were told of this fabled city that it began to loom larger than life, a myth that grew more unbelievable with every retelling. Need mounted in all quarters for a believable picture of San Francisco, the flood of words written and spoken about it was proving inadequate, offering imprecision and romance and far too little dependable fact. People needed to see for themselves. Only the newly-discovered photograph, product of an infant art, could offer such images. Nothing could show the looked-for reality better than the new "sun pictures." Why not use it to supply the information needed?

Photographers came to the Bay City from all over the world, some arriving to look for gold they never found. Others came as travelers to report on what they found in Eldorado; some few of these reporters brought equipment to make the new "sun pictures." Only a few of the professionals that came hoped to make a living selling their photographs and not all of them stayed on in San Francisco.

Hundreds of credible and revealing images were nevertheless taken by such daguerreotypists as Robert Vance, Fred Coombs, Albert Southworth, Carleton Watkins and Mrs. Molly Shannon, midwife and daguerrian. They were followed soon after by the ambrotypists and when the glass negative process was introduced in 1851, a technique that allowed photographers to make as many paper prints from one negative as they wanted.

We have shown three typical views of "downtown" San Francisco in 1856. They were paper prints, pieces of writing paper made light sensitive by the photographer

in advance of exposure and developed by the naked sun's rays; chemicals were not required as they are today. We know such photographs now as developing-out prints and they were sold then, mounted on cardboards embossed with the photographer's name and address.

These three were photographed between January and June of 1856 by G. R. Fardon and are part of a larger group he made showing most of the streets and significant civic and mercantile structures of San Francisco at that time. They were published by Herre and Bauer in the City at that time under the title, *San Francisco Album, Photographs of the most beautiful views and public buildings of San Francisco*.

Neither cameras nor lenses in those days were "fast" enough to stop motion as cameras can today and inanimate views of landscape as these were popular. *Anything* that moved would blur in consequence of the long exposure required and we can see blurred images in one of these photographs. The daguerreotype had not yet been altogether replaced by the new glass negative process in 1856 and J. M. Ford's well patronized portrait gallery on Montgomery Street can easily be discerned.

The view of Portsmouth Plaza is one of the earliest we have of the historic founding center and some of the familiar buildings, the Bella Union, the Eldorado and the Verandah Store are in evidence, the newly planted saplings testimony to rampant civic pride. The widely sold "knock down" houses prefabbed in the East and brought to San Francisco, round the Horn, in the holds of sailing ships dot the sandy hills in abundance. Look at the varieties of style in architecture we can see in these 1856 views. They are an astonishing reflection of the cosmopolitan influences that took root in the infant frontier city.

Of the two views of *Fort Gunnybags* reproduced, the cover broadside is the better-known and is well worth close scrutiny, offering the careful observer detailed views of the sandbagged ramparts fronting the hastily occupied "fort," the alarm bell on its temporary wooden structure, the emplacements for the cannon mounted to impress, perhaps more than to fire, and the bayoneted and rifled guards loyally defending the temporary citadel of "Law and Order." The less frequently seen view showing the juncture of Front and Davis streets on Sacramento, the fort's location, has its own interesting revelations. Rarely have we seen better delineation of the wooden streets and sidewalks of Gold Rush San Francisco than this photograph affords. The steel shutters that transformed brick buildings into brick ovens every time they were the victims of fire are evident in the Whiting and Company store on the corner. The unease from building on San Francisco's sandy soils is most clearly apparent by merely sighting along the sagging fronts of the structures gracing Sacramento Street. And this after standing but a few short years.

An interesting note in Fardon's best-known photograph of *Fort Gunnybags* are the remains of an earlier "water lots," relics of when the area was under the waters of the Bay. One can see the driven pilings and the wooden walkways that transformed the shallow Bay into saleable real estate; the very pilings still being uncovered as San Francisco digs into its past to build the city anew.



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## The Railroad Tramp

by Donald Duke

March, 1978

America has created several interesting and romantic classes of adventurers since white men landed on these shores. First there were the pioneers, frontiersmen, Indian fighters, hunters and trappers; next the gold miners, cowboys, bandits and bad men of the old wild and wooly west. Possibly the most colorful and nondescript voyager of them all was the railroad tramp.

From the first days of steam trains there were men who preferred to ride on or under a train without payment and did so. They were called tramps and looked upon as law breakers, worthless members of society because of their habit of beating their way on trains and for their loafing and whiling time away, thus avoiding any kind of honest or useful work. The early cartoon artists of the period visualized the tramp as an indescribable male in fearful, tattered clothing, whose face was dark with whiskers and nose tainted with crimson. Over his shoulder was a stick, on the end of the stick a small bundle tied up like a bag in a red bandanna in which were his possessions. Before a decade passed the tramp was a literary classic as well as a growing national problem.

The era of the railroad tramp began with the close of the Civil War. Before that conflict the railroad tramp population was not considered significant, but it did exist. With the termination of hostilities, thousands of young soldiers were released from both armies. These young men, who had traveled little prior to the war, acquired a taste for adventure while in the service and wished for more. Railroads were being constructed in all parts of the country and thousands of laborers were needed. As the years passed, construction work ceased and these laborers were thrown out of work. Their calling gone, many of them degenerated into tramps, working little, if at all, simply beating their way around the country on trains—begging and stealing.

From a few thousand tramps in 1865, the hobo forces soon grew to hundreds of thousands of professional tramps—hoboes. This vast gathering of vagrants reached its greatest numbers between the years 1885 and 1905 when it was estimated that there were between one and two million tramps in the United States and Canada.

A fresh supply of recruits came from teenagers possessed with wanderlust and few ever wandered back home to their parents. These lads fell easy victim to the lure of tramp life and soon blossomed into full-fledged hoboes. Seeing the country and getting into the growing world tempted many a youngster from his farm duties to hoboland. Men temporarily out of work also were thrown into the wanderlust and became a part of the fast growing throng of tramps.

James Scott of Alhambra, California, a former knight-of-the-road told me: "I was one of those individuals with the wanderlust and a craving for thrills and excitement. Born of a well-to-do middle class family and offered a good education, and all of the advantages of a good home, I spurned these for a life of adventure and hardship with tramps on the road. At the tender age of 13, I ran away from home and joined the ranks of the professional tramp and for more than 20 years I rode the trains, hung out in hobo jungles and tasted the sweets of thrill and adventure.

"I knew all the famous old-time tramps, such as 'No. 1,' the greatest tramp the world ever produced, who beat his way more than 500,000 miles on the trains during his 30 or more years on the road; there was 'Back Door Slim' the most successful panhandler the road ever knew: 'Box Car Joe,' the millionaire tramp, worth half a million in cash and property who preferred to bum around on freight trains with tramps rather than live in a mansion and ride the plush pullmans; there was 'Peen,' 'Rambler,' 'Mover,' 'Denver Red,' 'The Katy Flyer,' 'Seldom Seen,' 'Beef Stew Mike,' 'Hard on the Bulls,' and many others."

In the old days, when tramps were so numerous in this country, it was the custom to work as little as possible, since it was considered a disgrace to do manual toil except when forced. They took great pride in their ability to live without doing any work in exchange for food and clothing. Most of the food was begged from housewives at back doors and at hotels and lunch rooms.

Tramps resorted to all kinds of trickery to persuade ladies to give them a hand-out or sit down without the necessity of doing any work in return for victuals. One of the commonest tricks was to pretend to be a working man who had become paralyzed in one arm or had suddenly been stricken deaf and, being unable to secure work, was forced to beg food. They also used these tricks to get used articles of clothing. A tramp soon became a shrewd judge of human nature and at first glance sized up the lady of the house when she answered the knock at the back door. They could tell by her looks what line of talk to give her and what kind of trickery to use. So successful did many a tramp become at the begging game that they were not only able to beg all of the food and clothing they needed, but also received considerable sums of money on the streets from prosperous looking individuals. A flush tramp usually spent his money on booze or some kind of pleasure.

The hobo mecca for almost a century was the city of Chicago or the "Big Junction" as the professional tramp called it. Chicago has long been the railroad hub of the United States, a city with some 3,000 miles of tracks and yards within its city limits, a city from which fan out some 40 different railroads to all parts of the country. Practically every city, town or railroad junction throughout the United States and Canada had camps commonly called hoboland or hobo jungles, a place where the bums would congregate to cook, sleep, wash and be sociable. These hobo jungles were located near the railroad tracks, and concealed from public view. The camps were generally in a grove, a

clump of high weeds, a ditch or gully and, when possible, close to a water tank or stream of running water. Each jungle had a supply of cooking utensils—pots, pans, cans and other paraphernalia for the convenience of the hoboes. Most of the encampments were open air places without shelter, but near large cities, camps were composed of small shacks or shelters built of old lumber or scrap materials—a shanty town.

Upon arriving in a town, the tramp always headed for the nearest jungle where, perhaps, he would find other hoboes and no doubt some Mulligan stew on the fire and a cup of coffee. Here they would swap stories and experiences, and report a good catch. On occasion hoboes would get a case of beer or a jug of cheap whisky and all hands would get gloriously drunk. They slept in the camps around an open fire unless there was some sort of shelter. The old-time hobo jungle camps were to the tramp what a church or club would be to a law abiding citizen; a meeting place to map out future plans—if any.

The police sometimes raided the camps, but not often, as the jungles were frequently moved and usually hidden from view. If a camp happened to be in a bad location, a guard or lookout was posted to sound a warning alarm in case the “bulls” tried to raid them. While the police were called by many unpopular names, the term “bull” was the most common expression for any type of law enforcement.

Tramps usually took to the freights in preference to passenger trains because the freights were easier to ride and much safer to board. They generally rode during the nighttime in order to dodge train crews and the “bulls.” A tramp generally boarded outboard freights just as they were pulling out of the division freight yards or at a street crossing. This was done to avoid being seen by the railroad police, who were stationed in the yards to prevent pilferage.

On occasion railroad police would ride the freights out of the yard in order to catch any hoboes trying to board. The unlucky tramps either had to jump off the train or get arrested. As a group, old-time tramps were docile and avoided a fight whenever possible. But there were hard-boiled members among the clan who delighted in a fight with police or train crews. Occasionally criminal type tramps defied the railroad police and many a thrilling gun battle was staged atop a moving freight between hobo and “bulls.” Sometimes the police and sometimes the hobo came out victorious in the battle fought to the death. In either case it was the unwritten custom for the victor to throw the defeated party off the moving train.

Empty boxcars probably carried more tramps than any other accommodation. If the doors were all closed the boys might ride any place where they could sit down or find a foothold—in a coal car, cattle car, tank or flat car, in the ice section of a refrigerator car, or ride the rods. The rods were iron truss bars that formed a part of the freight car frame. They permitted a space of some 18 inches between bars and the bottom of the car. Here a man not too stout could lie flat across the rods and ride, certain death a foot or so beneath, with dust and maddening noise all around. Riding the rods was not the choice spot to say the least.

Hoboes preferred, in decent weather, to ride the deck—which was the top of a freight car or coach. Here was a pleasant open air observation platform to watch the world roll by, but it did have its dangerous moments. A short wink of sleep might send a man rolling off the heaving cars, and then there was the matter of clearance in tunnels or an onrushing bridge structure with only inches to clear. Tramps also rode the blind on passenger trains. The “blind” was the space between the baggage car and the locomotive. Baggage cars did not have a forward-end door, hence they were “blind.” Riders in this spot were comparatively safe from engine crews who often threw chunks of coal at their unwelcome riders.



Freight train crews of the nineties recognized the hobo as an extra source of income. The rate for travel on certain freight trains was more or less standardized at ten cents per hundred miles, or 20 cents for an all night ride. The brakeman with club in hand would come around and pocket his fares. All non-paying guests were forced to jump or be bodily thrown off the train. After institution of the freight train rates, tramps became adept at catching trains while they were moving at high rates of speed and then concealing themselves from crews. It worked most of the time as walking over moving freight cars to catch a few tramps was a great risk even to train personnel.

A tramp was usually satisfied to travel over one freight division (about 150 miles), a night, then rest a day or so before moving on. He was in no real hurry and quite often content to make a new town every few days, where panhandling was good and the handouts plentiful. Life was carefree and each day brought a new adventure. When the tramp tired of any one place he moved on to pastures new and green. There were no rents to pay, no bills; he needed no cash for food, lodging or clothes, as he begged his daily bread and raiment and slept in jungle camps, box cars or barns. He had no work or boss to bother him and cared not one whit what society thought of him or his mode of life. He was really a free man, and did as he pleased.

Wanderlust kept the hobo moving all the time, except for the hardships incidental to riding and sleeping in all kinds of weather. The life of roaming was as nearly ideal as man could invent. And yet each knew that sooner or later his carefree life would land him in jail, the poorhouse and finally in Potter's field. A life of idleness and ease, pleasure and dissipation, such as was led by the railroad tramp, was sure to lead to disaster. Old age, disease and accidents took a tremendous toll each year from the ranks of the ragged.

In the old days, when tramps were at their greatest height, there were three separate and distinct classes of wandering vagrant. First and largest in number came the professional tramp who worked not at all except when forced. He begged or stole all his clothing and food, slept in box cars or jungle camps, and beat his way all over the country on trains. Next in point of numbers was the hobo. He was really a migratory worker who worked on farms, ranches, public works and on railroads. The hobo used to pay for his food and clothing if he had the money, but beat his way over the countryside on trains and hung out in hobo jungles with the tramps. The bum moved from town to town and hung out in cheap saloons and flop houses where he held a nightly drunk. You might say a tramp dreamed and wandered, a hobo worked and wandered, and a bum drank and wandered.

There were women tramps too. Nearly 2,000 wandered and rode the freights both before and after the Depression of the 1930s. One of the most articulate of them all was "Boxcar Bertha." Occasionally Bertha would meet up with a tough brakeman or conductor who insisted on a little cash in order to ride over the division in the comfort of a boxcar. She said that only a minority of the female tramps ever "gave themselves" to railroad men in return for privileged transportation.

A special class of tramp, and the least in number, consisted of the tramp-criminals, gunmen, yeggs and thieves. It was this class of vagrant that gave all other classes of tramp an evil reputation. The tramp-criminal also hung out in the hobo jungles, saloons and flop houses. He usually had plenty of money, due to his criminal activities, but beat his way on freights because it was safer than paying his way on passenger trains, where he probably would have been recognized by the ticket agent, passenger crew or railroad police.

The criminal type would commit a crime in some city or town, then make a quick get-away. The first place he would head would be the nearest railroad yard or track where he could board an outbound freight train and be fairly safe from capture. Modern day yeggs deserted the freights after World War II and now use the more mobile automobile as a get away device. These outlaws were as tough a lot of men as ever lived, and the regular hoboes were afraid to cross them. They would stop at nothing to gain their ends—even murder.

It was not uncommon for these villains to murder train crews, or kill the railroad "bulls" who patrolled the railway yards. These criminal types also murdered their brother tramps, with robbery as their purpose. During the great western wheat harvest the tramp-criminals rode freights into the wheat belt, where they made a practice of robbing harvest hands of their wages. These yeggs blew safes in post offices, stores and banks, and spent their ill-gotten gains on drunken carousals in the jungle camps.

Train robbers in the good old days made big headlines, but they never were as costly to the railroad as the tramp. This was not because the tramp rode without payment of fare, but owing to the theft and damage to freight. The average hobo realized he had no means to carry away large or bulky goods. When he entered a merchandise car he broke open many cases and boxes in search of small, compact, valuable items that could be carried off concealed on his person. Tramps often damaged boxcars by lighting small fires on the wooden floor for warmth in winter. Due to some circumstance, like spotting a trainman or "bull," a tramp or small group might alight from the car quickly leaving the fire burning. But the time the fire was noticed by the train crew, the wooden freight car was a charred ruin.

Another class of vagrant in the old days was the saloon bum. He usually was an ex-road tramp too old or disabled to ride the trains. He hung around the cheap bars in the large cities, begged drink, nickels and dimes and robbed drunks. The bums also hung around cheap lodging houses, where they would steal the clothing from the backs of sleepers, which in turn were peddled to a pawn shop or to anyone with a few coins. With the advent of prohibition and the closing of the bars, the old saloon bum practically disappeared.

The shovel and blanket stiffs were old and half-witted tramps, found mostly in the southwest desert states. These crazy coots usually dressed in filthy rags and carried sacks full of cooking utensils, tin cans, and other junk—also a roll of stinky blankets. The blanket stiffs seldom rode the trains, usually walking the railway tracks between towns, camping out at night under a tree or some other shelter. They either begged their food or did odd jobs, seldom speaking to anyone unless pressed.

In those days when America was overrun with the huge army of hoboes, all large cities throughout the country had tramp districts which catered to this kind of trade. In these sections were cheap saloons where a huge glass of beer and a free lunch could be had for five cents, also low-priced wines and liquors. Each saloon had a small back room, or a flop room as the hoboes called it, where they could sleep off the drinks—and be robbed while doing so.

One of the first employment agency schemes was set up in the early 1900s and called a shipping office. Here for a dollar fee a tramp or hobo could get passage to almost anywhere in the country for work on railroad construction, section and extra gangs, public works and in the harvest of crops. Many vagrants would pay the dollar fee in order to get free train rides to some distant point, then refuse to work after reaching their destination.

It was the general public opinion that old-time tramps and hoboes were a lot of ignorant, low-born misfits, who had just enough brains to come in out of the rain. This impression is entirely wrong. Old-time hoboes were an intelligent lot. Their wide travels educated them, and many hours of reading used books and newspapers sharpened their wit. There were many educated men among the ranks of these fellows who passed on their knowledge during camp conversations and bull sessions. The highly educated deserted the humdrum monotony of everyday life for the adventure of the open road.

The life of the tramp was crammed full of one adventure and thrill after another. His entire time was spent in travel. Summers were passed roaming the cool northern states, and winters wandering down south. Every day of his life was consumed dodging the police and train crews, begging handouts at back doors, sleeping and loafing. He was exposed to all kinds of weather, had no regular habits and at times was near starvation, jail, chain gangs and prison.

It was the custom among tramps of the old school to chalk, paint or carve their nicknames on railway depots, water tanks and bridges wherever they journeyed. These monikers were used by all tramps, as no one at any time used his real or given name. These tramp monikers also served to keep the other tramps posted as to the whereabouts of their comrades and to pass along information. Many of these markings can still be seen in all parts of the country on old structures.

Here is an example of an old-time tramp moniker:

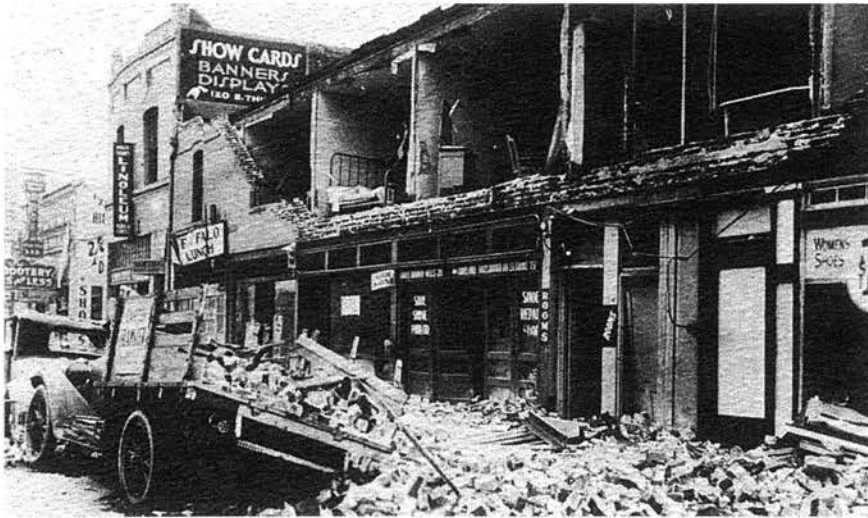
"Back Door Slim"  
West  
6/21/85  
B. B. G. S.

The "Back Door Slim" was the moniker of the tramp; the "West" meant that he was traveling westward; the 6/21/85 was the date, June 21, 1885; the B. B. G. S. indicated that in this particular town the "bulls" were bad and the grub scarce.

The American railroad tramp is now extinct, among the relics of the past. While there are tramps today, and hoboes who ride freights and beg handouts, these new and up-to-date tramps are few in number and they differ from the old school of railroad tramp. The new generation are mostly younger men out on a lark, seeing the countryside for a short duration without the necessity of paying fare, or a "hippie." The old-time, tough looking, ragged and bewhiskered tramp and hobo, who thrived from 1885 to 1915, is extinct.

The continual warfare waged on the tramp by local police, the railroad "bull," communities, prohibition, changing conditions of modern life and industrial expansion finally drove the vast army of tramps into history. Their place has been taken by a new generation of wanderers, namely the highway bum who dresses fashionably in a tight leather jacket, and begs for rides from passing motorists.

The beginning of the end for the old-time professional tramp began with World War I and prohibition. Since the conclusion of World War II, his disappearance has been swift. While the tramp was a picturesque character, the life of the old ramblers was hard and led to sure ruin. Eventually the hobo achieved immortality in American folklore comparable to that of the traveling salesman, boomer railroader and the steam locomotive. The man who walked the miles of track with his bandanna-wrapped bundle tied to the end of a stick has become an American legend.



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## March 10, 1933

by Maurice I. Hattem  
June, 1978

“The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.” With these words spoken by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt at his first inauguration on March 4, 1933, Los Angeles, along with the rest of the nation began the long ascent from the depths of the Great Depression. Those were the days when you could buy a new Dodge for \$595. A new Philco radio was selling for \$32 and coffee was \$.27 a pound. Beef roasts were \$.16 a pound while New York steak was going for \$.43 a pound. Oh yes, grocery clerks were earning from 15 to 18 dollars a week for a 72 hour week. Of course you could go to Clifton’s Cafeteria and get breakfast for \$.15, lunch and dinner for \$.25 and if a family of six arrived they could get a complete dinner for \$2.94!

It was barely a week later on the following Friday March 10, at approximately 5:54 PM when it happened. We lived in the southwest part of Los Angeles in the Baldwin Hills area. Our home was located on West Vernon Avenue which was a rather steep hill at number 3652. I was sitting on the sofa in the living room listening to my favorite afternoon radio program, *The X Bar X Ranger* program sponsored by Wheatena Cereal. All of a sudden the house began to shake with a slow roll which developed into a rumble and a roar. I remembered that the safest place to be was by the doorway as this was a reinforced area. A few seconds later (which seemed like an eternity) I managed to get out of the house as I thought for sure it was going to roll down the hill.

Although the epicenter of the quake was in Long Beach and the surrounding area, it felt as if I was right in the center of it at the time. The force of this quake was 6.3 on the Richter scale, which was much less than the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 which had a magnitude of 8.3. Fortunately, the quake didn’t occur until after school hours as many of the buildings which were destroyed were school buildings and thousands of school children could have been killed or injured.

There were 123 persons who died and close to 1,500 who were injured in the quake, yet by Caltech standards this wasn't considered a "great" quake. It did prove, however, the inadequacy of the local building codes at the time. The Long Beach Earthquake, as it was called, led to more strict building codes, although some seismologists at Caltech still believe that they should be more strict. The Long Beach earthquake dramatically demonstrated how not to build in earthquake country. As a result of this earthquake, the California Legislature in 1935 adopted the Field Act, which specified the standards of construction for school and other public buildings. William Putnam, a noted geologist, maintained that the school buildings were exceptionally vulnerable due to their faulty construction. According to Putnam, "wide spans were used for classroom floors in multi-story buildings and at the same time outer walls were weakened through the extensive use of large windows.

Earthquakes have been a way of life (or death) for Californians as long as there has been recorded history and perhaps even beyond. Los Angeles is part of the great Circum-Pacific Earthquake Belt, which encircles the Pacific Ocean from the southern tip of South America along the western coasts of South America, Central America, and North America, through the Aleutian Islands, down through Japan and the Philippine Islands, and on into New Zealand. Approximately 80 percent of the world's earthquakes occur in this area.

Father Crespi, the first California historian, wrote in his diary the evening before the Portola expedition reached the Los Angeles River on Friday, July 28th:

"We pitched camp on the left bank of this river (Santa Ana). On its right bank there is a populous village of Indians who received us with friendliness . . . I called this name the sweet name of *Jesus de los Temblores*, Jesus of the Earthquakes, because we experienced here a horrifying earthquake which was repeated four times during the day."

Crespi continued, "the first, which was the most violent, happened at one in the afternoon, and the last one about four. One of the heathen who were in camp, who doubtless exercised among them the office of priest, alarmed at the occurrence no less than we, began with frightful cries and great demonstrations of fear to entreat heaven, turning to all the winds. . . ." On Tuesday, August 1st, he wrote in his diary: "This day was one of the rest, for the purpose of exploring, and especially to celebrate the jubilee of Our Lady of Los Angeles de Porciuncula. At ten in the morning the earth trembled. The shock was repeated with violence at one in the afternoon, and one hour afterwards we experienced another. Today I observed the latitude and it came out for us thirty-four degrees and ten minutes north latitude."

The next recorded earthquake in Southern California occurred at the area surrounding the Mission San Juan Capistrano on December 8, 1812. From Thompson & West's *History of Los Angeles County*, Oakland, 1880: ". . . But hark! What sound is that—loud as the sound of doom, now blending with his dream? What mean those hurrying feet, those cries of pain? Stricken by hands unseen—he starts and wakes; he shrieks and dies! The dreaded 'Temblor' had come; and beneath the ruins of that costly pile, thirty-six victims lay writhing in their death agony; priests and neophyte, old and young; all in a common tomb." Following this, the next earthquake occurred on January 11, 1855, followed by a big one on January 9, 1857. This one lasted for about two minutes, the motion being of a north-south movement. Earthquakes are unpredictable although some modern geologists claim that some day they will be able to predict when an earthquake will occur. Since 1933 there have been two major earthquakes: 1952 centering in the Tehachapi mountains and in 1971 centering in the Sylmar area.

It's a wonder that with all of the earthquakes the Los Angeles area experiences that we haven't had one such as the San Francisco earthquake or the Alaskan Earthquake of 1964.

With this in mind, the City of Los Angeles became concerned about the increasing number of high-rise buildings being built in this area. One of the measures taken was the "accelerograph Ordinance," which requires the installation of earthquake recorders in all new high rise buildings.

These recorders will obtain data on earthquake ground motions and the effect of earthquakes upon buildings. This ordinance was instituted in 1965 and has resulted in the obtaining of data from a number of smaller earthquakes in addition to the very important San Fernando Earthquake in February, 1971.

Of all the earthquakes I have experienced during the past 50 years, the 1933 earthquake will always be thought of as the "big one." It's the one I can relate to the most, maybe because it happened at a time in my life when I was a young lad and I suppose that any event, whether it be large or small, catastrophic or not, remains the most vivid in the mind's eye of a youngster.

The next time that Los Angeles rocked again in 1933 was in December. Liquor had returned!



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## Some Book Totin' Westerners

by Anna Marie Hager  
December, 1978

First, I wish to pay tribute to those adventurous book collectors who organized and brought to fruition the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners. Homer Britzman and Robert J. Woods invited Glen Dawson, Paul Galleher, W. W. Robinson, John B. Goodman, Lindley Bynum, Jim Williams, Jack Harden and Clarence Ellsworth to come together to form an organization dedicated to preserving the history of the West.

December 3, 1947, was the historic date for the beginning of the Los Angeles Corral whose growing membership has contributed so much to the field of Western Americana in their *Brand Book* publications and now just issued their 15th volume and in *The Branding Iron*.

You realize it will be impossible for me to pay tribute to all book collectors in this Corral, so I am going to talk about a few whose libraries have now become part of major libraries or are in institutions today.

One of the earliest members, a good friend to many in the Corral, who is sorely missed for his expertise and assistance in organizing, designing and publishing the first ten *Brand Books*, is Homer H. Boelter.

Homer served as Sheriff in 1949 and his fine collection with a special emphasis on Indians of the Southwest, Kachinas, guns and Western Americana was dispersed and found its way into many a delighted book collector's hands and libraries. Boelter's *Brand Book* Number Three, with its portfolio on Charles M. Russell, is still one of the top highlights in the history of the Corral's publication efforts.

Our friend, Robert J. Woods, was one of those fortunate men, an ardent collector of fine Western Americana in all its fields, who had the financial means, and—most essential—plenty of time to spend in his pursuit of rare books, ephemera,

maps, photographs and art work. His collection became the envy of all who were so fortunate to visit him in his Hollywood home.

An occasional get-together wasn't enough for that inveterate collector; soon a very special club was organized to meet during lunch hours in the well-known El Cholo, on Western Avenue south of Olympic Boulevard in Los Angeles. The name chosen: "Wine, Food and Wench Society," and along with Woods were Ward Ritchie, W. W. Robinson, George Fullerton, John B. Goodman, Lindley "Pinkie" Bynum and Andrew Horn. So Thursday noons became their unique rendezvous session to talk on book collecting, food, wine, catalogues and all such topics which make for a happy, informative time.

After lunch, for those who had the time, some would wander down to Figueroa Street to visit Dawson's Book Shop. Bob, however, almost always managed to visit Dawson's, just after their doors had opened, nearly every day in fact. He would have the most up-to-date information as to new arrivals or about books he'd found tucked away on a Dawson shelf. How he would delight in beating others to the "fast draw" in acquiring some much sought-after title. That made his day—but then wouldn't it make yours or mine too?

It was a very sad day when Bob took ill and left us so quickly. The saddest of all, Bob left no will. It used to be a form of amusement to Bob when friends or visitors would seriously try to find out where his great collection would eventually go. He would dangle his library as a piece of attractive bait before the eyes of many collectors, bookdealers and librarians and say: "I've got my own ideas on that subject," and fend off further questioning.

The Woods collection was placed under the custody of a local bank and sold by court action to the highest bidder. So it was that one of the largest private collections of books on California and Western Americana left this area.

The man who put up the money was also named Robert Woods. By a most amazing coincidence, the Robert Woods Library in the University of Alberta, Canada, bears the same name of both the collector and the donor!

Robert J. Woods served as Sheriff in 1954 and he compiled the bibliographical sources for *Brand Books* Numbers 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6. In addition, he very generously lent the use of many of his rare maps and prints to be used in various *Brand Book* publications. He was, for more than 45 years, a most knowledgeable collector, with a keen memory and served most willingly and happily as mentor for many collectors in the same field in which he held preeminence.

A good friend of Bob Woods and of George Fullerton, as well as the Corral, was J. Gregg Layne who served as editor for various *Brand Books*. Layne compiled the now very scarce *Annals of Los Angeles*, *Books of the Los Angeles District*, *Water and Power for a Great City*, and *Western Wayfaring: Routes of Exploration and Trade in the American Southwest*. All of Layne's works are mines of accurate information. Gregg collected not one but two libraries. One he sold to Mrs. Estelle L. Doheny which was later given to the University of Southern California; the second library went to UCLA. Layne also served as editor of the *Historical Society of Southern California's* Quarterly publications.

In 1937, I walked into the Title Insurance and Trust offices to see if it were possible to meet Mr. W. W. Robinson. Soon, a friendly voice said, "Come in, what may I do for you?" There sat good Bill Robinson, compiler of those popular small community histories that his company had begun to issue in 1934.

Some twenty-two years later, after that happy meeting, and my marriage to former Sheriff Everett Hager, Bill and his Irene came to spend long and happy



hours in our little home in San Pedro, sharing book talk and boating trips on San Pedro Bay.

I wonder if any who had contact with W. W., or Bill, even Will (as many called Robinson) did not find him the most helpful and friendliest of book collectors. W. W. always found time to answer the many letters from numerous school children, historians and book collectors. He could always find time for that. Bill and Irene authored and illustrated over eleven juvenile books, not to forget the splendid land histories and map books with which Bill took such great care and skill in compiling.

Robinson was editor of *Brand Book* Number 7, issued in 1957, and was a most informative speaker at many Corral meetings. His library was divided between the Special Collections of UCLA and Occidental College.

The Robinsons loved Los Angeles and Bill had built up an outstanding collection, not only in non-fiction, but also of little-known fictional studies on Los Angeles and Hollywood. Bill left us in 1972. He felt very strongly about writer-historians who did not make use of local court records or civic files but spent too much time delving into already published works and did not make more use of original sources. He often said: "It takes at least forty years to correct an historical error which has appeared in print. Young writers pick up these mistakes and repeat them again and again without attempting to correct them."

Sheriff in 1961, George Fullerton, served in various offices and always gave the Corral his strong and loyal support. He was so proud of his membership and took a keen interest in its programs and publications. He was especially interested in the *Rendezvous*, and later the *Fandangoes* to which he could bring his favorite Belle, his wonderful companion through all the years of happiness and later sadness that came to George when he could no longer keep going as was his wont.

The Corral meetings kept George stimulated and provided the drive to keep going in spite of the severe handicaps which claimed him. Many of you will recall his anticipation, though confined to a wheelchair, to be a part of the Corral at its meetings and the annual functions until it became physically impossible for him to do so.

Fullerton, like Bob Woods, shared a consuming passion in this book collecting game. These two would often spar with one another comparing merits and accuracy of various writers and publications.

It was a difficult time in George's life, more difficult it seemed, than facing the daily pain in which his body became so severely wracked, to release his fine collection to others.

Today, you can see the major portion of the George Fullerton Collection housed in beautiful cases, in a room deserving to hold his books, at the Azusa-Pacific College.

How did we meet the Meadows? Well, when in Long Beach one evening, attending a Bertram Smith sponsored lecture in the Los Altos Public Library, while waiting for the program to begin, my Everett and I began discussing a new Californiana catalogue. The gentleman in front of us kept edging his chair around, straining his ears, tilting his head in a most provocative manner. You guessed it! Of course, he was eavesdropping on our conversation! Finally, he couldn't stand it any longer. "I simply must know whose book catalogue you two are discussing, do you have it with you? Oh yes, I'm Don Meadows, and this is Frances, my wife."

Now friends for a good many years, we've shared in some rich hours of book talk and meeting other collectors in the Meadows' home.

Don served as Sheriff in 1956. Some good years before that event, as a young lad in the United States Navy, Don was pushed, should I say, 'nudged' into this book collecting game? It all began when he was refused the right to borrow a book from a public library, in all places, San Pedro! The rules, at that time, did not permit Navy personnel to borrow books from the Los Angeles Public Library. So the pattern was set for Don and even while in college he always managed to add a few books to his growing collection.

How lucky Don was to find and marry delightful Frances, a librarian, who not only encouraged his book collecting habits but catalogued his books as well. Their dream for a California adobe home came true and it was a delightful day for those invited to share a few hours in the Meadows' adobe and to admire his amazing collection of *Californiana* and *Baja Californiana* in its rooms.

Don also served on various committees of the Corral and was editor of *Brand Book* Number 8, published in 1959, and served as editor of *The Branding Iron* from 1953 to 1955.

Over the years he has truly earned the title, "Historian of Orange County." Don and Frances, early founding-members of the Baja California Symposium have supported this important people-to-people effort which is now in its 16th year.

Take time, when near the University of California at Irvine, and visit the Don Meadows Library now housed there.

Gregg Layne once remarked, "Don't sell your books unless you have duplicates tucked away—you'll miss them too much!" Not an easy stunt to accomplish if you'd acquired a collection the size of Don's! So, now he has a permanent library card to his former collection and free access to his beloved books even though they're no longer gracing the walls of his very own California adobe.

How about a Corresponding Member? Well, I must tell you about Mike Harrison, a C.M. of the Los Angeles Corral since 1948. I think I'm safe in stating that Mike is a member of more Corrals, throughout this country, than any other member and always attends the Western History Association meetings held each year.

Mike (a former ranger of the National Park Service at the Grand Canyon in earlier days) with his darling Maggie, a superb bookbinder, by the way, have built one of the remarkable collections devoted to the American West with a strong emphasis on the Indian of the Southwest. Their skillfully designed home, complete with a huge bank of catalogue files, humidity and fire control units, holds not only books, ephemera, paintings, but also some of the best examples of Pomo Indian basketry.

I first met Maggie in 1934 when we lived in Arroyo Grande with Hazel Dries, noted bookbinder for the Grabhorn Press. Maggie gave me permission to quote from her choice article, "Life with a Bibliomaniac," written especially for members of the Zamorano and Roxburgh Clubs.

"When the Harrisons moved to Sacramento, in 1939, the little home began filling up with books. Books, pamphlets, filled dresser drawers and every available shelf. Their living room became full of books, in fact, books even seeped into the small back hall. As to her dishes, she didn't put them on the floor in a quiet corner, but used wooden orange crates, covered with oil cloth and paint and made them into usable cupboards in the breakfast room. Then they began to stack orange crates in the back hall for bookcases. The increase in books meant a larger home and they found a house with a full basement, two bedrooms and a sewing room, in addition to a living, dining and kitchen rooms. Floor space they had but not enough space for bookcases, so they removed windows and doors to make wallspace for their

bookcases. Then they discovered that the house had been built for people—NOT books. Books, tons of them, required floor supports, so supports had to be added. Maggie had her bookbinding studio in the basement with plenty of room. But, as the months sped by the living room and the second bedroom began to fill up with books. Even the sewing room became Mike's hideout complete with more bookcases.

In 1960, the Harrisons moved into, as Maggie so aptly described it—"a library with living quarters." Maggie had a strong hand in the designing of this unique setting for their library and bookbinding needs. The original floor plan of the library was set at 30 × 30 feet with consideration given to the possible expansion within the next 15 or 20 years. In less than six years a new addition had to be made and that measured 26 by 16 feet with alcoves four feet wide to permit a card table with typewriter to be set up between the stacks.

You're missing a very great deal, in pleasure and information, if you haven't read Mike's own story, "How to build a poor man's library," which appeared in the Winter issue (1969) of the Quarterly Newsletter of the Book Club of California.

Well, since I've stuck my neck out this evening, why stop? Wouldn't it be great to reprint Mike's excellent article in a future issue of *The Branding Iron*, if approval could be obtained from the Book Club!

As an Honorary Member of the Los Angeles Corral, Horace Albright who adds so much to the meetings, Fandangoes and Rendezvous, recently presented his great collection on National Parks and Conservation to the Department of Special Collections at UCLA. The Horace Marden Albright Collection is a very valuable one with its strong emphasis on Yosemite and Yellowstone National Parks. A splendid exhibit of some of Horace's gifts was held and what a treat to have even a glimpse of his treasured library. Horace and his Grace were so delighted with the Exhibit, they were almost as two youngsters on a Christmas Eve—but I never could figure out if they were more excited with the large number of old and new friends who came to the exhibit or how beautifully his books appeared "all lit up with fancy lights and on display!"

Three past sheriffs with fine libraries who have found rich enjoyment in their unique collections would include Loring Campbell, Sheriff in 1955, whose fine library on the American West is now in Arizona and very much appreciated by students in that area.

Sheriff in 1963, John Haksell Kemble, also a contributor to the *Brand Books*, has over the years built one of the finest collections devoted to the maritime history of California. His works published by the Book Club of California, as well as the Keepsakes, are most desirable and have become collector's items today. John's fine editing of the two-volume edition of Richard Henry Dana, Jr.'s, *Two Years Before the Mast*, remains the definitive work of this noted American classic. After forty years, John Kemble recently retired from the Department of History of Pomona College. Now, he will have more time to enjoy his great collection covering not only Californiana, Pacific Maritime, Pacific Mail Steamship Company files, but a wonderful assemblage of ship prints and paintings, and—of all things—railroadiana.

A good many were most fortunate to attend a very special meeting of the Corral honoring former Sheriff E. I. "Eddie" Edwards' return to Los Angeles from his Sun City hideaway.

At various periods, Eddie built several selective and very rare small libraries covering the American Desert and Death Valley. He utilized his unique collections to compile his bibliographies and the books were dispersed to ever so willing book-

collecting hands. Sheriff in 1966 and author of the lovely "Sentimental Venture," and "Twelve Great Books, a guide to the subject matter and authors of the first twelve Brand Books," will serve the Corral as happy reminders of his work.

Edwards' books have indeed 'opened doors on our California desert,' just read his valuable bibliographies: *Desert Harvest*, *The Valley Whose Name Is Death*, *Desert Voices*, and *Los Oases Along the Carrizo*. Eddie served as Editor for *Brand Book* Number 10.

Speaking of bibliographies prompts me to tell you of two remarkable works by Active Members to whom tribute for their efforts and great skill as compilers should also be acknowledged.

The honor of being the rarest would fall to John Goodman's monumental "Annotated Bibliography of California County Histories: 1855-1966." John, one of the founding members of the Los Angeles Corral as well as of the "Wine, Food and Wench Society," became involved in a discussion concerning county histories at one of the latter's meetings. Soon, he was hard at work and completed this remarkable bibliography on county histories.

It is a most valuable contribution to the world of *Californiana* and is in two volumes, 557 pages, with a map of each county showing the changes over the years with origin of their names and is beautifully illustrated by John. Rare? Indeed, I would say so! Only six sets were ever made available and guess who has one of those six sets? Yes, you're right, the lucky Harrisons!

John served as Deputy Sheriff but due to the heavy pressure of studio and location work, could not continue as Sheriff. He has contributed fine art work as well as well-researched articles to the *Brand Books*. It was John, along with Bob Woods, and three others, who underwrote the publishing expense for the very first *Brand Book*. There was very little money in the Corral's treasury in those earlier days.

John and his Jessie have shared a keen interest in building a fine and very selective library of overland journals and *Californiana*. In spite of the heavy demands on his time, John has always been a staunch supporter of the Corral.

He is presently involved in compiling a maritime biography of each of the 775 Gold Rush ships that left the United States' east coast to enter San Francisco Bay during that golden year—1849. For the past eleven years John has worked on this important study and has amassed over 5,000 pages which fill seven 2½-inch ring binders. He is also making the illustrations of some of the ships covered in this maritime bibliography. The Goodmans have spent many years in travel, visiting numerous libraries and collections, as well as corresponding with various collectors in pursuit of nebulous data. When completed there will be hundreds of grateful historians ready to express their gratitude to John Goodman for his dedication to such a difficult and demanding task.

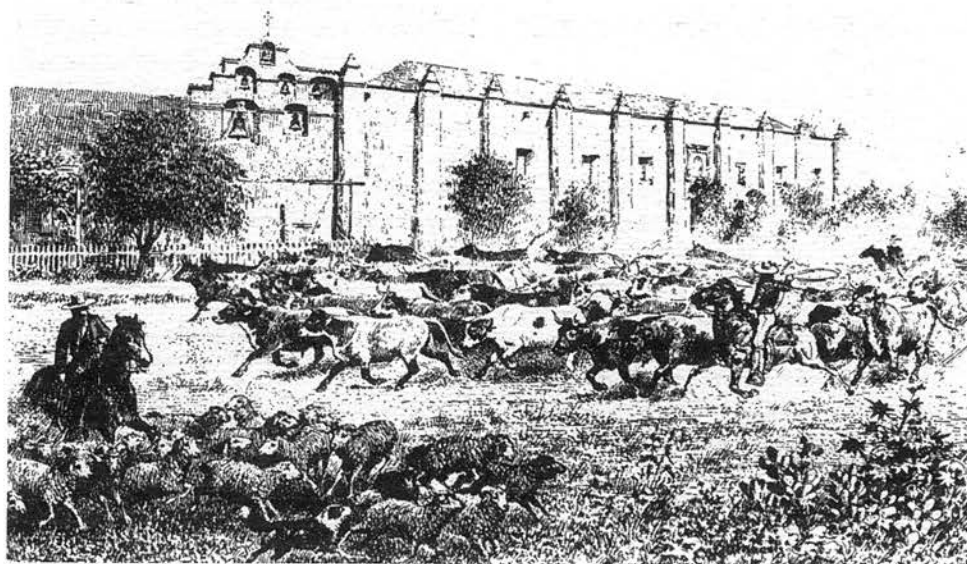
After many years living in Orange County, William and Maymie Kimes have found their very special home, tucked away in lovely Mariposa County, their own "Rocky K Ranch." Just published is an accomplishment both Kimes may feel justifiably proud and happy. *John Muir: a reading bibliography*, with a foreword by Lawrence Clark Powell, is their tribute to the noted Scottish-Californian writer. A true labor of love, the Kimes, avid mountaineers, and very pro-Muir, searched for all possible references to this noted mountaineer. Hundreds upon hundreds of newspaper and magazine stories, art criticisms and public lectures are in their bibliography. Bill and Maymie have amassed the largest private collection of Muiriana in private hands today. Their collection fills the small library of their home and contains multi-volume sets of Muir's works in various published editions as well

as Muir's hand-written manuscripts and bound copies of scores of magazine articles by John Muir.

Incidentally, three hundred copies of this bibliography were printed by Grant Dahlstrom, of the Castle Press, a C.M. of the Los Angeles Corral. When the announcements were mailed out orders flew in from all parts of the world. Of course, the National Library of Scotland is listed among the first to order a copy of the Kimes' work!

Paul Galleher, in *Brand Book* Number 5, stated: "With the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners, success is reflected in the past years of memorable meetings, close-linked fellowships, conspicuous and outstanding publications. The Corral's appreciation for an opportunity to meet with this group has created a loyalty and cooperation which is frequently lacking in other organizations."

I'd like to add another line to Paul's tribute to the Los Angeles Corral and say that very few groups may take such pride in viewing the outstanding collections that now grace many southland libraries and colleges that were originally assembled by members of this Corral.



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## Owners and Cattle Brands of the Rancho Santa Anita

by Jack McCaskill  
June, 1979

Cattle ranching and branding were introduced into California in 1769, when Franciscan priests arrived, traveling with the Portolá Expedition, and bringing with them a modest-sized herd of cattle for dairy and breeding purposes. Over the years, as missions were constructed, each in turn was stocked with cattle. These animals thrived, and eventually the sale of their hides and tallow represented a source of profit.

The first cattle to roam the area that would become the Rancho Santa Anita were from the Mission San Gabriel herd, which at one time numbered as many as 26,000 head. They were identified as belonging to the Mission by a cattle brand that employed the letters "T" and "S," the first and last letters of the word *temblores* (Spanish for "earthquakes").

By 1784 soldiers stationed at the various missions and *presidios* throughout California were ready to retire from military service. Rather than returning to Mexico proper, numbers of them asked Governor Pedro Fages for land grants on which they could settle and raise their families and which they would stock with cattle. In that particular year, five Spanish land grants were issued in Southern California, all surrounding Mission San Gabriel and the Los Angeles *pueblo* lands.

After 1822, when Mexico won its independence from Spain, the Mexican government in California continued the practice of issuing land grants. By the 1840s the Los Angeles area was divided into more than forty *ranchos*, ranging in size from a gigantic 150,000 acres, e.g., the Spanish grant of Rancho Los Nietos, to mere 6,656 acres.

Since no fences separated the *ranchos* from each other, the cattle and horses with which they were stocked mingled together and roamed freely across vast empty land. At roundup time, in consequence, the *ranchero* had to rely on a quick visual means of identifying his own animals. Such a means was his personal cattle brand and ear mark or cut. Each animal was branded on its hip and had its ears notched in some particular way, thus providing the mounted *vaquero* with recognition of ownerships as he made his way on horseback through a herd. Ear cuts solved the problem of brands' being difficult to see when animals were crowded together or when weeds were so high as to block their hips from a rider's view.

To avoid disputes over ownership, *rancheros* registered their individual cattle brands and ear cuts, and in many families the same brand and cut, passed down from father to son, was duly registered to prove its uninterrupted validity. Nevertheless, perhaps not surprisingly, since the herds ran into the thousands, ownership arguments over unbranded calves, strays, and older cattle flourished. Such feuds were long and heated and not infrequently the source of years of friction between families.

*Archivos de Fieros y Senales* is the Spanish title of the official register in which the brands and markings were recorded. It is still in existence, kept in the office of the Los Angeles County Recorder. Its pages contain the official description of brand and cut, the name of the *ranchero* registering same, the date of registration, and—in the margin—a free-hand drawing of the brand and ear cuts. Since the quality of these drawings depended on the artistic ability of the Recorder at the time, some are extremely crude and others elaborate. The *Archivos* served as this writer's primary source for researching brands used on the Rancho Santa Anita.

Raising cattle was a prospering business in California when Hugo Reid, the first owner of the Rancho Santa Anita, came upon the scene. Reid was not a native-born Mexican, but a Scotsman who arrived in California in 1836 and became a Mexican citizen. No doubt eager to get in on so thriving a venture, Reid petitioned then Governor Juan Alvarado for the *ranch*o land, and in 1839 was awarded a provisional grant of 13,319 acres. He married an Indian woman named Victoria, a ward of Mission San Gabriel, stocked the Rancho Santa Anita with cattle, and—in 1840—registered his brand.

In 1845 Governor Pio Pico gave Reid full title to the *ranch*o and, after two years, Reid sold it to Henry Dalton, owner of the nearby Rancho Azusa, for \$2,700 (about twenty cents an acre!). Dalton, like Reid a naturalized Mexican citizen, was an Englishman who settled in California in 1843 and married the daughter of Don Agustin Zamorano, California's first printer.

The Daltons made their home on Rancho Azusa, and his brands show up twice in the register between 1844 and 1850 and were registered again in 1855. His cattle were branded on the hip, and when one of them was sold, the *fierro de vente* or counter-brand was burned on its shoulder.



HUGO REID BRAND



HENRY DALTON BRAND

Rancho Santa Anita changed hands again in 1854, when Joseph A. Rowe, the owner and star performer of California's first circus, purchased it from Dalton for \$33,000. Rowe and his wife, both trick riders and expert horsemen, had decided to retire from the circus and raise cattle, performing horses, and a few wild animals. The Rowe cattle brand was registered June 10, 1855. After four years, however, the Rowes admitted to being failures as cattle ranchers, sold out at a loss, and returned to show business.

Thus it was that in 1858, after paying Rowe \$16,645, William Corbitt and Albert Dibblee became the new owners of the Rancho Santa Anita. Dibblee, a prominent businessman in San Francisco, had bought the *rancho* sight unseen as an investment, in partnership with Corbitt, a promoter and trader who lived in Los Angeles. Neither of the joint owners ever resided on the *rancho*, and it was managed by Albert Dibblee's younger brother, Thomas Dibblee. Their cattle brand was registered August 29, 1861, under the names of Albert and Thomas Dibblee. (Incidentally, this brand is still used today by Dibblee descendants on their ranch near Lompoc in Santa Barbara County.)

The owners of Rancho Santa Anita held great expectations for their property until the 1860s ushered in the years of drought that would bring the great days of cattle ranching in Southern California to an end. In 1865 the partners decided to dispose of the land. This time, the *rancho* was sold in two sections: the first went to Leonard Rose, who purchased 2,000 acres on the west, which he called "Sunnyslope;" the second went to William Wolfskill, who already owned the adjoining Rancho Azusa de Duarte.

Wolfskill, who had come to California in 1831 and was widely known as a horticulturist, paid \$20,000 for 11,316 acres (which included the homesite). He planted some eucalyptus trees from Australia and a few date palms, which he is credited with introducing into California. Wolfskill registered an ear mark May 15, 1865,



HENRY DALTON COUNTER BRAND



JOSEPH A. ROWE BRAND



and the brand books also show brands transferred to his name when he purchased herds of cattle and horses. He died in 1866, leaving both Rancho Santa Anita and Rancho Azusa de Duarte to his youngest son, Louis Wolfskill.

Although Louis, who had been named after Louis Vignes and who married the daughter of Henry Dalton, worked at developing the Rancho Santa Anita, he, too, did not wait long before selling it. First to go were 1,740 acres adjoining the Rose estate, purchased by Alfred Chapman for \$19,500. Then, in 1872, Louis Wolfskill sold the remainder of the *rancho*—then a mere 8,000 acres—to Harris Newmark for the sum of \$85,000.

Newmark, merchant and author of *Sixty Years in Southern California*, put more land under irrigation for orchards and vineyards. He pastured sheep in the foothills for a flourishing wool business in Los Angeles. Like the other owners before him, however, Newmark also sold the land in a few years, and he made a nice profit. Purchaser of the 8,000 acres, for \$200,000, was E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin.

"Lucky" Baldwin had made a fortune from the Comstock Lode and owned several enterprises in San Francisco, best-known among them the Baldwin Hotel and Theatre. He also owned Tallac Resort Hotel at Lake Tahoe. Baldwin first set eyes on the Rancho Santa Anita when he passed through the area on his way to check some mining property at Bear Valley in the San Bernardino Mountains. It was he who developed the *rancho* to its acme of beauty and productivity, raising a variety of agricultural products, as well as livestock. In addition to raising and racing thoroughbred horses, he built a winery and produced both wines and brandy.

Baldwin had no cattle brand, apparently because he considered branding cruel and inhumane, an infliction of needless pain. Instead of burning a brand into the hide of his animals, he relied for their identification on small numerals written on the hoofs of horses and mules and on the horns of his cattle. He did, however, have a recorded "trademark," a Maltese cross bearing his initials, which was molded on all bottles from the winery. The same cross, colored red on a black field and minus his initials, served as his racing insignia.

After Baldwin's death in 1909, his daughter Anita continued raising livestock on the *rancho*, calling it the Anokia Breeding Farm. In 1934, deciding to retire from that business, she sold 214 acres to the Los Angeles Turf Club. In July 1936 she sold



ALBERT AND THOMAS DIBBLEE BRAND



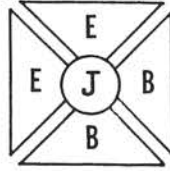
WILLIAM WOLFSKILL EAR CUTS



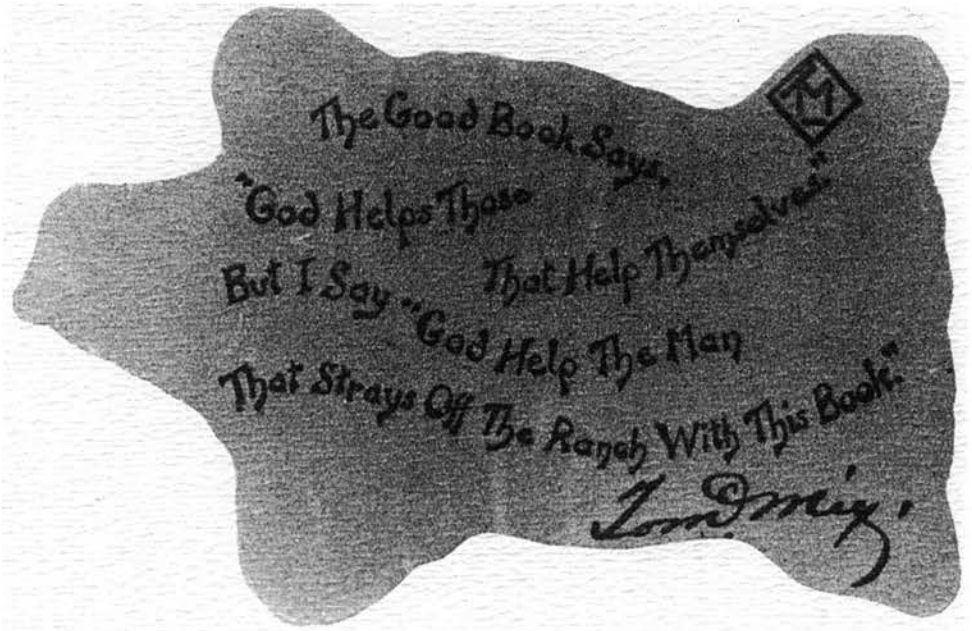
HARRIS NEWMARK BRAND

the remaining land, with the exception of the nineteen-acre homesite, to Harry Chandler of *The Los Angeles Times*, to be subdivided and sold as residential lots.

In 1947, however, the State of California and the County of Los Angeles jointly purchased from Chandler 127 acres at the heart of the old *rancho*, which became The Los Angeles and State Arboretum. The old buildings, the Hugo Reid *adobe*, and Baldwin's coach barn have all been restored. Although the practice of burning one's mark or brand onto an animal's hide to establish its ownership no longer exists on the Rancho Santa Anita, the tradition of identifying property by mark is still carried on by means of a recognizable design, called a *logo*. The Los Angeles and State Arboretum has a *logo*, and it may well be the last brand used on the Rancho Santa Anita.



E. J. "LUCKY" BALDWIN TRADE MARK



47

## Tom Mix's Bookplate an American Era Revisited

by David Kuhner  
September, 1979

**T**he bookplate is in the shape of an animal hide and the words on it read "The Good Book says, God helps those that help themselves, but I say God help the man that strays off the ranch with this book." And there's the signature of Tom Mix and his T.M. Bar brand.

What a place to find an echo of the cowboy-turned-movie star, this shelf in the Sprague Library at The Claremont Colleges, lined with books on the history of World War I aviation. Some friends from his circus tours of Europe probably presented this memento volume of British battleplanes. So here, next to printed images of Amelia Earhart and Charles Lindbergh, is a sudden memory of the man in the white Stetson hat, the fancy-buttoned shirt, the custom-fitted trousers and the hand-carved boots.

He was a genuine cowboy and a sheriff before he ever saw a movie camera, and the monument near Florence, Arizona, where he met his death, bears the inscription, "In memory of Tom Mix whose spirit left his body on this spot and whose characterizations and portrayals in life served to better fix memories of the old West in the minds of living men." From the bookplate you have to go back a good many years.

Mix was born in 1880 near Driftwood, Pennsylvania, the son of Ed Mix, a lumberman, and Elizabeth Smith of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. His later publicity releases would claim El Paso as his birthplace and mention his one-eighth Cherokee Indian blood; this was movie stuff and he himself denied it later on. But

when he was ten, a big event happened. He saw the wild west show of Buffalo Bill, Annie Oakley, and lots of cowboys and Indians. After the show he raced around on an imaginary horse, spinning a lariat of his own.

When he was eighteen he enlisted in the 4th Regiment of U.S. Artillery at Washington, D.C., lying about his age to get into the Spanish-American War but he saw no action. Later, in 1902, when he and his first wife, Grace, moved to Guthrie, Oklahoma, the sequence of events which would push him into prominence really began. He met Will Rogers at the St. Louis World's Fair; there was just a year's difference in their ages and they became great friends. Rogers was the rodeo clown in Colonel Zak Mulhall's Wild West Show, and one of the best of the Mix biographers, Paul E. Mix, tells a very amusing story of Will Rogers' own climb to fame:

During a show, a runaway steer . . . headed up the grandstand seats and into the stands. He roped and tied the steer, and dragged him down the aisle by his tail . . . The announcer asked Will why he wouldn't let the steer stay in the grandstands and Will replied, "He doesn't have a ticket."

The stunt proved so popular it was built into the show and stories about Will Rogers and the steer were so widely publicized that eventually Flo Ziegfeld heard of the episode and hired Will to spin his rope and tell those yarns at the Ziegfeld Follies.

Tom Mix's own rope-spinning began not long afterwards. In 1905 he started working for the famed Miller Brothers 101 Real Wild West Ranch near Bliss, Oklahoma, and followed that by some service down in Austin, Texas, with a Texas Ranger Company B, and then worked as a deputy sheriff in Dewey, Oklahoma. Tom's duties in the latter post, mostly clamping down on bootleggers, brought this reminiscence from him:

Railroads trains, naturally, were ideal hiding places for the demon rum. We used to hold up the trains regularly to find out if there was any booze aboard. So expert did we become in detecting the presence of anything stronger than water that we could walk through a car and learn whether any bottles were concealed in grips, merely by kicking them. You know how a fellow can feel a letter and tell you whether it contains a greenback? Well, that's how expert we became in sighting bottles through leather and carpet bags.

The movie career that was to make Tom Mix a popular hero to patrons around the world began in 1910 when friends introduced him to William Selig of the Selig Polyscope Company. Near Prescott, Arizona, Tom and another ex-deputy sheriff, Sid Jordan, began concocting movie stunts of shooting and riding that put a lot of punch in those old one-and two-reelers. It took four days to shoot a film then; the cast had the weekend off but you still went to church on Sundays.

From a friend, Pat Chrisman, Tom purchased a chestnut, white-stocked horse named Tony, and the partnership began which launched them both into the American legend. In 1922, working now for the William Fox Productions company, Mix reached the height of his career as "King of the Cowboys" with Tony, "the Wonder Horse." The titles of some of the films—"Fighting for Gold," "The Wilderness Trail," "The Coming of the Law"—tell of the simple formula that set the standard long before the days of Ken Maynard, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers. As writer Paul Mix in his 1972 book *The Life and Legend of Tom Mix* puts it, "Grown men today

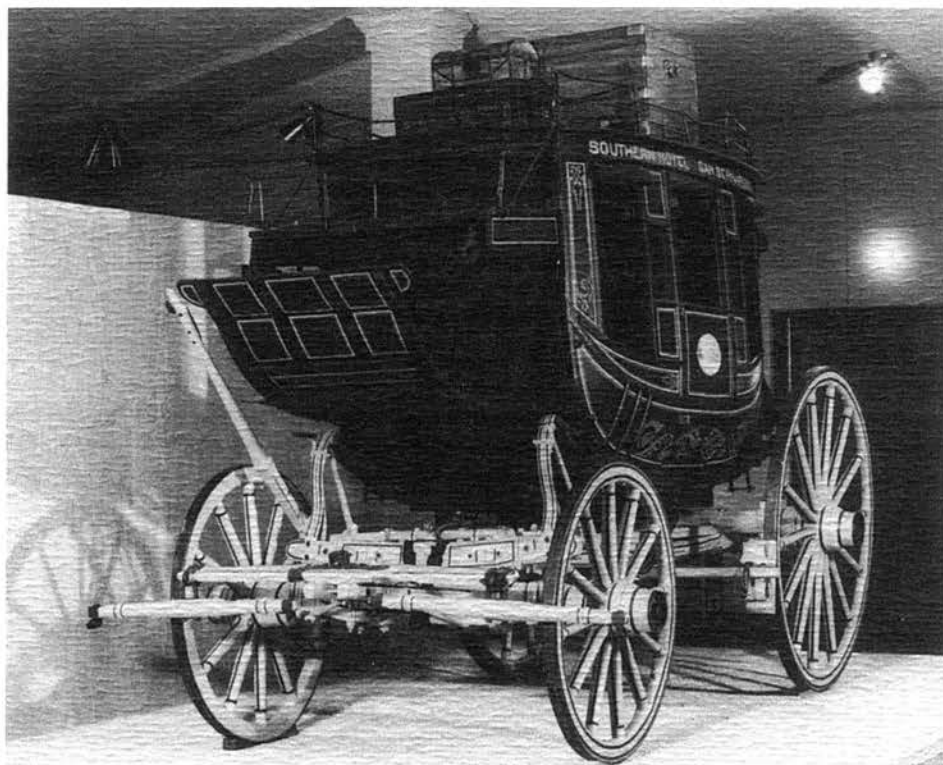
admired Tom and his horse as boys and will fondly remember them until their dying days . . . The combination of man and horse has never been equaled."

Interestingly enough, George O'Brien was a cameraman with a Tom Mix production crew, John Wayne was a "prop boy," and Mickey Rooney appeared in one of Tom's last pictures for Universal. And who now remembers that Constance Bennett, Billy Dove, Clara Bow and Colleen Moore were heroines of some of these early films?

The depression years marked a very hard trail for Tom Mix. He lost a million in the stock market crash, tried his luck as a circus star, had marital troubles, suffered illness, injury and law suits. But there was a fundamental goodness about him that would not die. Returning to Hollywood to film a series, he said, "I was mad at the conditions I saw and read about every day. Criminals on the loose. Boys and girls learning Communist propaganda in the schools . . . Finally, I figured out a way that I could help—by returning to the screen with a picture with some good old-fashioned virtues and justice."

Driving through Arizona on Saturday, October 12, 1940, with plans for his future in his head, Tom pushed his green Cord roadster towards Phoenix at top speed. Much like another legend, T. E. Lawrence, just five years earlier, he suddenly found some people in the roadway, swerved into a detour, and turned over and over. When people reached him, his cream-colored western dress suit was practically unwrinkled. But a metal suitcase on the rack behind his head had broken his neck. At his funeral in Glendale his favorite song, "Empty Saddles," was sung by Rudy Vallee.

And now a bookplate in a dusty volume. But his wish for his fans is as good today as ever: "May you brand your largest calf crop, may your range grass never fail, may your water holes stay open, may you ride an easy trail."



48

## What Western Stagecoaches Were

by Konrad F. Shreier, Jr.  
December, 1980

**T**HE SCENE—A typical main street in a typical western town (either real or fictional). ACTION—A cloud of dust approaches the town from a far distance. People begin to gather. As the dust cloud gets nearer, the crowd grows to a couple of dozen, all are excited—the stage is coming!

And now comes the place where this scene may or may not be truly realistic. At one time or another western stage lines used any kind of vehicle available—from an upsprung farm wagon with seats to long buckboards with three or four seats. Most lines, however, ran three distinctive types of passenger vehicles. One was the Stagecoach, the second the Stage Wagon, and the third the Mountain Wagon. Each of these had its own reason for being, and all three were used until the end of horse drawn stages.

The premier vehicle used on western stage lines was the Stagecoach—the Concord Coach of legend and history. These coaches were of two different types: The heavy Overland Mail version favored in the West, and the lighter Hack or Hotel type favored in the East. The redoubtable Overland Stagecoach was developed for use in the West, and it was undoubtedly one of the finest horse drawn passenger vehicles ever conceived. First made in the 1850s, they took their name from the overland stage line from Missouri to California.

The foundation of the Overland was its stout running gear—wheels, axles and frame—which incorporated brakes for the rear wheels. On the front and back of the running gear were iron structures about two feet high which supported the ends of the thorobraces—massive leather slings—which in turn supported the stage's body. The body was crafted in wood reinforced with iron. To develop its strength, the front, back and sides curved inward toward the bottom. The roof was almost flat. To give the Overland's body even more strength it had pillars about a foot wide on both sides of its doors. Each of these pillars had a small glass window. These windowed door pillars were found only on the heavy duty Overland coaches.

High on the front of the Overland's body was the driver's seat with a small boot, or cargo box, under it. A much larger boot hung on the rear of the body, and there was an iron rail around the roof so more baggage could be carried on top. The area under the inside seats provided a little more baggage and cargo room.

Stagecoaches were usually made to seat nine inside, but a few Overlands were made to seat six, or some could accommodate twelve. There was room for several more passengers up top with the driver on the roof. There was no glass in the large side windows; they had heavy leather curtains which rolled down. Overland coaches were handsome vehicles in their customary red body and straw colored running gear which were trimmed out in beautiful fashion.

The lighter Hack coach was a less durable vehicle which looks very much like an Overland to the casual observer. The Hack, however, did not have windowed pillars on either side of its doors, and some were fitted out with glass windows. In the West Hacks were often used by hotels and resorts to run to and from the nearest railroad or steamboat station. A few were used on short stage runs where conditions allowed. Few Hacks were painted in the regular red body and straw running gear colors used on the Overlands. More often they were custom painted to suit their purchasers.

The Stage Wagons were a large family of passenger vehicles with similar characteristics. While closely related to Stagecoaches, they were quite different in many ways. The whole idea of the Stage Wagon was to make a light weight vehicle which would approach the Overland Stagecoach in strength and durability. Variations of the Stage Wagon were known by a host of names: Mud Wagon, Celerity, Overland Wagon, Passenger Wagon, Concord Passenger Wagon, California Wagon, and many more. Some, like Jerk Wagon, were not complimentary. Others, like Yellowstone Wagon, described rigs more closely related to the Overland Stagecoach than the Western Passenger Wagon.

Stage Wagons all had running gear of practically the same design as that of the Overland Stagecoach, but somewhat lighter in construction. They were customarily fitted with rear wheel brakes. They used thorobraces to support their bodies, but these were in a different layout from those on Stagecoaches. While Stagecoach thorobraces were supported above the running gear on iron structures, those on Stage Wagons were supported well down in the frame with their ends running over cross beams on top of the frame, and then anchored to the ends of the frame with iron shackles. This lighter and more compact arrangement worked as well as that of the Stagecoach.

Most Stage Wagon bodies were square (some like the Yellowstone Wagon were exceptions to this), and they all had iron structures which looked like sled runners to carry them on the thorobraces. From the bottom up Stage Wagon bodies could take a number of forms, but all of them were characterized by an open look and a light roof structure. Doors were practically never used on Stage Wagons, but they

all had a full complement of roll-down curtains. They had some sort of a boot under the driver's seat, and they had a rear boot. Many of them had roofs too lightly constructed to carry anything. Many Stage Wagons had external squared-off body bracing which gave them a very distinctive appearance.

Stage Wagons were noticeably slower than Stagecoaches, and they looked smaller even though most of them had enough room to seat nine inside. They were seldom fancily painted or trimmed, and few were done in the red and straw colors used on Overlands.

The utility of Stage Wagons was admirably proved by their good service over poor roads in rugged country. Although they were used as much or more than any other type of stage line vehicle, they were considered second class vehicles compared to Stagecoaches. Lines which used the preferred Overland often took pains to advertise the fact.

The Mountain Wagon was also considered a second class vehicle compared to a Stagecoach, but they were used throughout the existence of western stage line service. As early as 1850 Waldo and Hall used "spring passenger wagons" on their run between Independence, Missouri and Santa Fe, New Mexico. These were among the first Mountain Wagons used in the West. A Mountain Wagon, now in the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan, was used as late as 1920 on the Julian run by United Stagelines of San Diego. While a Mountain Wagon could travel over any road, they came into greater use as the roads of the West got better. At the end of the horse drawn stage era, shortly before World War I, they may well have outnumbered all other types in use.

The layout of the Mountain Wagon was excellent for use as a stage line passenger vehicle. Their bodies were supported by a distinctive arrangement of four or five steel leaf springs. They also had either a single elliptical spring running transverse above the rear axle, or a pair of them running just inside and parallel to the rear wheels. Most distinctive to the Mountain Wagon was a pair of half-elliptical springs which supported the body, lengthwise on each side. They curved down so their ends would bear on the outside member of the running gear frame, thus allowing unbalanced loadings. They were seldom used on any sort of vehicle other than a Mountain Wagon.

Mountain Wagons' bodies were a basic, simple, solid wagon box. They had three, four or, infrequently, five transverse seats which allowed them to carry a driver and eight, eleven or fourteen passengers at three to the seat. If the driver's seat was elevated—and many were not—it had a boot under it, and there was a boot on the back. There was additional space for baggage and cargo under the seats. Mountain Wagon roofs were supported by slender posts not strong enough to carry anything heavier than the standard roll down side curtains. Mountain Wagon paint schemes usually included trim and lettering, and were done to the purchaser's order.

The builders of these three kinds of stage line vehicles were some of the best in the world. The Overland Stagecoach was developed by the famous Abbot-Downing Company of Concord, New Hampshire and its predecessors. The majority of these coaches were Concord made, but other firms built them and several carriage makers rebuilt them. The redoubtable Abbot-Downing people also built large numbers of Stage Wagons, however, many other quality wagon and carriage makers constructed these useful vehicles. There is good reason to believe, however, that the thorbrace designs used on Stage Wagons and Stagecoaches were perfected, if not invented, by the Concord builders.



Mountain Wagons were built by practically every well known carriage and wagon builder in America, and, like the Stagecoach and Stage Wagon, they are uniquely American. Abbot-Downing built superior Mountain Wagons, but they were also produced by the famous wagon factory of Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Co. in South Bend, Indiana. The Henry Ford Museum's very well built Julian Stage Mountain Wagon is supposed to have been built by the L. Lichtenberger Carriage Manufactory in Los Angeles, California.

The purchase prices of these three types of stage line vehicles were vastly different. For example Abbot-Downing's catalog price for their Overland Stagecoach "to seat 9 inside (heavy) model" was \$1,150. Their typical nine passenger Stage Wagons ran around \$650, or something like 60% of what the same capacity Overland Stagecoach brought. Their Mountain Wagon of the same capacity only cost about \$450, or about 40% of the Overland Stagecoach and 70% of their Stage Wagon. It was often difficult to raise the money to outfit a stage line, so the cost of these vehicles was often a determinant of what was used. There was, incidently, an active market in used and rebuilt stage line vehicles all through the era when they were in use.

Their weight and the team required also helped to decide what kind of a stage line vehicle was used. An empty Overland Stagecoach weighed in at approximately 2,000 pounds and generally required a six horse team. This number could be reduced to four in pancake flatlands. Stage Wagons usually tipped the scales at around 1,300 pounds—two-thirds the Overland Stagecoach's weight—and could usually get by with a four horse team. Mountain Wagons came in at 1,000 pounds or less, and, while they needed four horses in hilly country, often ran behind a single pair in flatlands. The preferred horses were medium drafters—horses of any ancestry suitable for the work and somewhat larger than most modern saddle horses. They usually weighed from 1,000 to 1,250 pounds and stood under 15 hands high.

These stage vehicles did the job asked of them, and most of it over roads only a four wheel drive motor car would undertake today. All three of them—the Overland Stagecoach, the Stage Wagon and the Mountain Wagon—were the most "hell for stout" horse drawn vehicles ever used anywhere. Without them, "The West," as we know it, never would have been.



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## Arthur H. Clark Pioneer Publisher of Western History

by Robert A. Clark  
March, 1981

**I**n 1868 a second son was born to a prosperous tailor living in London, England; a son who was to show ability in school, a love of reading and a dedication to the goals he set for himself. When time came to take the entrance examination for Oxford University at age 16, the boy passed easily, and began his studies at that most honored university. Sudden financial reverses struck the family, however, and the young man was forced to leave Oxford after only three months of study, with an Associate of Arts degree.

At age 16, young Arthur Henry Clark was thus forced to make a momentous decision, one which showed his singularity of purpose and commitment—he chose to become an apprentice in the firm of Henry Sotheran Company, a firm which epitomized the traditional book dealer in England. Sotherans was both a publisher of new works and a broker in the antiquarian as well. And in this environment young Clark took his first steps in the book world, a path he was to pursue until his passing in 1951, and which is continued in his name today by family and friends.

As an apprentice, young Clark was of course to experience all the different phases of the work performed in the traditional book house, beginning at the bottom and working through one department after another—from cataloging and selling used and antiquarian titles, to learning the design and production of new publications. In the course of his apprenticeship he was assigned to do cataloging for the British Museum, where he made the acquaintance of, and was influenced by,

such notables of English literature as Robert Lewis Stevenson, John Ruskin, Lord Tennyson, Rudyard Kipling and others. In 1888, toward the end of his five-year service, he was put in charge of the development and production of an entire catalog for Sotheran's, 336 pages long, which he completed with skill and professionalism.

Young Clark began to consider leaving England when his apprenticeship ended, and seeking his fortune in Canada, Australia or the United States. Providentially, he met General Alexander C. McClurg, owner of A. C. McClurg Co., prominent booksellers and publishers in Chicago. McClurg informally offered a position to the young Englishman, telling him to come directly to his offices in Chicago upon completion of his apprenticeship.

Chicago was hot and sticky in August of 1889 when Arthur Clark arrived and went directly to McClurg's offices. What little money he began his journey with was nearly gone. He was shocked to hear the General was on vacation and would not be back for three weeks. Furthermore, the manager knew nothing of any arrangements for the young immigrant's employment and was very hesitant to risk hiring him without authority. As the spectre of hungry days and nights on the streets, loomed up, he pleaded with the manager for work of any sort until the General returned. He was fortunately hired on a temporary basis, and as soon as McClurg returned from vacation, all was settled.

He began his employment in both the cataloging department and in the publication of new books and the famous literary periodical, *The Dial*, then published by McClurg.

After three years of steady work with no time off, Clark was given two months leave and returned to England to visit family and friends. After discussing the matter with his father, he decided the time was ripe to strike out on his own, and he notified McClurg's of his intention not to return. His father loaned him £500, guaranteed his credit at several important bookdealers in England, and he purchased a large stock of books which were forwarded to the States. Immediately upon his return to Chicago, he issued two catalogs in October and December 1892, and began selling books from his two-room office in the Adams Express Building.

Some orders were received, and some books sold, but the income barely covered the rent, printing expenses, and the salary of his lone associate, George Andrews. As a result, the young entrepreneur began missing his regular three meals a day, and things began to look bleak.

Providence was at hand, however, and the famous Cleveland firm of Burrows Brothers, having just bought out their primary rival and hoping to crush whatever competition was left in the Cleveland book trade, was seeking a new director for their rare book department and publishing enterprises. Clark was recommended to them as the best man for the job, and Mr. Burrows sought him out in Chicago and made an offer Clark could not refuse. He would buy out his stock of books, pay for their shipment to Cleveland, cover the remaining lease on his office, put him on the Burrows' Board of Directors, send him to England to buy more books at no personal expense and pay a handsome salary besides. Clark jumped at the chance, although Mr. Burrows had to wait overnight for an answer.

Some of Clark's best customers followed him to the Burrows' house, purchasing \$2,300 worth of books in the first few weeks, thus securing his position in the eyes of his new employers. Eighteen ninety-three, then, was the beginning of a new direction in a new town, and Clark made the most of it by developing a project which was to set a pattern in publishing he would follow all his life.

Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, Director of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, was fascinated by the tremendous wealth of manuscript material left by the Jesuit missionaries in the Mississippi Valley. He met with Clark and discussed the possibility of transcribing and publishing some of the documents in a large series of books, to be presented in both the original language and English, on facing pages. At that very moment Frederick Jackson Turner was turning the eyes of young historians throughout the country, and especially at the University of Wisconsin, toward the frontier and its impact on the nation, and the interest in documentary sources in western American history was ready to blossom. Clark was sure of the commercial possibilities for the series' sale. Thwaites was sure that the zealous disciples of Turner would be ready to help him with the herculean task. All that was left was to convince the Board of Burrows Brothers.

In spite of the almost universal opinion of publishers on the East Coast that the proposed series would be a financial disaster, Clark was able to sell his project to the Board. They agreed that if Clark was able to make a success of the venture, he would receive 10% of the profits. The die was cast.

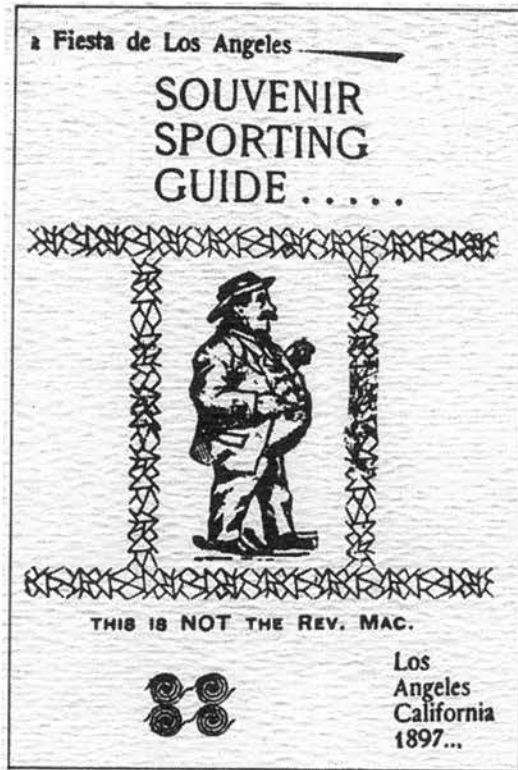
The work, titled *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents . . .* was issued between 1892 and 1901 in 73 volumes. It was both a commercial and critical success and turned a profit of \$120,000—and Burrows Brothers began to hedge in paying the 10% Clark knew he had earned. After numerous conferences and conflicts, Clark finally appealed to an attorney friend for help, and he received payment. He also decided he had had enough of working for others.

Seeking and raising \$75,000 capital, Arthur Clark founded and chartered The Arthur H. Clark Company on March 4, 1902, in Cleveland, Ohio. He promptly issued Catalog #1, listing rare and choice books, from the Garfield Building.

Besides the sale of rare and choice Americana, Clark immediately undertook the publication of several important series of books. The first three series to be published were the sixteen volume *Historic Highways of America*, edited by Archer B. Hulbert, the fifty-five volume *Philippine Islands* series, edited by Blair and Robertson, and Dr. Thwaites *Early Western Travels* in thirty-two volumes. The latter was extremely successful and Clark's reputation was established.

The core of the company's history has been its publishing tradition, with 425 separate titles issued in the 79 years of its existence. The vast majority have made solid contributions to the documentary history of the American West. The company is still actively publishing and selling books, both its own, and scarce and out-of-print titles dealing with the West, from its Glendale office, where Arthur Clark, Sr., moved the firm in 1930. At the hands of the throttle today are Arthur H. Clark, Jr., and Paul W. Galleher, both former sheriffs of the Los Angeles Corral. Paul joined the firm in 1921, while studying engineering in college.

Arthur H. Clark, Sr., publisher and bookseller, passed away on May 15, 1951. He achieved much in his lifetime. His publications received numerous accolades, including the Pulitzer Prize. His company was known internationally for its high standards and quality workmanship. He was instrumental in the establishment of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* and the *Pacific Historical Review*. But more than any of these accomplishments, he was loved by his family and friends, and his memory remains fresh and inspiring. In the words of George P. Hammond, Director of the Bancroft Library, "Few men, I am sure, did so much as he to encourage the publication of new materials on the West, and few did so much to maintain an outstanding level of fine printing. Such achievements will live long."



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## Fallen Angels in the Far West

by Earl F. Nation  
June, 1981

**M**en have always migrated westward in the United States. The frontier at one time was the Western Reserve, next the Mississippi, then the Rocky Mountains and, finally, the far West, beyond the Rockies.

The forerunners in the westward movement were men, perhaps for obvious reasons. First came the scouts, the adventurers, the trappers, the mountain men. Explorers and men bent on making a quick fortune off of the natural resources before returning home to the East came after. Settlers with their families came only after the trails were well worn and the country reasonably hospitable, even though still uncivilized.

Those first men were generally rough and ready but subject to loneliness as well as to the other drives which God gave them. They often satisfied loneliness, and some other drives, by alliances with Indian women, some maiden and some otherwise, until the arrival of the wagons made such alliances unrespectable.

When men began to arrive in greater numbers and to congregate, new problems and a new market were created. For every market there soon are suppliers. Hardships and handicaps will be overcome by enterprising merchants. The more sought after the commodity the more diligent their efforts: the great American profit motive; the spur for Yankee ingenuity. The Western frontier was no excep-

tion. Nature abhors a vacuum. No vacuum was ever more nearly complete than the West without women. Women were drawn or were brought in response to the need. Little was written about these early women, however. More was written about their absence. Walter Colton, *alcalde* of Monterey, expressed the sentiment in the following breathless prose: "There is no land less relieved by the smiles and smoothing caress of women. If Eden with its ambrosial fruits and guiltless joys was still sad till the voice of women mingles with its melodies, California, with all her treasured hills and streams, must be cheerless till she feels the presence of the same enchantress."

The first women were a lively lot. Some were bawdy, some were not, it has been said. They came with promises and expectations of riches and a good life and often ended in prostitution as an alternative to starvation or unwanted marriage. Nell Kimball, a famous San Francisco madam whose memoirs were only recently edited and published wrote: "I don't say that whoring is the best way of life, but it's sure better than going blind in a sweatshop sewing, or 20 hours work as a kitchen drudge or housemaid with the old man and the sons always laying for you in the hallways." She also wrote that "a good whore has to want to be a whore or she's no credit to the place." The proprietor of another house wrote: "There's no in between. A whore is either worth a dollar or twenty dollars." Nell Kimball wrote also ". . . there was never any real shortage of willing girls who wanted to be whores."

Many of the women, bawdy or not, proved to have a civilizing, soothing influence when thrust into turbulent frontier settings. Lucius Beebe has said: "The rougher the frontier and the newer the outpost of civilization, the more exalted the estate of the pioneer madam." A woman writing of the time said: ". . . Every miner seemed to consider himself her sworn guardian, policeman and protector, and the slightest dishonorable word, action or look of any miner or other person, would have been met with a rebuke he would remember as long as he lived, if perchance, he survived the chastisement." Another wrote, "A white woman is treated everywhere on the Pacific slope, not as man's equal and companion, but as a strange and costly creature, which by virtue of its rarity is freed from the restraints and penalties of ordinary law."

The men, on the other hand, had taken some of the characteristics of the western coyote. They were apt to be lean and scheming. Their hands were calloused paws and their eyes hard and slitted. The western prostitute slowly began the process of softening their eyes and or putting gloves upon their hands. As Miller has said: "She brought culture to the culture-starved, polite conversation to the voiceless, and pity to the pitiless. She became the heart of the heartless frontier." One of the old mountain men wrote, "Many's the miner who'd never wash his face or comb his hair if it wasn't for thinking of the sportin' girls he might see in the saloons."

These soiled doves, whom lonely men have always tended to idolize and glamorize, were generally a stupid lot, according to Nell Kimball. She wrote, "I wouldn't say they had much schooling. A lot were knot-heads, chowder-brains, who had to take off their shoes to add up anything over ten. But I've seen educated whores too—these intelligent women were usually very unhappy."

One San Francisco prostitute who was known for her erudition had the appealing name of Rotary Rosy. She repaid a group of early-day University of California students who read poetry to her with her favors without compensation. She even tried to enroll at the University of California. Failing, she later committed suicide.

The less stupid often rose to be madams. Their names usually belied their elevated status. In one group which Miguel Otero, former governor of New Mexico,

wrote about they carried such names as Sadie, Big Hattie, Careless Ida, Lazy Liz and Nervous Jessie. Many were said to be "foul of speech and murderous in their passions." By the time they reached the remote Klondike they were written of as "experienced, hard, bold-faced, strident harpies with morals looser than ashes." Even so, Vardis Fisher says, "the lonely frontiersman was apt to view them through eyes misted with thoughts of mother, sister and Mary."

Relatively little was written about these early women and their activities by contemporary writers or diarists. A few interesting diary entries and letters home relating to these girls and what they afforded the men of the West survive. The early Mexican and Spanish Catholic religious zeal discouraged professional prostitution. This morality, Protestant as well as Catholic, prevented much written recognition of these all too obvious activities in the far west. However, the reluctance of contemporaries to write about her did not keep the madam from being as much a part of the frontier community as the sheriff, the parson, the Wells Fargo agent and the Doc.

Her personal character was as various as that of humanity everywhere. Evidences are found in the *L.A. Times* in articles by Charles Hillinger about two early day Wyoming madams. On Feb. 25, 1973 he wrote about "Mother Featherlegs," of Jay Em, Wyoming whose name derived from her appearance in her ruffled pantalettes. A monument erected to her memory states, "She looked like a feather-legged chicken in a high wind." The ladies of her day turned up their noses at her but she is now remembered as a pillar of the church. The community recently raised money to erect a stone church building in her memory.

On March 26, 1973, Hillinger wrote of Dell Burke who has run the Yellow Hotel, a sporting house, in Lusk, Wyoming for over 54 years. He stated that: "Over the years, Dell Burke has helped scores of people down on their luck. She has always been a good touch for any fund drive.

'She had this place in the palm of her hand for years,' confided one civic leader. 'She loaned the town money during the depression, singlehandedly floated a water-sewer-and-light bond issue, bailed us out when we were about to go under.'

Dell Burke herself was quoted by Hillinger as follows:

"I wouldn't trade my life for anything. I'm glad of it. I've made a lot of money. Traveled the world. For me it's been a good life. I've met some of the best Governors; Senators; oh, have I known people—have I known some hypocrites."

She added with disgust: "Everything is sex now. You see much more on T.V. and in the movies than you see in my place."

The early records that remain make possible the construction of a story and of a picture of individuals and traffic in women that may be of interest to those who are concerned with the history of the West and with people. The moral issues should play no part in the story unless one wishes to make his own deductions. These women were largely amoral. The same cannot be said for those who took advantage of them. The disillusioned Nell Kimball wrote: "There is nothing noble about a whore or a madam or a pimp or the people we deal with—the landlords, the police or public officials."

With the arrival of the American soldiers in the West, information about prostitution becomes more abundant. With the soldiers came hordes of camp followers, mostly Mexican. These women were known as "Yankedos." The stories of vengeance later wrought on them by the Mexican soldiers rival anything from the middle ages.

San Francisco, which was the focal point of California history after this time, also became the focal point of the traffic in women. In the spring of 1849 there were only 15 women in Yerba Buena. For the women, this was good. They were apt to be treated as queens. However, with the great influx of men brought by the gold rush the vacuum began to build. During the first six months of 1850 two-thousand women arrived in San Francisco, most of them destined for prostitution. In January of that year there were fewer than eight women for each 100 men in California. In the mining areas there were only 2 women to 100 men. This disparity was rapidly remedied.

Many French and German girls were imported to San Francisco. Boatloads also were brought from Mexico, Chile and Peru. The backgrounds of these girls are not known. By and large most must have come from areas of poverty. Just what their usual expectations were also is unknown but interesting to speculate about. Some of the contracts survive and from these the expectations of the men importing the women are all too apparent. Among other onerous provisions, some of them required that for every day of work lost because of illness, one to two weeks was added to the period of servitude, which was usually eight years. Because of the nature of the beast this meant four or more days lost, and weeks added, every month, obviously a never ending process.

The women were naturally of various ages, and in different condition hence varied in desirability. This was reflected in their prices, working conditions and success. The Chilean girls often worked six to a tent, while one French prostitute was said by Bancroft to have banked \$50,000 in one year. Some of hers must have come from gambling. Some worked along the Barbary Coast as waiter girls, usually romantically spoken of as "pretty waiter girls." One writer, less blinded by their femininity, said they were "not pretty and not girls." These women worked for wages of \$15 to \$265 a week and got a commission on the liquor they sold, plus one-half of the proceeds from their prostitution while on duty. They were said to be fortunate to keep \$50 a week. One saloon advertised that five free drinks would be given to the customer finding underwear on their pretty waiter girls, an obvious invitation to inspect the merchandise.

Some of the girls also worked as entertainers in the saloons. The names applied to them seem to categorize their talent. One typical entertainer was widely known as "The Waddling Duck." The title described both her dance and her quacking voice. Two others were known as the "Dancing Heifer" and the "Galloping Cow."

There were distinct social strata among the girls who plied the oldest profession in San Francisco. At the bottom of the ladder perhaps were the Chinese girls who were brought over by the boatload. They were the most victimized. These girls were as young as twelve. The *San Francisco Chronicle* reported the importation of a cargo of Chinese girls as if they were a stock market commodity. In 1869 one report read as follows: "The particularly fine portion of the cargo, the fresh and pretty females who come from the interior, are used to fill special orders from wealthy merchants and prosperous tradesmen. A very considerable portion are sent into the interior under charge of special agents, in answer to demands from the well-to-do miners and successful vegetable producers. Another lot of the general importation offered to the Chinese public are examined critically by those desiring to purchase and are sold to the trade or to individuals at rates ranging from \$500 down to \$200 per head according to their youth, beauty and attractiveness. The refuse, consisting of 'boat girls' and those who came from seaboard towns, where contact with



the white sailors reduces even the low standards of Chinese morals, is sold to the proprietors of the select brothels." It will be noted that this was 1869, several years after the slaves were freed.

The residents of San Francisco's most monstrous houses of prostitution were on almost the same level with the Chinese girls. These establishments were commonly known as "Cow Yards." One was on three floors, with 150 cribs. Mexican women at twenty-five cents on the first floor, American girls at fifty cents on the second floor and French girls at seventy-five cents on the third floor. The *Nymphia*, at Pacific Street near Stockton, was one of the more notorious cow yards. Another, and the last to go, was known as the Municipal Brothel or Crib.

The girls generally paid \$5 a day for crib rental. They were often required to remain naked, or nearly so, in their rooms and to entertain all comers. The customers were permitted, indeed expected to remove their hats, although little more. Nell Kimball wrote that one prostitute said that removal of the hat was to show that the man had some respect for the whore. Oil cloth was provided to protect the bed from tarred boots. The Chinese girls offered a sliding scale of rates for "looker, touchee or doee," the prices being ten, twenty-five and fifty cents.

A step or two up the ladder perhaps from the crib girls were the short-skirted dance hall girls. They, in turn, looked up to the "Parlor Ladies." These residents of houses who worked with a madam were the envy of all others, with their long dresses and fancy jewelry. Nell Kimball wrote that "a finely dressed whore could make Mrs. Astor's pet horse look like a gray mouse." The average life expectancy in this category was said to be about ten or twelve years. After that they descended the ladder as crib girls or street walkers, many ending in suicide, by the age of forty. Landanum, tincture of opium, was the favorite agent.

It was from among the parlor girls that a few rose to be mistresses of their own households through marriage to clients. Some became quite prominent after marriage, although others cynically referred to marriage as legalized prostitution. Mattie Silks, the famous Denver madam, once stated defiantly, "... my girls made good wives. They understood men and how to treat them and they were faithful to their husbands." "Cockeyed Liz," another Colorado madam, was quoted as saying that "a parlor house is where girls go to look for a husband and the husbands go to look for a girl."

Nell Kimball wrote: "You can sometimes domesticate a whore, but never housebreak a madam." She stated that out of about 200 girls who had worked for her "only two . . . really made a good life for themselves on the other side of my double oak doors." One of these was Mollie. She was determined to escape and married a client "who was in shipping lumber, green houses and fruit groves." Nell Kimball says, "She did fine in society; served tea without lifting her pinkie, had a raft of kids. Her husband was a political power behind the dummies who got into California public office. In time what is the real hoi polloi in Pasadena was led by my Mollie." Stephen Longstreet, who edited these memoirs, removed the names before publication. He says: "Today Mollie's grandchildren are the top society leaders of the coast, grand patrons of art museums, music centers, public events, charity foundations."

A kindred, well known story relates to Lilly Hitchcock, daughter of a prominent army doctor, who moved in San Francisco's high society. Lilly was more an "amateur" prostitute or a delinquent. She was the darling of the firehouse. She was said to have been engaged twenty times before she was twenty years old. She went

on to marry Howard Coit. When, after a wild and tempestuous life, she died in her eighties in her suite at the Palace Hotel she left \$100,000 for a tower which one contemporary wrote: "dominates San Francisco like a phallic mockery of Lily's city." In Columbus Square one will still find a statue erected by Lily to her true love, the fire laddies of her youth.

There was true elegance in some parlors and strict propriety was often enforced. Such signs as, "no vulgarity allowed in this establishment," were seen. Others promised refund of money if disease resulted. Some also displayed signs saying, "satisfaction guaranteed." It was customary to give the dissatisfied customer a rain check in the form of a metal disc rather than his money back, however. The metal disc had a carpenter's screw attached and the wording "Good for one." Another fancy motto in needle point that was said to grace the walls of some parlors was, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." A contemporary observed that, "in all houses the men were welcome and so was their money. The girls were necessary to separate the two." Another saying was that, "the girls were necessary to mine the miners."

Back to the justification for the designation, "Fallen Angels." The legends of the early west are replete with stories of the beneficent acts and humanitarian deeds of harlots and madams. Someone even wrote that, "men were their vocation and humanity their avocation." There is considerable documentation of the latter, although it is obviously the exception. Not all harlots had hearts of gold. Nevertheless, some were considered quite respectable in their communities. Few citizens of Dodge City were said to be more respectable than Dora Hand, known as "Queen of the Fairy Bell." One old timer recalled: "The only thing anyone could hold against Dora was her after-dark profession, and by Godfrey, I allow she elevated that considerably." Those noble humanitarians, "Mother Featherlegs" and Dell Burke, have already been referred to.

Many of the prostitutes became famous in the west, usually as madams. Julia Bulette, of Virginia City, was the most legendary of the girls of the line who rose to be a madam and the story of her exploits and sorry demise has been much written about. In fact, it long since became impossible to distinguish fact from legend. There is no doubt that she started as a crib girl, that she became the toast of the town because of her beauty, personality and humanitarian deeds, that she was the mascot of the fire-fighting brigade in the world's richest mining center and that she was brutally strangled to death. According to *Enterprise*, Virginia City's authoritative newspaper, "She was taken to Flowery Hill Cemetery to the east of the city, where in her lonely grave her good and bad traits alike lie buried with her." Her despicable murderer was apprehended over a year later and in a famous trial in which he was defended by Charles A. DeLong, later the first U.S. minister to Japan, was convicted and "hanged for 13 minutes until dead."

The most famous of all madams perhaps was Mattie Silks, of Denver, who at 19 was probably the youngest madam and she proudly proclaimed that she had never been anything but a madam. She operated a house at the same location for 42 years. She once told a reporter, "I considered myself then and do now—a businesswoman. I operated the best houses in town and I had as many clients the most important men in the West." She participated in the first pistol duel between women recorded in the area. Neither participant, both madams, was injured but a male second to one of them, standing nearby, was struck in the neck by one of the bullets. Mattie died

in 1929 at the age of 83. The name recorded on her headstone is Martha A. Ready, the name of the last of several husbands.

There were plenty of infamous western harlots whose names are well-known. Notable among them are Belle Starr, Calamity Jane, Big Nose Kate and even Verona Baldwin, Lucky Baldwin's alleged English cousin, who shot him in the arm, a much publicized and sordid affair. She became a beautiful and prominent madam in Denver after her release from an asylum to which Baldwin was said to have had her committed after she shot him, as she said, "for defiling me and casting me aside, for ruining me in mind and body" (after a servant said he caught her in the bed of a physician-guest of Baldwin at Rancho Santa Anita or as it was otherwise known, "Baldwin's Harem"). Another infamous one was known as Cattle Kate, because she would take cows in trade. She was the first woman hanged in Wyoming. Another was Iodoform Kate, of San Francisco, famous for her Jewish red-heads, a much sought after commodity at that time.

And what about women and the oldest profession in the City of Angels? Between the founding of the Spanish *pueblo* in 1781 and 1836 little is known about this matter. The Indian village, concentrated in 1836 at the Commercial and Alameda Street area and later across the river on the heights was said to be the center of such activities. In 1836 the census of Los Angeles showed 250 non-Indian women as residents. Of these, fifteen were classified "M.V.," which signified *Mala Vida* (bad life). Margarita Laval, age 22, was the first one so listed.

The arrival in Los Angeles of Commodore Stockton and Major John C. Fremont in August, 1846 with their troops, was the beginning of a change. The garrison of fifty men left behind spent a large part of their leisure time carousing in *Pueblito*, the Indian village recently banished to the heights across the river. This scandal, and citizen protest, led to the razing of the village in 1847.

The mustering out of the soldiers in 1848 led to further difficulties. Dr. John S. Griffin wrote in March, 1849: "The *Pueblo* has changed—It is now thronged with soldiers, quartermaster's men, Sonorians, etc., the most vicious and idle set you ever beheld. Gambling, drinking and whoring are the only occupations." The gold rush and its aftermath sent many gamblers and outlaws to Los Angeles. By 1853 there were said to be 400 gamblers in the *Pueblo*.

Thus, another vacuum was created. San Francisco, now oversupplied, sent a shipload of prostitutes to fill the vacuum. W. W. Robinson has observed that hitherto prostitution had been a native daughter affair in Los Angeles. The new arrivals established themselves in a large house on upper Main Street. Their gala housewarming to which all prominent sporting men were invited was somewhat cooled by a raid of mounted *bandidos* who robbed both men and women and rode off into the night shouting cheery "*Buenos noches*." It took more than this to cool the frontier ardor, however.

As the city grew the profession obviously grew with it. The houses and cribs were to become clustered about the center of the city in the Plaza district. Some of them still stand, the small brick rooms being used for other purposes than their designers intended.

The Bawds so cluttered up the central district by 1874 that the City Council proscribed them from the center of the city, namely from Broadway (Fort Street) to Los Angeles Street between First and Short Streets. These limits later were pushed farther away by ordinance. The profession was still recognized and condoned, however. Alameda Street for a long while was the center of the brothels and lying along

the Southern Pacific tracks, as it did, became the first view of Los Angeles for arriving train passengers.

During the decades between 1890 and 1909 the sporting girls dominated a part of the social scene, particularly the race meets held at Agricultural (now Exposition) Park. P. L. Bonebrake has written (and other eminent local citizens still living have attested) that: "The madams of all the sporting houses engaged the public hacks for the entire meet. Each day in the afternoon they would drive out to the track, taking with them all the girls in their houses. They would all be dressed in their very best mutton sleeves, long black gloves and great picture hats with 2 or 3 long ostrich plumes in them. . . . The girls kept the Negro waiter on a high trot bringing them drinks. They did a lot of betting." After the races Figueroa from Jefferson to Washington was left to the ladies of the night. Here Mr. Bonebrake wrote that he rode his saddle horse among them as they raced down Figueroa, with the girls standing in the box of the hacks, whooping, yelling, calling one another names and making bets on who would win. The young men in their buggies, as many as 50 of them, mingled with the hacks of the bawds, he wrote.

Pearl Morton ran the plushest parlor house in L.A. She took over the upper floors of the Murietta building when the Superior Court vacated them to move into the red sandstone courthouse when it opened in 1891.

An annual celebration was the *Fiesta de Los Angeles*. For this occasion, in 1897, a souvenir Sporting Guide was printed. This consisted of advertisements of the charms of the various sporting houses and their habituées. In the preface the compiler stated that it was done "not for glory or renown, but for the sake of those strangers who visit our fair city, and incidentally for the few shekels we get out of the advertisements." One such advertised "The Octoroon, Madam Bolanger, 438 N. Alameda Street" and stated:

"This house is of wide reputation and is composed of missies Minnie Wilson, Bessie Berlina, Edna Nanet, May Wilson and Madeline Moss some famous Southern beauties of the Octoroon type, who will give you more fun and good healthy amusement than you would find in a day's walk. They are a lively, good-looking set of girls who will create sport enough to last for a year to come." The other advertisements were of similar tenor.

The open and gaudy red light district, with its lines of cribs and fancy brothels, was wiped out by a reform mayor, George A. Alexander, in 1909. Part of the necessary proof of collusion between vice and previous administrations was dug up by a famous attorney-friend of Pearl Morton, the madam, Earl Rogers, who was said to be "equally at home in bar, brothel or church."

Of course the girls only scattered, many of them returning to San Francisco. Miss Morton was among these and recouped her losses in short order. However, San Francisco was only a few years behind Los Angeles in reform. The "Red Light Abatement Act" there led to the abolition of open prostitution in 1917. One-thousand-seventy-three women were said to have been put out of work. Such a statistic leaves much open to proof, however. The girls again scattered, many to other quarters and some to Nevada.

It has been said that reform marched west wearing a poke bonnet; also that the influx of wives and sisters diluted the influence of the professionals. In Denver reform had been begun long before it was completed in 1915. It was begun by requiring removal of the more blatant signs outside the brothels. These were frequently replaced by signs stating "men taken in and done for."

A cynical song writer of the last century wrote:

The miners came in '49  
The whores in '51  
And when they got together  
They produced a native son.

The blind poet, Milton once wrote:

“Only those may be called great who have given comfort and happiness to mankind.”

These comforters were no Angels, of course, even though they did bring some happiness, along with some heartache and venereal disease to lonely men. But who is to throw the first stone? The men who trafficked in women deserve it but surely not the girls of the line.

Vardis Fisher has written: “Alas, none of us knows how many whores and bandits are in our family lines, nor should care.”



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## The Day Los Angeles Was 100 Years Old

by Esther Boulton Black  
September, 1981

**I**t was the birthday celebration of the second oldest *pueblo* in the state. The date was September 5, 1881, when Los Angeles staged a party described by the editor of the Los Angeles *Herald* as "the finest we have ever seen on the American continent." The founding date of the city was actually September 4, but in 1881 this date fell on a Sunday, so the hundredth anniversary was observed on the following day.

The "finest ever" celebration began with Father Peter Verdaguer conducting the solemn high mass at the Plaza Church of Our Lady of the Angels, starting at 9 a.m. The church was lighted by gas, and three flags hung on the wall. The Pope's white and gold flag was flanked by flags of the United States and of Spain. A portrait of President James A. Garfield had been placed in the church, and Father Verdaguer spoke "with much feeling," expressing the hope for Garfield's recovery from an assassin's bullet. Fifty young women sang from a special platform erected for the celebration, and a band played.

The big event of the morning was a parade, led by a cavalcade of *caballeros*. In California's pastoral era, *rancheros* had practically lived in their saddles. About a fifth of the city's population had Spanish surnames; but lack of Californio leaders, combined with Anglo aggressiveness, had caused a virtual collapse of Latin prestige. But the whole-hearted response of the *caballeros* this September day indicated that they still retained great pride in their past. Their horses were decked out in splendid silver-decorated saddles and bridles. Even though most of the Californios had lost their land and their cattle in the disastrous drought of 1864, they refused to sacrifice these remnants of their former glory. Colorful costumes of the horsemen contributed to the festive scene. Only one Californio, however, was featured

in the celebration. He was Judge Ygnacio Sepúlveda, son of the once wealthy landowner, José Andrés Sepúlveda.

In contrast to the *caballeros* was the next entry—a creaking *carreta*, pulled by a team of oxen. The *carreta* carried two of the city's most senior citizens—Benjamina, said to be 117 years old and Laura, age 102.

The parade's grand marshal was General George Stoneman, a staunch Democrat and a veteran of both the Mexican and Civil Wars. A West Point graduate, he had accompanied the Mormon Battalion to California in 1847. In 1870 he was placed in charge of the Arizona Department and took part in the Indian Wars there. His most recent political service had been on the state railroad commission, provided for in the recently adopted state constitution in hopes of controlling the Southern Pacific. But Stoneman was only one of three commissioners, and the other two men favored the railroad, leaving him for the moment politically powerless. Stoneman's appearance in the parade no doubt had political overtones; he had his eye on the governorship—an ambition he would realize in 1883.

Perhaps the parade's biggest celebrity was Governor George C. Perkins, a Republican who owed his political success to the Southern Pacific machine. Born in Maine, he had run away from home when he was twelve years old. Arriving in San Francisco in 1855, by age twenty he had grossed half a million dollars from a store he owned in Oroville. He also achieved financial success from sheep and cattle ranches and from various business enterprises in San Francisco and Sacramento. Perkins generously shared his carriage with several other state officials.

Judges occupied the next carriage in the parade. Two were Superior Court judges, Volney E. Howard and Ygnacio Sepúlveda. They were the first judges to be named in the newly created judicial system. General Howard had gained his military title as an officer in the California National Guard. A former southerner who dared to oppose the prevailing belief that citizen vigilantes were necessary to preserve order, Howard was one of the few politicians of the day free from corruption. Sepúlveda, born in Los Angeles in 1842, had been educated in the east. His political career included service in the state legislature, and terms as county and district judge. A third judge, Oliver S. Witherby, also rode in the carriage.

Curiously, there was no mayor of Los Angeles in the parade. The lack was more than made up for by other carriages. Two volunteer fire departments, the Thirty Eights and the Confidence brigades, attracted excitement. Fraternal organizations were well-represented. Not one, but a number of the Masonic lodges participated in the parade. All kinds of vehicles, including some covered wagons, gave historical interest.

As the parade proceeded south on Main Street, it passed some of the most important buildings in the city. In 1869 Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, had built the famous Pico House—a three-story brick structure reckoned the finest hotel in the Southwest. Reopened earlier in 1881 after extensive improvements, the hotel accommodated the governor, his aides and other dignitaries visiting the city for the birthday celebration.

The most impressive building on Main Street in 1881 was the Baker Block. Built by Colonel R. S. Baker, it was three stories high and was topped by three towers. The building looked more like a church than a business and professional building. A Baker Block address was the goal of every ambitious lawyer. And there were lawyers galore in Los Angeles—many able and well educated men attracted by the lucrative business of handling land title cases before the United States Land Com-

mission. *Rancheros*, unable to speak English, were compelled to hire lawyers. Often they were forced to pay for these services by deeding land to lawyers. For those lawyers who were unable to afford the Baker Block, there were many other brick blocks along Main Street—desirable because of proximity to the courthouse with its famous clock tower.

Another important building was the Downey Block, located at the junction of Main, Spring and Temple Streets. It had been built by former Governor John G. Downey, an opportunist who started his career by marrying Maria Jesus Guirado. He went on to accumulate sizable real estate holdings, lending money at the prevailing rate of five to ten percent per month interest. Foreclosures were inevitable.

The ground floor of these buildings was occupied by stores and offices. Thirsty lawyers gave good patronage to 26 saloons. Dining rooms in the St. Charles (formerly Bella Union), St. Elmo (formerly Lafayette), and United States Hotels served meals costing 25 cents. Chinese laundries, barber shops, doctor and architect offices, hardware, clothing and grocery stores, plumbers, photographic studios, tailors, watchmakers, and lumber dealers were just some of the businesses lining the parade route. At least two of the city's three banks were located on Main Street.

Among the spectators and participants in the parade were many who could recall how the town had looked back in 1850 when California became a state. Adobe homes, many with dirt floors, housed rich and poor alike. Many *rancheros* maintained two homes—one in town and another at their *rancho*. Water for the *pueblo* came from a *zanja*, or ditch system, which was constantly in use by washerwomen who lined the banks of the *zanjas*. Drinking water was purchased from a horse-drawn cart that traveled from house to house.

Barely thirty years had passed since statehood, and many changes in the city's life and economy were evident. In 1876 San Francisco and Los Angeles were connected by the Southern Pacific, making travel to the east possible over the Central Pacific Railroad. An express train left Los Angeles daily for Lathrop, to connect there with the Central Pacific and points east. The rich were no longer content with dirt floors. The fine homes of leading citizens were located along San Pedro, Main, Spring and Fort (now Broadway) Streets, according to the 1880 census. Victorian in style, with bay windows, verandas, and fancy-turned woodwork, these homes replaced the once prevailing adobe architecture.

Following the parade came the third feature of the day, an exhibit and mass meeting at the Horticultural Pavilion. To attract exhibitors, the Wells Fargo Company had offered to transport any exhibit without charge that weighed twenty pounds or less. The Southern Pacific, possibly as a good-will gesture to counteract the bitter feeling that existed for its charging excessively high freight rates, advertised a reduced fare for passengers coming to the birthday celebrations.

At six p.m. the doors of the Horticultural Pavilion were opened, and the public streamed in to view extensive exhibits of architectural products, wines, and historical relics. Growers proudly displayed thirty varieties of grapes. Many exhibits reflected the changing economy of the region as *ranchos* were being subdivided into farms. Citrus and deciduous plantings were increasing as well as hay and grain. Sheep had replaced the cattle "on a thousand hills." The exhibits of 1881 told the story.

The climax of the day's festivities took place at the St. Charles Hotel, with a dinner, speeches and dance, sponsored by the ladies of the St. Vibiana Cathedral. Permission to use the hotel had been granted by Wallace Woodworth. His wife was



the granddaughter of Antonio Lugo, an early Californio patriarch. Speeches followed the dinner. J. DeBarth Shorb, president of the Horticultural Society and son-in-law of pioneer resident Benjamin D. Wilson, introduced Governor Perkins. The governor held forth for half an hour, his speech bringing "forth repeated laughter." Next, Judge Sepúlveda spoke in Spanish, followed by Judge Howard with an address in English. The crowd was so large and noisy it was almost impossible to hear the speakers.

The speechmaking over, members of early Californio families presented a number of authentic Mexican dances for the delight of the audience. A fireworks display brought the events of the day to a close.

Perhaps some of the fun-loving qualities of the Spanish-speaking population had rubbed off on the more recently arrived Yankee residents of Los Angeles, for the centennial celebration did not end on September 5. Dances continued on September 6 and 7, with a 50¢ admission charge. And special entertainment during the week was provided at Turnverein Hall by traveling theatrical groups. As a matter of fact, dances continued in honor of the city's birthday throughout the year. Brass bands traveled the streets at night, announcing "thespian delights."

The Los Angeles *Herald* announced that 30,000 people had attended the celebration. By way of contrast, the *Alta California* of San Francisco estimated the crowd at 12,000. Since Los Angeles, according to the 1880 census, had a total population of just under 12,000, the *Herald* might have been guilty of a little exaggeration. But then, 1881 was a year of optimism, and the editor of the *Herald* expressed an almost impossible dream when he predicted that some time in the future, "Los Angeles might achieve a population of 300,000."

## The Physical Setting of the Los Angeles Area

by Richard F. Logan  
September, 1981

**T**he physical setting of the Los Angeles Basin and the adjacent areas of coastal southern California and Baja California is unmatched anywhere in North America and, indeed, in only five other areas on earth. This uniqueness has, in turn, helped to produce here a culture that is even more odd, and which has, in recent decades, come to serve as a prototype for cultures in many other parts of the world.

Climate is at the basis of this uniqueness; all other physical aspects are intertwined with climate everywhere, and especially here in southern California. In most of the world, rainfall is distributed throughout all the seasons of the year, or is concentrated in the summer. But here, the rainfall is concentrated in the winter months, and the summers are rainless. Such a climate occurs about the shores of the Mediterranean Sea and on its islands, and hence was long-ago named the Mediterranean climate. It is also found in southern Africa, two areas in Australia, central Chile and nowhere else on earth.

In our case, the Mediterranean climate extends from about San Francisco to Ensenada, but is limited to only a narrow coastal strip—in the case of Los Angeles reaching inland only to the farther slopes of the San Gabriel, San Bernardino and San Jacinto mountains, beyond which lie the deserts.

Winter is the rainier period, but there is no guarantee of the degree of its raininess. The precipitation is produced by storms which originate in the North Pacific off Alaska, and which approach southern California from the Northwest. Within the storms, a rotary movement commonly draws in warm and very moist air from

the central Pacific in the vicinity of Hawaii. Precipitation occurs when that air is forced to rise, either over another mass of air, or over the windward slope of a mountain. Since the other air mass may or may not be there, but the mountain always is, precipitation is always heavier and more frequent on the western slopes of mountains than in the valleys at their feet. In the Los Angeles area, the valleys average between ten and fifteen inches per year, while the windward slopes of the higher mountains may receive an annual average in excess of forty. In the lower areas, virtually all of the precipitation falls as rain, but in the higher mountains, snow often occurs above five thousand feet.

In some winters, storms come frequently to the Los Angeles area, and linger long, all the while pouring down moisture. The resultant floods, landslides and mudflows wreak havoc on the landscape, causing damage to property and risk to life and safety. In other years, the rains fail to appear, and the resultant droughts bring great hardship to humans and great loss of their livestock and crops. Wet years produce an abundance of grasses, leaves and herbage which, drying during the ensuing summer, forms a great mass of potential fuel for violent conflagrations.

The temperatures of the coastal portions of the Los Angeles area are mild at all seasons. In winter in the immediate vicinity of the sea, freezing temperatures are almost unknown, and the same is true for many sunwarmed south-facing hillsides. Inland valleys like the San Fernando Valley and the Pomona-San Bernardino Lowland experience much lower temperatures, especially where cold air drains downslope off the nearby slopes and collects in the valley bottoms on cold calm nights. But the days are generally pleasantly warm everywhere except in the higher mountains. In summer, the coastal area is always pleasantly cool. The daily sea breeze, where allowed to penetrate freely, warms steadily as it blows inland, and becomes very hot by the time it reaches the more inland valleys. But nowhere is there the searing heat of the desert, nor the frigid winter cold of the Middle West or the Northeast of the United States.

Meteorologically, the summer situation is curious. Over all of southern California and the adjacent deserts, hot, dry and very clear air descends from high aloft downwards towards the surface. In the mountains and the deserts, it reaches the surface, producing very clear visibility and both great heat in daytime and rapid cooling after sundown. Along the coast, the seabreeze intrudes as a slim wedge of cool air beneath the descending air, clearly evident because of its moistness, its haziness and its coolness. This occurrence of cooler air beneath warmer air is called a temperature inversion. Today, the haziness of this air is greatly increased by the addition of air pollutants to the cooler air. Fog is also common in the coastal area in summer, and sometimes penetrates inland over most of the Los Angeles lowland in winter.

The nature of the vegetation reflects many of the climatic characteristics described above. Foremost are the effects of the long summer drought. To exist, to endure it, plants either: 1) adopt xerophytic (drought-enduring plant) characteristics, 2) become dormant in summer, 3) grow only during the spring, the species being perpetuated through seeds designed to endure the drought, or 4) grow only in places which have year-round surface or subsurface water. The xerophytic adaptations include use of resins and oils in place of water as the sap; reduction of water loss through reduced size of leaves, varnished leaf surfaces, and the removal of the ordinary leaf functions to the stems. Many shed their leaves entirely during the summer dry season. Many annual plants live for only a brief period during the spring following a rainy winter, and their seeds persist through many years until

another wet winter occurs. Only along stream courses where water percolates through the sands of the channel all year, or on shady north-facing slopes where the sun never shines and where rainwater is preserved from evaporation, do we find trees or very large shrubs.

Four types of vegetation generally occur in southern California: riparian vegetation of tall trees and brush along watercourses; chaparral, ranging from short to tall brush over hills and lower mountains; oak-grass parklands in the interior valleys; and forests largely of coniferous, needle-leaf trees on the higher mountains. All, even the montane type, are xerophytic—adjusted to the long summer drought—and as such differ greatly from the vegetation of the non-Mediterranean world.

Geologically, the greater Los Angeles area possesses samples of almost every type of rock known—some of very great age, some very recent. Some of the later formations contain vast quantities of petroleum and natural gas, which have brought much fame and prosperity to the area. Equally famous (or infamous) are the many faults (planes of breakage of the earth's crust along which there have been movements) which break the area into many irregular-shaped blocks. Movements along some of these faults have caused violent and disastrous earthquakes, and the resultant catastrophes become ever more destructive as more people build larger structures in the earthquake-prone areas. While the notorious San Andreas Fault lies some 25 to 40 miles from Los Angeles, tremors generated by movements along it can and will cause great damage in the Los Angeles area. And there are many other, lesser known yet threatening, faults throughout the area, any of which could conceivably produce a violent earthquake.

The major outlines of the larger landform features have been produced largely by movements along major faults. Thus the faces of many of the major mountains are fault planes, and the mountains themselves are blocks of the earth's crust raised up thousands of feet to their present positions.

The details of the mountain landscapes are largely the result of erosion by running water. Runoff from the heavy rains of winter and the melting snows of spring carry soil and rock fragments downslope into streams, which in turn use these fragments like sandpaper to abrade the rocks over which they flow, thereby carving their valleys even deeper into the mountains. A very rugged landscape results: steep-sided, narrow-bottomed canyons carved deeply into the mountains rising abruptly above the lowlands.

The streams carry the loose materials out of the mountains into the lower adjacent basins and drop them there as smooth-surfaced deposits of gravel, sand and clay, known as alluvial fans, sloping gently down from the foot of the mountains to the center of the basin or to the sea. Thus both the interior basins (such as the Simi, San Fernando, and San Gabriel Valleys and the Pomona-San Bernardino Lowland) and the coastal lowlands (the Los Angeles Basin and the Oxnard Plain) consist of smooth plains bordered at least in part by very rugged mountains. Much of their surfaces were originally subject to flooding by the very streams that formed them; modern obstruction of original drainage channels has set the stage for disastrous flooding in years of heavy rains.

In areas underlain by soft shales, the gently rounded hills are pleasing to the eye, are easily grazed by cattle, and, when terraced for roads and house-sites, become especially prone to mud-flows and landslides.

The coastline originally consisted of two contrasting types: narrow rocky benches backed by steep cliffs; and low coasts and sandy beaches interspersed with shallow lagoons cut off from the sea by sandbars. No real harbors exist anywhere

except at San Diego, and ships were forced to use the poor shelters afforded by minor headlands. The lagoons were areas of reeds and grasses and thick black mud, the haunts of water fowl, crabs and shellfish.

Into this environment at least 20,000 years ago came bands of people at the hunting and gathering stage of culture; and their descendants or their successors were still at that same stage when the first outsiders arrived only two centuries ago. They were remarkably and completely adjusted to the environment: they derived their total living from the immediate area and they made full use of every resource available.

They lived in small groups whose size was dictated by the amount of food available within the immediate neighborhood—their “territory.” The chaparral provided modest quantities of seeds, berries, bulbs, corms and roots. The riparian areas, the parklands of the interior valleys, and the north-facing slopes of many mountains had oak trees, the source of acorns, the major staple food of the people. Everywhere there were deer, rabbits and other animals to be hunted and snared, and smaller animals, down to snakes, lizards and grubs to be caught or collected. And for those fortunate enough to have the coast within their territory, the rich assemblage of fish, crustaceans, mollusks and sea mammals was available as an abundant food source.

Dwelling sites were usually near water supplies, the commonest being near the shore at a stream mouth. Dwellings were simple shelters protecting from the sun (*ramadas*) and from the wind and rain (*wickiups*). Since cold weather does not occur, substantial dwellings simply were not built. Political organization was almost non-existent, communications were very primitive and very local, and transportation was limited to walking and back-packing. Their world was limited to their immediate environs—they knew little of the second valley beyond the nearby mountain, let alone the deserts or the lands beyond the sea.

Considering the life-style of the Indian, the Los Angeles setting was reasonably pleasant. While we of today, accustomed to imported foods and pampered lives, would find the life rigorous and the foods substandard, to the Indian of that day, knowing nothing better and with no means of comparison with anything else, the land was adequate, it was acceptable, it was “home.” It was no paradise, no “land of milk and honey”—yet indefinitely better than the deserts to the east or the mountains with their heavy winter snows.

The advent of the Spanish altered greatly the landscape and the culture of the area. They introduced agriculture, irrigation and animal husbandry, and the domesticated plants and animals associated therewith. Thus a stable, varied and reliable food supply became available. Agriculture was relatively easy on the smooth alluvial fans, irrigation water flowed easily by gravity in ditches from the canyon mouths and crops flourished in the fertile soils. They built solid structures of stone and adobe, supported by solid timbers, roofed with tiles. They lived in relatively large communities, which were in turn a part of a larger world community. But in spite of this, transportation was still slow and cumbersome, and only a few valuable items were worth the cost of transport; and while writing permitted the sending of written messages, communication was as slow as the transport. Consequently, the Spanish settlements in California, including Los Angeles, were almost totally self-sufficient and independent.

In the centuries that have followed, the Los Angeles area has been integrated more and more firmly with the rest of the world: railroads criss-cross the continent, the nation, and the area; ships from everywhere dock at totally artificial ports;

aircraft fly to nearly every country. Foods, fibers, fuels and ideas are exchanged with users and suppliers anywhere. Modern inventions and techniques permit water to flow to Los Angeles from distant sources; permit yards, gardens, fields and orchards to be watered; permit homes to be heated or cooled; permit people to move, talk and see quickly from place to place. An artificial environment has been created—of plants, water, energy and concepts from elsewhere.

And yet, the basic elements of the original environment, and many of its effects, still persist—underlying the superimposed veneer of artificiality. It still rains in winter and the summer is rainless. Floods, mudflows, landslides still cause great damage in the rainier years. Each dry season, conflagrations ravage the hills and mountains, more destructive each year as homes penetrate farther into the chaparral. The coast is still milder than the interior, and fog still occurs along it; but the temperature inversion serves as a trap for pollutants, creating the notorious Los Angeles smog.

In spite of all of its bad aspects, the Los Angeles area nevertheless exerts a tremendous drawing attraction for people from other parts of the world: for inhabitants of the colder-winter—hotter-summer Middle West, East and South of the United States; for seekers of greater economic opportunity; for those desiring a more relaxed social environment; for those seeking “The Good Life.” And because communications are so rapid and so colorful, the basic concepts and the intimate details underlying this life-style are transmitted to all corners of the world, and become the prototypes for the development of similar life-styles elsewhere. Thus Los Angeles has become the style-setter and the pace-setter for the world.



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## Memories of Aimee

by Ray Zeman  
March, 1982

**A**imee Semple McPherson died 36 years ago in an Oakland hotel room while on a typical “magic carpet” religious crusade of whirlwind activity. But memories of her remain vivid among many Californians.

Skeptics are still scoffing at her mysterious disappearance May 18, 1926, in the surf at Ocean Park and her bizarre reappearance 34 days later at the Mexican border settlement of Agua Prieta after her escape from two dark-complexioned “kidnappers” named Steve and Rosie.

Devoted followers continue thronging her Angelus Temple near Echo Park in Los Angeles as well as more than 800 branches of her International Church of the Foursquare Gospel scattered throughout the world.

More than 40,000 persons whom the one-time Canadian farm girl baptized with water obviously have memories. And so do many of the poverty-stricken whom she fed and clothed during the Depression of the 1930s without asking for identification.

As a retired newspaperman, I have some unusual memories of Sister McPherson (or simply Aimee, as she was invariably referred to in news rooms) . . . but first, the kidnapping.

When she went swimming in a green bathing suit at Ocean Park and then vanished on that summer day in 1926, religious fervor and the offer of a \$25,000 reward spurred an incessant patrol of the beach.

Pilots leaned out of cockpits while flying low over the sea and divers roamed below. Kleig lights played across the waters all night. Prayers and chants were continual on the shore and in Angelus Temple.

When Sister McPherson finally stumbled into Agua Prieta with a story of being held for \$500,000 ransom in a shack on the Mexican desert, disbelievers doubted her report that Steve and Rosie had lured her from the Ocean Park beach to pray for a sick child in a car waiting nearby. Steve and Rosie were never found. Neither was the hideaway shack.

District Attorney Asa Keyes tried vainly to gather evidence that Sister McPherson may have been seen in a Carmel cottage with a onetime Angelus Temple radio engineer but finally dropped lengthy, sensational court proceedings against Sister McPherson and three associates.

A few months later Sister McPherson opened the temple commissary. Eventually this was to tabulate 1.5 million instances of feeding, clothing and job finding for the needy.

Newspaper headlines diminished but the evangelist soared to new heights—and money collections—in her temple.

"I am not a healer. Jesus is the healer. I am only the office girl who opens the door and says, 'Come in,'" she would say.

Ushers would open the temple's "miracle room," a museum of crutches and other artificial aids discarded after her prayer-induced recoveries.

A brass band would boom triumphantly. At the proper moment, the congregation would be asked to clip paper money with clothespins to a line overhead.

"Don't try to pin quarters" was the warning.

If collection plates were passed, an attendant would plead: "Paper money only. Sister has a headache."

In 1935–36, when I was a reporter on the old Los Angeles *Examiner*, I remember one Sunday when I was assigned to cover Aimee dedicating a statue in Anaheim honoring Mme. Helena Opid Modjeska.

Mme. Modjeska and her husband, Charles Bozenta Chlapowski, a member of the Polish aristocracy, had come to Orange County with other Poles in 1876 to found an earthly paradise of lush citrus.

The oranges proliferated but some of the ranchers had trouble in marketing them. Mme. Modjeska began traveling as a Shakespearean actress and gained international acclaim.

Her memorabilia are now housed in the Charles W. Bowers Memorial Museum in Santa Ana. Modjeska Canyon and Modjeska Peak, second highest in the Santa Ana Mountains, preserve her memory.

When Aimee, clad at the Modjeska dedication ceremony in her inevitable flowing robe, noticed the *Examiner's* chief photographer, Samuel Sansone, pointing his camera at her that Sunday afternoon in Anaheim, she carefully timed her movements as he focused.

First, one arm would be raised. Then two arms. Then she would bend on one knee. Next, on both knees, with head bowing to the ground before the statue. And, of course, a finale of Hallelujahs with both arms raised to heaven.

As the ceremony ended and the crowd was dispersing, Sansone suddenly informed me he had no picture. I've forgotten whether he had neglected to load film or had left the lens cap on his camera, blacking out any exposures.

Whatever it was, this ace cameraman had goofed. I scanned the departing crowd in desperation and noticed one youth with an Eastman Brownie box camera—the kind which used a roll of film to make negatives about 3 × 5 inches.

When I learned he had photographed Sister McPherson, I offered him \$5 for his roll of film and promised to process it and return it with prints by mail the next day.



He agreed and we hastened to Los Angeles. Sansone used the film to submit satisfactory prints to the city editor but the chagrined news photographer never confessed his blooper to anyone at the *Examiner*.

Years ago, when I was on the Los Angeles *Times* staff, my city editor scanned the city room just before 8 p.m. on one New Year's Eve and decided I might be the only reporter likely to remain sober for a reasonable period of time.

He assigned me to accompany a photographer to Angelus Temple. There we saw Aimee in just another of her thousands of stage performances—using theatrics for evangelism.

Angelus Temple had been dedicated long before on New Year's Day in 1923. Now Aimee was using a New Year's Eve to celebrate by burning the mortgage.

A rickety, makeshift stairway had been erected atop the dome to permit Aimee and her business manager, Giles Knight, to climb to the top and light a torch to the evil financial document.

In the street below, 10,000 or 15,000 of the faithful and the curious were looking at the floodlighted dome. Naturally the chanters sang and the band played. The *Times* photographer had a little difficulty hauling his equipment up the narrow stair to a huge urn on a platform atop the dome but he had plenty of light for his pictures.

Aimee, the theatrically-minded evangelist, had made sure of that.

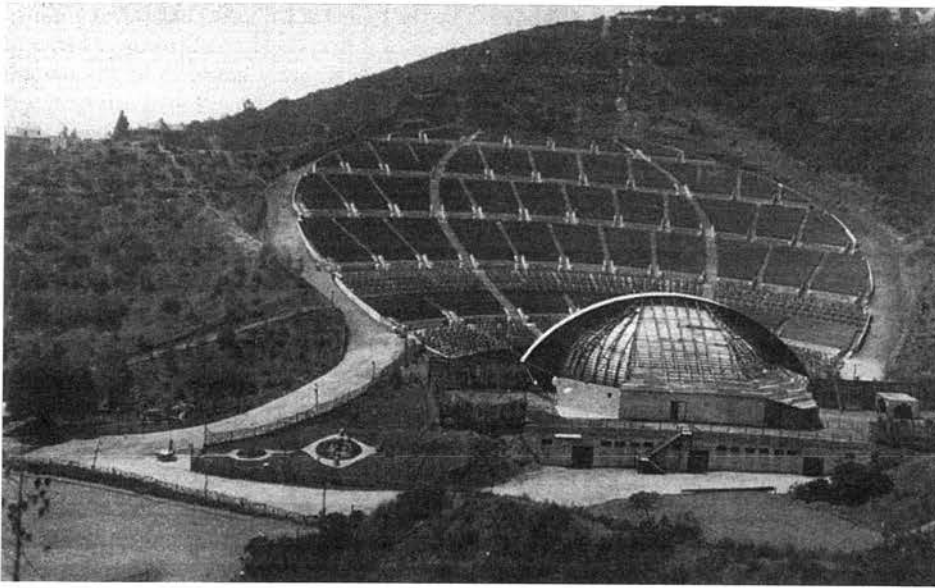
In 1944, after addressing an evening throng of 10,000, Aimee died of an overdose of sleeping pills.

Her son Rolf took over the presidency of the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel.

Today, before the changing murals of Angelus Temple, Sister McPherson's followers are carrying on her crusade.

Some may be in a tent on the prairie, in a swamp of India or in the jungles of Africa and the Amazon. In many countries they form the largest Protestant denomination.

What inspires them? Memories, perhaps, memories of "only an office girl" who baptized 40,000.



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## The Opening of the Hollywood Bowl

by Nedira Sharma  
December, 1984

**T**he opening of the Hollywood Bowl marked the culmination of a series of important developments in the cultural growth of Los Angeles. These included the Bowl's unique pre-history and other preparations for the opening of the Hollywood Bowl.

The foothills of Hollywood are divided by the Cahuenga Pass which was the only accessible way to Northern California until the 20th century. The Cahuenga Pass was named after Chief Cahuenga of the Shoshones, the first Indians in the Hollywood area. They were peaceful people who wandered throughout the Los Angeles Basin and San Fernando Valley as late as 1769. The primitive chants and tribal dance music of the Shoshones was probably the first manmade music ever heard in what is today the Bowl.

The idea of using the Bowl as an outdoor amphitheater originated early in the 20th century. In 1918, a Theosophical Society called Krotona, located high above Hollywood at the upper end of Vine Street, presented the dramatization of "Light of Asia." The thirty-five successful outdoor performances of this play convinced the civic leaders, the musicians and the general community that plans must be made for the continuity of outdoor theater in the Hollywood Hills.

On May 26, 1919, the Theater Arts Alliance was found with a set of goals and high aspirations. It aimed to form a community park and art center of a civic nature in the Cahuenga Pass area.

H. Ellis Reed, who had performed in "The Light of Asia," was assigned, along with his father, William Reed, to find a suitable location. They searched the Hollywood Hills intensively for three weeks. "Finally, on a Sunday morning early in 1919, from a hill east of Cahuenga Pass, we spotted what we were looking for,"

recalled Ellis Reed. "We crossed the street (Highland Avenue) to a valley completely surrounded by hills. My enthusiasm knew no bounds. Immediately I wanted to test the acoustics. I scaled a barbed wire fence, went up the brow of a hill. Dad stood near a live oak in the center of the bowl-shaped area and we carried on a conversation. We rushed back to the Alliance with a glowing report."<sup>1</sup>

C. E. Toberman, a prominent land developer, joined the Alliance group and managed to obtain options on three parcels totaling 60 acres. The area, known as Daisy Dell, was an ideal spot.

The land was purchased for \$47,550 on September 17, 1919, thanks to the contributions of Mrs. Christine Stevenson and Mrs. Marie Rankin Clarke, both equally devoted to the enhancement of the arts. The land was purchased in both of their names, but they in turn sold it to the Alliance for \$42,000.

Before any type of construction began at the bowl, there were several Sunday afternoon band concerts and one pageant, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," was held as the audience sat on the ground. Then Mrs. Artie Mason Carter came on the scene. She was working on a plan for an Easter Sunrise Service in 1920 on Olive Hill in Barnsdall Park at Vermont Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard. Accompanied by an orchestra, the "Service" proved to be successful. So, in 1921, she arranged for a "Service" at the Bowl location. The "Service" included the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, with Walter Henry Rothwell conducting. Hugo Kirchofer had given the Bowl its name when he had conducted a "Community Sing" there the previous autumn, pointing out that "it looks just like a big bowl!"<sup>2</sup>

On March 27, 1921, the first Easter Sunrise Service was held in the early dawn at the Hollywood Bowl. The orchestra played "Grail Scene" from Wagner's *Parsifal*, followed by the high voices of children raised in "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!" The music, the setting and excellent acoustics appealed to the several thousand who stood throughout the service.

Mrs. Carter was entirely overjoyed at the success of the service and could not resist thinking about outdoor symphony concerts in an outdoor theater. She began making plans immediately and was given permission by the Board of Directors of the Community Park and Art Association to plan a series of outdoor symphony concerts in the amphitheater that summer, at twenty-five cents a seat. The financial needs of the bowl were met in many ways. Mrs. Carter managed to persuade each member of her Hollywood Community Chorus to sell ten books of season tickets in advance for the first season. Their efforts brought in \$9,000. Even children enthusiastically helped peddle several thousand pasteboard "Penny-a-day" banks to stores, shops, offices and banks in Hollywood, which accumulated some \$6,000. At a Hollywood Bowl dinner, with three hundred people in attendance, \$8,900 was raised in twenty minutes. Also, a "Society Circus" was held with motion picture stars as patrons and patronesses that raised \$3,000. Mr. Ellis Reed even arranged to enter a float like a golden bowl in the Los Angeles Music Day Parade, and it won a prize of \$200. Moreover, businessmen formed a committee to supply lumber for a few of the crude benches. Mrs. Carter proved to be faithfully dedicated, courageous and daring for a woman of that time. She was truly a legend for she managed to conquer all obstacles.

Other improvements soon came to the bowl. Hollywood High School students brought lights. In 1921, the proceeds of \$3,500 from a student performance of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" made possible the installation of an electrical switch board. On July 6, a ticket selling contest was conducted at Hollywood High School, with the boys against the girls. Though the girls won, together they raised \$1,400.

A pre-season performance of Bizet's "Carmen" on July 8, 1922, with Edward Johnson and Mme. Marguerite de Silva in the leading roles, paid for the first seats and benches. Although not a terribly successful event, the amount raised from it totaled \$1,200.

As the opening day of July 11, 1922 approached, Dr. Alfred Hertz, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, agreed to conduct the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra for a fee of \$500 per concert. The Hollywood Women's Club arranged to provide a place for rehearsal, since there was no comfortable place available in the Bowl itself. Dr. Hertz rehearsed the orchestra in the Philharmonic Auditorium in downtown Los Angeles, while carpenters worked hurriedly to complete the stage-set, with canvas sides and a wooden back. Unbelievable effort was made even up to the last few hours before opening. Mrs. Carter broadcast a final appeal and said in part:

How I wish, dear people, that this wonderful unseen audience might be picked up bodily and transported to our Bowl, a picturesque caldron of nature that is to overflow with music and song. My message to you is that the tremendous undertaking of giving sixty concerts during a period of ten weeks, beginning July 11, was not born of self-greed or commercialism, but is an outgrowth of Community Faith, in the inspiring spirit of California sunshine and flowers, which have given parentage to this project, which is but the beginning, we believe, of permanent achievements in a musical way for Los Angeles and which will rebound to its national credit. Let us make Los Angeles the greatest summer festival city in America, for how should we not, with our famous all-year climate . . .<sup>3</sup>

Finally, the opening night of July 11, 1922 arrived. The stage had been barely completed in time for the premiere. One local newspaper for that day reported, "Considerable construction work to be accomplished for tonight's concert."<sup>4</sup>

The audience in attendance totaled 5,000 people. The Governor of California, William D. Stephens, welcomed the audience and officially opened the first seasons of "Symphonies Under the Stars." Mayor George C. Cryer introduced Alfred Hertz and the orchestra. The first piece performed was "The Star-Spangled Banner," followed by the overture to Wagner's *Reinzi*.

The next day, Rupert Hughes, wrote in the *Los Angeles Times*:

Going to the Bowl, as I did, was like entering a cathedral . . . a cathedral not built with hands. The big amphitheater was established by nature. The people adapted themselves to it. They swarmed in the dark, silent and coerced by beauty. Something primitive, deeply human, wonderingly filled the hollow in the hills and the multitude huddled together like resting deer . . . It seemed that the whole city was gathered in council to hear wisdom under the stars . . . the music swept up to the sky in waves, brushing the people who listened and were somehow lifted with it in spirit. The scene gave the music an overwhelming beauty it could never have had in a concert hall. There was no sensation of a mob drawn to a fashionable concert by a fashionable curiosity. It was a kind of worship, a festival of supreme delight.<sup>5</sup>

Some of the city's newspapers, however, paid little attention to the opening and kept the reviews tucked in inside pages. Nevertheless, the opening day was a true accomplishment for the entire artistic community. The tremendous effort put forth by the people of the city, and especially Mrs. Carter, was both commendable and praiseworthy. As a result of the opening, a reasonable amount of interest in the Bowl had aroused all Southern Californians.

*Notes and References*

1. John Orlando Northcutt, *The Hollywood Bowl Story*, (Hollywood: Hollywood Bowl Association, 1962), p. 5-6.
2. Grace Koopal, *Miracle of Music* (United States: Anderson, Ritchie, and Simon, 1972), p. 39.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 50-51.
4. "Concert Season to Open Tonight" *Hollywood Daily Citizen*, July 11, 1922, Sec. 1, p. 1.
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## The Old Ridge Route Los Angeles to Bakersfield the Hard Way

by John W. Robinson  
Spring, 1986

**I**t's a ghost highway now, a twisting ribbon of cement and asphalt snaking along the ridgetop from Castaic to Gorman. Weeds sprout through cracks in the pavement and crowd the shoulders. Gusts of wind sweep across the old roadbed, occasionally stirring up dust devils. The panorama is far-reaching across the ridge and canyon country of the northeastern corner of Los Angeles County. Stillness reigns here now, broken only by the wind and the faint hum of trucks grinding along Interstate 5 a few miles to the west.

This haunted roadway is the old Ridge Route, the main artery of traffic between Los Angeles and Bakersfield sixty years ago. Its 48 miles of winding pavement was a driver's nightmare, encompassing 39,441 degrees of turn—110 complete circles—and over 6,000 feet of elevation gain and loss. It was unique among California highways.

How did such a tortuous mountain highway come to be built? The story goes back to the late 19th century, before there was a State Division of Highways (precursor of today's Caltrans). California's road network was a loose hodgepodge of pavement, gravel and dirt (mostly the latter), built and maintained by the counties, the cities, or by any private entrepreneur who wished to invest money and charge a toll.

A motorist traveling from Los Angeles to Bakersfield at the turn of the century needed more than an automobile. He needed lots of intestinal fortitude.

Leaving Los Angeles, he crossed the Los Angeles River by a rickety bridge and reached pavement's end near Burbank. He then followed the dusty road alongside

the Southern Pacific tracks northwesterly, across the vast, treeless San Fernando Valley. His adventure began a few miles past the small village of San Fernando, where he entered the mountains. The dirt tracks, built for wagons rather than automobiles, wound up and over Fremont Pass via historic Beale's Cut, then dropped to the sleepy communities of Newhall and Saugus. From here our driver faced a choice. He could take either Bouquet or San Francisquito canyon across the ridge country to Elizabeth Lake, where he faced a second choice. The longer but slightly easier route went north across the Antelope Valley, over Tehachapi Pass and down into the San Joaquin Valley. The shorter but more tortuous route turned northwest, followed the foothills of Liebre Mountain past Quail Lake to Ralphs Ranch (today's Gorman), climbed over Tejon Pass, then dropped past crumbling Fort Tejon and down the twisting Grapevine to the valley. By either route, this was a tedious, all-day trip and our driver reached Bakersfield in a state of near exhaustion.

As the 19th century drew to a close, and the horseless carriage began to replace the horse-drawn wagon, California acted to improve its highways. By an act of legislature in 1895, the State Bureau of Highways was created and Governor James H. Budd was empowered to appoint three highway commissioners. The Governor promptly appointed R. C. Irvine of Sacramento, Marsden Manson of San Francisco, and J. L. Maude of Riverside. These three officials purchased a team of horses and a buckboard wagon and proceeded, in the next year and a half, to cover almost every nook and cranny of the state, logging some 7,000 miles of roadway. On November 25, 1896 they submitted to the Governor a report recommending a system of state highways "traversing the great belts of natural wealth which our State possesses, connecting all large centers of population, reaching the county seat of every county, and tapping the lines of county roads so as to utilize them to the fullest extent." Specifically suggested was a direct route from Los Angeles to the San Joaquin Valley to replace the roundabout route then in use.

A road over the mountains from Los Angeles to Bakersfield would be very expensive, and the Bureau of Highways had no way to raise the funds necessary for such a project, so the dream of a direct route lay dormant for a decade and a half.

The early years of the 20th century saw the automobile replace the horse as the major mode of transportation in California. Auto registrations doubled or tripled every year from 1902 through 1908. The pressure for a better system of state highways mounted dramatically and the state legislature responded. In 1909 the legislature passed an act providing for a bond issue of \$18,000,000 (a large amount in those years) for the purpose of acquiring and constructing a State Highway System. The voters approved the highway bonds in the 1910 general election, and the following year the State Highway Commission was formed. A general plan was formulated to provide California with 3,052 miles of highway. Included in the plan was the long discussed mountain route between Los Angeles and Bakersfield.

W. Lewis Clark, State Division of Highways engineer based in Los Angeles, and J. B. Woodson, division engineer in Bakersfield, were given the task of locating the new route. Clark, working from the south, made a reconnaissance by pack mule high atop the ridge north of Castaic and laid out a route over the west shoulder of Liebre Mountain and down into the head of Antelope Valley. Surveyors followed in January 1912. "Chopping their way through the brush, clinging to the precipitate walls of canyons where no pack mule could keep his feet, across ravines and along the crests of the mountains, the surveyors fixed their stakes, and, link by link, laid the lines along which this mighty highway should run."

The first construction crews climbed into the mountains in early 1914. Most of the labor in hewing out the roadbed was done by hand, using pick and shovel. Steam shovels were hauled up the ridges to dig the big cuts. Two of the largest excavations were Culebra Cut and Swede's Cut, from which over a million cubic yards of earth were removed by the big steam-powered shovels. The roadbed was graded by large mule-drawn scrapers. Equipment and supplies were hauled in by mule team from railroad sidings in Newhall and Lancaster. Mother Nature provided the biggest obstacles. Winter storms hurled galeforce winds, rain and snow at the exposed ridgetop construction crews, halting work for days at a time. Summer heat and water scarcity took their toll, too. Despite these handicaps, the twisting mountain highway was graded from Castaic to Gorman by mid-1915.

Meanwhile, engineer J. B. Woodson was having difficulties on the Kern County end of the new highway. From Bakersfield to Grapevine, the road passed through five miles of "the worse adobe soil that can be imagined. It was so bad that a strong horse could not drag a light buggy through it after a rain." The adobe quagmire was conquered by an absolutely straight cement ribbon called the 17-mile Tangent. Grapevine Canyon posed a problem because of its frequent flash floods. To surmount this threat, the new highway was placed on the east slope of the canyon, gaining elevation via a series of spectacular hairpin curves. The tightest of these cement hairpins gained infamous notoriety, after a number of fatal accidents, as Deadman's Curve.

The major problem at the south end of the new highway was solved before mountain construction began. In 1910 the Los Angeles County Road Department bored the Newhall Tunnel under San Fernando (Fremont) Pass, bypassing Beale's Cut. Automobiles now had a high gear route between San Fernando and Newhall, after years of struggle to surmount the precipitous route fashioned by Edward F. Beale in the 1860s.

The new mountain highway had been oiled but not completely paved when it was opened to the public in November 1915. The press hailed it as one of the state's great engineering triumphs. The *Los Angeles Times* ran numerous features on it, as did the Auto Club's *Touring Topics*. Even the *San Francisco Chronicle* was caught up in the excitement: "One of the most remarkable engineering feats accomplished by the State Highway Commission, and one which will prove of incalculable value to the San Joaquin Valley and southern California, was accomplished recently when the new ridge route between Saugus and the Tejon Pass was thrown open for travel. Cutting off forty-five miles of the distance between Los Angeles and San Francisco, it provides the shortest route between San Francisco and the southern metropolis. . . . It is southern California's *magnum opus* in mountain highway construction."

Traffic was heavy right from the start on the new mountain highway, which was officially called the Tejon-Castaic Ridge Road but soon became known to all who drove it as the Ridge Route.

Numerous inns and gasoline stations sprang up almost overnight to serve motorists. The traveler driving north from Castaic came first to the Ridge Road House, a small cafe and gas station frequented by those whose engines had started to overheat. A mile farther was Martin's, another little cafe and service station. Ten more miles of up and down winding brought the traveler to Old Reservoir Summit (3,883'), a restaurant, store and gas station with a fabulous view. The highway then dipped, circled and climbed, passing National Forest Inn and Tumble Inn, two



small resorts with far-reaching vistas, to its high point at Liebre Summit (4,233'). Just beyond the driver reached Sandberg's Summit Hotel (later called Sandberg's Lodge), a three-story log hostelry set amid a grove of magnificent live oaks. Here the weary traveler enjoyed a hearty meal, topped off with a piece of Mrs. Sandberg's delicious apple pie, and relaxed before the crackling fire in the great stone fireplace. Herman Sandberg, local rancher who founded the resort, served as postmaster of Sandberg Post Office, established in 1918. From Sandberg's, the highway wound into the head of Antelope Valley and turned northwest, passing Quail Lake and the Bailey Ranch, to the small community of Gorman. After eating at the Gorman Cafe and perhaps filling his car at the Standard Gasoline Station so long a fixture there, our traveler climbed over Tejon Pass (4,183') and descended to Durant's magnificent Hotel Lebec. Many a tired tourist spent the night in this spacious two-story hotel with its lush green lawns and flower gardens. A mile beyond was Holland's Summit Cafe, a favorite trucker's stop. After passing the crumbling adobe remains of old Fort Tejon, our driver descended the winding Grapevine Grade and its notorious Deadman's Curve to the small cafe and gas station at Grapevine, at the southern tip of the vast San Joaquin Valley. Our traveler had now conquered the Ridge Route and faced only a straight-as-an-arrow concrete ribbon into Bakersfield, 25 miles north.

Maintenance crews were always busy along the Ridge Route, repaving, clearing rock slides and winter snow drifts and repairing guard rails. Cement paving of the entire route was completed in 1919, and in the early 1920s some of the sharpest curves were straightened and the road was asphalted. (In driving the old Ridge Route today, you can see the older cement roadway twisting back and forth across the newer, straighter asphalt paving.)

Although praised as an engineering marvel when it opened in 1915, it was not long until a more sober appraisal took hold. The Ridge Route was a tortuous, twisting nightmare of a highway, disliked by most drivers and hated by truckers. Its endless curves and drop-offs affected the nerves of travelers and many accidents resulted. A truck driver who frequented the road in the 1920s remembered, "The highway was very narrow and often accidents resulted from impatient passenger-car drivers trying to pass. And they were never small accidents, for the onrushing traffic could not see the disaster piled up beyond the curve. Car would crash on car with the jangle of glass, the pig-squeal of tires and the rending of metal, climaxed with the explosion of gas tanks and the screams. Police cars patrolled the highway, signs marked the dangerous curves, but impatient cannon-balling drivers never learned."

The great terror for truckers was the Grapevine Grade. If a rig lost its brakes on this twisting downhill run, it was curtains for the truck, its driver and any unlucky automobiles unfortunate enough to be in the careening truck's path. The hillside below Deadman's Curve became known as the Junkyard, so littered was it with the broken remains of vehicles that had hurtled off the highway.

From 1921 to 1928 alone, 32 persons lost their lives negotiating the Ridge Route. Hundreds more suffered injury. The road bore the dubious distinction of having the worst safety record of any major highway in California.

The State Highway Commission was not long in realizing that building the Ridge Route was a mistake, that the circuitous mountain highway was obsolete almost as soon as it was completed. It was built for an era of few cars. With the phenomenal increase in automotive traffic after World War I, the Ridge Route by 1920 was carrying far more traffic than it had been designed to carry. By 1925, a

mere ten years after the mountain highway was opened, state engineers were looking for a new, safer, high speed route to connect Los Angeles with points north.

The engineers and surveyors found their new, safer route in the canyons immediately west of the Ridge Route. The State Highway Commission approved the canyon route and work commenced in 1927 on a new three-lane highway between Castaic and Gorman. The highway, called the "New" Ridge Route even though it did not follow the ridges, ascended Violin Canyon from Castaic, climbed over Violin Summit, dropped into the Piru Creek drainage, then ascended *Cañada de los Alamos* and Peace Valley to join the old Ridge Route at Gorman. It was three lanes all the way, save for the rebuilt Grapevine Grade which was four. The new Ridge Route was opened to public travel on October 29, 1933, cutting eight miles off the distance between Castaic and Gorman.

The old Ridge Route overnight became a ghost highway. Harvey Anderson, later assistant chief of the L.A. County Fire Department, was a patrolman stationed at Quail Lake on the old route when the new highway opened. He remembers, "The traffic just stopped coming. Within a few months most of the gas stations and tourist stops had burned to the ground for one reason or another."

Sandberg's was the only resort that remained. It was operated as an out-of-the-way guest lodge for several years, then abandoned. The old log hotel stood as a lonely monument to yesteryear until fire destroyed it in the early 1960s.

The new Ridge Route, although certainly a great improvement over the old highway, proved none too safe. Its three lanes proved a hazard to high speed driving. The center, passing lane saw a number of bloody head-on collisions. Run-away trucks continued to be a problem on the downhill side of the Grapevine Grade. Grapevine itself, a small tourist stop located too close to the down-slanting lanes, was twice wiped out by out-of-control rigs.

The highway was expanded to four lanes in 1951, and the dangerous Grapevine section was partially rerouted and made eight lanes in 1960. Grapevine itself was moved lock, stock and barrel to a new, safer location on the plain below, where it stands today.

This second Ridge Route, in use from 1933 to 1971, is vividly remembered by thousands of southern California drivers. To those who traveled it, who can forget Frenchman's Flat, shaded by great oaks and alders, where Piru Creek elbowed west into the mountains. The flat, a favorite rest area, was always filled with picnickers, campers, and tired drivers letting their engines cool. Just to the north, the highway wove through Piru Gorge, a geological wonder of slanting rock strata. Most of the gorge now slumbers beneath the sparkling waters of Pyramid Lake, part of the California Aqueduct system. Farther north, eight miles short of Gorman, was Caswell's, with its service station, garage, restaurant and store. Only foundations grace the once popular tourist stop now.

The tremendous increase in automobile and truck traffic during the 1950s and '60s overwhelmed the highway planners. Armed with federal funds, the California Department of Transportation (Caltrans, successor to the State Division of Highways) drew up plans for a divided, eight-lane freeway to travel the length of the state from Mexico to Oregon, to be part of the federally-sponsored interstate highway system. Work commenced on this mammoth project in the mid-1960s. The section of this Golden State Freeway, or Interstate 5, between Los Angeles and the San Joaquin Valley was completed in 1971, and a new, third Ridge Route was born. This is the great brute of a highway you follow today. Parts of it are rebuilt and widened sections of the 1933-1971 route, other stretches are completely rerouted.

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## From Victory to Vicissitude Los Angeles in 1946

by Kenneth Pauley  
Summer, 1986

**J**ob seekers and returning servicemen who knew, or had heard, of the tremendous impetus World War II had had on Los Angeles' industrial and technological growth (\$10.5 billion between '40 and '45), formed an immigration wave to the post-war city that severely strained local resources. By the hundreds of thousands, they flocked into the City of the Angels, its already vastly expanded aircraft plants, and other war-related and commercial industries. While L.A.'s population in 1946 was about 1.7 million people, in two years it would edge out Detroit as the country's fourth largest city.

L.A. was perceived as having no limit to its growth, then and in the future. Farms and grasslands in all suburbs of the city became prey for the planner, the developer, the contractor and the real estate agent. Due to the population influx and to the meager amounts of materials and manufactured goods remaining in the southland as a result of the war, the city's housing, service, recreational and transportation facilities were markedly limited. More and more, pavement and concrete would slash across L.A.'s historic past, as tracts popped up everywhere, far and wide from downtown. Orange trees, the state's most prestigious crop, fell to the tract developer's axe. In three years Los Angeles county would lose its number-one rank in agricultural production in the nation! Citrus groves, celery and bean farms in nearby communities (e.g., Culver City and Mar Vista) were tended by newly released Japanese "relocators" and their families. These farms soon disappeared because of housing development and industrial expansion.

As urban expansion increased, so did the problems of transportation. In Los Angeles people wanted their new communities and the Pacific Electric Lines had been conceived and created to serve them. But by 1946 the sprawling had, in fact, extended beyond the P.E. Lines' routes. New automobiles also accelerated the decline of P.E. usage. The Arroyo Seco Parkway, later renamed the Pasadena Freeway, had been in existence for five years (Dec. 1940), but now in '46 traffic jams were becoming a nuisance. The frustrating waits behind long lines of cars at intersections, combined with Angelenos' mania for personal transportation, were getting more attention from planners and politicians for a Master Plan of Transportation. This resulted in the "Super-Modern Parkways," later coined freeways. Los Angeles also had in its very own backyard the ever-expanding petroleum and auto-related industries whose lobbying and advertising encouraged motorists' independence. Also, auto manufacturers and services supporting the Metropolitan Coach Lines (an affiliate of the National City Line) influenced local politicians, causing an acute indecisiveness, when serious discussions arose pertaining to alternate transportation. This was not a new phenomenon. The City Club and *Los Angeles Times* had similarly stirred public resentment for rapid mass transit system as far back as the early 1920s. The resounding success of the Master Plan of Transportation, started in 1937 and adopted in 1948, was to render the deathblow to any form of fixed-rail transit system (both sub and elevated); bureaucracy and zoning disputes have aided its neglect except for a prodigious number of paper studies—even to this day.

From the war years L.A. became increasingly technological, and up to '46 it was never a city in decline. As the year proceeded, mile after mile of tracts grew. In late November in the suburb of Lakewood, on one day alone, real estate salesmen sold 107 homes in just one hour! On the west edge of Wilmington, at the foot of Vermont, a developer set up Quonset huts for interim housing assistance to returning servicemen. On the outside of the "model home" was a sign that read: "If you lived here—you would be home now" Also, new industrial plants (to complement traditional war-factories), new shopping centers, new schools and playgrounds were appearing.

Many defense plants went defunct, such as Todd Shipyard Inc., which bought out L.A. Shipbuilding and Drydock in January for \$1.25 million, and was liquidated by November. Others, such as Lockheed, North American and Douglas Aircraft, redirected their technical talents to become keenly competitive in post-war production. The need for qualified employees was so sought after that technical expertise was boldly solicited in a rare radio commercial with the catchy jingle: "Let's all go to work for Lockheed—'cause we make more money there!" In October, North American Aviation advertised in the newspapers for 1000 good jobs and work near home! "Drive to and from the North American plant on low-traffic highways and enjoy free parking in paved areas which are patrolled and fenced." In December the ad ran ". . . one thousand more good jobs at North American."

In addition to the Transportation Master Plan, there were similar Master Plans drafted for expansion of recreation and school facilities, and a Redevelopment Agency went to work on the problem of modernizing the city's blighted areas. The Master Plan for Airports, started in 1939, was approved in January 1946 by a 4 to 1 vote of the L.A. Board of Supervisors, and the 26 existing airports, it was proposed, would be augmented by 36 additional airports of "various types" making a total of 62. In fact, the opposite occurred. With increasing pressure on all available space for homes, freeways, and business, and an increase in commercial air traffic, this plan never fully materialized.

Mayor Bowron appealed for vacant lots to be used as veterans' housing "unit sites." In a radio broadcast he said the city would improve the lots if owners would turn the land over to the city on a two-year plan for housing projects. Bowron continued "... the city would furnish utilities on the property, and at the end of the lease, the tracts would revert to their owners without removal of improvements." The Mayor also commandeered 200,000 war veterans, representing all major posts in Los Angeles County, to mass their forces for "Operation Housing" to determine why construction of thousands of homes in the metropolitan area had not reached completion. The Mayor told commanders of all veterans organizations at a meeting in City Hall, "... until we have actual figures on the number of homes under construction and the amount of materials needed to complete them we cannot intelligently plan a home building program. With cooperation of veterans we shall obtain this vital information at a savings of thousands of dollars to the taxpayers."

Los Angeles industries in '46 in order of their economic importance were the construction industry, aircraft, petroleum, motion pictures, apparel, citrus fruits and furniture. Indeed, Hollywood was producing 90% of the world's motion pictures, turning out a whopping 400 films in 1946. Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman were movie-goers' favorites. Quite comically, a three-cornered "atomic race," Hollywood-style, was raging at the start of 1946 between major motion picture studios MGM, Paramount, and 20th Century Fox, in an effort to see which one would produce an epic based on the actual atomic bombs on Japan. In a burst of speed, MGM on January 2, gave its atomic film top priority over all other productions on the lots. Louis B. Mayer ordered Sam Marx "... to bring 'The Beginning of the End' to the screen with the utmost speed."

On the 1946 Los Angeles political scene, Angelenos saw Governor Earl Warren win reelection in the state's gubernatorial race, running on a Republican "progressive" ticket. There followed instead the start of a political regression, when the "Little Dies" committee was permitted to convince the state legislature that "loyalty oaths" were American, and needed in our state. This posture, fostered by the Un-American Activities Committee and certain staunch advocates, led to the infamous Hollywood witch hunts that would follow. Republicans won 14 of 23 California Congressional spots, and Democratic Congressman Jerry Voorhis was defeated on November 5 by an upstart, Richard M. Nixon, running in the 12th district, who charged that Voorhis was supported by radical and left-wing elements.

Meanwhile, Major Fletcher Bowron had been at City Hall as mayor of Los Angeles for eight years. Bowron in '46 was having a small tussle with the City Council, a bigger wrestle with *Times* publisher Norman Chandler, and all-out confrontations with Van J. Griffith (son of Griffith J. Griffith of Park and Observatory fame) and the labor unions. In July, the Mayor was backed up by the City Council when he ousted Griffith, an old crony and faithful political supporter, from the Police Commission. Bowron branded Griffith as a "trouble maker" and a demoralizing force in the Police Department. In August the Mayor vetoed an ordinance that would have granted about 1,000 city street maintenance and sanitation workers overtime and holiday premiums amounting to \$450,000 a year. The Mayor, winning the battle of wits over the Council, objected to the ordinance on the grounds that it was "irregularly" conceived and drafted, and the Council conceded and rewrote the bill in conformance with the '46-'47 L.A. city budget, which was \$60,510,670.

In September, Mayor Bowron appealed to jobless persons (especially veterans) to take 158 emergency appointments then available in city service. The Mayor

pointed out that qualified persons could go to work immediately, with a permanent appointment dependent only on a later Civil Service Test. Among the workers, animal inspection at \$190 (monthly), crossing guards at 95¢ an hour, and woman cooks at \$139 plus keep, were needed. The highest paid opening was for an architect at \$417 to \$516 a month, illustrating the construction industry's desperate need for qualified help at this time.

Most politicians, including President Harry S. Truman, spent a great deal of their time in 1946 haggling with the problems of management/labor relations. Inflation had risen 32% since 1940 and for the most part workers were seeking higher wages in their disputes. Nationally, steel, telephone, electrical and meat workers were taking turns at the picket lines and locally, Mayor Bowron had his hands full with these same workers in addition to the strikers at Columbia Pictures and numerous longshoremen and shipping operators at the L.A. and Long Beach Harbors. CIO leaders met in Bowron's office after a particularly fierce battle featuring tear gas, night sticks and steel helmets, this pugnacity sending 25 U.S. Motors' union members to jail. The Mayor countered a CIO threat of being "... swept out of office" by hinting that CIO leadership might be eliminated "... if its people knew its leadership," and then challenged vehemently "... go ahead and sweep me out of office!"

A serious grain shortage was blamed for a threat of returning to war-time food rationing in February 1946. Poultry and dairy products were also in short supply as evident from the "butter parade" which occurred in San Francisco's downtown Front Street, which was 4 deep in lines that stretched for blocks. Food prices (and wages), as mentioned, were creeping up. Apples were 3 lbs. for 25¢, potatoes were 10 lbs. for 39¢, navel oranges were 6 lbs. for a quarter, a 16 oz. loaf of white bread was 8¢, and ice cream, due to the dairy shortage, was 60¢ a quart, sold in the new modern round carton. Acme beer was "... The One with the High I.Q." and East-side boasted itself as "... The Mellow Mild Beer." War Bonds became "Victory" Bonds, still with a 4 dollar yield per 3 dollar investment, and "E" series bonds were advertised by the government as "... the safest investment on Earth, hang on to them!"

The "Frazer" was America's first all-new car since the war. In '46 the Graham-Paige Motors car was designed with "... flowing front-to-rear fender lines." Ford boosted its V-8 engine from "90" to "100" horsepower and for about \$25 less you could have it with a 90-horse six-cylinder engine. The Nash-Kelvinator Co. went further than most established manufacturers in revamping their little Nash "600," which had eight more "horses" than its pre-war version. It had coil springs in the front and rear, which gave it a "big car ride." Unlike conventional cars, it had an integral body-chassis frame of welded steel construction. The company, in its ads, showed potential buyers a map where they could drive on "one tank of gas," approximately 600 miles from Los Angeles. California's DMV went to metallic tabs, painted yellow with black lettering for licenses. The tabs were bolted to the top right corner of the larger '45 rear license plate.

In this year, the State of California, responding to a suit filed against it in the fall of 1945 by the federal government, told the U.S. Supreme Court that the U.S. had suffered no injury as a result of the state's use of off-shore oil drilling during the war. The suit was made in order to establish title to oil bearing lands off the Pacific Coast—The Federal Government charged that California's exploitation of off-shore deposits was "... cutting into the nation's dwindling petroleum reserves." It was estimated that submerged lands off the California coast contained an oil

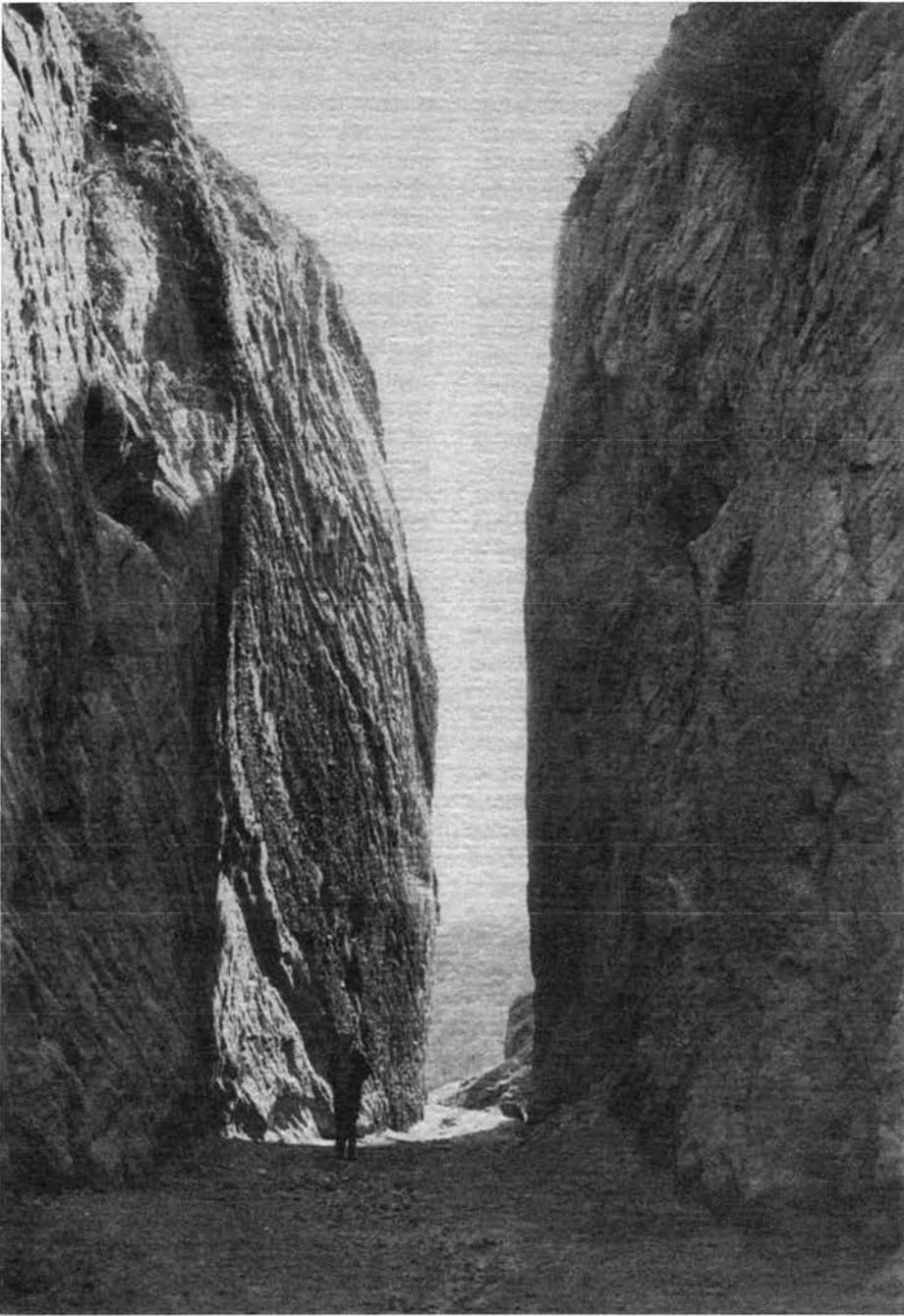
potential of more than 73 million barrels, with possibly more in lands outside the three-mile limit.

After the war's end, L.A. still permitted the burning of garbage and trash on scheduled days. However, this indiscriminate burning, coupled with the increased monoxide exhausts of lead-enriched automobile fuels, made it clear that something had to be done soon. The Air Pollution Control Board (APCB) was created in 1946, but it took six more years before incinerators would be banned from the city and thirty-seven more years before smog emission control for automobiles would be legally enforced.

The last Master Plan of the year 1946 appeared in the newspapers on Thursday, December 19, 1946. This read:

#### **TRAFFIC HOSPITALS PLAN**

A Los Angeles County jury has recommended that emergency hospitals be set up throughout the county to treat victims of traffic accidents and other violent injuries. The Board of Supervisors has ordered County Manager Wayne Allen to draw up a cost estimate for the plan.





## Beale's Cut

by Jack Moore  
Fall, 1986

**I**t was a rough road, little more than a wagon trail, that led into the mountains from the north end of the San Fernando Valley. North of the Valley, the road climbed a steep pass, named in honor of John C. Fremont, who passed this way with his California Volunteers in 1847.

With the opening of Fort Tejon and the discovery of gold along the Kern River in 1854, there came a marked increase in traffic over the road, and the steep climb over Fremont Pass became a wearisome bottleneck.

Edward F. Beale, enterprising ex-naval officer, and recent Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California, decided to obtain a contract to open a toll road over the pass. Toward this end he began work to lower the level of the roadway over the pass.

In 1858 the Butterfield stage route threatened to bypass Los Angeles because John Butterfield felt that Fremont Pass was too precipitous for his stages. Additional excavation was carried out, and when the first trial run was made in August of 1858, Butterfield's six-horse team made it easily through the pass. Los Angeles was safely on the route.

Beale received a twenty year contract to operate his toll road, and travelers north paused at the foot of the grade to pay the charge before toll collector O. P. Robbins would lift the gate and allow passage. Travelers could then proceed up the road, through Beale's Cut, and on to their final destinations.

Today Beale's Cut and a portion of the old toll road remain, sandwiched between the old Sierra Highway and the Antelope Valley Freeway—seemingly caught in some distortion of time.

The marvels of the twentieth century notwithstanding, it still can be an awe-inspiring experience to look up at the walls of the old Cut and reflect on the energies that were expended in creating it; and walking along the remaining section of toll road, it's easy to imagine the pounding of horses' hooves, and the rolling, bouncing passage of the Butterfield Stage. The roughness of the road bed brings to empathetic mind the words of writer Bret Harte, who penned in 1854, "never ride of your own free will in a California stage."

To visit the Cut, take the Antelope Valley Freeway (State Highway 14) eastward from Interstate 5 at the north end of the San Fernando Valley. Exit at the first off-ramp (Newhall-Saugus) onto San Fernando Road. Turn left at the first cross street onto Sierra Highway (after passing west under the freeway). Approximately one mile south on the left is a turnout edged with three stone markers. There is a short walk down a path and across a bridge to the old toll road, and a quarter-mile walk up the road to Beale's Cut. Leaving the site for Los Angeles, head south on Sierra Highway to its intersection with I-5.

## The History of Thoroughbred Racing in California

by Victoria Ward  
Spring, 1987

**F**rom the first Spanish explorers to the present day “yuppies,” Californians have had a love affair with horses, and with the horses goes racing. Today, California is fast developing into one of the foremost thoroughbred breeding and racing centers in the world. This status has quite a dynamic history.

A century before the first Spanish settlers arrived in California, the Duke of Newcastle had described the horses of Spain as follows: “...of all the horses in the world, of whatsoever nation they be, Spanish horses are the wisest, and strangely wise, beyond any man’s imagination. . . . I assure you, he is the noblest horse in the world. . . . He is the most beautiful that can be, for he is not so thin and ladylike as the Barb, nor so gross as the Neapolitan, but between both. He is of great courage, and docile: Has the proudest walk, the proudest trot; the best action in his trot; the loftiest gallop, the swiftest careers; and is the lovingest and gentlest horse in the world . . . ” And these were the horses the Spaniards brought with them to the New World. If they were not Andalusians, they were at least of Andalusian descent.

Our first record of a group of horses brought into Alta California was in 1769, when Captain Rivera y Moncada advanced from Lower California toward San Diego for a rendezvous with Gaspar de Portola. Moncada was accompanied by 140 horses, and racing, of a sort, probably began shortly after the expedition settled down at San Diego bay.

The Spanish settlers’ passion for their fine horses can be demonstrated by some early statistics. By 1825 the mission of San Francisco had 950 tame horses, 2,000 breeding mares, and 84 stallions of choice breed. Santa Clara Mission had 1,890

horses broken to saddles and 4,235 breeding mares. San Luis Obispo had 2,000 tame horses and 3,500 mares. The reason these statistics can be cited as demonstrating a "passion" is the fact that there was not enough human population, nor large enough market, to warrant the great number of horses being bred. By today's standards the numbers of horses at each location are staggering.

The geography of California was wonderfully receptive to the development and racing of horses. Besides the settled areas being of lovely, temperate climate, the native grasses especially wild oats, alfilerilla, and burr clover were very high in nutritional value. Grazing was supplemented with a little barley, but that was all that was needed. As these horses bred and adapted to range life and the sunshine of California, a native horse developed that had the beauty and spirit of the earlier horses, but with it an added toughness and nerve force needed for covering great expanses of land and for racing long distances.

Unlike the forests of the eastern United States, California offered open land suitable for races, most notably the beaches. A French visitor in 1827 took note of the fondness of Californians for racing, and Richard Henry Dana, who came around Cape Horn in 1835, also described the beach at Santa Barbara as "a favorite place for running horses." His writings indicate an advanced form of the sport, on grounds especially set aside for the purpose, with judges, rules and stakes, involving horses that were "not so sleek and combed as our Boston stable horses but with fine limbs and spirited eyes."

In 1834 there were restrictions recorded indicating that Governor Figueroa was regulating racing. There are also records of litigation concerning the outcome of California races. Racing was becoming organized and important. As early as 1841 the possibility of obtaining revenue from racing was being explored. In Los Angeles that year, a new law provided that the winner of each race pay a tax of 20 *reales* for every \$25 bet, \$5 for every \$50 and 6 percent of all sums of \$100 or more. This law was abolished in 1846.

It should be noted here, that racing in the nineteenth century was quite different from our racing today. There were no neat, manicured oval-shaped racetracks. Races were more often over natural terrain, and of greatest difference, races were of much greater distances than today. The typical race in those days was four miles long, and frequently much longer. The horses bred for these long distances had tremendous endurance. Walter Colton, a Navy chaplain who with Robert Semple founded *The Californian*, the first newspaper in the state, stated that the Californian's "horse with his long flowing mane, arching neck, broad chest, full flanks and slender legs is full of fire. He seldom trots and will gallop all day without seeming to be weary."

This great endurance was dramatically demonstrated by a famous ride by Col. John C. Fremont. Fremont's mount was a cinnamon colored horse named *El Canelo*. Fremont and *El Canelo* made a round trip from Los Angeles to Monterey in which 840 miles of virgin terrain was covered in 76 hours riding time, spread out over eight days. Spare mounts were used on this historic jaunt, the loose horses galloping ahead, but *El Canelo* in one day had carried Fremont at least 90 miles and galloped a further 30 miles without a rider.

With the discovery of gold and the onslaught of new population, more horses were needed. Eastern horse dealers began shipping horses to the west coast, and the gap between Eastern and Western racing was quickly bridged. Not only the style of racing changed, but also the type of horse.

California's first formal race track, of the Eastern variety, was San Francisco's Pioneer Course. The Pioneer Course opened in March, 1851, under the rules of the Union Jockey Club of New York. Samuel Brannon, who brought the first gold from the Sierras to San Francisco, was a steward, and Tom K. Battelle, leader of the first vigilante committee, was the judge, as well as owner of the winner of the first race, a colt named Boston.

Once Pioneer was operative, tracks sprang up in quick succession. It is now estimated that there are at least eight old race courses buried beneath the streets of San Francisco.

In the same year, the Brighton Court opened near Sacramento. This was significant for two reasons. First of all, at its inaugural meeting, the generosity of purse distribution, which distinguishes California racing to this day, immediately became apparent. And secondly, the first thoroughbred was introduced to Californians. The thoroughbred was a mare named Black Swan. Black Swan was imported from Australia by Don Andres Sepulveda. This race was run against another Australian horse named Ito, who won the large purse of \$10,000. The following year, Don Andres Sepulveda challenged his good friend Governor Pio Pico to run his native-bred champion Sarco, a horse of pure Spanish blood, against the mare under any conditions Pico might care to impose. A match was arranged over 9 miles, cross-country, for 5,000 *pesos* and 1,000 head of cattle a side, which Black Swan won by only 75 yards, in 19 minutes 20 seconds. The Thoroughbred breed now had the attention of Californians.

Thoroughbreds suddenly became the rage, and thereafter began a steady influx of blooded horses. They came from Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, and even as far away as New Jersey. Among these horses was an unbroken six-year-old stallion named Belmont. Belmont was a remarkable animal in that he was double-gaited, and could trot almost as fast as he could gallop. His remarkable ability became noted, and he became an excellent sire. The outcome of this was that Belmont became the foundation sire of the Pacific Coast, both of Thoroughbreds and of trotters.

Belmont's grandson, Thad Stevens, ran a race that brought the attention of the nation to California, in 1873. The Pacific Jockey Club sponsored the richest race ever run in America. This was a four-mile heat contest, to be run at Ocean Park in San Francisco with a purse of \$20,000 in gold going to the winner. More than 50,000 racing fans turned out to watch this record-setting competition. Bred by Theodore Winters in 1865, the eight-year-old Thad Stevens might have been thought to have left his best years behind him. Here he was eight years old, and challenging two of the best horses the East had to offer. And yet, the year before, Thad had established himself as the greatest four-miler ever seen in California.

Racing in heats generally means that there are three races, and the horse that wins two out of three wins the purse. However, in this famous race, each of the three horses won one heat. So, a fourth heat had to be run in order to break the three-way tie. The courageous horse from California won, after 16 miles of grueling running. And yet, as exciting as this style of racing must have been, long distance heat racing was becoming less popular than the shorter one and two mile dashes which evolved into the current type of California racing.

Among racing circles, one man's name stands out as the primary developer of the speedier, short distance runners. That man was Elias Jackson "Lucky" Baldwin. Baldwin arrived in California from Ohio around 1853, and worked as a livery attendant in San Francisco. Baldwin was able to invest in a profitable gold mine and

his fortunes suddenly sky-rocketed. When he sold his mine for about 5 million dollars he was able to do what he always wanted—establish a breeding center and raise fine horses.

In 1875 Baldwin's search for suitable land for his endeavor brought him to the San Gabriel Valley. It was love at first sight! He was determined to acquire land there and build his dream ranch. Lucky was convinced that this was the perfect location to breed and raise horses equal to any in the world. He managed to buy the 8,000-acre Santa Anita land grant and later, an additional 55,000 acres in what is now Arcadia, Monrovia and surrounding areas. Baldwin's dream did materialize in that over the next 30 years, he produced some of the fastest horses ever seen in America.

Baldwin proceeded with his dream in a direction which was a bit different than his contemporaries, in that he made his most significant stock purchases in Kentucky and New York. Other California breeders were importing their horses from foreign countries such as England and Australia. Through two stallions of these original purchases, Rutherford and Grinstead, Baldwin exerted a profound influence on early Western breeding. Along with a handful of well-bred mares, Baldwin developed an excellent breeding program which stressed speed rather than the rugged durability required prior to this time period.

But as great as Lucky's horses were at winning major races, one of his greatest horses, if not the best of them all, was one he purchased from Theodore Winters. This yearling colt caught Lucky's eye and he bought it for \$2,500. For that small investment the great Emperor of Norfolk "carried the black and maroon maltese cross silks of Lucky Baldwin to glory all over the country, winning 21 of 29 races and placing in six others."

The language often used to describe horses tends to make the reader feel sentimentally stirred. The Emperor of Norfolk is described as an animal of "thunderous power, deep through the heart and possessed of powerful quarters." As a sire, Emperor of Norfolk equaled his marvelous record on the track. Two of the fastest horses ever produced in California were offspring of The Emperor. They were *Rey del Caredas* and *Cruzados*.

*Rey del Caredas* was eventually purchased by Richard "Boss" Croker, and exported to England, where under the name Americus he not only became an important stakes winner, but an accomplished sire. Through one of his daughters, Americus Girl, he kept nineteenth century California bloodlines alive in the extended pedigrees of some of the world's finest race horses, including Nasrullah, Tudo Minstrel, and Mohmoud.

In 1899 Baldwin's crowning glory, *Cruzados*, was born. This colt, by the Emperor of Norfolk, was considered a speed marvel by the time he was two. At age three, he could not be beaten under seven furlongs. In 1902 *Cruzados* was favored to win the American Derby, which was the most prestigious race of the period. Baldwin's horses had won the Derby four times, and the prospect of producing a fifth Derby winner must have been intoxicating. But tragedy struck when *Cruzados* fell in a morning workout. The magnificent colt was never to regain his form and yet as a sire he perpetuates the bloodlines of his famous father even to the present 1980s.

By this time, Lucky Baldwin was an old man. He still turned out occasional stake horses and some other decent runners, but never again did Santa Anita Rancho see horses such as they had in the past. And still Lucky was to make another mark on history. He had long dreamed of building an elaborate racetrack, and in

December 1907, on a site near his home in Arcadia, his last dream came true. On December 7, the most modern of American racetracks in the west opened. It was a date to be remembered in the history books of racing in that not only did the wonderful Santa Anita racetrack open, but on the same evening, the renowned Emperor of Norfolk died in his stall. But, as with all stories, as one chapter ends another begins.

As racing became more and more part of the fabric of American life, there emerged an unfortunate element. This corrupt element included pool sellers, book-makers, jockeys, trainers and even track management. There were few legal restraints placed on the unsavory operations of these people. All over the country, not just in California, people were demanding reform in the industry, but nothing of significance was accomplished.

In 1908, drastic measures were taken. A group of "moralists" led by New York governor Charles Evans Hughes, passed the Agnew-Hart anti-gambling bill, thereby killing most of the major racing from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific Ocean. Some states, like Kentucky and Maryland managed to continue racing to a limited extent. The national impact of this bill over the next few years was devastating. Racing supported itself with legalized gambling, but because of the "sins of a few" racing was dealt a death blow.

With shocking rapidity, world-famous stud farms were dispersed, and tracks such as Brighton Beach were sold and cut up by land developers.

At the turn of the century racing constituted the third-largest industry in California. Powerful men were in management positions on the tracks, and the corruption found in other parts of the country was present here too. Racetrack managements fought any proposals for any type of regulating commissions, and as a result, California fell victim to the fatal legislation of 1908.

For the next twenty years many successful breeders were ruined, racetracks closed and horses shipped to Europe. There were a handful of determined men, with money, who managed to keep up with a limited amount of breeding, but nothing really notable other than heroic effort.

By 1930, hope for the future of racing in California began to revive. A new form of betting was developed, called "optional" wagering. This system sidestepped the anti-wagering legislation of 1909-1910, allowing spectators to purchase options on horses entered to run. This system of wagering survived its test in court, but it didn't catch on with the general public. Even though this method didn't catch on it gave much needed impetus to California horsemen. Perhaps they could institute pari-mutuel wagering, and thus revive the racing industry.

William P. Kyne and a few others went to work in earnest to pass legislation favorable to racing or, more specifically, to bring the pari-mutuels to California. After much hard work, and many hurdles overcome, Kyne and his supporters got what was known as Proposition 3 approved by the voters of California.

The governor of California at the time was James Rolph. Rolph's first course of action of the board outlined in the bill was to grant licenses for racetrack operations, and it was very selective. The first track to conduct pari-mutuel wagering under the new law was the San Joaquin County Fair at Stockton in the fall of 1933. Pomona and Tanforan were not far behind, and were followed a year later by Bay Meadows.

Just a couple of years before the passage of Proposition 3 a racetrack promoter from Florida, named Joseph Smoot, had joined forces with Lucky Baldwin's daughter Anita, in order to build a model racing establishment. Unfortunately, they had money problems and were forced to abandon the effort midway. Early in 1934, the

Los Angeles Turf Club, headed by Dr. Charles H. Strub, approached Anita Baldwin with another offer to buy some of her land. This effort was a success, and in December of that year, Santa Anita Park opened for business under the direction of the very capable Dr. Strub. Right on its heels Bing Crosby and Pat O'Brien opened Del Mar Racetrack in 1936. The Hollywood Turf Club opened the gates of its Inglewood course in the summer of 1938, and some 20 months later, Golden State Fields held its first meeting in Northern California.

With pari-mutuel betting in place the state became a beneficiary of the tracks. "Simply stated, it is a process whereby players bet into a common fund, with winning ticket holders dividing the net fund, after tax of about 15% has been withdrawn from the gross fund." As an example, tax on bets totalling \$200,000 for a day would amount to \$30,000. When one calculates the various tracks, and all the betting occurring at each track, the takeout for the state becomes substantial.

Within the five years from 1933 to 1938, California had formed the foundation of a great racing and breeding empire, after a quarter-century of lost hopes. Today, those of us whose lives are involved with fine horses, are proud that our Cal-bred horses can compete successfully with the best the world has to offer. There is no geographical spot which can turn out faster or more spirited horses than ours.

Californians have worked hard to achieve this level of refinement in both the industry and the horses themselves, and are now reaping the rewards.



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## The Los Angeles City Archives

by Robert Freeman  
Summer, 1987

**A**s a unique resource for information on the history of Los Angeles, the Los Angeles City Archives are one of Southern California's best kept secrets. Many local historians know little or nothing about Los Angeles' fine municipal archives, a literal treasure trove of primary source materials on the City's past. Established in 1980 as a part of the City Clerk's records management program, the Los Angeles City Archives have assumed the task of identifying, collecting, arranging, describing, preserving and making available for research use municipal records of historical value.

In its six years of operation the Archives have assembled an impressive group of historical records which chronicle the fascinating activity of a wide variety of City departments and agencies. Records of the City Council, Mayor's Office, Engineering Bureau, Planning Commission, Fire Department, Police Department, Transportation Department, Election Division, Tax and Permit Division, Controller's Office and Recreation and Parks Department to name a few are now available for research use at a centralized location. They have been preserved, arranged and indexed in a manner historians, journalists and private citizens alike will find useful, illuminating and exciting.

Historians will be delighted to know that over 6,000 cubic feet of archival City records are given professional care by the staff of the City Clerk's Office, Records Management Division. The City Records Center and Archives, a unified storage facility for operational and historical records, is located in the C. Erwin Piper Technical Center at 555 Ramirez Street in downtown Los Angeles. Near Olvera Street and Union Station, the Archives are situated in an area steeped in local history. The



land on which the Piper Technical Center sits was once the vineyard of City pioneer Jean Luis Vignes.

The City's historical records are stored in a 4,500 square foot air-conditioned archival vault where an average temperature of 65 degrees Fahrenheit and a relative humidity of 40–50 percent are maintained year-round. Documents are securely housed in acid-free file folders and storage boxes to promote long term preservation. Trained archivists and records managers administer and implement a carefully conceived historical records program for the City of Los Angeles. The Archives serves as a government information service agency for City Officials and employees, scholars and private citizens interested in municipal history.

The Archives boasts a diverse group of records, some of which document the City's early history. Historians of the City's Mexican era (1821–1846), transition period to American sovereignty (1845–1850) and early American period (1850–1876) will find several key record series which illuminate Los Angeles' hispanic heritage, role in the Mexican-American War and gradual anglicization under United States rule. I have worked closely with these remarkable records both as an historian doing research and as an archivist facilitating the research of others. They offer an invaluable perspective on the role of our municipal government in shaping the character of early Los Angeles. We are fortunate indeed that these records have survived the ravages of time intact and that they have lived to tell their tale.

Perhaps the most fascinating series of historical records in the City's Archives is a miscellany of documents known simply as the "Los Angeles City Archives" volumes of "Untitled Records." The first seven volumes of this series cover the years 1827–1871 and consist of a variety of documents including minutes to the meetings of the *Ayuntamiento* (the Mexican era council); petitions and correspondence to the *Ayuntamiento* and copies of their responses; deeds of land; census records from 1836 and 1844; and legal records such as ordinances, resolutions and criminal cases.

The cast of characters in these volumes includes such prominent early Angelenos as Prudent Beaudry, Henry Hancock, Pio and Andres Pico, Abel Stearns, John Temple and Benjamin D. Wilson as well as founding families such as the Alvarados, Avilas, Bandinis, Dominguez, Figueroas, Machados, Sepulvedas and Verdugos. Their dealings with the *Ayuntamiento* through correspondence and petitions offer a fascinating glimpse into the social and political make-up of early Los Angeles. Many of these pioneers took an active role in government as office holders.

The seven earliest "Los Angeles City Archives" volumes consist of documents which are written predominantly in the cryptic, provincial Spanish of Alta California circa 1840. Reading through the original document is a tedious exercise for even the most fluent student of Spanish as they contain many abbreviations and inconsistencies. Fortunately, translations of the seven volumes were prepared in the 1890s by the City at the urging of the Historical Society of Southern California. These faithful translations are in excellent condition and are available to scholars who prefer to read the fascinating accounts in English.

The volumes were indexed according to subject by former Mayor Stephen C. Foster and former City Attorney Frank Howard in the early 1870s. This first effort at arranging and indexing the City's archives was a boon to municipal officials of the late nineteenth century and is a blessing for scholars in the twentieth. The indexes make scholarly research possible. Researchers can quickly determine the precise location of information they need to access. More importantly, the indexing work of Foster and Howard laid the foundation for future indexing services by the

City Clerk's Office. An important precedent was set for making municipal government records available and accessible.

In addition to the Los Angeles City Archives volumes, scholars will want to note the availability of City property assessment registers, 1856–1867; tax records 1857–1866; business license records, 1856–1859; abstracts of titles to land, 1835–1895; deeds of land to and from the City, 1849–1895; and personal papers of Abel Stearns, 1828–1890 including his naturalization records.

The City Archives also contains several key records series which document Los Angeles' early American period. These include minutes to the City Council meetings; ordinances; resolutions; Council petitions and communications; annual reports of most City departments; minutes to City commissions such as Public Works, Public Utilities and Transportation, Planning, Recreation and Parks, Police and Fire; and reports of special Council committees.

That these early City records have survived into the later twentieth century is something of a minor miracle. The City had no formal Archives until 1980. During the years 1850 through 1979 records of historical value remained in the custody of the City Clerk's main office or in various departmental offices throughout the City. Prior to 1850, City records remained in the hands of various government officials, often kept in their homes or offices. No centralized archival program existed for the first two hundred years of the City's history.

Unfortunately very few municipal records from the City's Spanish period (1781–1820) have survived. Although various territorial records from Alta California which relate to the settling of the *pueblo* of Los Angeles are extant, the Los Angeles City Archives do not possess them. For the most part, documents from this period are housed in the National Archives, the California State Archives, the Bancroft Library, the Huntington Library, the archives of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles and in the hands of private collectors.

The legacy of California's "provincial archives," including the municipal records of Los Angeles, is the subject of a revealing essay written by Jacob N. Bowman in 1946. Entitled, "History of the Provincial Archives of California," the essay identifies the various record groups which constitute the Spanish and Mexican period archives of California. Reprinted by the Historical Society of Southern California in 1982, it offers a detailed account of the handling of Los Angeles' pre-1850 records.

Those City records which have been preserved and maintained by Los Angeles over the years provide information on a wealth of research topics. The area which has always intrigued me most is the history of the effort to save the City's historical records. It is ironically fitting that the documents themselves chronicle the attempt by the City's founding fathers to secure the preservation of invaluable and irreplaceable records, records which have been and continue to be identified as the City's "archives."

The history of the Los Angeles city archives as a body of documentation, and as an institution charged with the care of these records, begins with the Mexican period. Not everything produced by the Mexican authorities in Los Angeles has survived the years of poor handling and storage conditions. Those record series mentioned constitute the most treasured of our City's historical government documents.

In 1850 the City's Common Council identified the historical records from the Mexican period and provided for their protection. The Council was anxious to preserve the City's documentary heritage for practical and personal reasons. Records

affecting title to land were highly valued. During the 1850s and 1860s, United States land grant hearings relied heavily on such documentation to verify claims made by Californio ranchers and land owners. Sadly, many of these land holders lost the battle to prove the validity of their titles; the vague nature and terms of Spanish and Mexican land grants did not fare well when pitted against the well-defined realities of the Anglo court system and English common law.

Cultural continuity was another concern which led the Council to care for historical records of the Mexican period. During the first five years of American rule, Council meetings were recorded in both English and Spanish. Petitions to the Council were often received and answered in Spanish until the early 1870s. The Council retained the services of an official interpreter until 1871. Many prominent members of the Los Angeles business community and City government were Californios with a strong interest in preserving their cultural heritage. Others were Anglos who had embraced the Roman Catholic faith, the Spanish language and in many cases married into prominent Californio families for political and commercial advantage. The Mexican period documents were of great interest and importance to these people; they recorded their efforts in business and politics during the pre-United States period.

During the Mexican period, government officials in Los Angeles assumed responsibility not only for the municipal records they created, but also for records of the government of Alta California. From 1845–1848 Los Angeles was one of the California cities which kept portions of the Governor's records as the United States forces invaded the province.

In general, the Mexican authorities were inconsistent in their handling of government records. They moved the archives to various locations in the effort of eluding the United States forces, yet were careless in handling the records once they had been moved. Bowman provides an interesting assessment of this tendency.

With the methods used by the Spanish and Mexican officials in caring for their documents, it is surprising that so many survived. The number of papers which were lost during the decades which they were in the hands or homes of officials and other persons, and which failed to come into the possession of the collectors in the 1850s and 1860s, is not known; an estimated guess might place them at about 15% of the archives as known to exist at the time.

In 1845, Pio Pico transferred part of the Governor's archives to Los Angeles. These records were originally kept in San Diego, then in Monterey. The move to Los Angeles coincides with the time period in which the capitol was moved to Monterey (1842) and the United States invasion began (1846). It is not known precisely where or in what building the documents were kept. Pico suggested they were kept in the office of the Secretary of State, Bowman claims they may have been in one of the *pueblo* administration buildings on the plaza. Joining the records of the Governor were those of the Department Assembly. These legislative records were kept by the Secretary of the Assembly at his home. In 1845 and 1846 the Assembly met in Los Angeles. Secretary Augustin Olvera allegedly placed them in the hands of Stockton in August of 1846, only to be lost in Monterey by 1849.

In 1846 the "*pueblo* archives" of Los Angeles consisted of the records of the *Ayuntamiento* and the *Alcalde*, including letters sent to the Mexican council, copies of their replies, maps, petitions for land and legal records. Bowman points out that

they were often "kept by the officers in their homes and later in the *juzgados* (court-house-jail) when they were erected. Other papers ended up in private hands.

United States officials began collecting government records in Los Angeles following the invasion of August, 1846. The archives were then kept by the Governor's secretary, Jose Maria Moreno. Governor Pico provided for their "protection" while in Los Angeles, but between 1846 and 1848 the records of the Mexican government of Alta California, along with those of the *pueblo* of Los Angeles, met with an unfortunate fate. Pio Pico's testimony at a United States land grant case is revealing.

Under my direction and supervision they [the books, papers and documents of the office of the secretary] were packed into boxes, a portion were removed from the office to a designated place, the remainder of the boxes for the want of time and convenience were left remaining in the executive buildings; on my return to the country in 1848 I learned that not only the documents before mentioned, but many of those of the municipal government of Los Angeles had been scattered about, lost and destroyed, that they had even been used as paper for the making of gun cartridges, for the destruction of which documents I myself have suffered heavy pecuniary loss as documents in which I as a citizen of California was deeply interested, pecuniarily, and which were in the office, have never been recovered.

In appearance before the United States Land Commission in Los Angeles (November 12, 1852), Abel Stearns testified that in 1846 the California and Los Angeles archives "were boxed up and deposited at the house of Don Luis Vignes in this City" When Commodore Stockton ordered these records to be turned over to the United States forces, some documents were seized. The records were taken to San Pedro, then to Monterey by the United States authorities. Stearns also spoke of efforts to hide the records from the Yankee invaders.

The archives of this *pueblo* were hid away when the Americans first approached in August of 1846 and they were afterwards in the hands of Flores while he was in command of the Californians in October, November and December of that year. They disappeared and nothing was known of them by the public until 1849, when they appeared in boxes in possession of the priest of this place who gave notice to the *Alcalde* that they had been left at his home, and the *Alcalde*, Jose Del Carmen Lugo, took charge of them. I came in as *Alcalde* on the first of January, 1850. They were turned over to me without an index or my knowing of what they consisted. By order of the *Ayuntamiento* I was authorized to employ a person to make an index, and arrange them which was done. Many of the most useful documents were found to be missing, particularly the public documents relative to possessions and concessions of the town lands and other records, called the *Protocolo*, or Book of Records.

Bowman states that the province's general archives were turned over to Stockton and the land grant *expedientes* were collected by John C. Fremont. Fremont's testimony in an 1858 land grant case provides evidence of this action.

About August 14, 1846, I received an order from Commodore Stockton then at Los Angeles, directing me to take charge of the public archives, which were then in possession of Don Luis Vignes, an old resident of Los Angeles, in whose charge they had been placed as I understood by Pico. I took possession until about the end of September when I placed them at what was then called Sutter's Fort on the American River.

Today, portions of the provincial archives of California are located in such repositories as the National Archives, the California State Archives, the Bancroft Library, the Huntington Library, the Los Angeles County Recorder's Office and the Los Angeles City Archives. The municipal or "*pueblo*" archives of Los Angeles have survived for the most part to make up the first component of the Los Angeles City Archives. Beginning in 1849, the Common Council assumed responsibility for the care of the City's documentary heritage. We are fortunate that these records have lived to tell the tale.

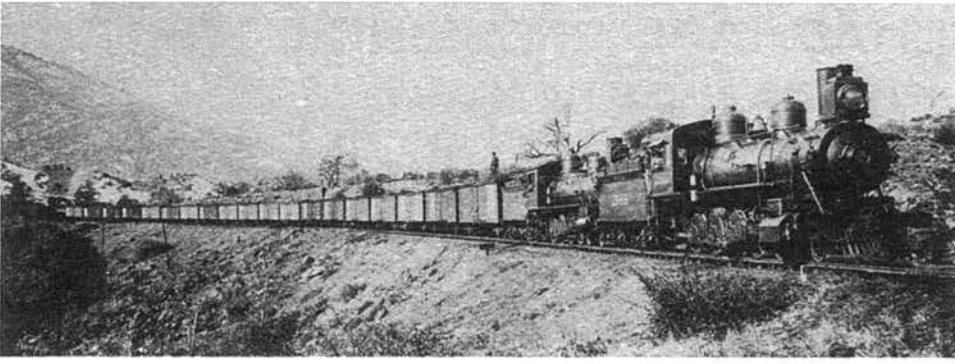
Early records of the Common Council corroborate much of the testimony given by Abel Stearns in 1852. During the Council's meeting of June 30, 1849, president Juan Sepulveda read a letter sent by "the parish priest." The priest claimed that, "in the vestry of this church there are two parcels, containing, presumably, court records." The priest went on to describe these parcels under his care as, "one a box and the other a trunk, both of them locked which in my opinion are full of books and archives belonging to this City. I hasten to inform you of this fact and ask you to advise me to whom we deliver the said parcels which I believe to be of great importance."

On July 7, 1849, Council member and "syndic" John Temple recommended that, "the Superior Government of this Territory be informed that the court and municipal records of this City were both discovered in the vestry of this City, which accounts for the conspicuous absence of many interesting documents." It is not clear how these records ended up in the hands of the parish priest. Furthermore, we have no record of what portion of the City's archives Temple was referring to as conspicuously absent. Today, the Los Angeles City Archives has possession of a portion of the *pueblo's* provincial archives; we can surmise that others met the fate alluded to by Pio Pico.

The City Archives is fortunate to have the original inventory of the *pueblo* archives mentioned by Abel Stearns. Stearns completed this inventory of municipal records in June of 1850 and submitted it to the Council as outgoing President of that body. The records he lists date from 1835 to 1850 and consist primarily of minutes of *Ayuntamiento* and Common Council proceedings, property records, registries of City licenses, financial ledgers, petitions to the *Ayuntamiento*, correspondence, and registries of marks and brands of cattle. Most of these materials can still be found in the City Archives today.

These records make up a portion of the record series "Los Angeles City Archives," or "Untitled Records." Other documents mentioned in the Stearns inventory are contained in the record series, "Deeds to and from the City of Los Angeles." The one notable exception is the registry of cattle brands and marks. Six volumes of these records were turned over to the Los Angeles County Recorder, Ygnacio Del Valle, by Common Council Secretary Vicente Del Campo in 1850. They may still be found in the Los Angeles County Hall of Records.

The late 1840s was a period of great change for the *pueblo* of Los Angeles. We are fortunate that records which document the transition from the City's Mexican period to United States sovereignty have survived. These critically important records are now given the protection they have deserved for over one hundred and thirty years. These original Spanish language documents are available for research use, along with English translations and subject indexes. Their contribution to the writing of Los Angeles' history has yet to be fully recognized.



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## The Tehachapi Train Wreck of 1883

by Wade E. Kittell  
Fall, 1987

One of the most tragic wrecks in the West took place on the Southern Pacific at Tehachapi in the early morning hours of Saturday January 20, 1883. Of special interest to the people of Southern California was the news that Former Governor and Mrs. John Downey were passengers on the ill fated train.

Governor and Mrs. Downey, she the former Maria Guarado of Los Angeles society, had made a business trip to Sacramento and San Francisco. It had been their custom to take the steamer from Los Angeles because Mrs. Downey feared the new-fangled trains and, up to that time, refused to ride on them. Downey had to answer a rush call to Sacramento for a meeting the following day so he had talked his wife into making the train trip just this one time.

Business completed, the Downeys joined other passengers bound for Los Angeles and points east at the San Francisco station. On the morning of Friday January 19, 1883 they took the ferry to the Oakland pier and boarded Southern Pacific train number 19. At 10:00 A.M. the "all aboard" was called and the train started for Los Angeles, a twenty-two hour run through the San Joaquin valley. Arrival in Los Angeles was to be at 8:00 A.M. on the morning of Saturday January 20th.

The train consisted of seven cars. Back from the engine was a mail car, baggage car, express car, two sleeping coaches, smoking car and a first class passenger coach. The Downeys were in the first sleeper.

As the train steamed through the valley, Downey might have had some memories of the part he played in bringing the Southern Pacific to Los Angeles from the northern city.

For a long time, during their expansion in California, Southern Pacific had no intention of bringing a line to Los Angeles. They were going from San Francisco through the valley to Mojave and then east to Yuma and New Orleans.

Los Angeles did have a railroad but it hardly got out of town. The line ran from Commercial and Alameda Streets to Banning's Wharf in Wilmington. Downey and Banning put up most of the \$250,000 for the line. What was needed was a rail connection with the world.

As the Southern Pacific was building south through the valley Downey called together some 400 of the leading citizens of Los Angeles to see what could be done. The meeting elected Downey to go to San Francisco for talks with Leland Stanford. The two dickered for more than a month.

Stanford was agreeable to a line to Los Angeles but wanted to go by way of Cañon Pass, some fifty miles shorter. Such a route did not come to pass at the time.

In time the Southern Pacific agreed to come to Los Angeles. There was a price. Los Angeles was to turn over to the Southern Pacific all of the stock of the Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad. It cost Los Angeles some \$600,000 in railroad stock and bonds. It was Downey who persuaded the people of Los Angeles to accept the terms. Shortly thereafter, in 1872, Southern Pacific began laying track from Los Angeles to San Fernando.

Los Angeles almost didn't get its northern connection. Just beyond San Fernando are the San Fernando Mountains. They seem common-place when driving to Newhall today. In earlier days it was a barrier only conquered with the opening of Beale's cut.

A 7,000 foot tunnel had to be bored through the mountains which, upon completion, would be the longest tunnel in the west at the time. Work started with a blast of dynamite on March 22, 1875. From that date until July 14, 1876 as many as 1500 men battled the mountain. It was a water and oil logged piece of geology which drained water and oil, as well as crumbling rock, on the men as they worked in intense heat. There was often thought of giving up the project but headquarters in San Francisco determined that it be finished.

On the morning of Wednesday September 6, 1876, a special train left the Alameda station in Los Angeles and headed north through the new tunnel to Lang Station. On the train, along with Downey, were such well known names in Los Angeles as Widney, Beaudry, Wilson, Hellman and Banning.

At Lang Station the distinguished guests were treated to a most un hospitable scene. The landscape was dry and dusty with a hot wind blowing tumbleweeds. It was all forgotten when someone spotted the smoke of the arriving train from San Francisco. That train was stopped at the opposite end of a thousand feet of roadbed with the track yet un-laid. Stanford and Crocker stepped down from the train.

Section hands were lined up on both sides of the roadbed and were soon putting down track. At the proper moment Charles Crocker picked up a silver headed sledge and pounded down a golden spike. The two cities were united by rail.

The men shook hands and congratulated one another. They boarded their trains for the trip to Los Angeles where a spectacular welcome awaited them. There was a night of revelry and good fellowship. It was a moment of success for John Downey.

Yes, Governor Downey could sit back in the comfort of his compartment that January day. They would be home in the morning. During the night their train would pass over the site where the spike had been driven six and a half years before.

As the evening of January 19th turned to darkness, Governor and Mrs. Downey prepared for bed and rest in their compartment.

Caliente was the beginning of the Tehachapi Grade. A helper engine was attached in an unusual fashion. The road engine was detached and taken away for

refueling. The helper engine was then attached to the first car. The road engine was brought back and put at the head of the train. The ascent began.

It was a stormy night when the train arrived at the summit of Tehachapi at 2:00 A.M. and there was a strong wind blowing. The train stop was on an incline.

The front brakeman disconnected the two engines after the Westinghouse air brakes had been set. The two engines were taken to a siding and disconnected. The helper engine went to the turntable for the return trip down the grade. The road engine went to take on coal and water. The brakeman was not with the train.

The conductor, a man named Reed, went into the station to sign the register and pick up any train orders. The rear brakeman, a man named Patton, left the rear of the train to escort a lady to the depot to inquire as to a hotel in the town. As he went back out of the depot the wind blew out the flame in his lantern so he went back inside to relight it. The conductor was still in the depot.

The brakeman went out of the depot and was horrified to discover the train had disappeared. It had rolled back down the incline into the stormy night.

On the train was a retired railroad man, G. H. McKenzie. He had been standing on the platform of the smoking car when the train arrived at Tehachapi. He stayed on the platform as the crew left the train. He felt the train starting to move. His first thought was that it was a switching operation. When he looked to the front of the train he saw there was no engine.

His first action was to try and apply the hand brake on the car but it was so stiff he could not move it. Going to the rear of the sleeping car ahead, he found that brake also frozen. He ran through the smoker. Most of the occupants were Chinese and could not understand what he was saying. He went into the coach and called for help. He was joined by another railroad man, Stephen Coffyn. Together they were able to apply the brakes on the coach and smoking cars.

As the two men were working on the brakes the runaway train was picking up speed until it reached an estimated top speed of between sixty and seventy miles an hour.

There was a sharp jolt as the train went around a curve. The two sleepers, mail, baggage and express cars had broken loose and left the track. The two rear cars were stopped a mile and a half on down the line.

When the five cars left the track they derailed to the right. The first car struck the rocks at the beginning of the cut and they all rolled down a seventy-five foot embankment, coming to rest on their sides below the track. The heating stoves had overturned with the violent shaking on the cars so that the cars were already on fire when they settled at the base of the embankment. All five cars of the train were burning in the dark four miles from Tehachapi.

McKenzie, along with others from the coach, ran back the mile and a half and located the wreck from the red glare of the fire. They immediately began attempting to rescue the passengers and crew.

The express messenger, C. K. Pierson, was pulled from the burning car but had already died of his injuries. The postal clerks and baggage man were tossed around but came out in good condition.

In the same sleeping car as the Downey's was Porter Ashe, his wife and maid. Ashe was awakened from his sleep and it took him a few minutes to become oriented. He discovered that his wife and Minnie Peterson, the maid, were not seriously injured. Ashe found the window over his head broken so the three were able to climb out. Another passenger, Howard Tilton, helped the ladies out. Minnie was later found to have several broken ribs.



They heard cries for help from the next compartment. Breaking out the window, they reached in and pulled out Governor Downey. His wife was pinned in the wreckage and the fire was now burning so that they could not save her.

Tilton noticed a man's leg protruding from the floor of the smashed car. He dragged John F. Cassell out but, despite frantic efforts, the fire would not allow them to save Mrs. Cassell. She, along with Mrs. Downey and three other passengers, was burned to death.

Conductor Reed telegraphed Los Angeles from the Tehachapi station for orders. He would not allow a rescue train to go down to the wreck without proper orders from headquarters. This caused a long delay so that it was over an hour before an engine and five flat cars arrived at the scene.

Those who could walk were led to the engine. Injured passengers were laid on flat cars with no covering against the high wind and intense cold. They were taken back to Tehachapi where they were given what little medical attention the town could provide.

A relief train did not leave Los Angeles until 10:00 A.M. in the morning. It made a fast run to Tehachapi in three hours and a half compared to a normal six hours for passenger trains. A second special left Los Angeles at 3:00 P.M. with a Catholic priest, at the request of Downey. Other trains came from Tulare and Sumner with doctors.

Early reports gave a total of twenty-one dead but that was later cut to fifteen. Some stories, told to reporters and investigators, that two hoboes were riding the train turned out to be false. In truth the men were two honorably discharged soldiers going to their homes in Arizona from the Presidio in San Francisco.

Governor Downey was interviewed by newspaper reporters on the trip to Los Angeles. He remembered nothing of the accident until the moment he was helped to the ground from the overturned car. His left side was badly bruised and he had three broken ribs. He was disconsolate over the loss of his beautiful wife and his inability to rescue her from the burning wreckage. He was also upset over having talked her into the train trip against her wishes.

When the train reached Los Angeles, about 11:00 P.M., Downey was able to walk from the train to his hack and was driven home. He remained in seclusion for some time until fully recovered from the injuries and the shock of the tragedy.

Fourteen of the total count died at the wreck. Captain Waterhouse died in a Los Angeles hospital four days later, on January 23rd.

All of the human remains from the charred wreckage were placed in boxes and brought back to Los Angeles. Attempts were made to make identification of the twenty-one boxes. When the Coroner and his assistants began to inspect the content of the boxes it was found that seven of them contained large sides of beef which had been in the express car. There were then fourteen boxes containing human remains. Mrs. Cassell had been sent to San Francisco. Assistance in identification was given by Conductor Reed using information from the booking agent in San Francisco.

A list published on January 22nd gave the following names.

In the first sleeping car:

- L. Wetherd—dead
- Major Charles Larrabee—dead
- Capt. A. L. Waterhouse, wife & 2 children—injured (Waterhouse died in Los Angeles, January 23rd)
- Miss Ida Brown—injured
- Mrs. J. K. Brown—injured
- Thos. Keegan, soldier—dead
- F. G. Gromefort soldier—dead
- Lawrence\_\_\_\_, porter—dead

## In the Second sleeping car

B. A. Schlengheyde, Fresno—dead  
 John F. Cassell, San Francisco—safe  
 Mrs. John F. Cassell, San Francisco—dead  
 H. A. Oliver—dead  
 Miss E. Squired—dead  
 Mrs. H. C. Hatch—injured  
 Governor John Downey—injured  
 Mrs. John Downey—dead  
 Howard Tilton, San Francisco—safe  
 R. Porter Ashe—safe  
 Minnie Peterson, maid—injured  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Wright, porter—dead

## In the express car:

C. K. Pierson, messenger—dead

There were two unidentified remains which brought the total number to fifteen.

During the days of identification there were some interesting yet pathetic happenings.

When the remains of Mrs. Cassell were sent to San Francisco they were found to be those of Mrs. Downey. A special train rushed the remains of Mrs. Downey back to Los Angeles. The remains, which at first had been identified as Mrs. Downey, when turned over to the undertaker in Los Angeles, turned out to be those of H. A. Oliver.

On January 22nd Conductor Reed and Brakeman Patten were taken into custody in Los Angeles, arrested and taken to Bakersfield where they were charged with manslaughter. They were bailed out by the Southern Pacific within an hour, the railroad paying the \$2,400 bail for each of them.

What was the cause of the wreck?

It was the opinion of railroad men, the engine crew and the Southern Pacific, that there was a leak in the air brakes. As soon as the brakes began to release, due to the lowering of air pressure, the high wind set the train in motion. The crew had not set the hand brakes because the brakemen had depended on the air brakes. With the conductor and the rear brakeman inside the station and the front brakeman riding the engine to the switching and coaling pits, the train was left standing alone. Had the hand brakes been set the wreck would not have happened. The train crew had come to depend on the Westinghouse air brakes so that they abandoned setting the hand brakes even though the rule book made it mandatory, when the train was left without an engine, to set the hand brakes.

McKenzie, the passenger whose quick thinking brought the rear portion of the train to a halt without injury to the fifty or so passengers, condemned the railroad for the lack of maintenance of the hand brakes and the disregard of rules by the conductor and the rear brakeman for their neglect of the train.

During the course of the investigation there was the story that two strangers had been seen boarding the train while it was untended, releasing the brakes in order to allow the train to roll back for a distance in order to rob it. The story was unfounded as the two men who were seen boarding the train were the soldiers from the Presidio.

No one was brought to trial after the tragedy.

Governor Downey slowly recovered from the tragedy. He went on a three year trip around the world. In 1888 he married Rose Kelly of Los Angeles—and life moved on.

## From Torrent to Trickle: The Changing Waters of the Los Angeles River

by John W. Byram  
Winter, 1987

Water has been one of the major issues in Southern California over the last hundred years. The task of acquiring enough water to satisfy the population of the area is one that continues to be debated and discussed. Keeping the semi-arid location supplied with water has not been easy. In the Los Angeles area alone, water used locally is brought from northern California and the Owens and Colorado Rivers. But the city also receives water from another source; her often forgotten benefactor is *Rio Porciúncula*—the Los Angeles River.<sup>1</sup>

The Spanish *pueblo* called "*Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles*," was founded alongside the Los Angeles River in 1781. As one author stated from the records of the time, "The *pueblo* of Los Angeles was established by the Spanish Crown for the primary purpose of raising subsistence supplies for the small army of occupation. These Spaniards came from a country that thrived by irrigation, and they applied their methods in Mexico and California. Water was the element that determined the location of a *pueblo*, and the area of the grant generally was adjusted to the available supply. This was done in the case of the *Pueblo of Los Angeles*."<sup>2</sup>

The Los Angeles River had its origin in the San Gabriel Mountains. After passing through the city, the river joined the San Gabriel River and from there both flowed southward to the sea. In the 1800s the river traveled about 30 miles from its source to its destination. Seasonal changes were evident in the ebb and flow of the river as it made its journey. In the summer, the entire river would disappear, leaving only a dry track to show it had been there. Upon the arrival of winter, just the opposite would occur. Normally a quiet stream, the river would then become a

torrent of muddy water and debris. The Los Angeles River flowed underground, "bottom-side up," for most of the year, but when the rains came and the subterranean water supply grew, much more water remained in the river bed.<sup>3</sup>

During summers when drought was not a concern, the absence of the river did not create much of a problem, and in many places the river flowed only a few feet under the sandy basin. Winters, however, when the river raged, were another matter. Hardly a year went by without tragedy. Emma Adams, a visitor to Los Angeles in the 1880s, described the violent and treacherous Los Angeles "stream": "During the rainy season it enlarges to a broad river, with a powerful current and a dangerous shifting bottom. Widely overflowing its banks, it sweeps away real estate and personal property in a most merciless fashion. Scarcely a season passes in which adventurous men do not lose their lives in attempting to cross with teams when at its flood. Both driver and horses soon disappear beneath its restless quicksands. Numberless small tenements, improvidently built too near its brink, were swept from their anchorage and borne away toward the sea, or were ruthlessly wrecked on the spot. Several lives were a prey to its waters during the winter of 1884. But let the early Autumn come! Then the once raging torrent, purls along, a narrow, shallow, garrulous brook, which bare-footed children may easily ford."<sup>4</sup>

Natural beauty abounded near this volatile body of water. Huge pastures and forests gave incentive to hunting and fishing among the city's inhabitants. Stone quarries appeared near the river.<sup>5</sup> Wild animals, birds, and flowers were also plentiful. Many of these creatures no longer exist near the City of Los Angeles. Mary Austin, in her *California: The Land of the Sun* (1914) related, "... a small trickle of water is among stones in a wide, deep wash, overgrown with button willow and sycamores that click their gossiping leaves in every breath of wind or in no wind at all. Tiny gold and silver backed ferns climb down the banks to drink and as soon as the spring freshet has gone by, broadiaea and blazing stars come up between the boulders worn as smooth as if by hand. Farther up, where the stream narrows, it is overgrown by willows, alders and rock maples, and leaps white-footed into brown pools for trout. Deer drink at the shallows, and it is not so long ago that cinnamon bear and grizzlies tracked the wet clay of its borders."<sup>6</sup>

Two major man-made problems have plagued the Los Angeles river throughout its association with the city: the need to profitably distribute the river's water and the dispute over the river's ownership. To move the water to irrigate their crops and quench their thirst, the Spaniards devised a system of ditches to run through the young *pueblo*. At first, these canals were little more than trenches cut into the ground, but by the mid-nineteenth century the *zanja* (ditch) was supplying Los Angeles with its major water needs.<sup>7</sup>

*Zanjas* were one of the few ways to transport and hold water in early California, as Harry Carr wrote in *Los Angeles: City of Dreams* (1935), "The water in a desert country like Los Angeles is wasted if held in reservoirs; forty percent evaporates. Poured into the ground sometimes eight percent is saved."<sup>8</sup> The air was just too dry and hot to risk storing water for long.

By the middle of 1800s surface water had become scarce and was now inadequate for the ever increasing development of agriculture. Artesian wells had to be drilled into the underground river. Water was distributed through the Los Angeles irrigation system, an 80 mile network of canals, to farms and orchards around the city. One observer described the system this way: "The canals are called *zanjas*. The superintendent of the system is titled the *zanjero*. Necessarily he must be a man promptly attentive to business. When the day arrives for a certain orange orchard

or vineyard to be flooded, the *zanjero* must have the refreshing liquid ready to laugh and ripple around the roots of the thirsty trees, the moment the gate is opened which admits it to the premises. He must also remember who wants it at night, and see that such parties get it, and in sufficient quantity; nor must he fail to withdraw it from them in the morning."<sup>9</sup>

Many disputes have arisen over the years as to who owns and controls the right to use the Los Angeles River. "Water privileges" were given to all the Spaniards and Indians living in the *pueblo* by a general law endorsed by King Charles III of Spain, upon the birth of the *pueblo* in 1781.<sup>10</sup> It did not take long for people to stretch this law. The following two examples were taken by C. P. Dorland from Spanish and Los Angeles records for the Historical Society of Southern California in 1893.

The San Fernando Mission priests set up a dam on the river outside the City of Los Angeles around 1801. The concerned city organized a committee to investigate and it found that the dam "cuts off the source of our water for irrigation, thereby causing damage and suffering." Mission authorities denied wrongdoing, said the dam had been in its location for 15 years, and asked for permission to use the water. This request was granted by the city, with the condition that if a "diminution of water" entering the city ever occurred the agreement could be rescinded.<sup>11</sup>

In another case, in 1873 it was established by the state Supreme Court "that the city is the un-qualified owner of all the water flowing in the Los Angeles River, necessary for all purposes of irrigation and domestic use within the city." To that point, there had been several unauthorized farms using the river's water without permission or payment.<sup>12</sup>

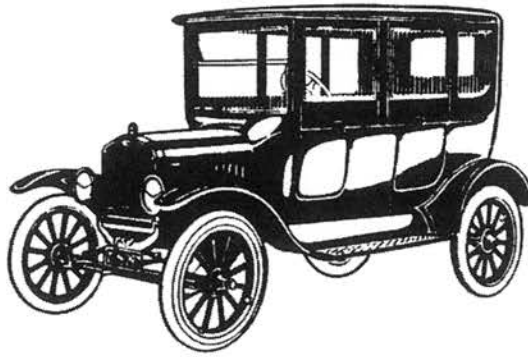
In 1874, author Benjamin Truman wrote, "The supply of water [in the Los Angeles River] is ample for a city of ten times the present population [13,000] when properly utilized."<sup>13</sup> Population did shoot up rapidly, and by the early 1890s there were 130,000 citizens in the City of Los Angeles thanks to real estate booms and worldwide publicity about Southern California's climate and opportunities. Each year it became more expensive to pump up the shrinking underground water supply.

The rapidly increasing population showed no sign of letting up. Neither did the demand for water as thousands of newcomers expected the city to provide them with the liquid as a necessity of life. At the same time, many business leaders had grown wealthy on the sale of real estate and wanted continued success. There was plenty of land for continued growth, but without an increase in the supply of water, the area could not sustain either population or industrial growth. Thus Los Angeles would face the challenges of a new century: its water would be imported from far distances, from Owens Valley and the Colorado River. The Los Angeles River would never be as important as it once was in the early days of the city, but it played an important role in the history of a region.

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## Tin Lizzie. The Little Machine that Won the West

by Bill Miller  
Spring, 1988

**W**hen it came to winning the west, Henry Ford and his Model "T" took over where Samuel Colt and Smith & Wesson left off. The 44 Colt hanging low on the hip and the slogan that "Smith and Wesson made all men equal" gave way to Henry Ford and his marvelous "Tin Lizzie." This little workhorse was the mechanized Conestoga wagon and the pack mule of the 20th century, all wrapped up in one.

It was cursed and kicked like the stubborn little "animal" it could be, just as its four legged predecessors had been but at the same time it was also praised and cherished. Was there ever a man who owned a Model "T" that did not think his pride and joy could out perform every one else's, even though they all came of the same assembly line and the engine block came from the same mold?

This little mass-produced jewel seemed to keep going forever. In the depression years of the thirties, many of the breed were still chugging along long after they should have been consigned to the automobile graveyard. Even though they were literally worn out they could always be coaxed into one more trip. Six dollars could often buy one in good working order.

A monkey wrench, a combination spark plug and head wrench, and a pair of pliers were standard equipment that came with every car. That's all it took to take care of most repairs and adjustments. A few pieces of bailing wire were good to have along and were in the tool kit of any self respecting Ford owner.

In good weather the little engine would start right up if you treated it right. But needless to say, it could also be temperamental. Standard procedure was to

carefully set the spark lever and the hand throttle that were found just under the big wooden steering wheel. There was no foot throttle.

Next, you made sure the brake lever was pulled all the way back. This not only set the hand brake, if it was working, but it also disengaged the transmission. Then you turned the switch on for the magneto ignition system. You were now ready to climb out of the driver's seat, go around in front and crank the engine. There was no "self-starter."

If the looped wire that went through the radiator shell and to the carburetor choke was pulled out just right it would start on the second pull of the crank. The later models had a choke rod mounted on the dash board. A wooden clothes pin placed under the knob would hold the choke out just the right amount to allow the engine to idle until it was warmed up. Could Henry Ford have foreseen this important feature?

The lady that pulled the choke rod out for a place to hang her purse gave her mechanic fits until he finally figured out what made the engine flood. She told him she thought that was what it was for!

In cold weather this little marvel of engineering could be an exercise in futility. First you jacked up a rear wheel, after blocking a front one, because the cold oil in the planetary transmission did not let the gears fully disengage. This accomplished two things. The engine was easier to crank and it kept the car from running over you when it finally did start.

After setting the spark and throttle levers, with the ignition switch off, you pulled the choke wire all the way out and gave two pulls on the crank. This would prime the engine. Then you quickly ran back to turn on the ignition key, reset the choke, and start cranking in earnest. That is, after saying a short prayer.

If you were lucky, the little engine would give a gasp of encouragement after a pull or two and then you began again. Prayers turned to words more expressive on the occasion as the sweat began to break out. This seemed to be most effective because sooner or later the little engine began to purr. That is, until you went around to the driver's seat to reset the spark and idle the engine. Just as you got there the engine would suddenly cough and die for no reason at all.

When the engine finally settled down to a steady rhythm, you removed the jack and wheel blocks, climbed into the driver's seat and took command.

There were three pedals on the floor that operated the transmission. When the left pedal was fully depressed, it was in low gear. Half way out, it was in neutral. Let it all the way out and you were in high gear. The middle pedal operated the reverse gear and the right pedal the brake. If the brake was not working too good you could always use the reverse pedal to stop.

Servicing was direct and simple. There was no dip stick to check the oil. You crawled under the car just back of the left front wheel where there were two pet cocks on the side of crankcase. Open them and let a few drops of oil run out. The top one said there was plenty of oil. If nothing came out of the bottom one it spelled trouble. You were out of oil.

There was no water pump as the cooling was a thermal system. The radiator had to be full or there was no circulation, hence no cooling. The driver had to stop and add water when steam started coming out of the radiator cap. He knew the water was boiling.

You sat on the gas tank, it was under the driver's seat. To fill up, you lifted the cushion and the station attendant passed the nozzle to you. They gave you a little wooden ruler marked off in gallons so you could measure when to buy gas.



There was no fuel pump, the carburetor was gravity fed. On a long steep hill, if the tank was not full, you had to turn around and go up the hill backwards. This kept fuel supplied to the engine.

There was a single wiper blade on the driver's side for use when it rained. It was attached to a pivot pin that went through the windshield frame with a lever on the inside. It was operated by hand. A dampened sack of Bull Durham tobacco rubbed on the windshield made the water run off a little easier. No problem with steaming up on the inside of the windshield, the side curtains let in plenty of cold air.

Not too many extras could be bought for a Model "T." A battery ignition was available; this also let the lights burn at a constant brightness. The standard magneto ignition only provided current in direct ratio to the speed of the engine. Idle speed, dim lights. More speed, bright lights. The faster you drove, the further you could see. But of course it took longer to stop. One seemed to offset the other.

You could also buy a brake kit known as "Rocky Mountain Brakes." It was commonly said that it was the most economical brake in the world because only one of them worked at a time.

Eventually an electric starter was available to the more affluent so the engine would not have to be cranked by hand. This also saved a few broken arms. The engine would sometimes "kick" if the spark lever was not set just right, causing the crank to fly around the wrong way and do the damage.

A long trip, two or three hundred miles, took special planning. Everything was checked out. Cans of extra gasoline, oil and water were a must. A spare connecting rod carried under the seat was good insurance. It was possible to change a connecting rod on the road. You could take off the pan and pull the rod out of the bottom, piston and all. You drained the oil first, saving it to put back in the engine when the repairs were made.

Spare tires were a necessity on a long trip. A can of "cold patch" to repair inner tubes and a spare "boot" or two to put between the casing and the tube in the event of tire damage was a good idea. "Blow-outs" were common. Some spare valve cores and a hand tire pump were also a must.

When Henry Ford decided to replace the Model "T" with the Model "A," many a heart was saddened. The little machine that had helped conquer the west was to be no more. The tales of the heroic exploits of the little "Tin Lizzie" are countless and legendary.

Progress is inevitable. There are new frontiers to conquer, first in the sky and now in outer space. Perhaps if the astronauts had looked a little closer when they landed on the moon they might have found a little black Tin Lizzie parked in a shadow. Did they look for tire tracks? They would have been  $30 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ , clincher type rim.

## The Oak Autograph Album

by Francis J. Weber  
Spring, 1988

One of the truly great treasures at the Archival Center, Archdiocese of Los Angeles, is an album entitled *Autographs of California Pioneers*. This book measuring 17 × 14-inches and about 5-inches thick, contains more than 1,600 autographs (covering 1,150 individuals) of Californians and visitors to the area prior to 1849. The material is skillfully mounted on thin sheets inlaid atop the original leaves of the album. Appended to most of the entries are printed biographical sketches which the compiler excised from newspaper accounts or other early printed sources.

The individuals represented by the autographs were all pioneers in the early life of the Golden State. They were men and women who had come to California by ship (around the Horn), on foot or horseback across uncharted deserts, or by dangerous and tiresome trails in an oxcart or wagon of pre-Gold Rush vintage. Friar and scout, captain and sailor, author and adventurer, trapper and *alcalde*, lawyer and merchant, all are part of a unique collection in our western annals.

For many years, the fascinating scrapbook belonged to Ora Oak, a onetime employee of A. L. Bancroft & Company of San Francisco. She sold the album to Ernest Dawson about 1927. Charles Yale, then an employee of Dawson's Book Shop, was asked to write a comprehensive description of the album in order to enhance its saleability. In so doing, he leaned heavily on the biographical insertions for the essay which he and his assistant, Eleanor Reed, prepared for publication in Catalogue No. 53 issued by Dawson's Book Shop in January 1928. A copy of that now-rare catalogue was given to this writer by Glen Dawson, along with permission to quote liberally from its contents.

Yale concluded his lengthy description of the album by noting that, since duplication of such a work would then be an impossibility, it was being "moderately

priced" at \$6,000. There was no dearth of interest in the book, and prospective buyers were not breaking down the door for a glance at the prized item, all due in part to the cost even in pre-Depression times. Finally, one year later, "father" Dawson had to reduce his price, Carrie Estelle Doheny purchased the album as the centerpiece of her Western Americana Collection.

In 1940, the album became part of the Estelle Doheny Collection of Books, Manuscripts and Works of Art and, as such, was presented to Saint John's Seminary in Camarillo. There it remained, a cherished historical jewel, until 1987. At that time it was moved to the Archival Center, at Mission Hills, and formed a part of the newly-constituted Estelle Doheny Collection of California.

The compiler of the album was Henry Oak (1844–1905), a native of Maine who had come to California in 1866. On his arrival he took a position as a clerk in charge of a grain warehouse in Petaluma. He later taught briefly at the Napa Collegiate Institute and then joined the staff of the San Francisco *Occident*.

In 1869, Oak became associated with Hubert Howe Bancroft's library in San Francisco, where he labored for 18 years. While there he spent much of his time writing and editing at least 10 of the 39 volumes that eventually comprised *The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft*. Unhappily, the role of Oak in the monumental Bancroft publishing venture was never adequately acknowledged by Bancroft, a factor which deeply embittered his long-time New England collaborator.

Oak was an avid autograph collector. During his tour of the California missions in 1874, for example, he interviewed a number of prominent personages such as Benjamin Hayes, Cornelius Coe, Alfred Robinson, Andres Pico, B. D. Wilson and J. J. Warner. And, in every case, he sought and was given either an autograph, a document, or a letter for his personal files. Later on, whenever an important individual came to the library, he left behind something for the Oak collection. It can easily be seen how a man of this diligence came to acquire such a varied and exquisite collection. Everything about this volume indicates the methodology of its compiler. The contents are neatly mounted, carefully cross-indexed and minutely researched. The sketches, mounted next to the autographs, subsequently became the basis for the pioneer register and index which began appearing under the name of Hubert Howe Bancroft in 1885.

Oak divided his 266 page album into categories. The first entries are those of the earliest settlers in California. Twelve pages are devoted to men who came to the area between 1814 and 1830. Among this distinguished group was John Gilroy (born Cameron, who took the name Gilroy to avoid arrest and the possibility of being sent back to Scotland), an honest, good-natured sailor-*ranchero*, one who proved to be as powerless in the hands of the land-lawyers as were the natives themselves. He lost all his property and cattle, but lived on to see his *ranchero* become the site of the flourishing town bearing his adopted name.

Another of this group was William E. P. Hartnell, a man of affairs whose generosity and openheartedness kept him in financial difficulties. Arriving in 1822, this outstanding figure was a rancher, custom collector, educator, visitor of the missions, interpreter and translator.

Then there were Robert Livermore, William A. Gale, Daniel Hill, John R. Cooper, David Spence and James McKinley—to enumerate but a few of the many whose names awaken memories of pioneering times.

The missionaries also occupy a prominent section in the album. *Primer inter pares* would be Fray Junipero Serra (1713–1784), founder and *Presidente* of the California missions. Actually there are two Serra autographs, one clearly dated at

San Carlos de Monterey, July 18, 1774. Others included in this section are Fermin Francisco de Lasuén, Estevan Tápis, Jose Séñan, Vincente de Sarria, Mariano Payeras, Jose Sánchez and Francisco Garcia Diego y Moreno who later became the proto Bishop for the Diocese of both Californias.

There are eleven pages in the album concerned with the other missionaries, three devoted to the friars who came to California from the Apostolic College of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe* at Zacatecas. Priests, clergymen and chaplains are next considered and among them are Walter Colton and John Nobile, the founder of Santa Clara College.

A listing of California's Spanish, Mexican and Military governors begins on page 34, a notable assemblage from Jose Joaquin Arrillaga to Richard B. Mason. Evidence of Oak's meticulous care is shown in his section covering pioneers living in 1855, for whom he made careful cross references to the native Californians, the pioneers of 1825–1829, 1830–1840 and each succeeding year to 1848. He thus provided an index to those whose autographs are found elsewhere in the album.

The Graham affair (1840), the Bear Flag men, the Hajar and Padres expedition, Stevenson's regiment, the Mormon colony (with Sam Brannan as its prime leader), the Constitutional Convention, the Donner party and the Hudson's Bay Company, each with its full complement of important signatures, ably depict instances of diplomacy, intrigue and bravery in the history of the Golden West.

Placed under the heading "Episodes of California History" are signatures which bring to mind such incidents as John C. Fremont's ride, the discovery of gold by Francisco Lopez (1842), the *Star of the West*, smuggling and the historical background of Bret Harte's *Story of a Mine*.

Seven pages are given over to autographs and biographical sketches of early authors who recorded California's history, heroes and scenic wonders. This listing would, of course, include Fray Geronimo Boscana, who wrote about the Indians at San Juan Capistrano Mission; Alfred Robinson whose *Life in California* (1846) was issued with Boscana's work; Walter Colton, author of *Three Years in California* who was an interesting figure as *alcalde* of Monterey; Joseph Revere, a young lieutenant whose adventures and observations gave him material for his *Tour of Duty*; Eugene Dufлот de Mofras, the young French diplomat whose varied experiences occasioned *Exploration* (1844), together with Edward Vischer, William Dane Phelps, William Thomas, William Taylor, Samuel Ward and Felix Paul Wierzbicki whose literary work made them outstanding figures in western history.

Among the hunters, trappers and explorers whose names are recorded in the album are Christopher (Kit) Carson, his brother Moses, James Clyman, Isaac Graham, Ewing Young and George C. Yount. There are remembrances of over 75 Spanish, Mexican and foreign traders who visited the Pacific Slope. Outstanding of these are Alpheus, Francis and Joseph Thompson, John Parrott, Fred Macondray, Thomas Larkin, William Gale, William Leidesdorff, Jose Bandini and Jose Aguirre.

The autographs of vessel masters, super-cargoes and agents, sailor-visitors and naval settlers occupy 14 full pages. There were such personages as John Cooper, the trade rival of Hartnell & Company, who made many trips up and down the coast; Edward McIntosh, who came with Cooper on his trip to California in 1823, Lansford Hastings of the *Tasso*; James Hedge of the *Monmouth*; Mariano Malarin of the *Senoriano* and Henry Mellus, agent for Appleton & Company are just a sampling.

Physicians, lawyers, journalists, printers, secretaries, surveyors and lumbermen are assigned 13 pages in the album. In the first group are such names as John Griffin, who came to California with Stephen Kearney and was later in charge of

the military hospital at Los Angeles; John Marsh, a misunderstood and somewhat maligned fellow whose chief interest appears to have been that of seeing California brought into the federal union and James L. Ord, who arrived about 1847 as a surgeon with the Third United States Artillery unit.

Among the lawyers were George Hyde, *alcalde* of San Francisco, Charles T. Botts, member of a leading law firm and a delegate to the 1849 Constitutional Convention, together with Lewis Dent, a well-known jurist in the Bay Area.

Among the prominent names in the state's printing history was Agustin V. Zamorano, publisher of many imprints emanating from the Spanish press of California; Walter Colton and Robert Semple of the *Californian*, the first newspaper and E. P. Jones and Edward C. Kemble of the *Los Angeles Star*.

Spanish and Mexican officials are well represented. They include the Argüello family—Jose Dario (father), Luis, Antonio, Gervasio and Santiago (sons); the Carrillo family—Jose Raimundo (father), Anastasio (son) and Raimundo (grandson), together with Joaquin (cousin) and the Estrada brothers—Jose Mariano and Jose Raimundo.

Remembered for his romantic "march to the sea" William Tecumseh Sherman also had a claim to fame in California history, as well as a place in this album. Bancroft felt that Sherman "reached a higher position than any other pioneer named in this register." With him in this section of the album is Edward O. C. Ord, known for surveying the area that became metropolitan Los Angeles. Those prominent in the state's political affairs are such legendary figures as James Alexander Forbes, Manuel Castro and Gabriel Torre.

The pages devoted to capitalists and those connected with islandic affairs can be passed over with scant notice, but the next section is important because it deals with pioneer women of California. Among the first of them is Mary Kinlock (wife of George), who came from Scotland before 1830. Her autograph, beautifully written is one of several including Josefa and Mary Carson, wives of Kit and Moses B. Carson. Others are Rachel Larkin (wife of Thomas O.) and Mary Paty (wife of John).

United States and Mexican naval commanders are featured as well, attesting to the part played by men of the sea in those times. Montgomery and Page, Lavalette and Stribling, Thorburn and Watson for the Americans; Malatin, Araujo and Naravaez for the Mexicans are indicative of the officers whose names appear.

John Bidwell stands tall among the migrants to California, as do his three companions R. H. Thomas, George Henshaw and Michael Nye. Practically all those who joined what was later known as the Bartleson Company are represented in this album. Examples are Josiah Belden, David Chandler, Henry Brolaski and Joseph B. Chiles.

Those whose names adorn valleys and mountains, lakes and rivers, towns and countrysides and streets and avenues were avidly sought out by Henry L. Oak. Among them are Juan Alvarado, Edward Kern, Pio Pico, Jonathan Stevenson, Robert Stockton, John Temple, Ignacio Martinez and Jaspar O'Farrell.

German, French, Irish, Italian, Scotch, Russian and English pioneers occupy seven well-filled pages, each recalling the cosmopolitan character of the population in those early days. Those names read like a modern telephone directory—Alder, Behn, Bolcof, Douglas, Ehrenberg, Fleury, Prudon, Rubidoux, Sainsevain, Wrangel—men of diverse nationalities who, through their military connections, their love of adventure and their search for new fields of commercial enterprise, visited these shores and played a role in the establishment of new communities.

Of the native Californians, there are autographs of practically every important family: the Guerras, Lugos, Estudillos, Picos, Pachecos, Ortegas, Sepulvedas and Vallejos. From page 201 onwards to the end of the album, the arrangement is totally geographical—first the San Diego military officers, friars and citizens; the Los Angeles merchants and officials; then representatives from Santa Barbara, Purisima, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Santa Cruz and, finally, San Francisco. Thus completely and amply are the centers of population from the missions of the south to the city of the north systematically played out.

Covering the outlying *ranchos* of the interior, the last pages of the album contain autographs and sketches of men notable in the annals of pastoral California. Chief among these is John Augustus Sutter, the German-Swiss trader who changed the face of California history by his discovery of gold.

They are all here in this magnificent album—those valiant men and women who came from all parts of America and from many foreign countries to lift California high upon the crest of worldwide acclaim. They came to be part of the American dream.



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## Mojave Memories

by John Southworth  
Fall, 1988

**M**ojave, a well-known desert outpost some 70 miles north of Los Angeles, had been a boom or bust frontier town. It now boasts about 4,500 inhabitants. The town was established by the Southern Pacific Railroad in 1876 as a division point at the southern terminus of the steep Tehachapi grade (complete with its famous Tehachapi Loop). Mojave grew from 200 to 230 inhabitants during its first 30 years. By 1906 it had become an established transshipment center of the Mojave Desert, due to the arrival of the Santa Fe Railway in 1884 from the east and the Borax 20-mule teams from Death Valley. There were also horse-drawn passenger stages, freight wagons from mining activity on nearby Soledad Mountain, booming gold camps in Garlock, Goler and Randsburg, not to mention Inyo and Mono counties activity farther to the north.

Railroad construction crews in 1876 included many part-time prospectors who reported good gold signs on Standard Hill, that Soledad Mountain outlier closest to Mojave. By 1900 all of Standard, Soledad, and other nearby buttes were totally covered with mining claims. The *Queen Esther* and *Elephant-Eagle* developed into first-class producers. The *Queen Esther*, a silver property, went on to become the keystone of the Harvey Mudd fortune. All of this activity helped to keep Mojave, and neighboring Rosamond to the south, alive.

In 1907 construction crews came with their thousands of mules and tons of earth moving equipment in order to connect the Owens Valley with the Los Angeles Aqueduct. Those raucous aqueduct crews helped to support the many Mojave dance halls and saloons, and along with their need of female companionship, it kept the town lively. Meanwhile the Southern Pacific built a branch north out of Mojave towards Owens Valley in 1908 to carry aqueduct supplies. Shortly after the aqueduct was completed, much of the Mojave business district burned to the ground (1915).

For 15 years Mojave depended on its railroads and highways for sustenance. Gas stations, restaurants, and 'dry' bars lined one side of its downtown main street, with railroad tracks on the other side. After the Great Depression hit in 1930, mining claims on nearby Soledad Mountain took on unaccustomed activity due to an increase in the government price of gold to thirty-five dollars per troy ounce. The result of all this was that Mojave began to move a bit and appeared more lively.

George Holmes and his father, both long-time prospectors, had tracked a trace of gold float high up on a gully on the northwest face of Soledad Mountain, and then spent two years determining old claim boundaries and digging deep hardrock holes. The father and son team were not only energetic, but they were also lucky. They found an unclaimed fraction of ground wherein they exposed the top of an ore body which, by apex rights, they could mine downward under adjacent properties. They called their new fractional claim the *Silver Queen* and got a large South African development corporation interested in the whole area. When diamond drilling proved the ore body to be extensive, a new organization, the Golden Queen Mining Company, began full scale operations.

A haulage tunnel was driven low on the hill into the base of the hidden ore body and a large, modern cyanide mill that could crush, grind and treat 300 tons of ore per day was built at the tunnel portal. The underground mine stopes were simultaneously developed for efficient ore removal. The newly opened property operated 24 hours a day, seven days a week, until the War Emergency Act cut off all sources of equipment, materials, and supplies so necessary to such a facility, an operation deemed totally unnecessary in the early years of World War II. Thoroughly stripped, the tunnel portal, the mine and mill dumps, and the mill foundations are all that is left today of the *Golden Queen* mine.

As a newly graduated mining engineer, I went to work in the assay office of the *Golden Queen Mine* in 1938. The pay was \$3.50 per day, the work was seven days per week. My assignment was to start the fires in two big assay furnaces early each morning and prepare the ore samples for the two assayers who would arrive later. It was an extremely dusty job, but the shop itself was situated in such a way that I could watch the big mill tailings dump grow and the seasons come and go across the wide desert below. Those seasons would bring thousands of acres of wild flowers, and just as many acres of jostling sheep which were being herded to seasonal ranges. Most memorable was the non-stop "Mojave Zephyr," a wind that continues to blow to this day, and the same one that has caused two or three thousand power generating windmills to sprout along 10 or 12 miles of mountain ridges northwest of town.

That wind also spawned several stories, probably apocryphal. One story claims that old-time Mojave residents were easily recognized by their peculiar tilt which they seemingly acquired to accommodate the perennial flow of air. Another alleged that at one time the zephyr suddenly quit blowing, causing several well-established buildings in the area to fall over.



The wind stories are not all fictitious. One concerns the wide, low fuel storage tanks the Southern Pacific Railroad had established around town. A particularly strong zephyr lifted the lid from several tanks and spewed oil all over property and inhabitants alike. The railroad's first reaction was to restrain all remaining lids with great clamped cables; they then accepted all local cleaning bills with no questions asked. Those old tanks are gone now.

The second wind story concerns the old Harvey House which stood on the east side of the main highway through town directly opposite of the then and present railway station. When the zephyr blew unusually strong, highway traffic was detoured and ropes would be stretched between the two buildings, working as stabilizing aids to the hungry travelers who, out of necessity, had to brave about 200 feet of open ground in order to reach the welcome meals laid out by those wonderful "Harvey Girls."

Two unrelated items of interest come to mind. First, in order for the great *Golden Queen Mill* to run properly as a well controlled cyanide plant, constant chemical analysis of the dissolving solutions was necessary. Money was at stake. Lime and cyanide balances had to be exact or gold and silver would be lost forever into the tailing pond. So the mill foreman augmented the slower official laboratory control by making their own personal, on-the-spot chemical tests. They became very proficient at using wine-tasting techniques to taste solutions for lime and cyanide content. No mill foreman was ever lost to cyanide poisoning nor was much gold or silver lost to the dump. That enormous dump, all ground to 200 mesh or less in order to free its close-bound metallic values, is now being marketed as a pozzolanic additive which reduces the requirements for more expensive cement in new concrete.

The second item of interest is that somewhere in Mojave, probably in a poorly lit back room of some local establishment, must still reside that outrageous painting, the "Drunkard's Dream." I remember it to be about 36 by 48 inches in size and of a quality that would never rate a Smithsonian showing. But nevertheless it was of more than a passing interest to many and well deserved its write up in the *Reader's Digest*. It was painted during the time of the construction of the aqueduct by an itinerant artist who had promised a "world class" painting. For his work, he was to be given unlimited booze over a specified period of time. The finished work was prominently displayed in various Mojave bars during the 1930s.

Some 30 miles north and east of Mojave, beyond Red Rock Canyon, but along the south side of the El Paso Mountains (opposite old Saltdale on now dry Koehn Lake) you can still see, if you look high up on the correct spur projecting from the main mountain, the dumps that spewed out when old Burro Schmidt drove his lonesome tunnel straight as a die through the mountain. He must have finally decided something was amiss and teed the tunnel off in two directions to exit on both sides of the projecting ridge whose axis he found his tunnel traversing. So now two small dumps are dimly visible from the highway, one for each of his two exits. It is a long, steep drive back around to Schmidt Camp and the tunnel entrance.

Old Burro Schmidt had no good excuse for driving that 3,500-foot tunnel all by himself except that the mountain was there and tunneling provided something challenging to do during the long winters. He habitually worked all summer in the alfalfa fields of Kern County and carefully saved his money to buy mining supplies, so he could work all winter in the mine. He worked night and day, forging his own personal memorial to perseverance through a nondescript mountain. The mailman who drove the Star Route as far as the almost abandoned (then as now)

camp at Garlock, returned to this home base in Mojave one day to report that "that crazy old man" was awaiting his arrival at the post box along the Garlock road. Burro Schmidt had walked the several miles from his mountain camp, with an old alarm clock in hand, to get the correct time. His only comment, when he found the clock was some four hours fast, was that he thought he had been getting up awful early in the morning. Then he trudged back up the mountain for another go at the tunnel face with hand, steel and dynamite.

Farther east along the El Pasos, a road crosses the wide valley diagonally and climbs up to Randsburg where, for many years, the great *Yellow Aster Mill* dropped more than a hundred stamps around the clock in a peace-rending clamor, and the old *Kelly Mine* broke all sorts of records for its richness. As luck would have it, the *Yellow Aster Mine* and its two supportive towns, Randsburg and Johannesburg, were barely within Kern County, the eastern boundary of that political jurisdiction being but a few yards further on. The *Kelly Mine* was over the line in San Bernardino County.

Sometime after the free and easy days in Mojave when the aqueduct construction crews pretty much ran that frontier town, the law came to Kern County and all open red light districts were abolished, or at least dispersed. So most of the local talent moved east into San Bernardino County where the old way survived for many more years.

The girls of eastern Kern County built a brand new town to their liking a mile or so southeast of Johannesburg, along Highway 395 and barely within San Bernardino County. They called their new town Red Mountain after a local landmark. This move did not matter much to the lonesome men of Randsburg and Johannesburg, but it generated a lot of travel between Mojave and Red Mountain.

One tale told about the new settlement bears repeating. All the cribs had little signs announcing the girl's name, some with an additional invitation, such as "Ring Bell for Service." But one sign reflected a lot more imagination. The "girl" was an old hand, in her late seventies, and her sign read "It is All the Same in the Dark."



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## Grand Central Air Terminal 1922–1959

by Sky King  
Winter, 1988

**T**he history of aviation in Southern California was closely associated with the growth and development of the Grand Central Air Terminal in Glendale.

During the mid-1930s my family often went to Grand Central airport to watch my father board Varney Air Lines for San Francisco. As a railroad buff, I would have preferred that my father take the *Lark* and we would then have gone to the Southern Pacific's Glendale station where I could see the steam locomotives. Yet, one could not help but be fascinated with those early day passenger planes and the developing air traffic.

Leslie C. Brand, one of the developers of Glendale, began collecting aircraft shortly after World War I. It was only natural that he was looking for a local area in which to store his collection of priceless aircraft. Pilots, returning home from World War I, often met with Brand and subsequently formed a group who in turn jointly attempted to interest the city of Glendale in founding a local aviation industry. Their spokesman, Thornton E. Hamlin, also appealed to the Chamber of Commerce with hopes that these businesses would have the vision to help in obtaining a landing field where private hangers could be built, in developing local servicing facilities, and possibly even encouraging the manufacture of aircraft.

The result was that interest soon centered on a 33-acre ranch just south and west of the Southern Pacific San Francisco-Los Angeles main line and adjacent to Grandview Avenue. The city of Glendale was able to purchase the ranch from John D. Radcliff for \$66,000 on December 9, 1922.

Shortly after the purchase, the city cleared the land and built a paved runway for small aircraft. Before the field was placed in operation, a legal action took place to keep aircraft away from the local farms and ranches in the area. Their excuse was

that the noise from the landing and take off of planes would frighten the livestock. The Jessup farm located under the flight path, stated that the constant noise would cut the quantity of milk produced by the dairy cows, but apparently some agreement was reached as the case never came to trial. In the meantime, the original sponsors of the airport established a syndicate and took control of the project. They seemingly felt that the city of Glendale was not moving fast enough to allow for early completion. In any case they paid the city in full for their initial cost of the land, \$66,000 and all the costs for clearing it.

Now that the field was no longer encumbered by legal problems, and not subject to all the problems of city government, and because Southern California was taking an early lead in the development and use of aircraft, the airport grew rapidly. The Kinner Motor Company built a manufacturing facility close to the runway and manufactured aircraft motors. Soon airlines moved in and began scheduling flights to San Francisco and Catalina Island. One firm obtained an airmail franchise using Glendale as its base. Private pilots came in droves and also used the facility as their home base. The airport became an extremely busy place, and consequently a control tower was set up to handle all takeoffs, give landing instructions, and to warn pilots of nearby aircraft while still in the air. It was acknowledged that the name Glendale Airport was not good, so a contest was held to rename it and the name, Grand Central Air Terminal, was chosen. Major C. C. Moseley, a famous World War I fighter pilot and one of the founders of Western Air Lines, was chosen as airport manager.

Amelia Earhart took part in an air rodeo at Grand Central on March 17, 1923, piloting a aircraft powered by one of Kinner's new engines. Obviously the motor was a great success, necessitating that Kinner enlarge its facility.

A man by the name of Thomas B. Slate leased space in one of the hangars in 1925, with the plans and hopes of constructing an all-metal dirigible. Once the airship was completed it was moved out on the field for its initial flight. Two attempts were made to get the ship airborne, but the strong winds which prevailed blew the dirigible into the hangars and nearby facilities. Slate, believing that the airship was not big enough, went back to the drawing board. As a result of his new plan, he had to build a huge metal hangar which at the time was the largest in the world. Slate's third attempt at flight resulted in an airship 212 feet long, 58 feet in diameter at its widest part, with a cabin capacity for a five man crew and 35 passengers. The airship's capacity was 337,000 cubic feet of gas. Slate was quite proud of his new airship and named it "The City of Glendale." It finally became airborne and flew around the airport several times, when suddenly there was a big pop and the ship dove to the ground. With that incident Slate's personal fortune and those of several investors went up in smoke and left only a bunch of metal on the ground. So ended the life of the City of Glendale.

An investigation of the crash was held. It revealed that the culprit was a stuck fuel intake valve which had allowed excessive pressure to build up within the airship. This pressure popped the rivets on the ribs, and thus the explosion. In any case Slate was unable to encourage any new investors. He sold his hangar to a company which later became T.W.A.

The passenger facilities at Grand Central were only those provided by each individual airline. It was decided that a more permanent air terminal and tower was necessary and thus a new terminal was built at 1310 Air Way in 1928. The architect was H. L. Greggerty and he designed the terminal to incorporate all the latest conveniences for both passengers and the air lines. The building incorporated

two architectural styles: Spanish-Colonial Revival; and Zig-Zag Moderne. I realize these name or styles mean little today, but they were popular styles and terms of the late 1920s. In essence it was basically streamline modern with a lot of arches. The huge tower became the centerpiece of the complex. The terminal was officially opened for public use on February 22, 1929. This same year the first air-line service was established between Southern California and New York, and Grand Central Air Terminal was the home base. Piloting the first flight of Transcontinental Air Transport (TWA) was Charles A Lindbergh and accompanying him on this trip were a number of famous screen stars, including Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

Grand Central Air Terminal quickly became Southern California's premier airport for the movie industry and, as such, it obtained wide publicity in the nation's press. It soon was served by a number of major airlines, names which are now a part of history.

The company operating Grand Central was Curtiss Flying Service, with a Major Mosely serving as president. In 1934, Mosely leased the field and all the facilities from the corporate owners and began operations under the firm name Aircraft Industries Company. Later he obtained clear title to the property and changed the name of the local aircraft technical school operating at the base from Curtiss-Wright Technical Institute to Cal-Aero Technical Institute.

Men came from all over the world for training at Cal-Aero. The school became heavily involved in training pilots for the war effort in 1939. Cal-Aero established three flight academies, one at Grand Central, another at Ontario Airport and Antelope Valley Airport. By the time World War II broke out Cal-Aero had trained some 26,000 combat pilots. An aircraft mechanics school was also established and 7,500 master mechanics were trained for the Army Air Corps and the Navy. Grand Central became known worldwide as the largest aviation center for the repair and overhaul, plus modification, of planes and engines.

Major Corliss C. Moseley set a record in reverse in 1931 when he established the slowest speed thought possible for an airplane. He flew 25 m.p.h. in a Curtiss Wright Junior, a pusher-type aircraft that was more like a powered glider with an engine (a 3-cylinder Szekley with 45 h.p.). Besides being general manager of Grand Central Terminal, he had been a USC fullback, a World War I pursuit pilot and won the first Pulitzer prize races in 1920 on Long Island, New York, with a speed of 176 m.p.h. At one time Moseley established the largest flying school in the country, was a United States Air Corps test pilot in 1929, and as stated earlier helped to start Western Air Lines. If this was not enough, he was also West Coast manager of the Curtiss Wright Corporation from 1929 to 1934.

On February 20, 1935, Leland Andrews, an American Airlines pilot flew his Vultee nonstop from Glendale's Grand Central Airport to New York City's Floyd Bennett Field. Andrews, a World War I pilot, flew by way of Washington, D.C., and established a record of 11 hours, 34 minutes, and 16 seconds for transcontinental flights. On this same flight, Andrews also broke the nonstop record to Washington, passing over the capitol after 10 hours, 22 minutes, and 54 seconds in the air.

The future of Grand Central Air Terminal was doomed from the very beginning. The early planners failed to provide room for expansion of manufacturing, hangars and the passenger terminal. United Aircraft & Transportation Company, now United Airlines, required so much space they decided to build their own airport and during the late 1920's began working with Burbank city officials on a new airport plan where there was room for expansion.

These efforts led to the construction of the nation's first multi-million dollar airport at Burbank. United Airport, as it was first called, was dedicated at a public ceremony and air show on Memorial Day weekend, May 30, 1930. While this new airport relieved the pressure at Grand Central, it still continued to be popular as it was closer to downtown Los Angeles.

Lockheed purchased the founding company and United Airport, in 1940, renaming it Lockheed Air Terminal. This provided the aircraft manufacturer space for new buildings to build military aircraft and runways for testing. Commercial air service continued and many of the larger carriers moved from Grand Central to Lockheed. The airport was renamed Hollywood-Burbank Airport in 1967 when Los Angeles International Airport was opened at old Mines Field. In 1979 it became Burbank-Glendale-Pasadena Airport and continues to serve as a regional airport and a supplemental airport for LAX.

The coming of the jet age forced the eventual closing of Grand Central Air Terminal in 1959. The 3,400-foot runway was just too short for jet planes and there was no room for expansion of terminal facilities or additional runways. Shortly thereafter, the old terminal became the center for a new Grand Central Industrial Park. The old terminal building is still there and worth a visit, tower and all.



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## The Bells of *El Camino Real*

by Don Snyder  
Spring, 1989

**T**he story of the bells of *El Camino Real* is a chronicle of ups and downs since the first bell was dedicated on August 15, 1906, at the Plaza Church in Los Angeles.

What bells remain today are recognized as markers for the route that Californians affectionately call *El Camino Real*—the Royal Highway. At one time some 450 cast-iron mission bells mounted in the loop of a shepherd's crook, lined the 700-mile Royal Highway.

The vanishing of the bell markers since that time has been on-going as souvenir hunters have taken them, construction crews have cut them down to widen and re-route highways and bureaucratic indifference played a major role in their disappearance.

California history is sprinkled with symbols of the mission bell. The paths of the mission fathers marked by the bells of *El Camino Real* deserve more than just arcane historical recognition. They also represent the work of a crusader, Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, whose determination to have them mark *El Camino Real* is a story in achievement of a devoted lady. Those marker bells that remain today do a great honor to her.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes were a dedicated couple who wished to perpetuate California's historical places. Neither were Californians by birth.

Mrs. Forbes was born in Everett, Pennsylvania in 1861. She was christened Harrye Rebecca Piper Smith. Attending Episcopal College in Wichita, Kansas, she was graduated in 1883 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in history.

Harrye Rebecca Forbes, perhaps due to the lack of feminine recognition of the age, seems to lack the encomium due her for little mentioned accomplishments noted in obscure documents. She originated the National Naval Memorial, the annual ceremony of casting flowers upon the sea to honor the Navy dead. The United States Navy presented to her a model of the Battleship *Oregon* for her efforts.

She was chosen to unfurl the flag at the dedication of Fort Moore Hill in Los Angeles on December 18, 1903. She was a member of the Historical Society of Southern California for over 40 years and for 12 years served as State or District Chairman of the Department of California History and Landmarks for the California Federation of Women's Clubs.<sup>1</sup>

Armitage S. C. Forbes was born in Italy of English parents. The Forbes were married in 1886, and for a time lived in England where Forbes manufactured cameras. They later moved to the American West and engaged in cattle raising. Eventually settling in Los Angeles, they became prominent in civic and historic organizations. They resided in the Adams Boulevard and Figueroa Street area.<sup>2</sup> Armitage Forbes died in 1928, and Mrs. Forbes passed away in 1951, after an exceedingly full life at the age of ninety.

In the first decade of this century, Californians developed an incipient consciousness of their history. Out of this awareness came a desire to honor the state's traditions and to establish some visible historical monuments.

Certainly an abundance of history was available to honor this spirit. Among the treasures was the legacy left by Fray Junipero Serra and his Franciscan associates in the late decades of the 18th century.

Twenty-one missions were established from Mission San Diego de Alcalá in San Diego to Mission San Francisco Solano at Sonoma; the *asistencia* missions, four *presidios* and three *pueblos*.

The meandering road of 700 miles that had connected all of them was called *El Camino Real*. "So far as surroundings would permit the life and conditions along this road was but a reflection of the life and conditions in distant Spain where the *caminos reales* date from 1236.

"In the 17th century the *caminos reales* of Spain were the envy of the world. They were beautified by trees, enhanced by picturesque *ventas*, or inns, and enriched with national and memorial monuments."<sup>3</sup>

Spain gave her colony of California the attractive and picturesque system of civilization that was linked by *El Camino Real*—the King's Highway, or Royal Highway. The meandering road of 700 miles changed as each mission was established. Only after the last one at Sonoma in 1823 did the route become established. The missions were not built like stepping stones north from San Diego but instead, where there were large concentrations of Indians to be converted and wherever the land was sufficiently fertile to support a settlement. It is a romantic but untrue legend that the missions were built one-day's travel apart.<sup>4</sup>

The preservation of the route of *El Camino Real* was spearheaded by Mrs. Forbes early in 1902. At that time, she was associated with the State Federation of Women's Clubs and in May made a formal presentation to the group. A month later, the Native Daughters of the Golden West endorsed the plan. In 1904, a convention of delegates from San Diego to Sonoma met to form the *El Camino Real* Association.

In 1906, the Association's Executive Committee determined that the path of the mission fathers should be marked with a distinctive and appropriate guide marker.



It was Mrs. Forbes, who had already authored a book on the history of the mission, who offered a design of a mission bell and standard.

In competition, Mrs. Forbes' emblematic guide-post was accepted. The cast iron bells, for which she secured a design patent and copyright, weighed 100 pounds and were placed on iron pipes eleven feet above the ground, the base of the pipe being set in concrete. Each bell was marked with the inscription "*El Camino Real*—A. S. C. Forbes—1769–1906." The first date was that of Father Serra's founding of the first mission, the second, the year that the first bell was placed and dedicated with great ceremony, at the Plaza Church in Los Angeles on August 15, 1906.

Mrs. Forbes pointed out that in selecting the bell as an appropriate marker for the road of the missions, the fact was taken into consideration that at all times the *padres* first hung a bell that they might call attention to the work at hand, that of erecting and blessing the cross; the bell guideposts were erected to call attention to the work at hand, that of reconstructing *El Camino Real* is one of emblematic sentiment and the iron is intended to represent the iron will of the men who made the first roads in California.

"The bell guide post is of plain, severe design to represent the simple, austere life led by these men of God. Brass or tinkling metal was intentionally not used, as the bell is intended as a memorial tribute to the work and lives of the Franciscan friars."<sup>5</sup>

After the initial dedication, the bell marking program gained impetus for the next few years. Many appeared between San Diego and Santa Barbara, paid for by county boards of supervisors, various women's clubs and several private individuals. A brass plate affixed to the bell-posts usually identified the donor or donors.

Interest in the project spread north, until in 1913, as mentioned earlier, there were about 450 bells marking the Royal Road. Donors paid \$25 each, the monies being received by Mr. Forbes, chairman of the committee, to finance the bells. He erected most of the bells at that time by his own labor, using one helper, a team of horses and a wagon.

No funds were available for the care, repair or replacement of the bells, and because of their condition in 1921, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes appealed to the California State Automobile Association in Northern California and the Automobile Club of Southern California. The two automobile clubs were then erecting and maintaining highway warning and guide signs on California roads. The clubs took over the maintenance of *El Camino Real* bells, cleaning and painting them on regular maintenance schedules of their sign posting activities. Damaged bells were repaired or replaced, and those abandoned by new highway alignment were moved to new locations. Porcelain enamel signs were added to the standards indicating the name of the closest mission and mileage in each direction.

In 1933, the State Department of Public works, Division of Highways assumed responsibility for the erection and maintenance of specified signs on state routes.

They informed the automobile clubs that their services would no longer be needed in the upkeep and maintenance of the bells. In fact, they stipulated that the clubs should assume a "hands off" policy with regard to their activities in this area.

"The Division of Highways didn't consider the bells state signs so they didn't care for them," said Grannis P. Parmelee, late retired transportation engineer for the Automobile Club of Southern California. "They told us 'hands off' and we had no choice. We couldn't touch them," he remarked.

Over the years a great number of state highways were widened or relocated with bells being lost or picked up by parties unknown. Hundreds of bells were lost or passed to private hands.

In the 1959 session, the California legislature passed chapter 69 of California law which required the Division of Highways to re-erect along *El Camino Real* all bells made available to the division.

That same year, state senator John J. Hollister of Santa Barbara was successful in passing SB123 naming Route 2 from the Mexican border, south of San Diego to San Francisco as *El Camino Real* and requiring the Division of Highways to place appropriate signs.

Finally, in 1974, the state legislature enacted a law making Cal-Trans the legal guardian of the bells. This should have ended the vanishing act, but it was not successful. Little attention was paid to this historical program.

Bells now appear on historical landmarks and public buildings near and sometimes not so near, *El Camino Real*. In the 1960s the California Mission Trails Association was successful in casting and erecting bells on Highway 101 and at some historical locations through the use of donated funds by interested individuals. A bell is standing in front of all or most of the 21 missions.

In June 1963, a bell was sent by Mr. and Mrs. George Whitney of Upland to Petra, on the island of Majorca, Spain, for the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the birth of Father Serra. Then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Earl Warren, Lt. Governor Glenn Anderson and Mayors Sam Yorty and George Christopher of Los Angeles and San Francisco respectively, were present at that ceremony, which was interrupted by the death of Pope John XXIII.

In 1974, when CalTrans became the legal guardian of the bells located along state highways, a contract was made with a Fresno foundry for the casting of 50 bells. Four years later, the agency developed a process of constructing the bells out of concrete to reduce theft and vandalism.<sup>6</sup>

The bells that remain today, in locations that may be of little value in marking *El Camino Real*, still remain as markers to the spirited lady who had a deep interest in the history of California. In fact, the exact locations of *El Camino Real* would be as difficult to find as many of the original bells. Disputes about the location of the Royal Highway were extant in 1966 and locating the exact route today would be almost impossible.

Undoubtedly Mrs. Forbes, chairlady of history and landmarks for Women's Clubs, historian, researcher and prominent authoress would be satisfied with the significance the bells have brought to California history.

In her revised book entitled, *California Missions and Landmarks—El Camino Real*, she leads the final chapter, "The Bells of *El Camino Real*" with the poetic quotation by Francis Bret Harte as this article has done. However, Mrs. Forbes gives no literary credit to the California journalist, who at one time served as secretary to the U.S. branch mint in San Francisco. Could it have been that Mrs. Forbes was reflecting the fact that Harte deserted the California scene to live out his days in London with less spectacular writing than in his earlier days which dealt so humorously and incisively with early California?

The bells, even as they exist today, we feel sure, would satisfy Mrs. Forbes that their "long-forgotten music still fills the wide expanse, Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present with color of Romance."<sup>7</sup>

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## Point Conception Lighthouse

by Don Pfluger  
Summer, 1989

The last few years have seen a rash of centennial and bicentennial celebrations come and go, some provoking fireworks and others slipping by almost unnoticed. In 1989 one in the latter category deserves at least passing mention, especially for those of us living in a coastal state. The year marks the two hundredth anniversary of the United States Lighthouse Service, a governmental agency formed soon after the ratification of the Constitution.

Our coast is dotted with lighthouses, most of them quite old. In terms of being permanent fixtures in our state, the chain of lighthouses rank next to our chain of missions. They get little attention from the public, and no doubt the universal feeling is that "if you've seen one lighthouse you've seen them all." In truth, each is distinctive and has its interesting story to tell.

Possibly the world's first lighthouse was at the entrance to the Nile, its beacon fires maintained by priests as early as the third century BC. Smoke by day and the fire's glow at night aided the ancient mariners. One of the original "seven wonders of the world," the lighthouse at Alexandria lasted until 1340 when it was toppled by an earthquake.

In America, lighthouses were established in colonial days, the first one dating to 1716 at Little Brewster Island off Boston. In 1789 the new federal government took over existing lighthouses and began building new ones. Here in California there apparently were no lighthouses *per se* during Hispanic days. In that era Santa Barbara's first beacon was a lantern suspended in a sycamore tree. The hazards along the California coast were numerous and shipwrecks common.

In the period between California's admission to the Union and the outbreak of the Civil War several lighthouses along the coast were constructed, manned and

began service. One of these was at Point Conception, perhaps the most conspicuous promontory along our coast. Vessels at sea had to change their courses after rounding the point; doing so too late led to delays while doing so too soon could lead to dire consequences.

Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo rounded the point in 1542, but it was Sebastian Viscaïno who, in 1602, gave the name of *Punta de la Limpia Concepcion* to the desolate and windblown jutting. From here northward the stretch of treacherous coastline became known as the "Graveyard of the Pacific." Subsequent designations were "Cape Horn of the Pacific" and "Pivot Point of the Pacific."

The "pivot point" concept extends in a degree to the weather patterns and ocean currents. Lighthouse keepers have commented on the phenomenon of storms, approaching from opposite directions, seeming to meet off the point and clashing with unrelenting fury. It can be argued that Point Conception is the northernmost tip of southern California for we often hear the meteorologists announce our weather patterns as extending "from Point Conception to the Mexican border." Further proof lies in the fact that Point Arguello, only fifteen miles farther north, has four times as much fog. That *has* to be in northern California!

In 1852, just two years after statehood for California, Congress appropriated funds to build eight lighthouses along the California coast. Contractors Gibbons and Kelly landed building materials at Cojo Bay down the coast slightly from Point Conception, loaded them on wagons and trudged through the sand to the point. Two years later they completed the brick tower that rose through the middle of a brick dwelling on the highest point of the cape, but the structure failed to pass government inspection and had to be rebuilt.

France led the world in lighthouse technology by the mid-nineteenth century, so most everything other than the structure itself came from there as a "package." The metal tower dome, lens, lamp and even metal circular staircase came from France. The unusual Russian wood paneling in the interior of the 1½-story lighthouse may have come as a part of the kit or from a Russian vessel that pulled into Cojo Bay—accounts differ.

The Fresnel (pronounced Fray-nell) lens, invented by Augustine Fresnel, is the most fascinating aspect of the lighthouse. It has sixteen sides and measures seven feet high by five feet wide, a galaxy of prisms that reflects a spectral rainbow in the sunlight. It was crafted by Henri Le Paute, a skilled glassmaker. The lens focuses the light into a sharp beam that plays for two seconds out of thirty, each coastal lighthouse sending out a distinctive beam both in terms of timing and color.

George Parkenson was appointed first lighthouse keeper, but when he arrived in 1855 the lens had yet to be delivered and a group of Chumash Indians had moved in. The Indians left peacefully, but it was not until February 1, 1856, that the lighthouse became functional. On that date the 150-pound pendulum weight was wound, the five-wick sperm oil lamp was lit, and the huge lens mechanism started to rotate. The steamer *Golden Gate*, at a distance of 42 miles, reported seeing the beacon a few days later. The lighthouse was carrying out its destiny.

Badly damaged by the Fort Tejon earthquake in January 1857, the lighthouse, cracks and all, stood another 24 years. Having been built atop the peak at Pt. Conception at an elevation of 250 feet, the lighthouse sent forth a beam that could be seen for tremendous distances on clear nights, but it was not very effective when the fog rolled in. In 1881 it was decided to build a new lighthouse closer to the water's edge, allowing the beam to project out under the layer of fog that often

gripped the area. The "new" structure is the one seen today, but, interestingly, the original equipment was transferred and is in use to this day!

Four lighthouse keepers and their families lived at the Point. A duplex near the site of the original lighthouse accommodated two families while a third lived in a smaller dwelling nearby. The fourth family lived down near the newer lighthouse. Supplies came in every six months or so, bringing in not only food and medical supplies, but the all-essential sperm oil for the lamp.

The "wickies," as the keepers were called, worked on four-hour shifts, constantly cleaning the prisms because even a speck of salt or sand lowered the effectiveness of the beam. On one occasion when the rotating mechanism failed, three men cranked by hand while the fourth made repairs. Lives at sea were at stake.

Surprisingly, there have been more shipwrecks off Pt. Arguello than off Pt. Conception, the worst occurring during a heavy fog on the night of September 8, 1923, when a squadron of seven U.S. Navy four-stacker destroyers, one after another, crashed against the rocks, the worst peacetime disaster in American naval history.

Over the years there have been several changes in the lighthouse. An incandescent kerosene vapor lamp replaced sperm oil in 1911 and, in 1948, a 1,000 watt mercury vapor bulb was installed. The original 3,136-pound fog bell was replaced by a steam operated diaphone in 1872 and that, in turn, was replaced by an electrically powered horn at a later time. The two-second blast has the same rhythm as the beacon; under normal circumstances it can be heard about as far as the light can be seen.

In 1939 the Lighthouse Service was abolished, all functions being transferred to the Coast Guard. Wisely, our government phased out the personnel, allowing resident keepers to retire gradually.

It was another world as late as 1946 when the old *Saturday Evening Post* described life at Pt. Conception. There was no electricity, the lamp still burning kerosene. Max Schlederer and his wife and Charley Hellwig and his mother were the sole residents. They had no telephones, no electrical appliances, no neighbors. The plank road was all but impassable. Entertainment came from a hand-cranked phonograph. In the jet age it was another world, one of desolation and beauty, of loneliness and contemplation. Last of a breed destined for extinction by a world made safer by radar and loran, the Schlederers and Hellwigs were gone a few months after the article was published.

Although Coast Guard personnel took over actual operation in the late forties, there was still one family left as late as 1977 to provide grounds maintenance and security functions. The Coast Guard automated all functions, monitoring them from Pt. Arguello which is completely surrounded by Vandenberg Air Force Station.

Pt. Conception is surrounded by private property, so the public has little access to the promontory with its historic lighthouse. Perhaps it is just as well for the place shows depressing evidence of neglect in an era of tight budgets. What the future holds for this historic old structure that has served so well for so long is anybody's guess. If the lighthouse at Alexandria lasted nearly two millennia, certainly some effort should be made to save this 107-year-old structure with its 134-year-old lens. Those wishing to become involved in the effort to preserve our nation's lighthouses may want to join the U.S. Lighthouse Society, 964 Cherry St., San Francisco, CA 94131.

Few spots in California are as isolated and dramatic as Pt. Conception where you have the water on three sides of you and a continent to your back. The sun rises

over the water and sets over the water. On a clear day the horizon seems only an arm's length away; at other times the fog can be so thick that sea gulls have to walk. The rugged beauty and serenity are incomparable.

Long the symbol of hope, lighthouses reflect not only a beacon to the mariner but the quest for human survival and man's concern for his fellow man. On the 200th birthday of the founding of the U.S. Lighthouse Service let this be a tribute to the brave and valiant men and women who have stood vigil along America's jagged coastlines. Their service exemplified our better nature. There's increasing evidence that Americans have a love affair with lighthouses.

## The Far Side of the Ice Pond and Beyond

by Willis Blenkinsop  
Fall, 1990

**O**n July 18, 1833, at the fur trader's rendezvous on Green River, Nat Wyeth wrote: "There is here a great majority of Scoundrels." From past experience he knew what he was writing about, but he had no way of knowing that those capital-letter "S" scoundrels had in store for him the following year.

Much information on Wyeth's career as a successful ice dealer in the rural village of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is well documented as is his five-year adventure in Oregon and the Rocky Mountain fur trade. Of his physical features, not much appears to have been written except that he possessed a "robust constitution."<sup>1</sup> However, looking at a head-and-shoulders portrait of him, his high forehead, determined cleft chin and general bearing give the observer a feeling of quiet confidence within the man. Intelligence and poise are there too. His priceless records kept during the course of his two careers characterized him as accurately as could a master story-teller. Perhaps better.

Endowed with four generations of Yankee resourcefulness, he was quick to recognize the long but feasible risk and the courage of his convictions. In soliciting a loan from his uncle, he wrote:

... I cannot divest myself of the opinion that I shall compete better with my fellow men in new and untried paths than in those to pursue which require only patience and attention.<sup>2</sup>

He had also, in the past two years, discarded some of his previous notions about the Rocky Mountain fur trade and fur traders, the Mountain Men. From bitter experience, he had learned about most of the dirty tricks commonplace in the



business: everything from petty thievery to commercial piracy of men and merchandise, bootlegging, bribery, hijacking, prostitution, extortion and murder.<sup>3</sup>

Even allowing for that, he never imagined that one day his initials would be carved on the forehead of one of his employees as the final touch-up to a job of retaliation.<sup>4</sup>

It was a far cry from the relative serenity and respectability of Cambridge where he had "done well" for himself and his beloved wife, the former Elizabeth Jarvis Stone. There he had devised ingenious methods and tools for harvesting ice from Fresh Pond on the shore of which he lived, almost within the shadow of Harvard University. Demand for ice had been good. From his own and adjacent ponds, the ice soon found an extensive market in storage warehouses and ships in international trade.<sup>5</sup>

But now, in the town of Independence, Missouri, it was the following year—the portentous spring of 1834. Shaping up on the horizon were events and people that would have far-reaching effects, not only on and because of Nat Wyeth and the vitally important fur trade of the Far West, but for the whole course of what politicians would later coin "Manifest Destiny." And again this year the rendezvous was scheduled for Green River where supplies, equipment and trade goods were brought to be exchanged for beaver and other furs.

Independence, the "jumping off" place for most departures to the Far West, was a-buzz with beaver hunters, con men, merchants, entrepreneurs and bums. They hurried in and out of stores, warehouses, livestock corrals, blacksmith shops, grog shops and, as the laconic mountain man, James Clyman, had earlier dubbed them, "sinks of degradation."<sup>6</sup> Freight wagons loading for the Sante Fe trade, pack strings assembling and making ready for the rendezvous, a company of dragoons outfitting for the cavalry, Bonneville's ponderous wagon caravan and numerous others all turned the little town into a hive of activity. Overall, it was simply a race to see who could get underway first—who would be first to the rendezvous.

One of the first to get started was Nat Wyeth. Now only 32 years old but highly successful in his ice business, his restless energy demanded new challenges. He was in the right place to find them. And if more was needed, right behind him, outfitting a caravan of only about a third the size of Wyeth's, was the acknowledged master of wilderness travel, William L. (Bill) Sublette.

Nat Wyeth never specifically referred to Bill Sublette as one of the "Scoundrels," but he knew that Bill had served his apprenticeship in the mountain fur trade with William H. Ashley's elite brigades.



Bill stood six-foot-two, rangy, sandy hair and a complexion that bespoke years of battling for survival in a harsh land. A scar furrowed the left side of his face. Indians knew him as Cut Face.<sup>7</sup> His rivals in the fur trade knew him as a canny entrepreneur and a man who made friends easily but never let friendship or even family interfere with business.

In contrast to Bill Sublette's no-nonsense caravan, Nat was taking on unusually heavy burdens. Accompanying him this year were a friend, the botanist Thomas Nuttall, ornithologist John K. Townsend and the Reverend Jason Lee with his flock of Methodist missionaries. They would slow Nat's progress on the trail, but their presence presaged momentous events. Townsend, in addition to his scientific interests, proved to be a top-notch recorder. His description of Wyeth's departure is vivid:

On the 28th of April [1834] at 10 o'clock in the morning, our caravan, consisting of seventy men, and two hundred horses began its march; Captain Wyeth and Milton Sublette [younger brother of Bill Sublette] took the lead, Mr. N(uttall) and myself rode beside them; then the men in double file, each leading with a heavy line, two horses heavily laden, and Captain Thing (Captain W's assistant) brought up the rear. The band of missionaries, with their horned cattle, rode along the flank . . . We were certainly a most merry and happy company . . . no anticipation of reverses could check the happy exuberance of our spirits.<sup>8</sup>

Ten days later on May 8th their exuberance was considerably dampened. Nat's business confidant, Milton Sublette, was forced to return to the settlements. Earlier he and Nat had made a supposedly secret agreement to carry trade goods and supplies to the rendezvous in head-on competition with Milton's brother, Bill. Now riding along with the caravan, Milton was suffering so acutely from a fungus growth on one of his legs that he could travel no farther. His departure cast a gloomy spell over the whole group. He had been admired for his amiable and friendly disposition in addition to his obvious mastery of wilderness and fur trade know-how.

As for "reverses," they didn't have long to wait.

On the following day, Monday, May 12th, one of the Reverend Jason Lee's cows was missing. While looking for the stray animal, the little search party observed a fresh trail. Bill Sublette had passed them in the night!

In a business where men fought and died for beaver skins, 25-year-old greenhorn John Townsend's unwitting humor appears to be that of an innocent abroad:

They must have travelled very rapidly to overtake us so soon. . . . It seems rather unfriendly perhaps, to run by us in this furtive way, without even stopping to say good morning, but Sublette is attached to a rival company, and all stratagemms are deemed allowable when interest is concerned.<sup>9</sup>

Nat had learned the hard way about the "stratagemms" and knew that Bill would be driving hard to pass him. What he apparently didn't know was that Bill held the trump card: some of Bill's former friends and associates, now called the Rocky Mountain Fur Company which included James Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick and brother Milton, were heavily in debt to him. Worse, Bill had intercepted a letter revealing Milton's heretofore undisclosed agreement with Wyeth to deliver supplies and trade goods this year to Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Nat knew that Tom Fitzpatrick had remained in the vicinity of the Green River site of this year's rendezvous. He immediately sent one of his men ahead with a note to Fitzpatrick:

I . . . shall travel as fast as possible and have a sufficient equipment of goods for you according to contract. . . .

He did "travel as fast as possible," and in spite of the slow-moving missionaries, and his large caravan, kept within two days of Sublette, a monumental achievement for a Yankee ice merchant with only two years of fur trade savvy.

Then on June 1st, after 34 days on the trail and 665<sup>10</sup> miles out of Independence where the Laramie River empties into the Platte, Nat got more bad news. Bill had reduced the size of his pack train still further by dropping off 13 of his men, their horses and equipment. He was told that Bill intended to build a fort and trading post here to be named Fort William. The "William" never stuck. Indians and mountain men were geography and terrain oriented. "Laramie" it became and "Laramie" it has remained.

But the name of Bill's new trading post was the least of Nat's problems. Another name was becoming a burr under his saddle—Thomas Fitzpatrick. Tom (Broken Hand) Fitzpatrick was a mountain man's mountain man, as Irish as the Blarney Stone and tough as a buffalo bull. He was one of the more literate of his contemporaries and also one of the more scrupulous. But fur trade ethics being what they were, would Bill Sublette's leverage raise or lower his scruples? In ten days Nat would have his answer.

So after hearing of Bill's plans to further solidify his dominance of the mountain trade, Nat sent another message ahead to Fitzpatrick on June 9th saying he would:

. . . continue to come on at a good rate. . . . I wish you would defer making any contract for carrying home any surplus furs . . . or for a further supply of goods until I come

So with Bill now ahead of him, Nat did "continue to come on at a [very] good rate . . ." making 15 to 20 miles a day despite sand storms, poor grazing for the livestock and lame horses. At Independence Rock, the great "Register of the Desert," he inscribed his name as had many before him, not the least of which was Bill Sublette—*dated June 6th*. It seemed incredible, but Nat kept up the constant pressure for speed on through the broken lands of the Sweetwater River and at last he and his charges got their first glimpse of the snow-shrouded Wind River Mountains. A thrill to be sure, and a gratifying measure of progress.

But more problems kept cropping up. Try as he would, Nat couldn't escape the grim fact that he was trying to do everything with too little capital. He had already performed one miracle by raising the money for this expedition. It would be his last if he failed. And in the absence of Milton Sublette's supporting presence, there was no telling what those "Scoundrels," Fitzpatrick and his RMF partners, would do if Bill Sublette reached them first.

On then, across the plain known as South Pass, the almost imperceptible spine of the continent, the pass through which the United States would ultimately reach "the extreme end of the Great West."<sup>11</sup>

So Nat, now within two or three days of rendezvous, drove on through what all diarists have described as a hideous wasteland and camped about 25 miles above the confluence of the Big Sandy and Green River, the designated place for rendezvous. On June 17th, in the interest of faster travel, he decided to leave his caravan to go on alone in search of Fitzpatrick. He reached the junction of the two rivers on June 19th. There was no one there.

Desperate now, and virtually alone in this empty expanse of sagebrush and sand, he could well have begun to see his precariously balanced plans disappearing in one of the wind devils zigzagging its crazy path across the plain. Twelve miles upstream on Green River he found Fitzpatrick. And with him was Bill Sublette.

With his two-day advantage, Bill had had time to foreclose on his debt with Rocky Mountain Fur Company. When Nat reached them they were out of business. Fitzpatrick and RMF had repudiated their contract. Nat wrote in his journal:

... and much to my astonishment the goods which I contracted to bring up to them was refused by those honorable gentleman.

"Astonished" Nat Wyeth could not have been. With all of his previous head-on confrontations with people and problems in the last two years of fur trade skull-duggery, his journal entry was more likely a simple slip in choice of words, but the "gentlemen" sarcasm was no slip. And as might be expected, his reaction was swift and decisive. "Gentlemen," he was heard to say in the ensuing squabble, "I will roll a stone into your garden that you will never get out."<sup>12</sup> He proceeded forthwith to do exactly that.

The location of rendezvous 1834 on Ham's Fork or Black's Fork of the Green River was a mountain man's idea of paradise. It provided shelter from the ceaseless wind, pasture—lush and abundant—for thousands of horses, game for hundreds of trappers and Indians, clear running water and cottonwood trees.

The activity this year followed the usual pattern: a "Saturnalia,"<sup>13</sup> as Washington Irving has described, of uninhibited drinking, wenching, horse racing, physical contests, renewal of old friendships, exchange of news a year or more old from the States, drunken brawls, constant gambling at the game at hand, prostitution and a murder or two to keep the event up to the standard of its nine predecessors.

But this year Nat noticed a difference. The first signs of a depression in the trade were evident. The fun and games lacked some of the abandon of '32 and '33. More raw alcohol was dispensed to Indians and trappers, fewer packs of fur were coming in. And back East, last but by no means least, the effects of John Jacob Astor's retirement from active participation in The American Fur Company, his vast fur trade empire, were beginning to ripple through the West. Next year the ripple would be a torrent.

So far as Nat Wyeth was concerned, one of the rendezvous' most remarkable aspects is that he not only kept his poise (though he had always been a ready and willing social drinker) but found time to write more than a dozen letters. He wrote to his wife, his parents, his lawyer and two very special ones to friends. One of them went to Francis Ermatinger, a formidable leader of Hudson's Bay Company fur brigades. The other went to his ailing friend and business associate, Milton Sublette. To three others he outlined what he hoped would be his ace in the hole for salvaging something of value from Rocky Mountain Fur company's repudiation of his contract and the ensuing destruction of his plans.

Wyeth's ace lay 150 miles westward across the tangled labyrinth of mountains where the vanguard of a new threat was beginning to challenge American trappers—a company infinitely more powerful than the late Rocky Mountain Fur Company, Sublette & Campbell or even Astor's American Fur Company. Huge but efficient, ruthless and crafty, it had controlled vast resources in Canada for more than a century and a half. Now it was infiltrating the Oregon Country. It

was the Hudson's Bay Company. (HBC, abbreviated: "Here Before Christ" to American fur men.)

In his two previous years in the fur trade, Nat had become well acquainted with and well accepted by Hudson's Bay Company Chief Factor, Dr. John McLoughlin whose extensive headquarters were at Vancouver near the mouth of the Columbia River. Now amid the ruin of what appeared to be his last chance, Nat decided to move into this relatively new and hopefully rewarding area, a sort of No-Man's Land in what today we call parts of the Northwest. John McLoughlin, Francis Ermatinger and other Hudson's Bay friends were also part of his plans. But Nat was not the only one making decisions of far-reaching import for the future of Oregon Country.

The Reverend Jason Lee, after viewing the revolting behavior of some of the Indians at the rendezvous while thoroughly debauched by traders' alcohol, was beginning to question his original intent to convert them to children of God.<sup>14</sup> A more decisive conversion within himself would overpower him as time went on. He gave orders to his followers on July 4th to pack up and go with Captain Wyeth to the Columbia.

Nat was ready, too, but with one difference. He gave his men "too much alcohol for peace and took a pretty hearty spree myself."<sup>15</sup> Thus they started the westward journey across the leg of the trail to Oregon that for many emigrants would later be a nightmare of hardship and disaster.

Never one to drown his business reverses in a bottle, Nat got his pack train consisting of 26 horses and mules and 41 men through the mountains as far as Soda Springs by July 8th. Old friends and scientists, Thomas Nuttall and John Townsend, were fascinated by the "lime which deposits and forms little hillocks of a yellowish colored stone . . . a warm spring which throws water with a jet . . . also peat beds which sometimes take fire. . . ."

Then west by north to the waters of the Snake River. Somewhere on its bottom near the confluence of the Portneuf, Nat decided on the location for a trading post near today's Pocatello, Idaho. Here, in land between the British and American fur companies' sphere of influence and within easy reach of tribes that traded with both, he built Fort Hall, his "stone" in the garden of his RMF Company "gentle-men" competitors.

Construction was completed on August 6th. Wyeth and his men christened it with a "bale of liquor," named it in honor of the eldest of Wyeth's financial backers and honored it with a replica of the Stars & Stripes—"bleached sheeting, a little red flannel and a few blue patches." Thus Fort Hall began its tenuous life as an American outpost in the disputed Oregon Country.

Before we go farther on this segment of the trail, we must backtrack briefly. From the first concept of his fur trade enterprise in 1831, Nat Wyeth had visualized an operation as vast in scope as it was logical to his energetic mind. It was similar to the one John Jacob Astor had tried and failed at 20 years earlier, but Nat felt he knew where and how Astor had failed in his Astoria adventure, and how he could circumvent those errors. He would send out trade goods and equipment by sea, establish a series of trading posts in the northwest fur country where goods could be stored and pelts collected. The ship could then discharge her cargo of trade goods and get her homeward lading of furs almost at once, thus greatly reducing the enormous cost of long and risky land transportation.<sup>16</sup>

Wyeth knew that Hudson's Bay Company had been operating in the region for some time, but despite his friendship with HBC factors he had no way of finding

out just how well established the company was nor what a monolithic financial basis it had. Besides, he felt that just as Yankee sea captains and merchants had outmaneuvered the British and the Russians on the Pacific Coast, so would he prevail by one invention or another on his own. He had done it at Fresh Pond; he could do it now!<sup>17</sup>

And something else: The Columbia and other rivers and streams of the Northwest were teeming with salmon which was selling in Boston for 14 dollars a barrel. The income from salmon could cover the entire cost of sea transport; the fur would be clear profit! On paper the plan seemed to be not only logical but lucrative, and in the winter of 1834 Nat had chartered the brig *May Dacre*. By early spring she was bound for the Columbia.

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And back at Fort Hall Nat, with high hopes, was also bound for the Columbia to meet his ship. He left the fort on August 6th with a Mr. Evans in charge of eleven men there, one of who was the literate and articulate Osborne Russell whose journal would later make a valuable contribution to the literature of the trade.

So onward across the infinite Snake River Plain with its black buttes in the distance, breathtaking chasms, alkali, lava and magnificent waterfalls, Nat took a brigade of 29 men through the ominous mountains, and starving times. His journal entry (with the help of numerous adjectives) tells the story more graphically than it can be paraphrased.

August 12th, 1834:

I climbed up the clefts an[d] in passing over the snow had liked to have been killed in the following manner passing over some snow and on which the water was running and being afraid of caving in I missed my foothold in a slippery place and went gradually sliding down to a precipice but succeeded at last in averting my progress to destruction by catching the only stone which projected above the icy snow I however reached the summit and looked into another defile running E. like the one I came up. Got to the bottom again and found one of our two mules gone and being in want of meat packed the other . . . and walked barefoot to camp during the night through an infernal rough rocky prickly bruisy swampy woody hole.

By August 24th the feeling within this rigid and forceful leader finally surfaced. Nat wrote:<sup>18</sup>

This day at noon parted from Richardson and 8 men . . . there is something melancholy in parting with men with whom one has travelled so far in this uncertain country.

On September 2nd he was at Fort Walla Walla near where the river of that name enters the Columbia. There he received a warm welcome by Hudson's Bay Company factor, Pierre Pambrum. Pambrum's hospitality was generous as always with milk, bread, fresh vegetables and servants to provide for their every need. But Thomas McKay, a HBC brigade leader, was conspicuously absent.

He was laying up more trouble for Nat Wyeth.

Remaining at Fort Walla Walla for only two days, Nat hurried down the Columbia in a canoe with three Indians. Gale-force wind and roaring white water

made an unforgettable ordeal of the journey, but by constantly bailing the leaky canoe they at last reached Fort Vancouver at noon on September 14th.

Seeing his old and by now dear friend, Dr. John McLoughlin, must have been a great satisfaction to Nat, for despite the dispute over possession of Oregon Country and its vast resources, their friendship never had and never would falter.

But in a tale of seemingly endless misfortune, Nat received yet another blow.

Columbia River, Oct. 5th 1834

Dear Wife

I am here but have had no good luck. The vessel was struck by lightning on her way out and detained so long that the salmon season was past.<sup>19</sup>

Struck by lightning, hexed, jinxed or whatever, Nat had had it. Incredibly, there was more to come. Thomas McKay, whose absence had been noted at Fort Walla Walla, had trumped Wyeth's ace by establishing Fort Boise on the Snake River, well within the trading sphere of Nat's Fort Hall. Ruthless price cutting, incitation of Indians, bribery where it would work, piracy where it would not and stripping the region of its fur-bearing animals became the order of the day.

McKay's establishment of HBC Fort Boise was the ultimate disaster for Nat Wyeth. His intended three-pronged penetration of the fur trade—first, his attempt to get into the transportation and supply end of the business by means of his contract with Rocky Mountain Fur Company, secondly his establishment of his Fort Hall and third, the salmon fishery—all now dismal failures.

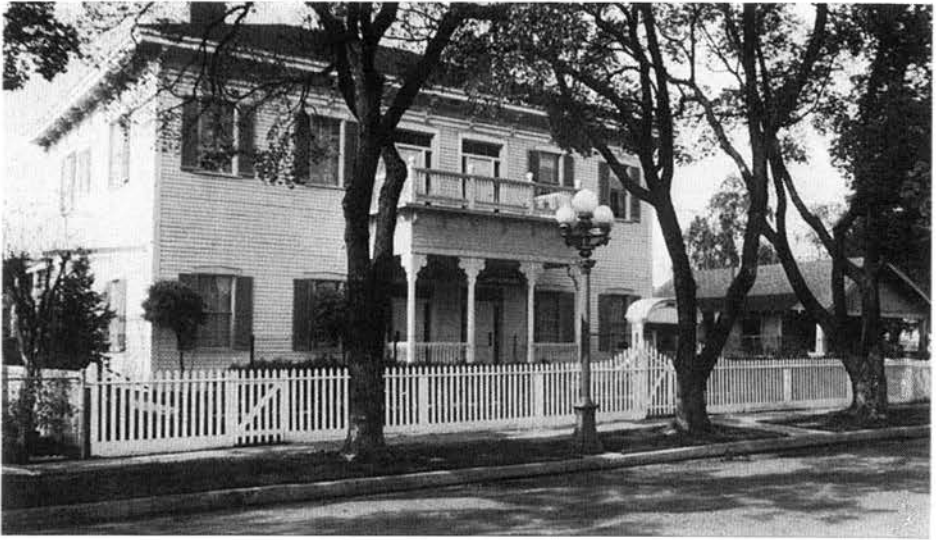
The vagaries of man and nature sometimes conspire to defy all logic, and the explanation often gets lost in the indefinable element we call luck. Nat Wyeth had more than his share—all of it bad. In speaking of him, the irrepressible mountain man, Joe Meek, says, "Let him have better luck."<sup>20</sup> And he did, but not in the Rocky Mountain fur trade of 1834.

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## Life in Los Angeles During the Civil War

by William C. Johnston  
Spring, 1991

**I**t was Saturday morning, April 15, 1865. At 9:20 A.M., the telegraph started clicking in the little telegraph office in Los Angeles' Temple Block. The operator, slightly bored after the momentous news of Lee's surrender at Appomattox Courthouse in Virginia on Palm Sunday, April 9, routinely began writing the message. Before he was half through, his face turned ashen.

"President Lincoln and Secretary Seward were assassinated in Washington last night. The president died this morning; Seward still alive but not expected to live."

During the Civil War, Los Angeles had been "the capital of Secesh" in the West. The defeat of the Confederacy had left a bitter taste in the mouths of many Anglo citizens of Los Angeles. But not all of them.

That morning, Dr. John S. Griffin, a dedicated southerner who was co-owner with Benjamin "Don Benito" Wilson, of the Rancho San Pasqual—now Pasadena, San Marino and Arcadia—was visiting Harris Newmark.

"While we were seated together by an open window in the dining room" Newmark wrote later, "a man named Kane ran by on the street, shouting out the momentous news that Abraham Lincoln had been shot! Griffin, a staunch southerner, was on his feet instantly, cheering for Jeff Davis. He gave evidence, indeed, of great mental excitement, and soon seized his hat and rushed for the door, hurrahing for the Confederacy. In a flash, I realized that Griffin would be in awful jeopardy if he reached the street in that unbalanced condition, and by main force I held him back, convincing him at last of his folly. In later years the genial doctor frankly admitted that I had undoubtedly saved him from certain death."

This fascinating vignette of California history was described in John W. Robinson's book *Los Angeles in Civil War Days 1860-65*, published privately by Dawson's,

the famous low-key history book store on Larchmont Boulevard in Los Angeles. Dawson's published only 300 copies and I feel fortunate to own one of them.

Someone once wrote—probably an accountant—that more “what if” books have been written about the American Civil War than any other subject except the Bible. If the South had won the Civil War, or at least been allowed to secede and had been able to capture Southern California, Los Angeles would have become a major west coast city long before it finally did.

In 1861, Los Angeles had a population of 4,399. Most of the English speaking citizens had come from the southern slave states. Northern California was the opposite. That was because the paths of least resistance across the nation were straight lines to the west. Immigrants from the north went north; those from the south flowed south. You can imagine how Angelenos—whether they were thinking persons or just drunks hanging around a bar in the Plaza—reacted to every Northern action to restrict the spread of slavery.

Even today, the died-in-the-wool Southerner says that it was not a matter of slavery; it was a matter of states' rights. And, no question, states' rights was a major factor in the tragic course that these new United States of America drifted into. Northerners said that there was nothing in the Constitution that sanctioned slavery or the right of a state to secede. Southerners replied that there was nothing in the Constitution that prohibited slavery or secession, and besides, all powers that were not specifically given to the Federal government were retained by the states.

By the late 1850s, tension in Los Angeles was as high as the skies used to be in those pre-smog days. Southerners in Los Angeles believed that Northern Californians, who were sympathetic to the North, had too much power in the State Assembly. Plans were made to split the state in two. The northern part of the state would be known as “California.” The southern part would be called—would you believe?—“Colorado.”

In those days, California was a state and Colorado wasn't even a territory. In fact, its few inhabitants were talking about becoming the state of Franklin. By then, California had clout. Not only was it the newest state, it was one of the richest states in the Union—thanks to its gold fields. It had enough influence in Congress to make the new name stick. The state we now call “Colorado” probably would have had to settle for “El Dorado.” —or, perhaps just plain “Dorado.”

“The idea of splitting California was popular in the southern counties, where feeling was strong that San Francisco unfairly dominated the state government.” Robinson wrote.

“In February 1859, Los Angeles Assemblyman Andres Pico introduced a resolution to create the ‘Territory of Colorado’ out of the five southern counties . . . the legislature approved the bill in April and called for a vote . . . the measure was passed with an overwhelming margin in the September vote . . . but because of the growing national crisis and the Civil War, the plan was killed in Congress. Were it not for the Civil War, California would very likely be in two parts today.”

When the Civil War began in April 1861, California was one of the roughest, toughest states in the Union. You might say that murder, robbery and lynching were social pastimes. One-third of the Golden State's citizens came from slave-holding states. Most of the latter lived in the Los Angeles area.

“Los Angeles was an overwhelmingly Democratic town in the years preceding the Civil War,” Robinson wrote “. . . the drift of the Southern States toward secession was greeted with sympathy and understanding by a large part of the local citizenry.”

The study of the Civil War has been a hobby of mine for many years, probably because, as a boy, I remember hearing my father and grandfather talk about my great grandfather, Joseph Collingwood, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, who was company commander of H Company, 18th Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteers. He was wounded on December 13, 1862, at the Battle of Fredericksburg and died on an operating table the day before Christmas. Medical treatment in those days was sparse. If a man was shot in the belly, he was left to die. Captain Collingwood was shot in the leg. He lasted a few more weeks. With modern-day medical treatment, he undoubtedly would have survived.

The Civil War was a slaughter. Over 600,000 Americans were killed, more than in all of our other wars combined. How did we ever get into a position where a new nation, so full of hope and promise, was ready to fly apart after only 75 years of existence? Southerners said it was a matter of states' rights. Northerners blamed slavery. While there were many other factors, in a simplistic way, you could say that, besides slavery and states' rights, two persons caused the Civil War—Eli Whitney and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Until Whitney invented the cotton gin in 1793, slavery was dying in the south because it was not economical. Too many mouths to feed and not enough income. Whitney's cotton gin revolutionized the south's economy. Now textile mills could use short staple cotton which could be grown almost anywhere in the south. With cheap slave labor, slaves suddenly became valuable. By 1860, cotton exports had increased to \$191 million per year, 57 percent of total American exports. Cotton truly was king. Slaves—and the cotton gin—were what made it king.

Enter Harriet Beecher Stowe, who published her tremendous best seller *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in 1852. Carl Sandburg wrote in his *Abraham Lincoln, The War Years*, that the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came to the White House, and Lincoln, as she related, strode toward her with two outstretched hands and greeted, "So you're the little woman who wrote the book that made this great war." *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had inflamed an already angry north, and created a bond among southerners, who thought northerners were oppressing them.

James Buchanan has gone down in history as one of our worst presidents—perhaps our worst. Yet, you must feel a little sympathy for the man. Only two days after he was inaugurated as president on March 4, 1857, Chief Justice Roger Taney delivered the famous Dred Scott decision which said that because a black was an inferior person, he could not become a citizen and thus could not sue for his freedom. It also said the Congress could not forbid slavery in any state—north or south—because slaves were property and the Constitution protected property.

My, how times have changed!

When the Civil War began, Los Angeles and California weren't even the tail wagging the dog. The Civil War could have been fought and won—or lost, depending upon your viewpoint—without any help from the Far West.

In 1860, most Angelenos spoke Spanish—even the *gringos*. The American coterie in Los Angeles had come, for the most part, from Texas and the southern states east of the Mississippi River. Los Angeles was a wide-open cow town, with a high rate of crime, violence and drunken brawls. Sound familiar today? Murder was so commonplace that unless the victim was someone of importance, the crime received only fleeting attention in the press. Justice often consisted of necktie parties, sans trials and hosted by vigilantes.

The big cattle ranches still were in existence, many now owned by Americans like Abel Sterns, the Yankee who came to California in the 1820s, married Arcadia

Bandini and became the largest landowner in Southern California, with several hundred thousand acres in his Rancho Los Alamitos, Las Bolsas and Los Coyotes, among his fabulous properties. Others were "Juan Largo" Temple, owner of Rancho Los Cerritos, Benjamin "Don Benito" Wilson and Dr. John S. Griffin, owners of Rancho San Pasqual and William Workman, owners of Rancho La Puente. Wilson, by the way, was the grandfather of Old Blood and Guts, General George S. Patton, Jr., of World War II fame.

Los Angeles had two newspapers—both in favor of the south—the Los Angeles *Star* and the semi-weekly *Southern News*. Henry Hamilton, the owner of the *Star*, was "outspoken and frequently vitriolic" in his political opinions.

Many of the leading citizens were natives of slave states—Wilson, Dr. Griffen, William Wolfskill, Benjamin Hayes, Dr. James B. Winston, J. Lancaster Brent and Colonel E.J.C. Kewen. Kewen's wife was given the famous *El Molino Viejo* (The Old Mill) by her father for only one dollar and "his natural love and affection," and the Kewens lived in what is now the California Historical Society's Southern California headquarters in San Marino from 1860 to 1879. Kewen was a very vocal supporter of the south, so much so that he was arrested and sent to Alcatraz Prison where he remained until he was bailed out by his friends, who then elected him an assemblyman to Sacramento.

Abraham Lincoln was elected as a minority president. South Carolina already had served notice that if Lincoln became president, the Palmetto State was packing its bags and seceding from the Union. On December 20, 1860, more than a month after Lincoln was elected, South Carolina did secede. In those days, there was a period of limbo from November to early March before the new president was inaugurated.

During those fateful four months, the hand-wringing James Buchanan allowed his Secretary of War, James B. Floyd, a Virginian, to send almost everything but *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (which probably was already there) to the U.S. Army installations in the South. By early March 1861, when Lincoln took the oath of office as President of the United States, six southern states had left the Union.

Never in the history of this nation has a president entered office with such a crisis!

In California, the turmoil was tremendous. The governor, John G. Downey (as well as two prior governors) was a southern sympathizer. Many members of the Assembly and Supreme Court were strongly in favor of "secesh." The majority of Californians, however, wanted to preserve the Union and Downey and his friends had to go along with a pro-Union program.

For the Union, California was a prize worth keeping. Not only did it have a strategic location on the Pacific Coast, it had gold! "California's financial aid to the Union was no minor matter," Leo P. Kibby wrote in his book *California, the Civil War and the Indian Problem*, ". . . during the years 1861 and 1864 gold shipments from the port of San Francisco were approximately \$185 million or an average of over \$46 million per year for each year of the war." And that was in 1860s dollars!

After Fort Sumter surrendered on April 14, 1861, the split was complete. Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers. Reluctantly, Downey called for 5,000 volunteers to protect California and the Union.

Robinson wrote: "Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers and a naval blockade to subdue the south unleashed a torrent of abuse from the Los Angeles *Star*. 'In the clash of arms, the American Constitution has perished . . . instead of a Federal Government composed of a legislative, judicial and executive department, we find the

whole power of government seized by one man, and exercised as irresponsibly as by the Czar of Russia.”

Until Sumter surrendered, hundreds of U.S. Army officers were on the fence. They wanted to stay in the Union, but in those days, regular army officers (southerners especially) placed their states on a pedestal. Robert E. Lee, then a lieutenant colonel, waited until the last minute. When Virginia finally seceded, he resigned his commission and returned to Virginia. Later, he was appointed a major general in the Confederate Army.

His former boss, Brigadier General Albert Sidney Johnston, had similar emotions. Born in Kentucky, Johnston considered himself a Texan. When Texas seceded, he resigned as commanding general of the Department of the Pacific in San Francisco and left for Los Angeles. Johnston’s wife was a sister of Dr. John S. Griffin, who has already been mentioned as a co-owner with Benjamin Wilson of Rancho San Pasqual.

Robinson tells about Johnston’s last night in Los Angeles. Johnston had made plans to join a party of southern sympathizers to sneak through the Federal lines and get back to Richmond. Jefferson Davis, the Confederate president, was a close friend of Johnston’s, and as a former Secretary of War, he considered Johnston an outstanding soldier in the U.S. Army. The night before Johnston’s group was to leave Los Angeles, Johnston and his wife attended a farewell dinner at the home of Captain Winfield Scott Hancock, the only Union officer then stationed in Los Angeles.

One of the great ironies of military life is that at any given moment in history, there are hundreds of military leaders who could do as good a job in battle as any of this nation’s great military heroes did—men like Washington, Grant, Lee, Pershing and Eisenhower. The difference is that they were not lucky, if you consider being in a major war lucky. The men at the dinner—all long time 6th Infantry friends—were about to have their major war.

Robinson quoted from a letter: “It was a mournful gathering. All were endeavoring to conceal, under smiling exteriors, hearts that were filled with sadness over the sundering of life-long ties.”

Major Lewis Armistead, with tears streaming down his face, presented his new major’s uniform to Hancock, then turned to Mrs. Hancock and handed her a small satchel of personal belongings, requesting that they be sent to his family in the event of his death.

By great coincidence, Lewis Armistead died leading Pickett’s charge at Gettysburg “within a few hundred feet of Hancock’s command post on Cemetery Ridge.” By then, Hancock was a major general in command of the Union Army’s II Corps at Gettysburg. Two others at the dinner party, Richard Garnett and a man whose name is not now known, also were killed in the same charge. The sole survivor among those five southern friends at Hancock’s house was George Pickett. His brigade was almost totally shattered.

When I toured Gettysburg, our tour guide—the chief historian of the National Park Service—led us on a walk across that one-mile wide field over which Pickett charged. It is a treeless, open farm area, rising slightly toward the Union side, with no cover. As a former World War II combat infantry second lieutenant, I could feel the hair rise on the back of my neck when we reached the ridge. I could almost see the Yankee musket barrels and artillery aimed directly at me and I wondered how anyone could have survived that senselessly heroic charge.

Albert Sidney Johnston reached Richmond in late 1861, after harrowing experiences evading Union troops, and was made one of only five full generals in the Confederacy by Jefferson Davis. In April 1862, Johnston surprised U.S. Grant at Pittsburgh Landing, on the Tennessee River, near Shiloh Church and almost defeated the future hero of the Union. Unfortunately, Johnston was wounded in the leg on the first day of the two-day battle and quickly bled to death. Some Southern historians say the South would have won not only at Shiloh but the Civil War had Johnston lived; others say the battle would have come out the way it did—a draw—and that, despite Jefferson Davis' high opinion of Johnston, he just wasn't the superman who could have given the South ultimate victory.

California mustered about 16,000 soldiers during the Civil War, but few of them ever saw combat in the East. A primary reason, according to Robinson, was that unionists in California were afraid the secessionists would take over the entire state unless a large military force was kept here. Many of them were sent to Los Angeles to keep order.

Los Angeles' first military camp was named Camp Fitzgerald, in honor of an officer who had died at nearby Fort Tejon. It was situated at the base of the hill between First and Second streets on Fort Street, now Broadway. Today, the Los Angeles *Times* has a large parking garage in the area.

Later, as more soldiers arrived, Fort Fitzgerald was moved two miles south on San Pedro Street. The site is now the Los Angeles School District bus depot, close to the Santa Monica Freeway and east of the Harbor Freeway.

The Fort Tejon troops had brought camels (remember the WWII radio jingle, "The camels are coming, hurrah, hurrah"), which were kept at Hancock's headquarters (and home) at Third and Main, until the stench and noise became unbearable. Well now, how'd you like to have a herd of camels in your neighbor's back yard? Third and Main, today, is near the new Ronald Reagan State Office Building now under construction. Later, camps were opened at Camp Drum, at San Pedro and at Camp Latham near Ballona Creek in today's Culver City.

Camp Drum, today, is a two-story frame house in the midst of a large blue-collar residential area only a block or two from the Phineas Banning mansion and park. In those days, Camp Drum was the only building in a vast land area. You look at it today and you wonder "where is the camp?" The building is a very interesting relic of life in the 1860s. The camp was a base and training ground for several thousand Californians who learned which were their right and left feet and how to do an about face. If you've never been there, it is worth a fun visit.

Robinson wrote: "Of the three wartime governors, John C. Downey was the only one charged with a degree of disloyalty to the Union cause. . . . one charge came from 65 businessmen in San Francisco, asserting that Downey had made appointments which revealed sympathy for and cooperation with those who were plotting to sever California from her allegiance to the Union."

Downey did enforce the laws, even though he felt that the war's aim had shifted from one of preserving the Union to one of social change and instant emancipation for 4,000,000 slaves. His successor, in 1862, was Leland Stanford, a strong unionist and the founder of Stanford University.

Kibby wrote that "a majority of the present state officers were undisguised and avowed secessionists . . . that 3/8ths of the citizens of California were natives of slaveholding states who were never without arms, and that they devoted their full time to plotting, scheming and organizing."

An example of the overwhelming secessionist attitude in Los Angeles during the war, Robinson said, was that Los Angeles County provided more than 250 fighting men to the confederate Army.

"In contrast, according to Major Horace Bell, only two local men actually fought in the east on the Union side, Bell himself and Charles Jenkins. And Jenkins was obliged to travel to San Francisco before he dared enlist in the Union Army, so strong was local anti-Union sentiment at the war's outbreak."

Robinson discussed Don Benito Wilson, for whom Mount Wilson is named.

Benjamin Wilson, former Los Angeles mayor and major land owner in Southern California, was a political enigma to his friends. His Civil War loyalties were, at best, ambiguous. He and Phineas Banning supported the Union cause by donating the large tract near New San Pedro for Camp Drum. Yet, his sympathies and those of his second wife (and grandmother of George S. Patton), southern-born Margaret Hereford, were known to lie with the Confederacy.

An interesting sidebar to the Los Angeles Civil War scene was the so-called Battle of Santa Catalina Island. On January 1, 1864, a detachment from Drum Barracks steamed across the San Pedro Channel and took possession of the island. All civilians—mostly a handful of gold miners—were ordered off the island by February 1. The occupation set off wild rumors and speculation that has lasted for years.

There were rumors that the island was to house traitors or prevent Confederate plots. Robinson discovered through research "that the Department of the Pacific wanted to use the island as an Indian reservation. The Klamath, Redwood and Trinity Indians of the Humboldt District . . . had for some time been in a state of unrest and would not remain on their army-designated reservations . . . There would have been consternation in Southern California had it been known . . . that the army wanted to colonize the nearby island with hostile Indians recently on the warpath."

Nothing ever happened. The idea was dropped. Although the army never gave an explanation (sound familiar?), the soldiers moved off the island on September 14, 1864, just as mysteriously as they had arrived.

By early 1865, even die-hard secessionists could see that the South was losing. For awhile, a number of Los Angeles secessionists talked about immigrating to Mexico, where they would establish a colony in Baja and offer their allegiance to Emperor Maximilian, the puppet Mexican ruler placed there by Louis Napoleon III of France.

That plan "died aborning," which was just as well. In 1866, their friend, Maximilian, found himself staring into the barrels of a Mexican firing squad.

Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865, brought wild jubilation to Northern California, but less than mild jubilation to Los Angeles. Feelings and hostility were so deep in Los Angeles that it took years before former friends would speak to each other. Robinson told of Major Horace Bell, one of the two locals who fought with the Union Army, complaining that his reception, when he returned home, was distinctly hostile.

"Old friends, with a few honorable exceptions such as Judge A.J. King and Colonel E.J.C. Kewen, turned their backs on me." Bell wrote later. "The idea, said they, of a Los Angeles man of your stamp fighting on the side of the blacks . . .!"

Time, as in all things, heals all wounds. As the years went by, many former friends became friends again and with the arrival of the Southern Pacific Railroad in 1876, the Great Land Boom began. Angelenos now became more concerned about making money than in re-fighting the Civil War. The great boom of the 1880s brought

thousands of new residents and millions of dollars in new business. As President Calvin Coolidge said 50 years later, "The business of America is—business."

The Civil War started 130 years ago. Today, I can't imagine anyone believing in the theory of slavery. The idea of one man owning another human being is repugnant to our thinking. However, we have come full cycle in one respect. One hundred years ago the hotheads had turned their enthusiasm to growth. Today, the hotheads are pounding the drums for slow growth or no growth.

Perhaps the next Civil War will be between the no-growthers and the developers. Let's hope no one starts using guns again.



## Hugo Reid and the Southern California Indians Revisited

by Ronald C. Woolsey  
Winter, 1991

**H**ugo Reid was one of the early migrants to Mexican Southern California, a time when the *rancho* dominated the landscape and the mission period abruptly ended with secularization. Born in the British Isles in 1811, the young Scotsman left home at age 18, traveled throughout Latin America, and eventually took a Mexican brig to California in 1832. Not unlike other "Yankee" migrants, Reid adopted the customs and traditions of the *rancho* period. He married an Indian woman and resided near the San Gabriel mission. He dabbled in wine-making, cattle ranching and even spent a brief period in the Northern California mines. His friendships ran the gamut of rich and famous; traders and entrepreneurs such as Abel Stearns, Henry Dalton and Benjamin Wilson.

In 1852, the Los Angeles *Star* published Hugo Reid's essays on the Indians of Southern California, a collection of 22 separate entries that dealt with native customs and wont. The articles provided an informative treatise on Indian culture and mission life. The series established Reid as the foremost expert on the local tribes, and increased his chances for an appointment as Indian agent for the southern district. Indeed, he had a unique understanding of Indian affairs. Marriage into a *rancheria* family provided access to tribal elders, which enabled him to conduct interviews and gain eyewitness accounts. His own experiences among the San Gabriel Indians added credibility about the adverse effects of the mission system and secularization upon the native inhabitants.

Hugo Reid took the assignment seriously, something that could not always be said for this free-spirited adventurer who counted gold prospecting and sailing

among his list of meandering pursuits. In this instance, however, he had spent months in seclusion until he completed the final drafts. Reid considered the project an important undertaking, and he wanted to avoid boosterism or a romantic view of local tribes. "I flatter myself on being able to furnish facts," he asserted, "not falsehoods hatched up to satisfy the curiosity of a chance traveler."

Reid's observations gained instant notoriety, later became a source for Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*, and have provided anthropological data on aboriginal language, idioms and traits. Most importantly, Reid's letters were a social commentary meant to educate a readership and elevate the Indian's condition among Anglos. It was the era of Uncle Tom's Cabin, abolition, temperance movements and women's rights conventions—a period when morality assumed new meaning among American reformers. Within that context, Hugo Reid's treatment of the Southern California Indians brought compassion and justice to the subject.

The essays underwrite several important characterizations about aboriginal life. Reid outlined a sophisticated people—a culture of many nuances, particularly in language and literature. He drew analogies with European traits whenever possible. One essay categorized various common nouns and verbs used in the native tongue, then matched them with standard English usage. Popular phrases such as 'Thou shalt not' or 'Thou art' were analogous to Indian colloquialisms. Reid noted that "their language is simple, rich and abounding in compound expressive terms." He linked phonetic usage in the native tongue with similar sounds in the romance languages, and he provided an extensive vocabulary list of Indian words. Reid asserted that Indian literature resembled the epic scheme found in Greek and Roman classics. The natives told legends "being of incredible length and containing more metamorphoses than Ovid could have engendered in his brain had he lived a thousand years."

In many ways, Hugo Reid acted as conscience for his Anglo readership. With the same pointed sense of humor that he displayed toward Stearns, Reid needled the sanctimonious themes of Christian missionaries through parallels with native customs. Pagans were not pagans at all; rather, they had fables and legends about virgin births and ascensions. The essays understate the missions' influence on aboriginal religion. One essay paralleled precepts of the Apostles Creed, Old Testament commandments, and the Our Father—a belief in one God as a "giver of life," faith in a resurrection of the soul, and the avoidance of using the deity name in vain. These religious influences overlapped indigenous beliefs in a natural order. The eagle had a separate feast day, and the crow and owl were also revered as sacred animals.

Reid also provided a detailed list of tribes and their locales, highlighting the diversity of native life. The first installment in the *Star* listed nearly 30 *rancherías* with a note that nearly 40 additional villages existed. Unity prevailed throughout the region, and all tribes were "one great Family under distinct Chiefs." Chiefs ruled a lodge and a lodge, not unlike Congress, retained the power to declare war. Traditional standards of authority existed in which elders held the most respected positions. Tribes respected common norms for marriage, allowed for divorce in extreme cases and they gathered in community spirit for baptism and burial.

Reid was a master of artful suasion, accentuating the best in Indian life against the problems of Anglo settlement. He itemized specific Indian accomplishments that contrasted with existing problems in the *pueblo*. The *rancherías* had an advanced messenger service in which children relayed correspondence between tribes—quite different from the informal and inefficient Anglo system that allowed

mail to be deposited in a grocery barrel until randomly claimed. In a gold rush era where a dearth of hard currency contributed to wild price fluctuations and unpredictable demand, Reid wilyly observed an efficient Indian monetary structure based on shells, along with an intricate system of measurement for legal tender.

Hugo Reid's overview of Indian culture represented an important dimension of the Indian profile. The articles detailed a sophisticated and complex aboriginal lifestyle that compared favorably with Anglo-European traditions. The essays were educational and informative. Reid subtly elevated the Indian to some measure of parity with an Anglo-American readership. But the articles went beyond a descriptive look at native life and dealt with the Indian personality. Reid's essays on the Southern California Indians constructed a portrait of peaceful tribes, a non-threatening profile in an era when tensions ran high between the native peoples and settlers. He provided dignity to his subject, offered empathy to his readership, and laid the basis for a humanitarian approach to aboriginal problems.

Indeed, Southern California became the focal point of the natives' frustrations. After the secularization of the San Gabriel and Capistrano missions, the Indians were set free to become victims of an unsympathetic world. Alfred Robinson best summarized the missions' decline with his observation of circumstances at San Diego. "Here everything was prostrated—the *Presidio* ruined—the Mission depopulated—the town almost deserted, and its few inhabitants miserably poor." Unemployment ran high, alcoholism endemic and poverty common among the *rancherias*. These impoverished conditions led to resistance in the form of cattle raids on the *ranchos*, vandalism of the missions and disorderly conduct around the *pueblo*.

Reid witnessed these distressful conditions at San Gabriel, himself married into the Comicrabit *rancheria*. San Gabriel was especially hard hit by secularization, leaving a ruined land. "Thousands of cattle were slain, for their hides only," recalled one contemporary, "whilst their carcasses remained to decompose upon the plains." A scenario of injustice and disease soon followed the destruction of the mission. Reid sometimes mediated Indian complaints of mistreatment. In one instance, Reid wrote Stearns about a native who had "come to me crying" that he had been berated by a Stearns' worker. "I thought it better to take him with me," wrote a diplomatic Reid. He saw their poverty turn to disease. "There is no peace for the wicked—So Says the writ. I have been occupied in the mission—Great cry & little wool." And he witnessed disease result in death. In a letter to Stearns, desperate conditions were characterized in quiet terms. "Request small syringe . . . Yglesia is dying . . . also requests balsam and sweet spirits."

To Hugo Reid, the native peoples were peaceful by nature; hence, his essays portrayed the Indian in pacifistic terms. Internecine wars were infrequent, underlying a sense of camaraderie among the tribes—an interpretation substantiated by historian George Harwood Phillips, who noted that Indian conflicts "developed mainly over territorial infractions and usually took place when food was scarce." As a confederation of *rancherias*, they fought collectively only when they were endangered by outside forces. Reid considered their laws a reflection of nonviolent

## "Hugo Reid and the Southern California Indians Revisited"

personal values. Robbery and murder were rare occurrences. He observed that syphilis and alcohol abuse were uncommon among the tribes, a subtle indictment of circumstances after secularization.

In turn, Reid constructed an aboriginal profile of gaiety and courage, similar in demeanor to the *gente de razon*. The bright dress, flowers, necklaces and bracelets of their costume represented a happy people in the best traditions of *rancho* life. Indian festivals of flowers resembled the elaborate gala of dance and games associated with the *fandangos* and *bailes* common to the *pueblo*. They were a people of dignity, the noble savage, filled with courage when necessary. Reid described the hunt as a test of fortitude in the best traditions of a medieval knight. A trial by ordeal tested a hunter's loyalty, and included fasting and submission to nature's danger. One such test required a hunter to lay exposed on an ant hill, enduring the suffering in silence. "To make them watchful," according to Reid, "vigilant and clear sighted."

Ultimately, Reid's essays on the Southern California Indians represented a social commentary on Anglo-European conquests. His portrayal of a noble people was eventually corrupted by European settlement, and the Roman Catholic Church in particular. Indeed, the Indian question had confounded Spain and Mexico for several years. Reid's criticism of the missions, therefore, crystallized a widespread frustration with the Church's role in Indian policy. In the words of historian C. Alan Hutchinson, the mission's failure produced a call for secularization "on the ground that they were not being sufficiently successful in converting their Indians into Christian, Spanish-speaking farmers able to hold the land for Spain."

For Hugo Reid, the Church had little utilitarian value to the Indians, and the rigid dogma associated with Catholic ritual seemed alien to their own simple beliefs. Reid noted that the aboriginal never heard of a Devil until the Spanish conquest. Nor were whippings common punishment among tribes—an obvious criticism of mission disciplinary methods. Certainly, Reid had resisted the Catholic influence in his own life. He only tolerated the Mass and Benedictions that his converted wife attended. "Religion has [hurt my nerves], having been yesterday at church," he once cracked. During one poor financial stretch, Reid quipped "that good luck will ensue" because he had not witnessed any baptisms since a Dalton family baptism brought "all sorts of calamities . . ."

A sophisticated people, peaceful by nature, and compromised by foreign settlement—all seemed compelling reasons put forth for a reservation. Reid made this final argument for separation of cultures in several passages. He articulated the intricate beauty associated with the native tongue, lost over time, and a need to return to "old standards." Reid observed that Indians had always resisted cultural indoctrination by the mission *padres*. He wrote that native runaways, called *hindas*, undertook dangerous risks to escape to the mountains because the price of freedom outweighed the consequences of capture and punishment. This picture of defiance prevailed even after secularization. "Scantily clothed and still more scantily supplied with food," Reid noted, ". . . nearly all the Gabrielinos went north while those of San Diego, San Luis and San Juan overran this country."

More importantly, the Indian question had specific relevance to Southern California in 1852. Friction between tribes and settlers continued into the American period. Native warriors often attacked overland travelers in the mountain passes and at the outlying regions to the Gila and Santa Fe trails. The Tulare Indians, in particular, raided the cattle ranches and farms in the southern counties. Government neglect, broken treaties and high taxation were often cited as causes for Indian

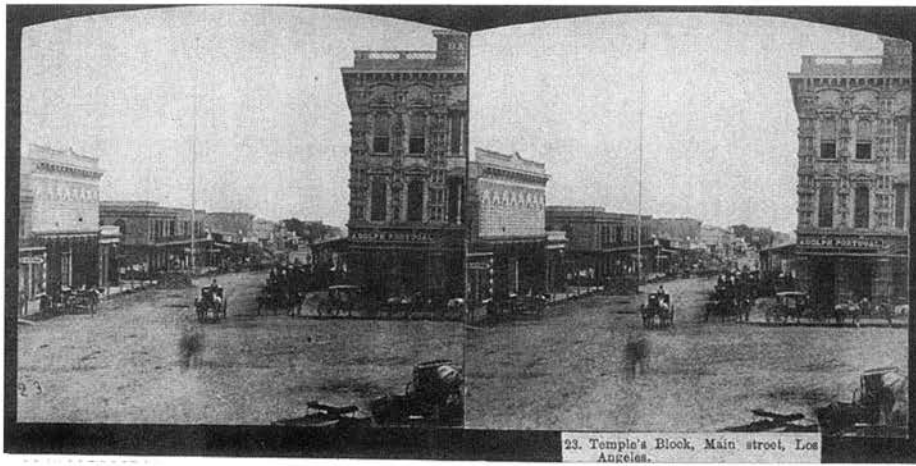
rebellions. To an exasperated Los Angeles *Star*, the lack of adequate protection invited trouble, and blame rested with "the military commander in this State."

Just as the outlying tribes signified a mood of defiance, the mission Indians represented a helpless people. Disease and suffering associated with the *rancherías* invited crime and violence, particularly at San Gabriel. While Reid composed his Indian essays, the mission suffered widespread theft and vandalism. One report indicated that "as many as four large dwelling houses have been constructed from the materials thus carried away . . ." Native residents were often the victims of unsolved murders. Only a week after the publication of Reid's first essay, the *Star* reported that two Indian men were found dead in town, one killed by *aguadiente* while the "other was stabbed and cut in various places." The newspaper urged an investigation into violations of Indian rights. "The Indian law is badly enforced in this country," the *Star* declared, "and the reason for many inconveniences we suffer in the city."

Reid believed the American conquest had exacerbated the Indians plight through indifference. In 1848, he assessed the depressed conditions at San Gabriel along with his own financial woes. "The taking of the country by the Americans," Reid concluded, "is undoubtedly the curse!" In Gold Rush California, an agenda of growth and discovery overshadowed the demands of an indigenous people; thus, the native tribes became the victims of a nation preoccupied with western settlement. Although Hugo Reid did not fully grasp this sad fact, he certainly sensed that Indian conditions required urgent reform. To Reid, these native deprivations were a matter of American policy that demanded national solutions. "Ought not the government of the United States in consideration of those lands, hard toil & labor make them a remuneration, give them an annual supply of clothing, give schooling to their children with much more justice (since justice is the theme)." Hence, a reservation in Southern California seemed as much an obligation of American settlement as an Indian right based on historical precedent. "Ought not the Indian families," Reid asked, "have a reservation made them which they could cultivate under a certain system?"

Reid's essays on the Indians of Southern California appeared in the Los Angeles *Star* between February and July of 1852. The entries were a popular success and later reissued in other newspapers located throughout the state. As an addendum to the series, the *Star* believed the articles would sway public opinion, and "have a practical tendency to ameliorate their [Indians] condition." In addition, the experience gained Reid statewide prominence, which may have led to a later appointment as Indian agent. According to Robert F. Heizer, "If Reid had lived he might have succeeded [Benjamin] Wilson, and in so doing would have been profitably employed in a work in which he had great interest and competence."

But Reid did not live more than a few months after the publication of the Indian essays, and the work of a reservation and the ramifications of Indian policy would be left to others. Still, Hugo Reid had elevated the Indian question to a matter of public policy, and established the rationale behind future governmental action in Southern California.



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## William M. Godfrey Early California Photographer

by Frank Q. Newton, Jr.  
Summer, 1992

**T**he saga of America's western frontier has proved to be an endless fascination for historians. Countless stories, both fact and fiction, have been told about heroism, drama and tragedy involved in the settlement of the West. This great expanse would eventually be crossed and settled by miners, farmers, homesteaders, railroad builders and ranchers. Among the least known heroes of the frontier are the pioneer photographers whose works appear, usually without any credit, in nearly every book about the American West.

The invention of the camera as we know it, and the making of pictures on metal and glass plates, coincided with the opening of the frontier. For the first time in history an era was recorded just the way it happened, and the way it looked at the time.

In 1839 a Frenchman by the name of Louis Daguerre and his partner, Nicephore Niepce, devised a way to make permanent images from life on shiny, mirror-like metal plates. This was accomplished using only sunlight and a few chemicals. In the West the daguerreotype, and later images from glass plates, would picture how the cowboys lived and worked, the various Indian tribes and their tepees, the soldiers in their forts, the men who explored and ran such expeditions, the growing towns, the building of railroads and the faces of hundreds of thousands of people who were moving west to establish their homes and fortunes.

Among the Americans to take up daguerreotyping was William M. Godfrey who was born on November 9, 1825, in Washtenaw County, Michigan. He learned dentistry, expecting this to be his life's work. As a mere youth of 25 he set up a practice in Ann Arbor. At that time dentistry had advanced very little and he faced years

to build a following. Ahead was a long and unrewarding period. Godfrey, however, was a creative individual and learned to make daguerreotypes on the side.

Perhaps he visited a gallery at Detroit where he saw views of the American West. There may have been pictures of Indians, spectacular mountain scenery and the first scenes of the California gold strike—all very impressive to a young lad just learning photography. Such a photographic display likely caught his fancy and resulted in a decision to close his dental practice and go west.

In 1850 he joined an emigrant party, driving a team of oxen to the west coast. Even though he had given up dentistry, he must have taken his dental tools and maybe some of his photographic equipment. His dental skills were likely useful on the trail, but there probably was little time to take pictures. At least no 1850 views attributed to him seem to exist. He would have been very lucky to have been able to keep such baggage when so much was thrown out along the trails. The journey to Placerville, California—popularly known as Hangtown—took the party six months, from when the Spring grasses came up until the Fall.

It is not known if Godfrey mined, practiced dentistry, or took pictures to support himself at the beginning of his California stay. Perhaps he worked at all three.

While Godfrey was at Hangtown, an Argonaut—who had sailed around the Horn and passed through San Francisco—appeared with a daguerreotype camera and photographic supplies. When Godfrey learned of the availability of equipment, but lacking the funds necessary to buy it all outright, he was able to arrange a lease. He soon began taking views around the gold camps and scenery of the northern California region. Even with his skills as a dentist, it is doubtful Godfrey earned enough to satisfy his needs. So, besides taking pictures, he tried his luck at placer mining. We do not know how fortunate he was in finding gold or how long he might have worked at it, but he found that work as a miner was very hard and often unrewarding. By now he was skilled at photography, but supplies for this work were scarce like all other unessential items.

However, there was a growing demand for pictures. Residents, part-time miners, as well as town workers were participants in many events at the camps, and photographers were able to capture these happenings on their silver-coated metal plates. That there were people such as Godfrey at the sites is the reason we have such a wealth of photographic evidence of the early California gold rush period.

In the mid 1800s, daguerreotype scenes of the gold country were a spotty market among those who were struggling to make their pile. Few of these miners had a place to keep an album or time to consider the value of “then and now” pictures of what was going on. However, most miners did have a family back home. For the home folks, these miners posed for one such as Godfrey, and shipped the portrait home along with a little bit of gold.

Godfrey decided that if he were to make a living from photography, the gold country was not going to be the place. He headed for San Francisco, passing through Sacramento, taking pictures along the way. A picture of a locomotive, said to be one of the earliest used on the Sacramento Valley Railroad, appeared in a 1901 *Sunset Magazine*, and the view is attributed to W.M. Godfrey, supposedly taken at Folsom, California in 1855. The location and dating are suspect. The SVRR, California’s first, was organized in 1852 to go from Sacramento to Folsom. Theodore D. Judah, who would go on to become the father of the western half of the transcontinental railroad, surveyed the SVRR. Grading started on the levee at Front and “L” streets in Sacramento, but it would be February 22, 1856 before an actual train reached Folsom.

Godfrey took several views of the railroad, its right-of-way, and train operation. His biographer claimed that his photographs of California and the gold camps were the first ever taken. We, of course, know better. For one, Robert H. Vance was reported to have been in the field during 1850 and perhaps as early as the latter months of 1849.

In the late 1850s stereo prints on cards were becoming popular in the parlors of the East. No longer were the one-of-a-kind restrictions of the older daguerreotype the sole system. Now one could have a stack of stereo cards and a viewing device giving a three-dimensional picture. The wet-plate process—although it demanded immediate negative development—produced the permanent negative that permitted the making of as many prints as desired. Enlarging from small plates was not yet well developed for field work, so the western photographers used huge cameras, producing finished negatives on the spot. Also, small dual-lens cameras went along to make plates that were used later to make stereo cards.

Many of the illustrations that appear in western history publications were copied from images provided by photographers to the various lithographers. But the one who did the camera work seldom got credit, let alone payment. When we see early California views in books, we are usually unaware of who took the view and often do not know when it was taken. There are some views that are thought to be by Godfrey, but are attributed to another. Proving it is another matter.

Single views and stereos were mounted on heavy card stock. A great number of the cards bore the photographer's name and often the location. Sometimes only the studio names were imprinted. Cards seldom carried a date, but on occasion they can be traced by the card stock used. In other cases the buyer added a date, or an inscription on the back. Photographs sold during the latter part of the Civil War, 1864 and into 1866, required a U.S. Government tax stamp, usually 2¢ a card per at government rate schedule. Examining Godfrey views with the foregoing in mind may help in identifying their dates.

Godfrey, again pulling up stakes, left San Francisco and headed down the coast to Los Angeles, taking views as he went. In Los Angeles he set up a studio and display gallery with Stephen A. Rendall (sometimes spelled Randall). It is not known whether they set up a new studio or if Godfrey joined an already existing studio. Later Godfrey was associated with a Harry T. Payne. During these associations, Godfrey took a number of the very earliest views of Los Angeles, some towns as far away as San Diego, and missions. One of his views most taken with his stereo camera is titled "Wilmington Harbor" that shows a ship chandlery often associated with the Bannings. We, of course, know this as San Pedro. A very large mural of one of the pictures of this stereo hangs on the wall at the Los Angeles Maritime Museum, once the main building of the Terminal Island Ferry service. No doubt other views we see with sailing ships, lumber schooners and little teapot engines are his work.

The partnerships with Rendall and Payne in their Sunbeam Gallery came to an end. We can get an idea of the dating of this period and the probable derivation of the name of the gallery by noting that Sunbeam was the title of a very popular publication on the technical aspects of photography issued around 1863. This, along with the absence of tax stamps on all of three dozen stereos examined, provides hard data to date Godfrey's activities. Whether he decided to sell out because the photography business was not profitable, could not support more than one owner, or it was just time to move on is not clear. Los Angeles in the 1860s was still a very small town, and it is likely Godfrey could not sell enough views of street scenes, the harbor and buildings to interest him. Probably the business was mostly single small portraits, not a high volume money maker.



So in 1865 Godfrey sold his interest and moved to San Bernardino, 60 miles to the east, then even smaller than Los Angeles. His newly adopted home was a family oriented community populated mostly by Mormons. Here, he again hung out his dental shingle, joining with a Dr. Alma Whitlock. Along with the dentistry, he also opened a photographic studio with Harry T. Franklin.

Godfrey became infatuated with a young lady by the name of Lucia Huntington, his junior by 25 years, who had been born in Salt Lake City, Utah, March 1850. She was the fifth of fourteen children of William Dresser Huntington, a Mormon convert from New York via Nauvoo, Illinois and now at San Bernardino, California. (William was a distant cousin of Henry E. Huntington.) The two began a courtship, and on April 25, 1866 Miss Lucia became Lucia Huntington Godfrey. They set up housekeeping in the area and had a number of children, some of whom settled near their original home.

There is little else about the personal life of William M. Godfrey, or how many photographs he had taken over the years, and what subject matter they may have covered. His legacy is a small amount of superb views and a short biography published in *Ingersoll's Century Annals of San Bernardino County*. It was the custom of many communities in America to publish a history of their town or country, with a biography of outstanding citizens. The people included in these books not only paid the publishing house to have themselves written up in the book, but also paid added costs for a portrait. Thus the appellation "mug book."

Apparently Godfrey had no strong ties to his Midwest home. He left behind his parents, four brothers and a sister. According to one report, he never again returned to Michigan for a visit or made contact with his family. Godfrey's wife stated following his death, "He seldom mentioned to me his life in Michigan except in connection with his birth date, and that he had practiced dentistry there."

Godfrey retired at 46 years of age. The reason for such an early retirement is unstated, but it could have been due to ill health, or possibly new found wealth acquired on the death of Lucia's father, William D. Huntington. Along with his retirement, he turned over his interest in the gallery to Harry T. Payne, one of the several partners he had had over the years. Payne, however, did not receive Godfrey's collection of glass plates and negatives. But Payne did continue to sell views that are, quite obviously, the work of Godfrey, so there must have been some kind of agreement. The Godfrey files were acquired by Adam Vail. But today their whereabouts are not known, although there are copy prints and negatives in many places.

Very little information is available about what Godfrey did after selling his films and studio. In an 1892 register of San Bernardino Godfrey is listed as having the occupation of "miner." Whether this listing was a practical joke or if he actually became involved with a mine somewhere requires research. Possibly he ventured into Calico, Randsburg or another of the desert mines. Was not his dental partner the very one who is indelibly mentioned as making a fortune through investing in Randsburg's Yellow Aster, the best producer for 100 miles around? In any case, he left us at age 75 on November 4, 1900. He is buried at the pioneer cemetery in San Bernardino.

Most of the earlier photographs we see today as from the cameras of pioneers of the West are their choicest views. For instance, in early 1870 Godfrey belatedly photographed the first locomotive on the Los Angeles & San Pedro Railroad, known locally as the Banning Road. At about this same time he made a series of Los Angeles Harbor photographs for the United States Army Corps of Engineers. We do not know how many exposures Godfrey had to take to get the sterling pic-

tures we see today. But all photographers take shots where exposures are not right or something is out of focus. We are looking at only the best of an unknown number. It is likely that his primary business was making portraits and that stereos were insignificant. We do know that at least 154 of his scenes were stereos, as fellow Westerner Ernest Marquez has a card with a number 154 on it.

My interest in Godfrey started when I was given a number of stereos stored in an old trunk. Later I was privileged to examine some of the Godfreys in the Huntington Library, of which they have eight originals. During a discussion with Ernest Marquez I learned he had a few original views.

The color of the card stock Godfrey used varied. Many have orange fronts and pink backs. The titles and view numbers were preprinted, likely in rows on sheets, then crudely cut to size and glued down on the cards. Godfrey scratched his assigned numbers into the emulsion of the negatives, sometimes upside down, as a system to identify his views.

Several Godfrey stereo cards have no printing on the reverse side. Others read "From Godfrey's Photographic View Rooms—Los Angeles, Cal." A couple of the cards have handwritten dates of 1873. Another carries the number 26 and is titled only "Southern California" vertically on the left and "W.T. Payne, Los Angeles" to the right. The scene is of the Haas ranch. Another card has the Godfrey printing on the back, while a duplicate of the same card is blank. One has to conclude that Payne, who bought the San Bernardino Gallery, continued to reprint from the original negatives. This is in spite of Vail having purchased the studio and gallery. So the mystery continues.

Most of the stereos seem to have been made between 1866 and 1872. The studio in Los Angeles was operated under several names due to shifting partnerships, but it was popularly known as the Sunbeam Gallery. As mentioned above, Sunbeam was likely suggested by a Civil War period photography manual, *The Silver Sunbeam*, avidly read by professionals and buffs. Notes about the gallery appeared in contemporary newspapers of the day. The *Herald* for March 31, 1875 states, "You will now find Judkins at the old Sunbeam Gallery." The *Los Angeles Express* for September 17, 1875 goes on to say, "The Sunbeam Gallery was bought by a Mr. Parker of San Diego." But by this time Godfrey had already been in San Bernardino for three years.

This checklist of Godfrey Stereos is what prompted the research on the man and his photographs. It is expected that many more views will be added to this preliminary effort. The writer has so far confined his work to only cards with positive identity, ignoring the various unmounted prints having only manuscript markings. Some of these latter look like copies of one of the two views on stereos. It is also very well known that for a very long time many photographers stole scenes from each other, so only genuine Godfreys are listed. No doubt he went along with the generously overlapping transition from daguerreotypes, to *carte de visites*, cabinet and jumbo sizes from wet plates, and dry plate glass and plastic negatives, as we know them today. We have come a long way to position Godfrey in time and place.

There have been a few articles published from time to time on the life of Godfrey, heavily quoting his biography in Ingersoll's. In time I hope to follow up on some of the leads suggested during inquiries about him. No doubt archives around the country contain original Godfrey views. I would be pleased to hear about them.

## Joe De Yong The Cowboy Etcher-Artist

by Siegfried G. Demke  
Winter, 1992

**A**n awareness of cowboy artist Joe De Yong began in a little art gallery in Los Olivos, a one traffic sign town, five miles due north of Solvang, California. There was good work on all the gallery walls, produced by capable artists, mostly from the southern part of the state. There were oils, water-colors and etchings. Among the etchings were two, by Joe De Yong, that caught and held the eye, and with longer examination they impressed the viewer with the artist's ability and boldness.

One etching, titled *breed trapper*, showed a half-breed trapper contentedly smoking a briar pipe. Relaxed with his own thoughts, the trapper has the unkempt appearance that comes from living primitively. He is enjoying smoking his tobacco in a fine little pipe of the type affected by French artists and writers in the latter part of the nineteenth century, a pipe the trapper possibly obtained as part of the income from furs he had brought to a Hudson's Bay Company trading post.

The etched lines of the drawing go in every direction, in a seemingly disorderly fashion. Yet they bring out the substance characteristics of unwashed and uncut hair, worn fur on the cap and even more worn fur on the coat, and the thin, uneven growth of face hair of a man who is the son of mixed Indian and non-Indian parents. The lines of the slender pipe stem flow to the importance of the bowl to establish the smooth hardness of polished briar root, ending in those simple few lines creating the slow upward floating of wispy smoke.

The other etching, titled *Sand and Sun*, in the execution of its theme, goes directly opposite to what usually happens in an etching. Usually, most of the area of

an etching is filled by the artist. In his *Sand and Sun* De Yong has packed the etching area with an absence of lines, letting a large expanse of empty space create the effect of a bright, hot sun on a lot of sand. Only the simple ripple of two broken lines, depicting the trail followed by the horse and rider, and the fan of lines in the farthest corner of the etching area, depicting a distant, shadowy side of a sand dune, create perspective and depth.

This is great control, and indicates an artist with masterful ideas. Using a lot of empty space to create an effect is a very daring and strong action. Many times I have heard artists say that one of the big problems they face is knowing when to stop working on a piece of art, and then doing it—laying down the brush, pencil, scribe and not putting another spot, dot or scratch on the work, regardless of strong urges. James Abbot McNeill Whistler, the American expatriate who became a world famous artist during his years in England, used this large open space technique to produce—among his Thames River series—some of the most important etchings of his career.

In the process of buying the two etchings, I questioned the gallery owner about Joe De Yong. His answer was: “The jury is still out on Joe De Yong’s work.” This had a knowing sound to it, implying that the artist was a borderline genius case, and if “the jury” brought in a verdict in favor of genius, people would line up, clamoring to buy his work, resulting in a subsequent upward surge in prices. I had heard the jury reference before, and recognized it as convenient expression used by some gallery owners when they feel that committing themselves on the ability of an artist, or the quality of a piece of work, might jeopardize a sale. So the only thing to be done was to look elsewhere for more information.

Although the gallery owner was reluctant to comment on the quality of De Yong’s work, he did supply an important piece of information about the quality of De Yong’s friends. De Yong had been a close friend of Charles M. Russell for many years, and had studied with that great painter of the American West. In addition, the gallery owner made a statement that has come out of several sources. De Yong was the closest thing to an apprentice Russell ever had, and lived with Russell and his wife, Nancy, during the last ten years of Russell’s life—living, studying, painting, listening to Russell’s humorous, helpful criticisms in the log cabin studio where Russell had done his painting in the earlier years. Subsequent to the etchings’ purchase, research on the question of whether or not Russell had ever done etchings, involved a correspondence exchange with Russell expert Dixie Renner. She confirmed for me this information on the Russell-De Yong relationship.

On the whole, there is not a great deal of information available on De Yong and his art. That “jury” still seems to be out, and that jury may be unable to reach a decision because De Yong’s art output was not a great amount, when compared with the output of his famous artist friends. As an artist De Yong seems to have been important more for his friends than for his work. In books about the work of his friends Charles Russell, Edward Borein and Maynard Dixon, the authors have given De Yong mention in a few sentences or a few paragraphs. He was a friend of Charles Lummis, and with the other western artists, was often among the guests at El Alisal, the Lummis home. But he was—even with his closest friends—somewhat withdrawn, and an observer more than a participant because of losing his hearing when he was nineteen years old.

De Yong was born in Webster Grove, a suburb of St. Louis, Missouri, in 1894. He died in Los Angeles in 1975. When De Yong was four years old his father moved the family to Dewey, Indian Territory, now Washington County, Oklahoma. Growing up

in that area, De Yong had much contact with and learned much about the ways of Delaware, Cherokee, and Osage Indians.

In 1912 Tom Mix came to Dewey on location to film *Life on the Diamonds Ranch*. De Yong worked in the picture as a cowboy. The following year Mix made another Diamonds series film in Prescott, Arizona, and De Yong worked for him there. While on that location De Yong was stricken with spinal meningitis. In the many months that followed, his strong will to recover enabled him to overcome all but one of the effects of this terrible illness. At age nineteen he was totally deaf. From then on, except for when he became a close friend of Russell, he did all his listening and a lot of his talking with pencil and paper.

From early boyhood, De Yong had admired the paintings of Charles Russell, first seeing an exhibit of them at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. During his convalescence, after the spinal meningitis attack, De Yong practiced drawing by copying some pictures in a folio of Russell reproductions he had bought on a visit to Cheyenne. Eventually, he wrote Russell and sent him some of his drawings. Russell's encouraging answer is one of his famous illustrated letters. The letter is reproduced in *Good Medicine* (page 76), the book of collected Russell letters, with an introduction by Will Rogers and a biographical note by Nancy Russell, published by Garden City Publishing Company, Inc. 1929. That letter bears a Russell self-portrait on horseback, with a line drawing and verbal instructions on how to draw horses in proportion, and includes a "Regards" to De Yong's father, indicating that Russell and the elder De Yong knew each other. In other correspondence Russell invited Joe De Yong to visit him. Eventually De Yong did, developing into living with the Russells from 1916 to 1926.

In Montana De Yong continued to acquire a vast knowledge of Indian ways, this time about Blackfeet, Plains Cree and Crow tribes, Kootenai and Flathead. He became well acquainted with Two Guns White Calf, hereditary Chief of the Piegan Blackfeet, and was a frequent tepee guest of the Chief. De Yong's continued time spent with the Indians was greatly enhanced by the fact that Russell had taught him sign language. In the years they knew each other the two men enjoyed conversing in sign language, even telling "tall tales" through that medium of communication.

When Russell died in 1926, in Montana, De Yong happened to be in Santa Barbara, enrolled in a bronze-casting class at the School of Arts. With his most important friend gone forever, De Yong seldom went back to Montana. He decided to stay in Santa Barbara and establish his own studio in an old adobe house in the downtown section of the city. As an authentic cowboy artist, like his Santa Barbara cowboy artist friend Ed Borein, he was soon invited on *visitadores* rides—that annual May ride of more than a hundred miles from ranch to ranch made by riding enthusiasts among Southern California ranchers, businessmen and motion picture industry and political celebrities. Although not a tall man—he was described as a wiry five feet six inches—his past as a real working cowhand made him stand out on these rides.

It was on one of these rides that his vast knowledge of Indians led to his career as the outstanding technical consultant on western films. He met John Fisher, business manager for Cecil B. de Mille, who persuaded De Yong to submit some of his drawings to the producer. De Yong was hired and soon began work on *The Plainsman*. This turned out to be such a successful arrangement that he soon became the expert consultant to hire whenever a large budget, authentic western film was planned for production. In the following years, other western classics on which De Yong was technical advisor included *Union Pacific*, *Northwest Mounted Police*,

Reap the Wild Wind, Tall in the Saddle, and Red River. There were also lighter themed westerns on which De Yong worked, like Paleface, in which Bob Hope starred.

De Yong's method of working was to obtain a copy of the film's script, study it and produce a series of drawings of scenes, costumes and props. These would be presented to the producer and the director. He would design the costumes of the principal male actors, and even the costumes of many of the extras and bit players. Color arrangements on whole sets were worked out so that people and backgrounds complemented each other. The importance of this color and design arrangement was vividly demonstrated in the film Northwest Mounted Police. No detail was too small for De Yong, like how many feathers a particular tribe of Indians wore on a deer hunt, the kinds of cufflinks worn by professional gamblers, the kinds of rowels that were on Texans' spurs in the 1880s.

At the peak of his consulting career work became so heavy that De Yong moved to Los Angeles to be nearer to the film studios. By this time he seems to have gone completely from making a living from pure art to making his living from consulting work. His success as a consultant had, obviously, affected the amount of his art production in all the mediums in which he chose to work. It might also be said that his production was thin in each medium because he chose to work in so many. His most important artist friends worked in fewer mediums; Russell worked in oils, watercolors and small sculptures, but did no etchings. Borein worked in oils, watercolors, and extensively in etchings, but not in sculpture. Dixon worked in oils and watercolors, but not in etchings or sculptures. Possibly, also, film work taking him away from his art work prevented him from developing into a more prominent level as an artist. Nevertheless, De Yong was that rarity of a real life cowboy artist, who left a legacy of authentic information on the American West.



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## Thunder Rolling in the Mountains Chief Joseph: Leader of his People

by Jerome R. Selmer  
Fall, 1993

**L**eadership is a vague thing. Some maintain it is a natural trait in a few special people, a mystical quality, a gift. Others will argue that it is an acquired or learned skill. While it is true that the principles of leadership can be taught, and thus learned, there is no question that some persons can apply those principles more effectively than others can. Every organized society in history has had its leaders. There is some commonality between them; there are some differences; a few leaders in each society have been truly outstanding and memorable. Such a man was Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Tribe of North America.

The Nez Perce have, since prehistory, occupied the mountain areas in the vicinity of western Idaho, northeastern Oregon and southeastern Washington. They ranged between the Bitter Root Mountains of Idaho and Montana and the Blue Mountains in Oregon. It is an area which has always satisfied the basic needs of the tribe, and of which they have always felt a part. It is home. This feeling of belonging and oneness with the land is a frequently expressed part of the character of Native North Americans. It is a mystical quality which is often set forth in religious terms. Chief Joseph himself once expressed it succinctly: "... The earth and myself are of one mind. The measure of the land and the measure of our bodies are the same ..."

Even the early coming of the white men with Lewis and Clark, and those trappers and mountain men who followed, did not disturb the ancient ways of life. In fact, these strange ones from the east were generally welcomed in peace as was the custom of the Nez Perce. The timeless routines continued.

Into this tranquil background young Joseph was born in approximately 1840. His father was Chief Tu-eka-kas and his mother was Nez Perce Woman, one of the chief's four wives. Tu-eka-kas was known to the whites as Old Joseph. Young Joseph's boyhood is not recorded, however it is assumed that those years were no different in his life than in the lives of other boys of the tribe. He watched and learned from his elders. He saw how the old women prepared food and how the men hunted and made tools for hunting. He learned about the precious horse herds and of the religious beliefs of his people. From the old men came the telling of the tribal legends and from his father he learned the responsibilities of leadership.

A few years before Young Joseph's birth, the whites began to bring their ideas of society to the Nez Perce. In 1834, the Methodist Church sent missionaries into the tribal domain and were closely followed by the Presbyterians and Congregationalists. In 1842 the government sent agents into the Nez Perce country and they, along with the missionaries, began a chain of events which was to bring to this Indian nation their most tragic, and at the same time, finest hours.

Innocently, the Nez Perce agreed to proposals by the whites that there be a set of criminal laws and that a head chief be elected over all the bands of the nation. Tribal custom had never provided for this before. Each band had its own chief who was assisted by others. Majority rule was unknown as each person was recognized as a free agent. Dissent did not bring expulsion. The failure by the Indians to understand the implications of the white man's ideas and the failure of the whites to accept the Indian customs ultimately led to the end of the latter's way of life.

In a friendly fashion, desiring the best for his band, Old Joseph (as the Christians called him) accepted the Presbyterian version of religion and made efforts to have his people learn the "white man's book." In 1845, upon their baptism, father and son were given the name "Joseph." Until that time, according to Nez Perce custom, the boy had no permanent name. His people called him "Little Turtle." For a few years, Young Joseph received white man's schooling in a missionary school, and also learned from his people the traditional ways.

In his later years, Young Joseph said of his early training: "Our fathers gave us many laws, which they had learned from their fathers. These laws were good. They told us to treat all men as they treated us; that we should never be the first to break a bargain; that it was a disgrace to tell a lie; that we should speak only the truth; that it was a shame for one man to take from another his wife, or his property without paying for it. We were taught that the Great Spirit sees and hears everything, and that he never forgets; that hereafter he will give every man a spirit-home according to his deserts; if he had been a good man he will have a good home; if he has been a bad man he will have a bad home. This I believe, and all my people believe the same."

When Young Joseph reached the proper age (about eight years) he was called by his father to perform the obligation of the sacred vigil. This requirement of every Nez Perce boy sent him to the lonely beauty of the mountains where he would commune with the Great Spirit if it was the latter's will. If it went well, he would experience a revelation. He fasted and prayed. He concentrated and enhanced his unity with nature. He slept and dreamed. In his dream, thunder appeared to him. The extent of the dream was never revealed, but when he returned from his maturing



experience and appeared in the tribal religious rites he sang as the Great Spirit had taught him. The tribes-people felt he was blessed and his adult name was bestowed: Hin-mut-too-yah-lat-kekht, which means "Thunder Rolling In The Mountains."

In the 1850s there began a mounting tide of white settlement in Nez Perce country. It was a story being repeated throughout the West. In each case, the whites wanted use and ownership of land which was the domain of Native Americans. Joseph's people were not spared.

At first the whites were welcomed. Some Nez Perce, including Joseph's father, hoped to learn from their ways and improve the life of the Indians. That early faith was soon dispelled when many whites displayed trickery and greed and made their intentions toward their native brothers painfully obvious.

By 1855, the white government officials decided that they should parley with the Indians to try to better define the interests of both peoples. The officials offered treaties and money for selected Indian lands. These proposals were given serious consideration by the various bands including their chiefs, and were vigorously discussed.

A chief named Lawyer had been appointed "Head Chief." This was done to conform with the belief of the white people that one man should be "in charge." The whites proceeded to continually mislead themselves that they were dealing with one, all-powerful person. Nothing could have been further from the truth. At the Council of 1855, Lawyer expressed approval and enthusiasm for the money and the treaties. Others, including Old Joseph and his band did not, and rejected the proposal. Young Joseph recalled later: "My father, who represented his band, refused to have anything to do with the Council, because he wished to be a free man. He claimed that no man owned any part of the earth, and a man could not sell what he did not own."

The relationships continued to deteriorate with the white settlers who poured across the land. There were episodes of violence initiated by both sides. It was becoming clearer to all that the Native Americans were losing that which they loved most dearly and which was woven into the fabric of their lives: the land. In the case of Old Joseph's band, it was their beloved Wallowa Valley. Here the water flowed free and pure; the grass grew abundantly and hills and mountains were timbered. It was their paradise.

Following the Treaty of 1855, many Nez Perce moved onto the reservations which were established for them. Old Joseph's band refused, and thus remained a problem to the ever-encroaching whites. By 1863, conditions had worsened and concessions were even being demanded of those Nez Perce who had approved the 1855 treaty and had agreed to live on reservations. Another Council was called by the whites and their new requirements made known to the Nez Perce. Again, Lawyer was recognized by the whites as "Head Chief." At this Council, all Nez Perce were ordered to new, smaller reservations. Lawyer and some other chiefs agreed. Old Joseph and a few of his friends did not. The rift between the bands became so great that it spelled the end of the Nez Perce nation as it had existed up until that time.

The non-reservation Indians took separate paths, attempting to preserve the old ways, but this became increasingly impossible. During these years, Young Joseph watched the elders and the ways of his people, always learning. He also watched the whites: both settlers and soldiers. The latter he found particularly interesting and greatly enjoyed their drills. It was also at this time that the non-fulfillment of treaty obligations by the whites became more and more evident.

In 1868, the local Indian Agent began to insist that Old Joseph's band move to a reservation. The old chief was now growing blind and feeble and thus relied more

and more upon his son to take the responsibilities of leadership. This Young Joseph did, and he was accepted by his people in this role.

About this same time, the new leader and his band were influenced by the spread of the "Dreamer" religion taught by its prophet Smohalla. They found a solace and refuge in this new faith. The exact nature of Smohalla's teachings was a mystery to all but a few. The faith called for ceremonies and dreams, and in those dreams a wisdom would be found which would nourish the Indian soul.

In 1871, Old Joseph lay dying. Young Joseph, recalling it later, said: "... my father sent for me. . . . He said: 'My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more, and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and mother.'"

Following the death of the old chief, Young Joseph assumed the responsibilities of leadership of his band. It was a position for which he had long been prepared. Soon he was to prove his great qualities.

The incursions and demands of the whites grew. The Bureau of Indian Affairs insisted that Chief Joseph move his people to the reservation at Fort Lapwai, Idaho. Joseph consistently refused. He would not leave his sacred land. During the mid-1870s the Modoc War erupted in northern California, an event which stirred the Indians of the Northwest. That was followed by the action of the government in throwing open Joseph's beloved Wallowa Valley to white settlers. In 1877, a Council was called at Fort Lapwai by the senior military officer in the territory, Brigadier General O.O. Howard. General Howard informed the chiefs in the strongest terms that they must obey the orders of the government or face severe consequences.

During the Council, strong words were exchanged between Howard and Joseph and the other chiefs. Howard placed one of the chiefs under arrest, an act which did not set well with the rest. Howard ordered all onto the reservation without exception, within 30 days. Joseph protested because his band lived the farthest distance and the time would be too short to move. The order stood.

Chief Joseph returned to his people and quietly urged them to accept their fate and not go to war. He later recounted: "I said in my heart that, rather than have war, I would give up my country. I would give up my father's grave. I would give up everything rather than have the blood of white men upon the hands of my people."

With grieving hearts, Chief Joseph and his people gathered their belongings and began the trek to Fort Lapwai. This move was a taxing exercise in logistics and organization but Joseph proved more than equal to the task. During the move, Joseph's band was victimized by white cattle thieves and besieged by the elements. Although time was running short, his band and others joined in council in a place called Rocky Canyon. Here the people told each other their grievances and many demanded vengeance against the whites. It was a psychological catharsis which proved disastrous in the long run. Joseph steeled himself against the hatred and inflamed passions and continued to urge peace.

Three young Indians from another band allowed their feelings (and a quantity of whiskey) to overcome them. They charged out of camp and in the course of the next few hours killed four whites and wounded one other. The Nez Perce War had begun.

Once the killing began, it started to spread like a prairie fire. Unsuspecting white settlers suddenly found themselves besieged and often were killed or seriously wounded. At the early stages conditions were at their worst on both sides; they were out of control. Slowly, the leadership on both sides began to gain a hold on the situation and bring order to the hostilities which neither Chief Joseph nor Star Chief One-armed Howard had wanted.

As he heard of pockets of settlers being attacked, General Howard dispatched relief troops to their aid and in the meantime mobilized his main force to attack the Nez Perce. Joseph sought to avoid an immediate engagement and moved his people to White Bird Canyon. His hope was not realized—the troopers attacked on June 17, 1877. Surprised at first, Joseph maintained his control over the Indian soldiers, and displaying preeminent qualities of generalship, outmaneuvered the U.S. Army troops. The Indian forces soon gained the upper hand. Through deft use of topography and through devastating marksmanship, trooper after trooper was brought down or forced back. At the beginning of the battle the Nez Perce soldiers were outnumbered two to one. However, they succeeded in killing one-third of the Army troops and routing the remainder. Throughout the battle, Joseph was everywhere, urging his soldiers on, giving orders and encouragement. In the end, the day was his. The man of peace and restraint had become the general.

Chief Joseph knew that one victory does not win a war and that this would be a war he could not win in the long run. He called a council and together with the other chiefs decided that the best chance of survival for his people would be a strategic withdrawal to Canada. He knew the blue-coats could not follow him there. The bands, now numbering some 750 people, began their trek and soon outdistanced General Howard whose military impedimenta held back his advance.

It was Joseph's plan to following the buffalo-hunting Lolo Trail across the Bitter Root Mountains and then on to the "Land of the Grandmother" (Canada, then ruled by Queen Victoria). As they proceeded down Lolo Creek, they found their way blocked by blue-coats and settlers. The latter had constructed a log barricade, or fort, across the narrow defile of the canyon and thus denied passage to the Indians. Chief Joseph, under a flag of truce, parleyed with the officer-in-charge. Captain Rawn ordered the Indians to lay down their arms. If they did so, he said they could pass. Joseph refused. For two days they parleyed. Neither side gave in. Joseph knew (but Rawn did not) that Howard was hard on his rear and he must move forward without delay.

In a feat that left the Army troopers astonished, Joseph moved his people and their herds and belongings up over high ground on a near-impassable trail well above the barricade. The soldiers were helpless to stop them. What was to become known as the "Battle of Fort Fizzle" was over and the Nez Perce moved on.

At this point, Joseph was now certain that he had moved his people far ahead of General Howard. He proceeded to move them to the familiar hunting lands of the Big Hole in Montana. Here he hoped to rest for awhile before proceeding north.

Unbeknownst to Joseph, General Howard had telegraphed ahead to Colonel John Gibbon at Fort Shaw, Montana. Eagle Chief Gibbon was an old adversary, known to the Indians as "One Who Limp." Gibbon mustered his command and by quick, forced march soon came within striking distance of Joseph's camp at Big Hole. So sure was Joseph of his safety at this point that he had neglected to post sentinels.

In the pre-dawn darkness Gibbon sent his point troops forward with skirmishers following to a position within sight of the peaceful camp. The Nez Perce

slept, innocent of the menace which hung over them ready to burst with the rays of the sun. The blue-coats had orders to shoot to kill. Gibbon wanted no prisoners. It was cold and damp before the sun rose. Some of the troopers drank whiskey to warm them. Some drank too much.

At dawn, the command went up and down the line and merciless volleys of lead splattered through tipis and flesh. There were yells and screams. The sounds of gunfire and frightened horses split the morning calm. Men, women and children lay dead or grasping for life in pools of blood. The troopers attacked savagely, showing no mercy or weakness. Amid the pandemonium, Joseph and the other chiefs gathered their forces and other survivors and began to fight back. As at White Bird Canyon, the deadly marksmanship of the Nez Perce began to turn the tide of battle. Several Army officers were killed. Even Eagle Chief Gibbon himself was not immune from Indian lead. One Nez Perce marksman caused the colonel to be re-named "One Who Limpes Twice."

At great cost the Army forces were thrown back. Joseph had learned a sad lesson but felt impelled to move toward Canada without delay now as he realized doom lay about him. His soldiers had chased the blue-coats but were stopped by the advance of General Howard. One-armed Howard was catching up!

In 1872, five years before these events, the Congress had created the world's first national park—Yellowstone. Now in 1877, General Sherman, hero of the Civil War and Commanding General of the United States Army, was there in the park along with other dignitaries enjoying the wonders of this great natural museum. His vacation was broken by the news that Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce were crossing through the park almost within sight of his camp. The impudence of these Indians, sought in vain by his Army, was too much for Sherman. Infuriated, he ordered every blue-coated regular within the territory to give pursuit to Joseph. The first to answer was the 7th Calvary, Lieutenant Colonel Custer's old outfit which in a year was trying to pull itself back together after its fabled defeat at the Little Bighorn. The 7th failed in its attempt to regain its honor. There were a few skirmishes and battles, but the action was inconclusive. Chief Joseph raced north—toward the border and safety.

Once again the white man's mechanical devices would undermine Joseph's generalship. Sherman's orders had been signaled to all posts. One to respond was Colonel Nelson Miles who, in a forced march from Fort Keogh, Montana, cut directly across the path of the fleeing Nez Perce. Contact was made shortly in the form of a cavalry charge. Some six hundred troopers galloped headlong at the Indian soldiers. The deadly Indian marksmanship again took its toll of blue-coats. Twenty-four died in that first charge with another forty-two wounded. The charge was stopped and bloody hand-to-hand fighting ensued. Joseph led his men at extremely close range and drove the Army back. At the close of the day's battle, the Nez Perce had lost twenty-one persons. Among them was Joseph's beloved brother, a brave battle leader. Joseph attempted to lead his people out at night, but Miles' forces had surrounded him. Then the weather turned against him. Snow began to fall.

Over the next five days the battle seesawed back and forth. On the third day, General Howard and his troops finally arrived and joined the conflict. His presence and the bitter weather finally turned the tide. Chief Joseph saw his proud and brave people being decimated by cold, starvation and bullets. On the fifth day he called his final council. The decision was made to surrender rather than face certain extermination. The Nez Perce had traveled some 1500 miles. They were now

a scant 30 miles from the border, but escape was impossible. Colonel Miles and General Howard had sent word to Joseph that if the Indians laid down their arms they would be taken safely to their reservation. At the time it seemed to Joseph the only realistic choice and he surrendered. In the most eloquent of all surrender statements, Chief Joseph said:

Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Toohoolhoolzote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Here me, my chiefs! I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever.

Joseph was true to his word, and to their credit, Howard and Miles made every effort to be true to theirs. With callous indifference and disloyalty, their superiors in the government failed to support the officers' promises. The Army shipped the Nez Perce to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, instead of Fort Lapwai as had been promised. The people withered and many died. It was not their land. It was not their home. Chief Joseph, ever the leader, continued to work on behalf of his people. He even traveled to Washington, D.C., seeking justice. Justice was not to be his, however. He never saw his beloved land again. He was finally shipped to the Colville Reservation in the State of Washington. There in 1904, the thunder ceased for him. The great chief was dead. The agency physician said he died of "... a broken heart."



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## Physicians in Hispanic California

by Robert J. Moes  
Summer, 1994

**J**uan Rodriguez Cabrillo, commanding Spain's first exploring expedition to Alta California, fell in October 1542 on an island off the California coast, probably Catalina, and sustained a fractured arm. The fracture was likely compound and resulted in sepsis (blood poisoning) that caused or contributed to his death, it appears, on San Miguel Island on 3 January 1545. There is no record of the nature of his care, but it is highly unlikely that the ship carried a trained medical person and much more probable that this function was filled by the ship's cook or one of the officers.

It is a matter of record that a surgeon accompanied the expedition of Sir Francis Drake who explored the California coast in 1579. Substantiating record is not available, but it seems certain that a surgeon accompanied Sebastian Vizcaino in his extensive exploration of the California coast in 1602-1603.

More than 160 years elapsed following Vizcaino's voyage before any attempt was made to colonize Alta California. Then in 1769 an expedition was formed by the Spanish *visitador general*, Jose de Galvez, to establish *presidios* at San Diego and Monterey and, with the assistance of Fray Junípero Serra, to develop missions for conversion of the heathen population.

The expedition was divided into four parts, two proceeding by land and two by sea. Gaspar de Portolá, the military governor, and Father Serra traveled by land. The larger vessel on the sea voyage was the *San Carlos*, also called the *Golden Fleece*. Aboard was a medical officer, a captain in the Spanish Army, Don Pedro Prat, who was to become the first surgeon-general at Monterey. Prat was a Catalan, perhaps of French origin, and had received a formal medical education at the University of Barcelona, although it did not appear that he had a doctor of medicine degree.

The *San Carlos* met with many vicissitudes based upon scurvy, storms and navigational difficulty and was at sea from 9 January 1769 until the 29th of April of that year, then reaching San Diego harbor almost by chance. There was loss of life on the voyage but disease and death continued unabated after reaching shore. Most of the illness appears to have been produced by scurvy although one wonders that more of these patients did not respond inasmuch as edible vegetation and wild fruits should now have been available.

In any event, the sick were cared for by Surgeon Prat with the assistance, so we are told, of two friars. The patients were housed in makeshift tents and shelters of sail cloth. This was, in a sense, the first hospital in California. The death toll was so appalling that the site was named *Punta de Los Muertos*, or Dead Man's Point.

Prat determined who were sufficiently invalidated to be returned to Mexico as well as those, even not fully recovered, who could go on to Monterey by land or by ship. He himself continued to Monterey on the *San Carlos* with Governor Portolá and took up his duties as California's first Royal Spanish Provincial Surgeon General.

Unhappily, Dr. Prat became insane not long after reaching Monterey, a situation usually related to the rigorous voyage and the stress of his care of the sick. He was returned to Guadalajara, Mexico, in 1771 and died there.

Thereafter there was usually a surgeon-general in residence at Monterey, although the post was occasionally vacant for a year or more. The position was not a desirable one; the incumbent had only limited facilities, no intercourse with colleagues, and but little contact with other educated people. Nevertheless, several of these men were dedicated in their administrative duties and in the management of health problems on the frontier. A few of them will warrant further consideration. In total they were:

Pedro Prat	1769-1771
Pedro Castran	1773-1774
José Davila	1774-1783
Pedro Carbajal	1785-1787
Pablo Soler	1791-1800
Juande Dios Morelos	1801-1802
Manuel Torres	1802-1803
José María Benites	1803-1807
Manuel Quijano	1807-1824

and during the Mexican period—

J. Evan Pére de León	1829
Manuel Crespo	1832
Manuel de Alva	1833-1840
Edward Bale	1840-1843
Foustino Moro	1844

Pablo Soler, the fifth surgeon-general, graduated from the University of Barcelona in 1773, the year of Pedro Prat's death and served as medical officer in the Royal Spanish Navy prior to receiving the appointment as Provincial Surgeon-

General. He was competent, exceedingly well thought of, traveled considerable distance on his rounds and performed difficult surgery; on one occasion he saved the life of an Indian who had been gored by a bull and whose intestines were protruding. However, Dr. Soler was never happy in his situation, and particularly with the lack of opportunity to study and further his medical abilities. Ultimately his petition to return to Spain was granted.

José María Benites is best remembered for his report of 1 January 1805 to the Viceroy concerning the high mortality rate of the mission Indians as well as the causes of death among both soldiers and Indians. He listed the chief causes as dysentery, fevers, pleurisy, pneumonia and venereal disease and stated that:

The causes of the first named are: impure water which they (the Mexican soldiers) use in the preparation of their food; want of cleanliness in their habitations and lack of inclination to cleanliness; want of care and prudence in eating when ill; lack of vegetables and aversion for them; the continued exposure to the dampness, fogs and rains in the season, when they are in the habit of letting the clothing dry on their bodies, which results in eruptions. The causes of venereal and kindred diseases among the Indians are impure intercourse, filthy habits, sleeping huddled together, the sick with the others, the interchange of clothing, passing the nights in dancing and gambling on which occasions they shout and exert themselves exceedingly; finally the unreasonable use of the temescal or sweat house from which, perspiring freely, they jump into cold water. Despite the zeal of the Fathers who for sake of charity took me to the *rancherías* in order to apply some remedies, the rudeness of the Indians reached such a degree that they declared the missionaries wanted to kill them. The sick would refuse medical aid. They would wash their sores and wounds, and would scarify themselves with a flint, even the eyelids. I omit other barbarous customs.

Benites also reported that Fray Luis Martínez at Mission San Luis Obispo had about thirty patients in the hospital for his neophytes. The greater part of these patients were women, and Benites found most of them suffering from tuberculosis or syphilis. Obviously the "hospital" bore no resemblance to today's institutions and but little to hospitals in more developed areas of the day. It had dirt floors, inadequate ventilation, pallets for beds and completely lacked sanitary facilities, but it did represent a desire to help the sick and particularly to isolate them from the uninfected.

In this regard it should be noted that the Californians displayed a considerable early knowledge of contagion as well as the value of isolation and quarantine. There are instances of the clothing and personal property of tuberculosis patients being burned after death; in one case even incineration of the roof, doors and windows of a house as well as removal of the floor bricks and scraping of the walls. Obviously, however, it was far too early for sound judgment in what should or should not be isolated, and quarantine was at times carried to ludicrous extremes. In 1797 thirty-four patients with scurvy, arriving on the frigate *Princess*, were isolated, and scurvy is, of course, a deficiency disease and not a contagious one.

Manuel Quijano, the last of the Spanish surgeon-generals, served for seventeen years, far longer than any of his colleagues. Quijano graduated from the Royal Medical College of Madrid in 1796 and was commissioned in the Royal Spanish Navy. He continued nominally as surgeon-general for a short time under the Mexican domination and then briefly practiced medicine in Monterey prior to his death in 1825.



Correspondence still on record confirms the fact that Quijano, and no doubt other surgeon-generals, did not confine their services to Monterey and the adjacent missions but traveled far afield. Letters to Governor Pablo Solá, preserved in the Santa Barbara Mission Archive Library, show that in addition to his local duties Quijano visited six missions in less than a year, including San Fernando, approximately 500 miles by horseback from the presidio of Monterey.

The surgeon-generals of the Mexican period served during a time in which the charm of Hispanic California and its position as a political entity were waning. Manuel de Alva, a Mexican surgeon, came to California with newly appointed Governor Jose Figueroa in 1835. He became involved politically and was arrested following participation in a revolt against Governor Alvarado. On escaping, he joined other dissidents and was again arrested, being released on his promise of no further involvement in politics. Illness caused him to return to Mexico in 1840 when he was fifty-three years of age.

Edward Turner Bale, a young English surgeon, landed at Monterey in 1837 and became the first Anglo-Saxon physician to be resident there. Not long after his arrival he married Marie Ignacia Soberanes, a niece of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, and the general appointed him surgeon of the California forces in 1840. He became a Mexican citizen in 1841 and, among other activities, operated a liquor shop which he had started as a drug store.

General Vallejo presented him with four leagues of fine land in the Napa Valley where he lived after leaving Monterey in 1843. He was still a young man when he died on his ranch at St. Helena in 1849.

Manuel Crespo, shown as surgeon-general in 1832, held a number of positions under the Mexican regime but medically was a phlebotomist, or bloodletter. Drawing a pint or more of blood from the patient, and often doing so repeatedly, was a standard treatment at the time but does appear to have been more widely used in Hispanic California than elsewhere. Jose Castillo was employed as phlebotomist at Monterey from 1792 until 1828, and no doubt there were bloodletters at other *presidios*. All of these people served a paramedical function and did dressing and routine things other than bloodletting.

The widespread abuse of bleeding in California at that time is very evident in the fact that Governor Diego de Borica in 1799 issued a decree against its use by barbers. Nevertheless, it was noted by a visitor as the favorite form of treatment at San Francisco in 1816.

Often not even a phlebotomist was available, and the assistance of the friars was inadequate. Helpfully, on occasion a ship carrying a physician was in port or, lacking a physician, had aboard some other person with experience in medical treatment. One of the best known of the latter was Stephen Anderson, a Scotch trader who was super-cargo on ships trading on the California coast between 1828 and 1832. The Californians sought his advice whenever possible. On one occasion, 6 February 1830, he prepared a statement certifying the condition of health of Fr. José Uriá who subsequently died at Santa Barbara. The phrasing of the statement does suggest that Anderson may have had some medical education.

Through the Hispanic years a number of scientific expeditions, Spanish, English, French and Russian, visited the California coast. Physicians usually accompanied these voyages, often as nonmedical scientists, but with a notable exception did not provide any medical care on shore. Among these men one should mention the Frenchman Rollin, chief surgeon of the la Perouse expedition, who was in Mon-

terey for ten days in September 1786 and who reported on the physical qualities and health problems of the Indians.

Russian ships were not infrequently on the California coast, and most of the non-resident physicians of historical interest were involved in their voyages. Often these men were German inasmuch as there was no adequate medical education in Russia at the time. The Russians who were, of course, involved in supplying and maintaining their settlements in Alaska and northern California, were also feeling out the possibility of further expansion and were engaged in trade.

Dr. Frederick Eschscholtz was a physician with the Kotzebue expedition in 1816 and spent a month in the San Francisco area. He visited California again with Kotzebue in 1824. The California poppy, *Eschscholzia Californica*, is named after him.

Dr. George Heinrich von Langsdorff, a medical graduate of Göttingen, left Russia on the Krusenstern expedition in 1803 and in Kamchatka joined the Rezanov voyage to California. They remained in the San Francisco region for six weeks in 1806. Langsdorff reported on syphilis being widespread among both Spanish and Indian residents. Also he noted epidemics of measles among the Indians with a high mortality and with abortions resulting in almost all of the pregnant women affected—a situation which mercifully still holds inasmuch as, if born alive, the child is seldom normal.

Langsdorff also told the story of the first great historical romance of Spanish California. Rezanov and Concepción Arguello, the sixteen-year-old sister of the commandant at San Francisco, fell in love, and the suitor was to return to California to claim his bride. This happy outcome was prevented by Rezanov's death while returning overland from Kamchatka to St. Petersburg.

The *Kutuzov*, on the fourth Russian round-the-world expedition, was at San Francisco in 1817. The ship brought smallpox vaccine, and vaccination was performed, probably the first immunization carried out in California. There is no record of the doctor involved.

A later voyage was made, and the *Kutuzov* was at Monterey in July, August and September of 1821. Again we do not know the identity of the physician, but there is much evidence of his medical activity. Fray Juan Bautista Sancho at Mission San Antonio wrote Governor Pablo Solá on 18 July 1821, reported his illness, and expressed his willingness to go to Monterey if the ship brought a good doctor. During the time that the *Kutuzov* was in port there were similar requests to the governor from Missions Soledad and San Juan Bautista.

Jose Estrada, *habilitado* (paymaster) at Monterey wrote a letter under the date of 28 August 1812 to his friend Don Jose de la Guerra y Noriega, presidial commandant at Santa Barbara, in which a postscript stated: "The Russian surgeon has brought vaccine and today vaccinated 54 persons, I being the first" Obviously, the medical stores of the *Kutuzov* again contained smallpox vaccine intended for use in Russian Alaska but willingly shared at Monterey.

A number of questionable practitioners of medicine appeared and were active in California in the 1820s and 1830s. The first of these was James W. Burrough who arrived in Santa Barbara, obviously by ship, in 1823 when he was twenty-two years of age. There is no record of Burrough's education but he might have had some credential or ability, as he signed a contract on 1 July 1823 with Captain de la Guerra, the commandant, to provide medical services for the *presidio* soldiers and their families. Burrough died in Santa Barbara in 1854 and apparently was still practicing medicine in 1850 because his occupation was shown as physician in the census of that year.

James Ohio Pattie was a young trapper, one of a party of eight that included his father, who reached California in 1828. The anti-foreign fears of the Mexicans caused the party to be jailed in San Diego and the father died there. There was smallpox in northern California at the time, and it was feared that it would spread. Pattie, who had a supply of vaccine brought by his father from New Mexico, was released from jail on his agreeing to vaccinate the populace.

He began this work in January 1829 by vaccinating everyone at the *presidio* and mission in San Diego, and then progressing northward and reaching San Francisco in June. He claimed to have vaccinated 2,500 at Los Angeles and 2,600 in Santa Barbara, patently impossible inasmuch as there were only 1,060 people in the entire Los Angeles district and no more than 1,500 at Santa Barbara in 1829. One wonders, too, if his vaccine could have been active after a period of time in the Southwest and further period in jail in San Diego. Nevertheless, it may have been, and its meager quantity may have been stretched out by arm to arm vaccination along the way. Pattie returned to his birthplace in Kentucky in 1830 but came back to California at the time of the gold rush. Nothing further is known about him.

John Marsh, whose name was spelled Juan Marchet by the Californians, was an educated man with a Bachelor of Arts degree from Harvard but very probably without any formal medical education. He arrived in Los Angeles in January 1836 after many vicissitudes on the frontier and in the Southwest and including being held prisoner by Indians. In Los Angeles he applied to the *ayuntamiento* (town council) for permission to remain in the community and practice medicine.

The illustrious but unlearned *ayuntamiento* asked for documentation of his medical background, and he presented his Harvard diploma. They could not read Latin (there is some question if most of them could read Spanish) and consequently asked Marsh to have the document translated into Spanish. This proved impractical, and the diploma was given to the Reverend Jean Augustin Alexis Bachelot, the first resident priest at the Plaza Church, for his authentication. Fray Alexis found it in order, and Marsh was given permission to practice, becoming Dr. John Marsh and the first licensed practitioner of healing arts in California, after he went to Monterey and the governor duly approved a license.

Nevertheless, Marsh practiced only for about a year, during which time he was paid chiefly in hides. Obtaining cash for these, he went north, acquired a ranch in the San Joaquin Valley and prospered. He is described as having been a man who was strong both physically and mentally and who was almost uniformly disliked. He was murdered by three of his ranch hands in 1856 following a dispute over wages.

Nicholas Augustus Den, an Irishman born in 1812, studied medicine at the University of Dublin but did not complete the course. He came to California on the American bark *Kent*, landing at Monterey in December 1836 and going on to Santa Barbara. When there he did not devote his time to medical practice and did not call himself doctor. Undoubtedly, however, he was often called on for advice.

Den was naturalized in 1841 and in 1843 married a daughter of Daniel Antonio Hill (who came to Santa Barbara in 1823) and Rafaela Ortega. Nicholas Den became a man of wealth and substance and when he died in 1862 his four ranches totaled 70,000 acres.

Dr. Richard Somers Den, the younger brother of Nicholas, was the first foreign physician in California who had a medical degree. He was born in 1821 and completed his medical education at the University of Dublin in 1842, then taking a post as ship's surgeon on the *Glenswilly* of Glasgow and ultimately reaching Mazat-

lan in July 1843. There he learned that his brother Nicholas lived in Santa Barbara and was overjoyed by this as he had heard nothing of the brother for years. Consequently, he resigned his position and transhipped to the bark *Clarita*, reaching San Pedro and going on to Santa Barbara where he arrived on 1 September 1843. Following a stay with his brother, he set up practice in Los Angeles in 1844.

Richard Den served as chief surgeon to the Mexican forces opposed to the American Army and Navy in southern California in 1846 and early 1847. Richard Den was caught up in the excitement of the gold rush and spent two years in the gold country, more often as doctor than as a miner. Thereafter he returned to Los Angeles for a few years and then turned rancher with his brother in Santa Barbara. In 1866 he again came back to Los Angeles and remained in practice there until his death in 1895. During this time he was affectionately known as Don Ricardo.

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75

## Wells Fargo's Greatest Embarrassment

by Todd Peterson  
Winter, 1995

**I**n the decades before the great San Francisco earthquake, San Francisco was a colorful city, and the officers of Wells Fargo played a very important role in it. In this brisk coterie there was none more popular than Charles Banks, the dashing young cashier at Wells Fargo's home office. Banks belonged to the best clubs including the Bohemian, The Union and the San Francisco Art Association. He mixed well with the best people of the time and had a reputation as an "intellectual." In addition, he personally owned the only oil-immersed microscope west of the Mississippi that he loaned generously to scientific societies up and down the Pacific Coast. In return, the societies all elected him an honorary member.

Early in 1887, Banks went to Lloyd Travis, President of Wells Fargo and a close friend. Banks requested a few days off over the coming weekend so he could do a little fishing in nearby Russian River country. "Take as many days off as you want," was Travis' answer followed by the comment "you've been working very hard and need to get away."

At the end of the week, Banks had not returned. Travis set bank inspectors on Bank's books and found there was a shortage of \$80,000 to \$100,000. Consternation reigned on Market Street headquarters as it seemed impossible that such an honored and trusted officer of the bank could have absconded with the money.

Lloyd Travis met with senior officers of the bank and made it clear that there was to be no publicity over the affair. There was to be no newspaper coverage or

gossip along Market Street. General Manager John J. Valentine was put in charge of the matter and he called in James B. Hume, head of Wells Fargo police services. Valentine charged Hume to find Banks and bring him in. Valentine further commented that he was sure Banks was in the San Francisco area and it would probably be easy to locate him. Hume had the temerity to disagree with his chief: "We have already searched the city and he is not there." Hume further said he believed Banks was on a ship bound for the south seas, in fact I believe he sailed the day after he left the bank. Hume said his best guess was that Banks probably sailed on the *Star of India* and will probably turn up somewhere in the Cook Islands or some other location from where he cannot be extradited. Valentine disagreed with Hume and directed him to continue looking for Banks in the greater San Francisco area.

Some three months later, Banks turned up in Rarotanga. He had not sailed on the *Star of India*, but on a tramp barkentine, the *City of Pepeeete*. Skipper Baruda on his return trip to San Francisco reported that on the memorable Saturday, an unexpected passenger, a Mr. Scard came on board at the last minute and sailed as far as Australia. "A lovely fellow," added Baruda. Hume produced photographs of his former cashier and the captain said "that's him, that's Scard." He was a most pleasant chap. In fact the captain said on the crossing of the equator, Scard(Banks) gave every passenger a Five Dollar Bill.

Worldwide and, of course, in San Francisco, the story of Banks leaked out as Wells Fargo could no longer keep it under wraps. Wells Fargo immediately dispatched detectives to get Banks, however they returned empty-handed. They found Banks in Rarotanga living in a cabin on the beach protected from extradition as the United States did not have a treaty.

Banks had found his "Place in the Sun." Wells Fargo finally gave up the attempt to get Banks back for prosecution in the United States. From time to time there were rumors that if a ship's captain could shanghai Banks and return him to Wells Fargo, there would be a handsome reward. His final years were spent on the tiny island of Rarotanga as a South Seas Agent for a Bristol England Trading Company, and later he served as British Council to Rarotanga.

San Francisco newspapers reported from time to time that Banks had married Queen Matea or one of her princesses; however these rumors were not true. Banks had secret visits from many of his old friends and associates from Wells Fargo. They gave him news from the home front; after all Banks was a popular sort of fellow and very well liked by his fellow employees.

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