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## NATIONAL PARKS AND NATIONAL MONUMENTS

by

Horace Marden Albright

Westerners are sometimes asked to define the difference between National Parks and National Monuments. Here in California, there are five national parks — Yosemite, Kings Canyon, Sequoia, Lassen Volcanic and Redwood, the newest which is in Humboldt and Del Norte Counties. Then there are eight national monuments — Cabrillo, near San Diego, Pinnacles south of Hollister, Channel Islands west of Ventura and Santa Barbara, Muir Woods in Marin County, Lava Beds in Modoc County, Devils Postpile in the high Sierra south of Yosemite, Death Valley and Joshua Tree. There also two national recreational areas — Point Reyes and Whiskeytown Shasta - Thinity, and one national historic site — John Muir Home near Martinez. We asked our corresponding member, Horace Albright, former Director of the National Park Service, to explain the difference between national parks and national monuments, and sketch number and size of the whole system of natural, historic and recreational areas. Here is his outline, based on latest statistics: National Parks are created by Act of Congress, and they must contain magnificent scenery, or other extraordinary resources such as the great redwoods, thermal phenomena such as the geysers and colorful canyon of the Yellowstone, the volcanoes of Hawaii and Lassen, the highest peak in North America — Mt. McKinley in Alaska — by far our best tropical landscape and natural features, the Everglades of Florida, etc. There are now 35 national parks. The

first, Yellowstone, actually, the first in the whole World, was created by Act of Congress, approved by President, U. S. Grant, March 1, 1872: the last two, Redwood and North Cascades national Parks on Oct. 2, 1968 when President Johnson approved these measures enacted by Congress. There are 14,459,385 acres in the national parks, and all but 184,378 acres belong to the United States Government. National monuments are areas reserved by Presidential proclamation, because they contain extraordinary scientific features, historic sites and structures, nationally important, even of international significance. There are 84 national monuments, and range all the way from the Statue of Liberty and Geo. Washington's Birthplace (not Mt. Vernon) in the East to Death Valley, Joshua Tree and Muir Woods in the West. The Presidents acts on the recommendations made to him by the Secretary of the Interior under a law approved by President Theodore Roosevelt on June 8, 1906, known as the Lacey Act or the Antiquities Act, or the National Monuments Act. The first national monument was established by President Theodore Roosevelt on Sept. 24, 1906, the Devils Tower National Monument in Wyoming the last, the Marble Canyon National Monument in Arizona by President Lyndon Johnson in January, 1969.

A national monument may become a national park by Act of Congress if the area meets the standards of grandeur, exceptional natural features, national significance and importance, etc. For instance, Lassen Volcanic National Park, as now constituted, was in part first reserved as two national monuments — Lassen Peak and Cinder Cone. Grand Canyon was a national monument from 1908 to 1919 — 11 years before it was given national park status. Zion, Bryce Canyon, Acadia, Olympic, Petrified Forest, all now national parks, were

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# The Branding Iron

of the Los Angeles Corral of  
THE WESTERNERS

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THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 1500 words or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

C. M. Burt Luckey passed away Sept. 14th 1969 - Burt worked with Roy Knabenshue on the first aeroplane built in Pasadena, Burt and the late Bob Chapman, whose parents owned the Ranch on which Chapman Woods were a part of, were two of the original founders of Calavo. Vaya Con Dios.

The Arcadia Public Library has on exhibit Ex Sheriff Augie Schatra's collection of memorabilia of the late Lucky Baldwin.

Upon his arrival home from a trip to Europe C. M. Harry James discovered his home had been broken into and many of his Indian artifacts were missing including several valuable Navajo blankets.

Senors Arturo Woodward, Miguel Harrison, and Agosto Schatra were among the many from the Los Angeles Corral who attended the Western History Association at Omaha, Neb., Oct. 9, 10, 11.

Several members are complaining that certain Corresponding Members are usurping the floor and showing little respect for the speaker. Please observe the Range Rules.

LELAND D. CASE, co-founder of the Westerners was made an honorary life member of the Western History Association during the 9th annual conference held in Omaha, Nebraska. The great success of the Westerners breakfast at these conferences are largely due to the untiring efforts of Leland Case. So congratulations Leland from the Los Angeles Corral for this honor conferred upon you.

The collection of Americana of the late Earle Forrest has been willed to the Pioneer's Museum of Northern Arizona at Flagstaff.

November 13th, 1969 is the 120th anniversary of the ratification of the first constitution of the State of California.

The Earle Forrest tribute in this issue of the Branding Iron was designed and prepared by our own Ex Sheriff Homer Boelter, the photographs were taken by Earle and are from Homer's collection. Earl and Homer were very close friends and both aficionados of the Hopi. Ex Sheriff Paul Bailey published Earl's book "Snake Dance of the Hopi Indians".

R. M. Dudley Gordon has received a letter of commendation from the Vatican for his booklet on Father Serra.

## Corral Chips . . .

One of the worst cases of vandalism in Southern California occurred during the night of October 12th at the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles, the oldest museum in Southern California. Director Dr. Carl Dentzel said damage to the display cases alone will total thousands of dollars and the art objects are "impossible to evaluate in dollars" they are irreplaceable. The Southwest Museum is internationally recognized as containing one of the finest collections of American Indian artifacts.

# Meetings . . .

The September 20th meeting was held at the home ranch of Dr. Alden Miller, "The Good Medicine Trading Post", everybody was emphatic "He's the Host with the Mostest". He sho nuff has the spread to entertain the Corral, these roundups will long be remembered. The Book and Art Auction conducted by Glen Dawson - Pablo Galleher and Al Willett contributed a couple of thousand bucks to the Corral Treasury, a big hunk of which was realized from the donations of Don Perceval, Doc Harvey Starr was the winner of the Liars Contest, I always considered him an amateur when it comes to fabricating the yarn. Western Artist Burt Procter presented an illustrated talk on the preliminary outlines of a painting. A couple of Teepee's were on the grounds but nary a young squaw, never did find out won the Horse Shoe contest but got to admit Bill Newbro is a pretty good barkeep, and Doc Miller is a MUCHO HOMBRE.

The October 8th meeting was held at Les Freres Taix Cafe, Sheriff Ernie Hovard in the saddle, Glen Dawson introduced the speaker C. M. Horace M. Albright whose subject was "The Death of Joseph "Frenchy" Durett, Yellowstone Poacher extraordinaire." Mr. Albright was with the National Park Service for many years, finally winding up his career as Director of the National Park Service from 1929-1933. This was truly a memorable evening and the question period was extremely interesting.

The November 12th meeting was held at Les Freres Taix Cafe with Sheriff Ernie Hovard in the saddle, instead of the usual individual speaker as has been the custom for lo these many years a new inovation was established whereby 3 applicants for regular membership were given 30 minutes each to present a subject of historical interest, whereupon Deputy Sheriff Newbro introduced C. M. Wade Kittell who spoke on "Graveyards or the search for Don Juan Temple" followed by C. M. Jim Currie whose subject was "Clipper Ships to the Goldfields", the final speaker was C. M. Larry Robinson who spoke on "Five neglected Artists" Joe Hamman, H. Cornelius Balink, Wm. Meuttman, Richard Lorenz, G. T. Brown. Art work on display were paintings by Holling C. Holling, G. T. Brown, Wm. Neuttman, H. C. Balink, Joe Hamman, R. Lorenz, Little Field, and wonderful collection of woodcuts by Herschell C. Logan.

# Carroll Friswold



On August 29th, 1969 the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners lost a valuable member and friend. Carroll was the Librarian for several years and did a fine job of taking care of all the Branding Iron etc. When Ex Sheriff Sid asked me to write something about Carroll who was my very good friend and fellow collector, I called his wife Hester and asked if she would write a few items about his life, she wrote the following letter, which is so nice, I thought it better than anything I could write, so we are printing it. One thing she did not mention, was about Carroll's wonderful collection of books, etc. on Custer. He had one of the finest if not the finest Custer collection in the country and was a real authority on Custer. He had written several books on Custer that were published by the Arthur H. Clark Co. . . . . Here is Hester's letter:

Dear Loring: I enjoyed talking to you the other day. I hope I didn't take up too much of your time. You asked me to write something about Carroll for the Branding Iron. I'll write about Carroll as I saw him and you can use what you think is of interest. He was born in Cooperstown, N. D. on Dec. 22nd, 1897. He was graduated from High School in 1916 and was sent to Fargo, N. D. to learn all about banking. His dad was a banker and wished Carroll to follow in his footsteps. Carroll didn't much like the idea but conformed and soon went to work in the bank, beginning as a janitor. At this time we were married in August 1921, he had risen to the job of Asst. Cashier, he still didn't like bank work, but still conformed. At that time he was collecting stamps and had quite a valuable collection of Civil War stamps. He tried to explain what made them valuable, water marks, misprints etc. I never quite understood. He also collected books, his first collection was on Ancient Egypt, books on pyramids, etc.

A set of the "Books of the Dead" is still on the shelves here. The stamp collection is long gone. In 1922 we left our safe and sane life in Cooperstown, burned our bridges (so to speak) and spent the summer in Estes Park,

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# NATIONAL PARKS

(Continued from page 1)

first reserved as national monuments. Both our Westerners and Death Valley 49ers ask: "Is Death Valley worthy of national park status?" I think the general consensus is that it should be national park and the sooner the better. Two things seem to stand in the way of its elevation from a national monument to national park; first the policy of permitting the filing of mining claims, which is authorized by an Act of Congress; and, second, California now has five national parks, and Congress is likely to be slow to authorize a sixth. I'd like to see Congress establish the Death Valley National Park and prohibit the filing of Mining claims. I am sure this will happen some day, Death Valley's scenic and scientific features meet all national park standards. I might add that Congress can create national monuments and has done so. A very large one reserved by Congress is the Badlands national monument in the State of South Dakota. In the national monument system, there are 10,210,858 acres, all but 349,573 acres being Government owned. Besides the 25 national parks and the 84 national monuments, a total of 119 areas, the entire national park system contains a total of 155 areas of other categories. These are mostly historic sites, prehistoric structures, forts, battlefield parks, birthplaces of Presidents, etc. Both Yorktown and Gettysburg. Saratoga and Appomattox are in this broad field. There are a group of recreational areas like Lake Mead back of Hoover Dam, and Lake Powell back of Glen Canyon Dam, and the dams themselves, and national seashores such as Point Reyes, 100 miles north of San Francisco, Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras on the Atlantic Coast and Padre Island on the Gulf Coast in Texas. Just one of the 155 areas not in the national park or national monument groups is the park system of the District of Columbia (City of Washington) with 712 separate units, including the White House, Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument, but not the Capitol.

The entire national park system of 274 areas has a general classification as follows;

Historical Areas	168	Acreage	476,694
Natural Areas	71	Acreage	24,403,695
Recreational Areas	35	Acreage	4,609,610
	274		29,489,999

Unfortunately, 1,104,895 acres of the above grand total of over 29,000,000 acres are still in private ownership, and must be purchased some day by the Federal Government. A very small slice of the planet exploration funds

would do the trick; Two new laws recently enacted by Congress authorize two new categories of national reserves — Wild Rivers and Scenic Trails. Planning under these laws is now in progress.

The agency administering this great national system of parks, historical sites and structures, monuments, seashores and other recreational areas is the National Park Service established August 25, 1916 as a bureau of the Department of the Interior.

Ed note:—Horace Marden Albright was born in Bishop, Calif., Jan. 6th, 1890, (grandson of Horace Marden, California pioneer who arrived in San Francisco by way of Isthmus and Nicaragua 1851) admitted to Calif. Bar 1914 — National Park Affairs 1915-17, Asst. Dir. Nat. Park Service 1917-19, Director 1929-33.

Horace Marden became a member of E Clampus Vitus shortly after his arrival in San Francisco in 1851.

## Freighting by Jerkline Teams

In 1905, Rose and Palmer, who had built the first store in Beatty and who also freighted into the Bullfrog District, decided to order a large stock of goods to be shipped out of Los Angeles in time to catch the train into Las Vegas. When news came that the first Freight Train was to arrive, Rose and Palmer dispatched two long line teams to Las Vegas to meet the train. I was the swamper on the 16 horse outfit which was skinnered by a newcomer, a Mr. Crocker. We arrived several days before the train came in and I was not a bit pleased with the prospect of Swamping with this chap who was tight every night and inclined to be loud and abusive. The train finally arrived and as fast as the cargo was unloaded and checked, we started loading, not only our wagons, but those of the 12 Mule team which followed us to Las Vegas. Each outfit consisted of two big Borax Wagons and a trailer, the latter to carry baled hay, sacks of rolled barley, together with several extra empty whiskey barrels for carrying water for the long stretches where we had no natural springs. The distance from Las Vegas to Beatty was 124 miles, the road about half of which we had made with our big teams, the extra water being required for noon watering and camps where there were no springs. Shortly after we pulled out I noticed that the Skinner was helping himself pretty freely to a bottle he had stowed in the jockeybox behind the Wheeler he was riding. A couple of times

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# IN REMEMBRANCE



## EARLE R. FORREST 1883 -- 1969

One more of the elite and illustrious fathers of Los Angeles Corral has been cut down by death's inexorable blade. The tall, patrician figure of Earl R. Forrest has been, through the many years, so much a part of our common brotherhood, that it has seemed almost unthinkable that it would not forever be so. But the tide of time has brought its final reckoning. There is a shattering realization of loss. There is also a deep and abiding gratitude for the privilege of having known and associated with this noble and gifted human for so long and so richly.

In later years, corded to a twin love of both East and West, Earle divided his time between the home of his boyhood and illus-



## EARLE R. FORREST

trious rise as journalist and editor, and the great world he equally cherished in the endless horizons of the American West. When he was absent as attentive and interested participant in the affairs of Los Angeles Corral, or exploring and absorbing the leagues of open-spaced Arizona and New Mexico, he was serving as elder squire and mentor to Washington, Pennsylvania, ancestral home, and the center of his other world.

Earl Forrest was a dual character—as much at home on desert and horseback as he was at the city desk of a newspaper. And what he saw and experienced, his journalistic skills put into imperishable word. Since much that he wrote about was concerned with the great and fruitful life he had accepted this side of the Continental Divide, Earle, as a Westerner, rode tall in the saddle.

Most oddly of all is that this Pennsylvania scholar probably was a more authentic cowboy and saddle drifter than most of the natives who lay claim to western birthright. He was punching cattle in Arizona at the turn of the century. He was exploring and studying every colorful mile of the Navajo and Hopi homeland when most westerners scarcely knew these tribes had existence. His eager mind, through wearisome horse travel, had studied firsthand the turbulent historical background of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona at a time when even the citizens of these states had scant interest. He was one of the few men who ever photographed and penetrated the deeper mysteries of the Hopi Snake Dance. His camera and penetrative intellect were kept equally busy recording the Navajoland of the old days, and the historical ground of these western states at a time when the foot-trails of Billy the Kid were fresh and warm, and the Lincoln County War and the Camp Grant Massacre were still vivid in man's recollection.

But more important, Earle Forrest, because he was a journalist and gifted writer, put all this colorful grist into a series of great books. Through his skills as an author, we are all permitted to view and share the historical gold this tireless man mined when our western world was young. Earle Forrest rode the colorful western trails alone, but he has shared with us the rich world that was his.

## 1883 - 1969

Author, journalist, and beloved human—there will never be another like him.

At the meetings of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, which he so dearly loved, he was such a familiar figure up front, close to the speaker's table, that it seemed this would ever be so. His hearing, always so attentive to places and events, was suffering physical impairment with age; but his ears, in spite of handicap, never missed anything up to the last. His mind was never less than alert, and he could as quickly jump to his feet in defense of Custer and Indians, as he could voice approval of something a speaker might have stated that pleased him. His voice always spoke with authority. His judgment was as keen as Solomon's.

But on the last meeting Earle attended, some of us had the premonition that his impending trip east might be a one-way journey. We arose and discreetly tried to share this premonition with the assembled Westerners. The hint was sufficient; and the ovation that followed for this grand old man, sent him east with the knowledge that we loved him. Earle never returned to us. He died within a week of his arrival in Pennsylvania.

Yet we have his writings in our publications. He has left us a legacy of significant and historically accurate books. He shared his great life and interests with us. As Westerners and associates, we have been more than blessed.

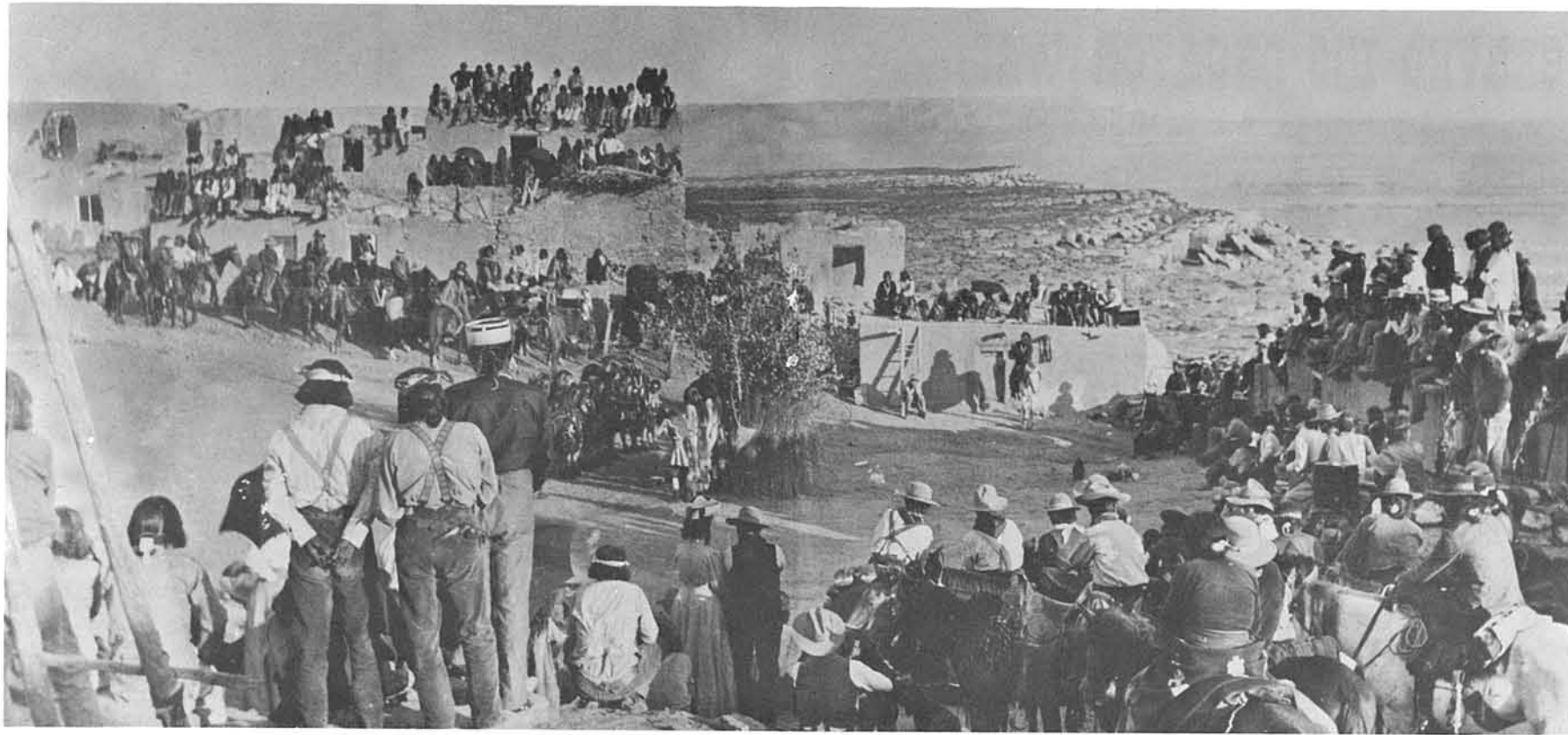
On the stone marker at the cemetery in Washington, Pennsylvania, and at the spot where Earle R. Forrest now lies buried, is graven Earle's own words:

“He who is without knowledge of the past—  
Has missed one of life's greatest pleasures.”

We of the Westerners, who had the rare privilege of sharing friendship with this remarkable man, can truly say “amen” to Earle's last words.

*Paul Bailey*

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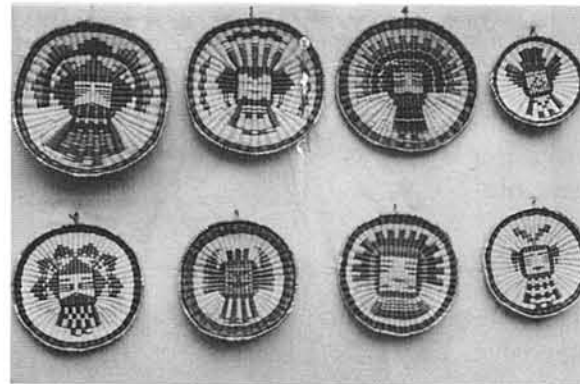


This photo shows the Snake and Antelope Societies lined up before the kisi in the Oraibi plaza during the Snake Dance in 1906. There were about 50 white persons there. Edward S. Curtis, the author and photographer of that monumental work, "The North American Indian," was present and took the first, and probably the only time motion pictures were ever taken of a Snake dance. He and his camera can be seen in the lower center right. A black square box.



Hopi and Navajo baskets in the Earle R. Forrest Collection. These were collected in 1902 and 1907 period.

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Hopi Meal trays from Mishongnovi and Shipaulovi, collected in 1907.



Kachina Dolls in the Forrest collection.

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# HE SERVED HIS CREATOR WELL

Earle R. Forrest was born June 29, 1883 in Washington, Pa. and died August 25th, 1969 in that city of his birth, His life was so full of interesting experiences and accomplishments, which merit recalling, that space does not permit listing many personal statistics.

During his boyhood and early school years he was deeply interested in Ornithology and Zoology. He built an extensive collection of the eggs of birds found in Washington County. Throughout his life, his collection has been enlarged to include the greater part of the United States. In it are eggs from as far north as Iceland.

He won the Dr. Hazzard Gold Medal in Natural History in 1906 for his collection of bird eggs. He won the Gold Medal again in 1908 for his collection of reptiles of Washington County.

After graduating from Washington Business College he entered the Washington-Jefferson Academy. On his summer vacation in 1902, he kept faith with his boyhood ambition and went west. He spent several months in a cow camp in the mountains of southwest Colorado and there received his initial training as a cowboy in the fading Old West. His hobby of amateur photography played a vital role in this and later experiences. He took many pictures of the then disappearing life of the open cattle range. He became immensely interested in the Indians near the cow camp which prompted him to spend a month at a Navajo Trading Post near Shiprock. These first pictures and making many indian friends led him into many important experiences and recordings of the Indians of the Southwest.

He returned to his studies at the Academy that fall but the West was now in his blood. After a year at the Academy he journeyed to Southern Arizona and in the spring of 1904 he went to Flagstaff, riding for the Babbitt Bros. on their ranch.

Although he returned to finish his studies, graduating from Washington and Jefferson College in 1908 he spent his summer vacations in his beloved West.

He returned to Flagstaff, after a sojourn in Durango, Mexico, in 1906 and was able to visit the Hopi Reservation where he witnessed and photographed the last old time Snake Dance at Oraibi. (Immediately after this dance all hell broke out in the village, dividing the people into two factions which terminated in the infamous tug-of-war between the Friendlies and the Hostiles.) He returned many times later to the reservation to view and photograph Snake Dances in the other villages, and Earle's pictures of these dances are most rare, for in 1912 all the photography, or sketching was barred during the ceremony. Fortunately these early photos and notes have been preserved for us in his book "Snake Dance of the Hopi Indians" published in 1961.

Earle majored in Forestry at the University of Michigan and in 1913 he went to Montana where he worked as a Forest Ranger. After spending these early years in the west, Earle returned to his home in Washington, Pa. and joined the staff of the Washington Record. In 1920 he became court reporter for the Washington Reporter. He later became a feature writer and also wrote a daily column, "Today of Yesteryears" taken from the files of that paper.

For over thirty years he continued in his newspaper career but found time to write a number of books beginning with "The History of Washington County" published in 1926. He dearly loved the west and its history and he shall ever be remembered for his lucid, authentic and "on the spot" recording of an important era of Western American history. Beginning with his "Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest" published in 1926, reprinted in 1965. A well documented book and interesting guide, tracing the journeys of the early Spanish missionaries with all their trials and tribulations while establishing the first missions in New Mexico and Arizona. This successful book was followed by "California Joe". Noted Scout and Indian Fighter, (1935) and "Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground" (1936) republished in 1950 and in 1953 a British edition was published. His "The Lone War Trail of Apache Kid" (1947) and the "Snake Dance of the Hopi Indians" (1961) are sought after as reference books. His latest book, "With a Camera in Old Navajoland", a collection of early photographs and stories of his Navajo friends and their activities which Earle made and recorded in the early 1900's is scheduled to be released by The University of Oklahoma Press, now posthumously, this fall 1969. In one of Earle's latest letters just before he entered the hospital, he told me of his pleasure in checking over the galley proofs of his book, mentioning that over 100 of his photos would be used.

Earle was a meticulous student, keeping accurate notes and checking authorities. His photo file of thousands of photos was systematic and well annotated. When he spoke or wrote, he did so with authority and proof.

On his many visits to the Indian Reservations, beginning in 1902, he assembled a large collection of artifacts typical of each tribe. He told me that on one trip to the Hopi he acquired four gunny sacks full of baskets and plaques. They cost him less than 50 cents a piece and he couldn't resist buying. Then he faced a real problem, how to get them home; he was on horseback. Fortunately, the postmistress at Polacca saw his problem and even though they were too large and heavy for parcel post, she said she would try and get them through to Pennsylvania. They arrived there safely, packed in 3 U.S.A. Mail pouches. His collection of baskets, blankets, Kachina dolls, jewelry and pottery were on display at the public Library in Washing-

ton, Pa. for many years, but shortly before his death he gave the entire collection to the Museum of Northern Arizona at Flagstaff, along with his Library and files of photographs.

Earle was a member of many State Historical Societies. In 1951 he retired as President of the Washington County Historical Society and was elevated to Honorary President for Life. He was a C.M. of the Chicago, Denver, New York and other Corral of Westerners and he contributed many interesting historical features for their publications.

The Los Angeles Westerners were honored to have enjoyed his Active membership for many years. They were the fortunate beneficiaries of his many valuable contributions and articles in their Brand Books; his latest in Vol. 13 "The Last of the Doge City Buffalo Hunters". The membership of the Los Angeles Corral held him in the highest esteem and shall miss him and his articulate and valuable comments at their monthly meetings.

As we review the life and works of our beloved friend and Westerner, Earle R. Forrest, we humbly bow in veneration for his many and varied accomplishments throughout his eighty-six years. In his last letter he wrote; "Now, I am working on one (book) about Lewis Whetzell, the great Indian fighter of this country, west of the mountains (Alleghany)."

*Homer H. Boelter*



Earle Forrest — Jim Fassero — Paul Bailey

## Freighting by Jerkline Teams

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I saw him strike the nigh horse with a length of chain and this got my dander up to a high pitch. About the third time I saw him strike the horse on the 2nd team, I blew up entirely and told him to stop abusing the horse or I'd thrash him.

We had a lot of words and for a time all went well, however, I again saw him do the same thing, got a length of rope, crawled atop the lead wagon and dropped a loop over him. I had a heck of a struggle tying him up and a worse time getting him up on top of the loaded wagon, however I did it and took over the driving myself. I immediately thought of what Mr. Rose had told me the first time I hired on as a swamper. He said, "Gib, trade off your bed for a lantern and go to it." Well this was the immediate prospect. The longer I drove the more I wondered how the prisoner could be handled at night and for meals. Frankly, since he had threatened me with his gun I was afraid of him. On the 2nd night I made Indian Springs and there the owner, a so called tough hombre, Mr. Lassiter, had a bright idea. He took Croker off my hands, still well bound. with the promise to keep him that way until someone came by enroute to Las Vegas. This was a great idea and big load was lifted from my mind. I guess it worked out for I never saw the man again nor did Lassiter ever offer any explanation of how or when he had gotten rid of the skinner. I camped the next night at Cactus Springs, the next alongside the road and the following night at Ash Meadows. Here I laid over one day and wore myself out filling all barrels with a bucket, two barrels on each wagon and four on the trailer, 8 barrels of 42 gallons each, dipped from the spring, carried to the wagons and poured into the barrels. Bad enough it was to fill the barrels on the side next to the water hole, but when it was necessary to walk around the tongue and or around the trailer, it became a real job indeed, I was young, strong and bullheaded enough to stick it out but it had to be done for safety on the next stretch where we had no springs. Rose and Palmer afterwards dug a well 208 ft. deep (not where Rose's well is today) but much nearer Beatty.

Late the 2nd day out of Ash Meadows I made Beatty, a sleepy, tired boy but a happy one. The boss said well done when I told him the story of the trip and made me the Skinner in fact, gave me a few days off and then put me back on the road. The 12 mule team was delayed by a breakdown and did not get in for a week after I did.

Cap. Ray Gibson

## CARROLL FRISWOLD

(Continued from page 3)

Colorado. Carroll then had a new hobby, photography. He carried a bulky Graflex around taking pictures of everything from chipmunks to mountains, trees and pretty girls, anything to make a picture of. He had his dark room where he developed, printed, enlarged and tinted. When the summer ended we went to Denver where he got a job in a bank, and soon had a baby (Phil) to care for. Carroll's next hobby was dogs. He got some fine little wire-haired terriers, (so popular at that time) and we had puppies all over the place. He entered his dogs in the dog shows, and would come home happy with a red ribbon or a blue ribbon and some tiny little trophy cups. He went around with the "doggy" set and the pups sold for high prices but it nearly killed us to part with them. Illness forced us back to Minnesota to the doctors there. Carroll's next hobby was tropical fish. He collected books on that subject, (they are still on the shelves here) and read the Aquarian Magazine. In that magazine he saw the ad put out by the Altadena Water Gardens, and when we came here in 1934, the first place he wanted to visit was the Altadena Water Gardens. The depression was on in those days and jobs were nearly impossible to come by. Carroll got his first job in California at the Altadena Water Gardens, he worked 7 days a week, from 8 to 6 for \$1.00 a day. He learned a lot and as one thing leads to another in his life, he was soon offered the management job of a large hatchery in Alhambra. He also helped care for the fish collection of a wealthy Pasadena man and had a chance to work with the rare and exotic fish, the kind few people could afford to have imported in those days.

In 1945 when he and his son took over the Altadena Water Gardens he was ready to run his business and he made quite a name for himself in the fish world during the 25 years of work here. He has written several books, they are on sale in the pet stores now, he raised fish no one else could raise by studying feeding habits of the fry. He knew how to treat sick fish and tanks of fish. He once said "I've answered 10 million questions while I've been here. I don't know when he started collecting Americana, I only know the shelves became higher, his room more crowded and I might add more dusty, as he always said, "Hands off". Thru his collecting he met Loring Campbell and thru him became a member of The Westerners. I know that being a member of that club was one of the biggest joys of his life. He hated to miss a meeting.

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## CARROLL FRISWOLD

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Driving was hard for him and he was so happy to ride with Mr. Clark and Mr. Galleher, and Mr. Hovard was kind enough to take him over to the meeting and bring him home. I'm sure he appreciated all those times. Carroll was quite a joiner, he was a 32 degree Mason (secretary of the lodges in Cooperstown) and also Eastern Star. Here in California he joined all the fish societies, serving as Director, Secretary, or in some way. I don't think he enjoyed any of the clubs as he did The Westerners. He enjoyed being the Librarian, getting letters from the "boys" as he called them, and sending out the pamphlets. Carrolls spine trouble affected his walking and he spent most of his last years on canes, crutches, walkers, and wheelchairs, but somehow he never really felt handicapped, he was too busy enjoying his work and his hobbies. He was a good husband, a doting grandfather and a loyal friend, I often kidded him saying, "You have no privates among your army of friends, are they all generals?" To him they were all generals, and to me and his family, he was a sort of a General too.

Carroll died at his home in Altadena on August 29th, 1969 of a sudden heart attack. Thank you for being so nice to all of us.

Sincerely

Helen Friswold

## DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

**BOMBS AND BRIBERY** — "Famous California Trails #9". The story of the McNamara and Darrow Trials following the dynamiting in 1910 of the Los Angeles Times Building. Written by W. W. Robinson and published by Dawson's Books Shop in Los Angeles 1969. Limited edition — 300 copies printed by Richard Hoffman, illus. Here is a brief factual story by one of our favourite historical writers who was on the scene a few hours after the demolition of the L. A. Times Building, this is a must for collectors of local history.

**PUMPKIN SEED POINT** by Frank Waters, Sage Books, Chicago, 1969. 175 pages \$6.00.

What has gone wrong with Frank Waters? Those of us who consider his *People of the Valley* and *The Man Who Killed the Deer* classics in the extensive field of Southwestern literature expected much when we learned a couple years ago that Water was devoting himself to writing a book on the Hopi. Con-

sidering his very considerable gifts as a writer, we felt that he was just the man to write a significant interpretation of that much written about but still little understood and psychologically complex society of the Painted Desert mesas.

Instead of this we got in *The Book of the Hopi* a misleading mishmash of a few distorted facts of Hopi ceremonialism contaminated by liberal and constant injections of what is apparently Waters' own philosophical pseudo-Theosophical concepts.

It is little wonder that *The Book of the Hopi* has become one of the bibles of our drug-oriented hippy "culture" - and that is sinking pretty low for a book written by a man of Waters' native ability.

In *Pumpkin Seed Point*, his latest opus, we are given a very revealing insight as to what went wrong with his *book of the Hopi*. The entire book is devoted to his experiences during his off and on visits to the Hopis during the three years he spent collecting material for the larger work.

From the very beginning he got off on the wrong foot by securing the typical Hopi, Oswald Frederick, to serve as his interpreter and general contact man with the Hopi. Frederick left his home in Old Oraibi when very young and lived most of his life in the white man's world. He never passed through the long and complicated series of initiations necessary to a complete understanding of the depths of Hopi religion. What further alienated him from his fellow Hopi was the fact that he had become a Christian.

Waters writes of his annoyance over the fact that the Hopi constantly referred to his interpreter as "Oswald Fredericks," and not by the name "White Bear," the Hopi name that Waters, and likely Fredericks himself, preferred as being more Indian.

To secure the material that went into the *Book of the Hopi* Fredericks would take a tape-recorder and talk to various older Hopi trying to get them to relate their traditional beliefs. Fredericks would then translate these tapes to his white wife who would type them out for Waters to work over. Sometimes Mrs. Fredericks would do a bit of translating on her own, although she did not speak Hopi and the results could be rather amusing, as when she insisted on translating *Kokyan wubti*, the well-known Spider Woman of the Hopi traditions as "Spider Lady." Even Waters objected to that.

*Pumpkin Seed Point* serves only too well to express why *Book of the Hopi* failed so tragically as an authentic, objective account of the religious beliefs of the Hopi people. Maybe Waters should stick to fiction.



During the Gold Rush years California cities and mining camps, despite their roaring and uninhibited doings, strove to be recognized as patrons of the fine arts. Theaters of San Francisco vied with one another in presenting celebrities from New York, Boston and Europe. Perhaps the best advertiser of these though not necessarily the most accomplished, was Lola Montez, who arrived in the late spring of 1853 accompanied by her manager, violinist and maid.

Lola, a danseuse, the ex-favorite of the King of Bavaria, had the title of Countess de Landsfeld. She also had both the face of an angel and the temper of a wildcat. After appearances in San Francisco, where her exotic spider dance was town talk, Lola presented benefits for a charitable organization and volunteer fire company, collected another of several husbands in the person of a prominent newspaper editor, and went up river to Sacramento.

A Sacramento chapter was brief. The celebrity moved on to Grass Valley, where she gave popular performances, trained Lotta Crabtree for a stage career greater than her own, held court to entertain celebrities, including Norwegian violinist Ole Bul, became a "Good Samaritan" to needy homes, and delighted in hosting a Christmas party for the town children. Matrons of Grass Valley held aloof from the horsewoman who took her morning canter while puffing a cigar. Unkind remarks in a paper brought Lola's temperature to a boiling point and she horsewhipped the editor.

Now in a book titled "The Divine Eccentric," Lola's many-faceted life is told by Doris Foley, who is known as a leading historian of Mother Lode camps. The 228-page book is hardbound and published by Westernlore. The price is \$7.50. Burr Belden

Hugh Manessier of Riverside, California is a resuscitator of rare books, particularly those dealing with Baja California. He has made available Nelson's *Lower California and its Natural Resources*, and now his latest revival is Scammon's *Marine Mammals of the Northwest Coast*. Although a book about whales, etc., it has a wealth of information about the Pacific Coast, the whaling industry and maritime conditions along the California shores as they were a hundred years ago. Captain Scammon was a self-taught scientist, artist and writer whose accurate observations and records are recognized as being of great historical importance. After many years of whaling he became an officer in the United States Revenue Service. In addition to writing and illustrating a minor classic his name is immortalized by Scammon's Lagoon, an estuary on the Baja

California coast which he discovered and where the grey whales congregate to drop their calves each year. The new book, reproduced from the San Francisco edition of 1874 by offset printing, contains additional material on Scammon and his contemporaries. The reprint is trifle expensive, but well worth the money. (317 pp., cloth, illustrations, charts, index, \$30.00. Manessier Pub. Co., Box 5517, Riverside, Calif. 92507) Don M.

## HARBOR OF S. D. IN BOOK

California's oldest known and second largest harbor, San Diego, is the subject of a bicentennial book "They Came By Sea," which in fascinating style tells the colorful story of its maritime history from the 1542 arrival of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo to the present day, some 325 years later.

Author Jerry Macmullen, former U.S. Navy officer, is one of the state's leading authorities on things nautical. As director of the Maritime Museum of San Diego, from his vantage point in the captain's cabin of the "Star of India," he has written the story of the surrounding harbor.

A colorful pageant has come and gone in the centuries since the harbor was first known. The cranky high-pooed caravels of Spain, gave way to America's "Boston men" in their brigs trading in hides. Whalers and sealers soon followed as did the deep-hulled merchantmen who rounded Cape Horn. Now 200 years after San Diego's official founding July 16, 1769, their story appears in print in a connected narrative.

"They Came By Sea" is a volume of over 150 pages enlivened by some 200 photographs and sketches of venturesome Yankee craft which ignored restrictive Spanish trade tariffs.

July 1856 is a banner month, for it saw the stars and Stripes hoisted on Presidio Hill by a landing force from the USS Cyane. The sidewheelers, coastal steamers, and Navy followed. Wharves, marine works and trade expanded. The ever-growing port played an expanding role in two world wars. Mud flats have grown into Navel and Marine Corps bases. Sandbars, which once denied the harbor to larger ships, are no more.

Even the well-known Coronado ferries were displaced by a bridge last month. Such is San Diego harbor's story.

This book is Macmullen's "Paddlewheel Days in California," "Ships of the Redwood Coast," and "Star of India." "They Came by Sea" is published by the Ward Ritchie Press in cooperation with the San Diego Maritime Association. It sells for \$6.75 in cloth and \$3.75 paperbound. Burr Belden

THE ENDURING DESEHT, A Descriptive Bibliography, by E. I. Edwards, The Ward Ritchie Press, 306 pages, until Dec. 31, \$22.50, after Dec. 31, \$27.50.

Read a rare book catalog from any book dealer in the country, when he refers to a desert book there is usually a reference to the fact that the book has been mentioned in one of E. I. Edwards' earlier books. Of these "Desert Voices," published by Westernlore in 1958 — my God, has it been 11 years? — was the giant. Now there is a new giant. Edwards, formerly a Pasadena resident and businessman and ex sheriff of The Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners has put together all his current thinking on the books and magazine articles that make up the "literature" on the California deserts in a single beautiful book, "The Enduring Desert." It will become a milestone in desert writing and bibliography.

Edwards, who now lives in Yucca Valley, out in a corner of the desert he writes about with such feeling, has had at various times the granddaddy of all desert libraries. If a book was only a rumor, something obscure and vague, Edwards worked and worried at the project until he held the book in his hands. He then read and assimilated the volume, decided whether or not it contributed to the general information on the desert. He is a painstaking researcher, a dogged one. He is quick to criticize but only where it is justified. In writing the book there were several instances where he told me: "the book is not as good as it should be, but it is an effort, I don't think I can be too hard on the author." And so it was.

Edwards has always been a man to assess a book. How was the information gathered? Did the author sit at home and skim the cream from others' investigations? And make the same mistakes? or did he go out and get involved with people and the country and come home with something new?

Edwards in the new Ward Ritchie venture, has pondered the writings of the historian, the folklorist, the novelist, the magazine writer, the newspaperman. He put each of them in their proper place and perspective.

He charts the course of the coming of the emigrants to Death Valley (this has long been a favorite subject of Edwards), and he talks about the mining camps and how they came about and what they meant in the greater wash of California history.

The majority of this attractive book is taken up with the general bibliographic listings arranged by author. Later in the book is a supplemental section where there is a check list of books containing incidental reference to the California desert regions; a partial record

of journals, diaries, narratives, etc. by emigrants and other early-comers who crossed the California deserts; and there is a fat and respectable index.

This book is attractive and written about an attractive and glamorous subject: the California desert country, a land of mystery and superstition and folktales. But it is more than that. It places in a proper perspective the writings of more than a hundred years concerning California's desert country. Who said what then and why. Who said what wrongly. Who praised and who condemned. It is a book that is caught up with the spirit of the desert lands of California; a good solid book that will last a long time in the libraries of caring people interested in history and literature and books — and the California desert. It is a testimony to Edwards' faith that such a book was needed and important. The Ward Ritchie Press is to be congratulated for turning out an easy-to-read and understanding volume of great beauty. Ritchie, himself, designed the slipcased volume.

Pasadena can be proud of its desert bibliographer.  
Russ Leadabrand

Without intending to be so, a new edition of Westerner Horace Parker's *Anza-Borrego Desert Guide Book* is a disturbing publication. First appearing in 1957 the third edition, just issued, is a disturbing book because it notes the changes that have taken place in the low desert during the past decade. Places that once were reached by following wheel tracks through sand and cactus are now available over paved highways. Lonely springs are now surrounded by business shacks, jeep trails lead to hidden palms, and human footprints now pock sandy arroyos where only the tracks of reptiles, pincate beetles and desert chipmunks were found. Though change creates nostalgia it is well that an understanding person like "Parkie" interprets the desert for people who are attracted into that mystic land. The guide book, a treasury of history, science and desert lore, is concise and accurate. The price is \$3.50 and can be purchased from the Paisano Press, Box 85, Balboa Island, Calif. 92662. (Spiral bound, 153 pp., 106 photos, maps, trip guides and index.)  
Don M.

