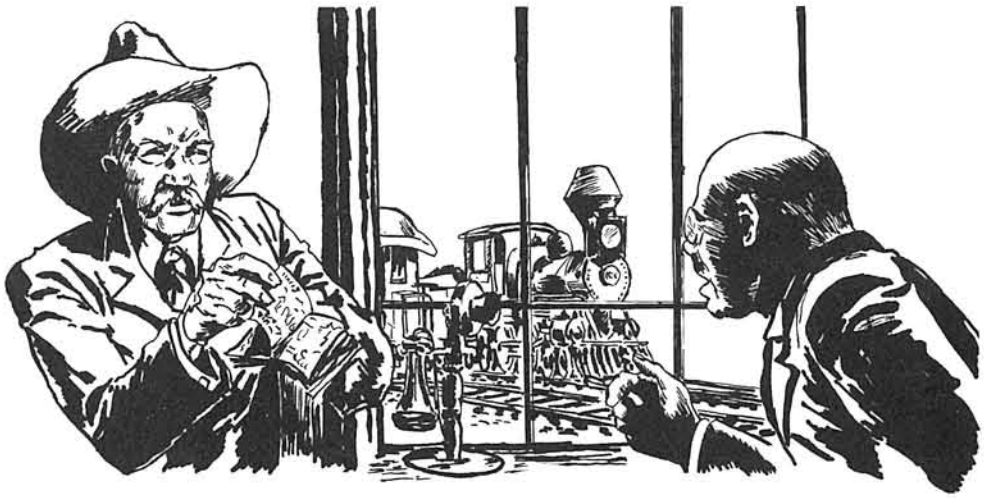
WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL
& The Branding Iron
LAW
J. GOODMAN

SEPTEMBER 1972 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 107



FASTEST COWPUNCHER ON RAILS

DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY'S $5,500 SANTA FE RIDE

By DONALD DUKE

Walter "Death Valley" Scott wasn't just an ordinary cowboy even though he did ride a pinto pony and wear high-heeled boots. Scott tried to be a miner and a prospector, but he was a showman at heart and he knew just how to capture publicity or make the newspaper work for him. He had such a line of tales that he convinced Julian Gerard, vice-president of the New York Knickerbocker Trust Company, that there was a potential of huge wealth in Death Valley. He so convinced Gerard that he grubstaked Scotty.

This grubstake opened an inexhaustible mine of publicity for Scotty. The desert was gold-mad, and all America was conscious of it. Big and little money was free and easy and Scotty was not about to let any of it pass by. Into that happy situation, well prepared by his years of playing to the gallery in the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, and by his earlier years of familiarity with the Death Valley terrain, Walter Scott came like a big spender from the east.

A. Y. Pearl, Bill Keyes and Walter Scott raised a large clump of dirt high up in Greyhound Canyon, now called Scotty's Canyon. Scott kept this mine so mysterious

(Continued on Page Four)

The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL
Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

Address for Exchanges
and Material Submitted for Publication:
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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.

Corral Chips

Adding even more lustre to his numerous film and television credits, Westerner *Jim Algar* serves as co-producer for the excellent three part series on the "Wonderful World of Disney" titled "Atta Girl, Kelly," an engrossing and moving story of a Seeing Eye Dog.

Associate Member *Henry Welcome* succumbs to wanderlust by spending four months touring Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Yugoslavia.

Our corral artists have been exceedingly busy of late, with C.M.'s *Ted Littlefield* and *Ken Mansker* participating in a showing of Western art at the Snow Gallery in San Marino. Meanwhile, Associate Members *Tony Kroll* and *Andy Dagosta* team up to produce the beautiful, keepsake-quality invitation for this year's Westerners Fandango in Calabasas.

C.M. *Ed Carpenter* enlightens an audience at his home base, the Huntington Library, by speaking on the "History of the San Marino Ranch." And at the nearby El Molino Viejo, *Henry Clifford* addresses members of the California Historical Society on the topic "Memories and Mementos of the Gold Rush."

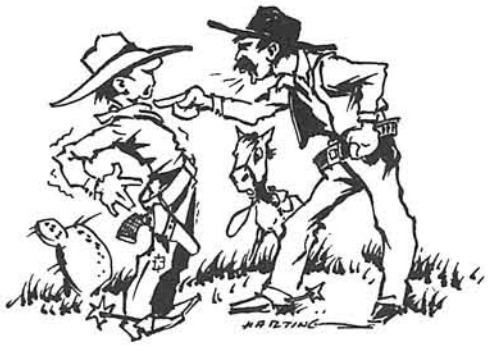
The long-awaited biography of Charles Fletcher Lummis, by our own *Dudley Gordon*, has made its appearance under the title *Crusader in Corduroy*. Corral members will want to obtain a copy of this book, which chronicles the career of a notable Southern California author, editor, librarian, and founder of the Southwest Museum, among other accomplishments.

Another distinguished Southwesterner, the late Joseph Wood Krutch, is remembered in a personal reminiscence by *Tony Lehman* which appears in the Summer, 1972, issue of the Book Club of California Quarterly.

Walt Wheelock supplies the text for a useful "Baja California Map and Guide." Of special interest is a section devoted to details and regulations for crossing the border, plus an invaluable discussion of what supplies to tote along in your automobile – just in case.

Probably not too many Westerners realize it, but *Herschel Logan* some years ago donated to Kansas State University a fine collection of editorial cartoons dating from 1880 to 1940. Recently, as part of a forthcoming history of the editorial cartoon in America, Herschel was asked to share his expertise with a researcher who was flown to California especially for this purpose.

Finally, all Corral members are asked to contribute to the news in this column. All you have to do is uncinch your modesty a mite and toss a corral chip in the direction of your Assistant Roundup Foreman.

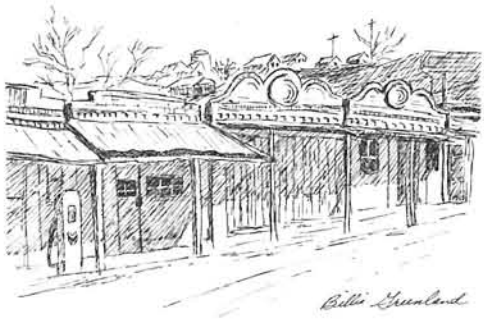


The Foreman Sez . . .

I know that many of you Westerners are going to be shocked. I can just hear all those tongues wagging now. "What the hell is this – the September issue in August of the same year?"

Well I will tell you. Your editor is going to the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich and I felt it was my responsibility to get out the September *Branding Iron* on time. With the load of work at the office I knew it would be impossible otherwise. So I got out my whip and your staff has put some hustle into its bustle. Even old Duke dug down into his high school papers to fill up this issue. Yes we even stooped that low to give you something to read.

Now as Mamma bear said to Goldilocks, "Someone ate up all the articles for the *Branding Iron* and now the cupboard is bare!" Well kid, you just ain't a kiddin, that mailbox better have some articles in it when I get back or some of you Westerners are going to have your E. Clampus Vitus cut off down to the joint. Your staff has done its part – now do yours! You have just heard the two month warning buzzer. Fair enough?



HISTORIC AUSTIN

By Powell Greenland

The historic old mining camp of Austin, Nevada, is located almost exactly in the geographic center of the state, and even by today's standards this makes it remote. This very remoteness, however, contributes immeasurably to the fascination of the place for the western buff. Situated almost one-hundred miles south of the interstate highway linking Salt Lake City and Reno, Austin has enjoyed a semi-isolation which has given it a unique charm.

With a citizenry of about two-hundred souls, Austin is hardly a ghost town, but compared to the booming community of ten -thousand it was in the late 1860s, Austin is certainly a ghost of its former self. Most of the commercial buildings on Main Street are deserted today, many with red rusted iron doors and shutters so typical of mining camps of that period. Others are doorless and windowless, easy prey to time and weather. But even so, the fragrant smell of wood smoke from a nearby chimney, the sound of quiet laughter from the dimness of a century-old bar, and the presence of a small coterie of old men on a well-worn bench are indications enough that Austin is still breathing. Indeed it has even been able to withstand the periodic attempts of the more hardy Battle Mountain to remove the courthouse of Lander County ninety miles north. Notwithstanding this evidence of life, it is worth noting that the only complete book ever written about Austin, a history by Oscar Lewis, is titled *The Town That Died Laughing.*

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

that he could not even let his mules make a trail. Many persons looking for Scotty's mine became disappointed and even Julian Gerard had never seen this mine he helped finance. He wanted to be shown, but the opportunity was never at hand. Scott was always in need of more and more money, so in that impasse, a deal was made with Burton Gaylord, an eastern mining operator and promoter. Gaylord gave Scotty an advance of several thousand dollars and Scotty was to supply publicity about the wealth in certain mines.

On his favorite pony, Scotty arrived in Barstow during the first week of July, 1905. They knew him in Barstow as they had seen his pack mules arrive with little to spend for groceries, but this time Scotty had some real dough. Scotty wanted everyone to know he had money and exhibited it freely, bought drinks, and with all this publicity, stock in his clump of dirt and those of Gaylord's rose sharply.

When Scotty chartered a special train from Barstow to Los Angeles and with the news of the new gold finding, the wires to Los Angeles became jammed. The word of the special train had reached Los Angeles before the special had cleared the yards at Victorville, and as the train pulled into the depot in Los Angeles, several hundred persons were on hand to see this wealthy rich-quick miner from Death Valley. They followed this well-publicized figure from the Santa Fe depot to the Hollenbeck Hotel.

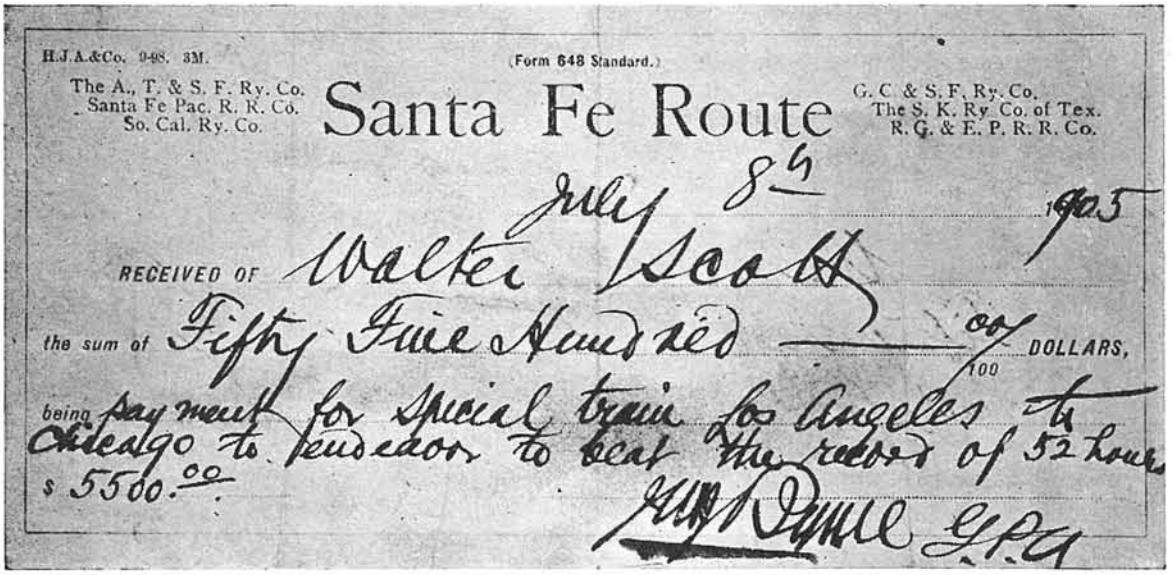
After things died down a bit, Scott wandered into the city room of the Los Angeles *Times* where he announced the discovery of the biggest gold mine ever, right out in Death Valley. The editor looked up from his desk and pleasantly showed Scotty the door. Seems the city desk had been bothered all day by intruders with tall tales about gold discoveries.

Scotty shrugged his shoulders and retired to a saloon across First Street where Walker Jones, an editorial writer, and Harry Chandler were talking. Chandler was not partaking of the alcoholic beverages and was just waiting while Jones caught a couple of nips. Scotty stepped up to the bar and dropped a $20 double eagle and called for a round of drinks. The bartender poured one for both Jones and Chandler, Jones of course consuming both drinks. Scotty proceeded to tell his thirsty friends about the big bonanza he had found in Death Valley. The two newspapermen perked up their ears and asked Scotty a few questions. Actually, questions were not necessary, as Scotty was always ready with a description of the burning horrors of Death Valley and the Indian fights. Of course, he gave information about the mine to those who would listen.

Jones recalled hearing about this wealthy miner and his special train to Los Angeles. He told Chandler that this gent would make good copy, and set out to write a story of the gold-happy miner. The story caught on and the editor who had shown Scotty the door now marked the copy for wire use, and thereby Scotty became a national figure.

The story in the Los Angeles *Times* gave Burton Gaylord another idea. He located Scotty at the Hollenbeck Hotel and told him he would finance a special train to New York if Scotty would publicize his mineral holdings. Gaylord would simultaneously offer stock in his mines by advertising in newspapers that would carry accounts of the special train. The bill for the special train all the way to New York would be paid for by Gaylord. However, the only stipulation was that Gaylord remain a silent partner in the deal, this being even better for Scotty as he liked nothing better than to be the front man.

Scott kept close to the hotel that morning, but just before noon on Saturday, the eighth of July, Scott walked from the hotel in a cheap serge suit, blue woolen shirt, cowboy hat and fiery red tie. As he moved along the streets, Scotty threw out his chest and strode into the office of John J. Byrne, general passenger agent of the Santa Fe system west of Albuquerque. He pitched his hat into the corner of the room and from his weatherbeaten lips came: "Mister Byrne, I've been thinking some of takin' a train over your road to Chicago. I want you to put me there in 48 hours. Kin you do it?" Byrnes looked up into Scott's shrewd blue eyes and began to whistle, "Forty-eight hours, that's a big contract, Mister. That is 11 hours and 56 minutes faster than the eastbound run has ever made. Man, do you realize that half the run is over mountain divisions?"



H.J.A.&Co. 9-98. 3M. (Form 648 Standard.)

The A., T. & S. F. Ry. Co.
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Santa Fe Route

G. C. & S. F. Ry. Co.
The S. K. Ry. Co. of Tex.
R. G. & E. P. R. R. Co.

July 8th 1905

RECEIVED OF Walter Scott

the sum of Fifty Five Hundred ——— 00/100 DOLLARS,

being payment for special train Los Angeles to Chicago to Pendleton to beat the record of 52 hours

$ 5500.00

Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

This receipt handed to Walter Scott by the authorized official of the Santa Fe Railways, conclusively answers all the mooted questions of year's standing concerning the precise cost of the *Coyote Special.* Note that the Sante Fe also promised to endeavor to beat the record time for the trip. When the country was agog with the story of the "Death Valley Scotty" special train, old Scotty was quoted many times as saying the trip had cost him $100,000. — Donald Duke Collection.

"I ought to," answered Scott. "I've been over the Santa Fe 32 times between here and Chicago. I'm willing to pay any old figure, but I want to make the time! Kin you do it for me, or can't you? Let's talk business."

Byrnes drew out his pencil and began to figure. The miner broke in every few minutes with a remark about his mine. Byrne scratched his partly bald head as he told Scott the train would cost him $5,500. Scott quickly pulled a roll of bills from his pocket and began to count. The special was now bought and paid for.

"Young man," said Byrne, "the Santa Fe will put you in Chicago in 48 hours, if steam and steel will hold together. We've got the roadbed, the equipment and the men; don't forget that! But let me tell you that you'll be riding faster than a white man ever rode before."

"Pardner," said Scott, "I like your talk. It sounds good to me. Line up the train and tell 'em in Chicago we're comin'."

No other mine had yet been discovered that produced hundred dollar bills. Scott had more credits than a motion picture star and overnight he became known as "Death Valley Scotty," the mysterious Midas of the desert.

At 12 o'clock noon on Sunday, July 9, 1905, a special three-car train consisting of Engine 442 (a Ten-Wheeler); baggage car No. 210, diner No. 1407 and standard Pullman "Muskegon" stood in the Santa Fe LaGrande depot. Thousands of sightseers were on hand to see Scotty start his wild record ride on this three-car train nicknamed the *Coyote Special.* As departure time, set for one o'clock, approached, the crowd increased until the platform was packed. Frank Newton Homan wrote the following official account for the Santa Fe: "A big automobile dashed up to the entrance of the station and Walter Scott alighted. He had to fight his way through the crowd to get to the train. Entering the cab, he shook hands with the engineer, greeted the fireman and, urged by the crowd, made a short speech from the tender.

"In the meantime the party who were to accompany him had boarded the train. Mrs. Scott, a comely young woman altogether without nerves, awaited her husband in the Pullman. C. E. Van Loan, the newspaper representative who was to write the story of the run, busied himself with his typewriter, and the writer hereof completed the quartet.

. . . *Page Five*

"At last the clock pointed to the hour. Number 442 gave a warning toot, visitors scrambled off the train, Conductor George Simpson raised a long fore-finger, and the *Coyote* began to move. A great cheer went up from the spectators. Scott waved his slouch hat in response, and inside fifteen seconds the *Coyote* disappeared from sight."

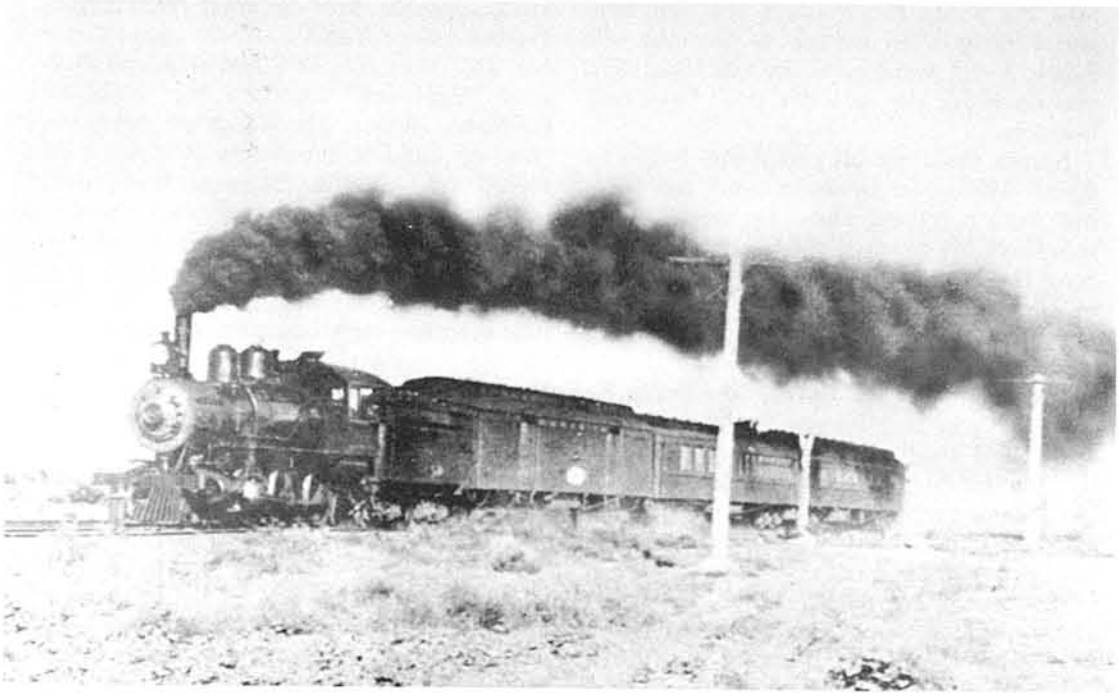
Passage through the city found crowds all along the tracks to see the train speed along. The small towns outside Los Angeles passed like shadows; the cheers of the crowds were shrill for an instant, then dropped away as the rear of the racing train passed.

Not more than 35 miles out of Los Angeles, the air-brakes were applied and the special began to slow down. A car truck had become hot, but Conductor Simpson assured Scotty that the trouble would be rectified. In a few minutes the train was moving again and John Finley made up the lost time. One hour and 15 minutes had been the schedule from Los Angeles to San Bernardino. The special cut ten minutes off this time even with the short stop.

At San Bernardino a helper engine slowly backed up and wheezed into place at the head of the train. In a few minutes the 67-inch drivers of the 442 and her helper were biting into the heavy grade of Cajon Pass. Near Summit Station a spectacular piece of railroading took place. The helper engine was uncoupled on the fly, and while the speed of the engine never slackened for an instant, the helper pulled ahead, ran into a siding while the switch was quickly thrown, and the special whizzed over the summit.

On the way downgrade from Summit to Victorville, the problem was not how fast the train could run, but how fast it dared run. As the train raced toward Barstow at a mile-a-minute pace, Engineer Finlay's hand was always on the brake. Even with the twisting and the turning of the line, Scotty and his passengers began to feel the race was on.

The *Coyote Special* whistled into Barstow 26 minutes ahead of schedule. The 442 was soon replaced by the 1005, a Prairie type engine with T. E. Gallagher at the throttle ready for the race across the des-



The Sante Fe Railway was quick to realize the advertising potential of the *Coyote Special.* Posters and newspaper advertising called attention to the record making event. A 14-page booklet of pictures, charts and a complete account of the trip was also published by the railroad. The one thing lacking was an authentic photograph of the *Coyote Special.* This photograph is the only known photograph taken of the train as it raced across the desert near Barstow. —Phil Middlebrook Collection

When Scotty (left) wanted to go some place, he wanted to go the fastest way possible. He promised his wife Josephine (right) a second honeymoon and gave her a ride to Chicago that made history. — Donald Duke Collection.

ert. The special eased out of Barstow and began to fly toward Needles, the impact of 338 tons of equipment hurling the engine faster and faster. At 7:17 p.m. the *Coyote* came to a standstill at the headend of the Needles yard. In exactly 80 seconds the 1010 took over the head end of the train and was moving the special on its way. Thousands lined the track near the depot, but they saw no more than a fleeting glimpse of the flying train and then it was gone.

Engineer Jackson swung the train over the twisting tracks at 65 miles an hour and the silverware and glasses leaped in the diner. That did not seem to bother Scotty, for that evening he consumed a two-inch Porterhouse steak a la *Coyote*, plus broiled squab on toast with stuffed tomatoes, and ended his meal with ice cream, cheese, and his after-dinner cigar. While Scotty enjoyed his feast the train consumed three hours of hard mountain railroading. Seligman was reached at 11:52 p.m., one hour ahead of time. Division Superintendent Gibson was the first aboard the train and his words were: "What detained you?"

Beyond Seligman the battle for time began and the heavy grades were ready to wage war against the oncoming train. Clouds of sparks whirled by the windows as Scotty watched the small Arizona towns pass. This was the section that would either win or lose the race, for if the pace could be maintained over the divide which separated Seligman and Albuquerque and Glorieta Pass, the record was almost beyond question.

There was no chance for sleep aboard the *Coyote Special* during the night. The cars swayed above the spinning wheels until the yards clicked and clattered beneath as the train slowed for Albuquerque. Superintendent Gibson told Scotty: "I've brought you over the Albuquerque Division faster than any train went over it before!" Engineer Sears climbed aboard the 1211, a fast-stepping 4-6-2 with 79-inch drivers, as it replaced the 478 which had brought the train from Gallup. In a few minutes the record-breaking train was grasping for the steel ribbons that lay ahead. Every inch of the line was well known to Sears and he took advantage of it. A helper engine was attached to the train at Lamy for the climb up to the top of Glorieta Pass.

Back in the Pullman, Brakeman Jim Kurn grinned to Scotty and said, "Here's where you get a touch of real mountain railroading and we're going to beat the schedule if we have to sidetrack the dining

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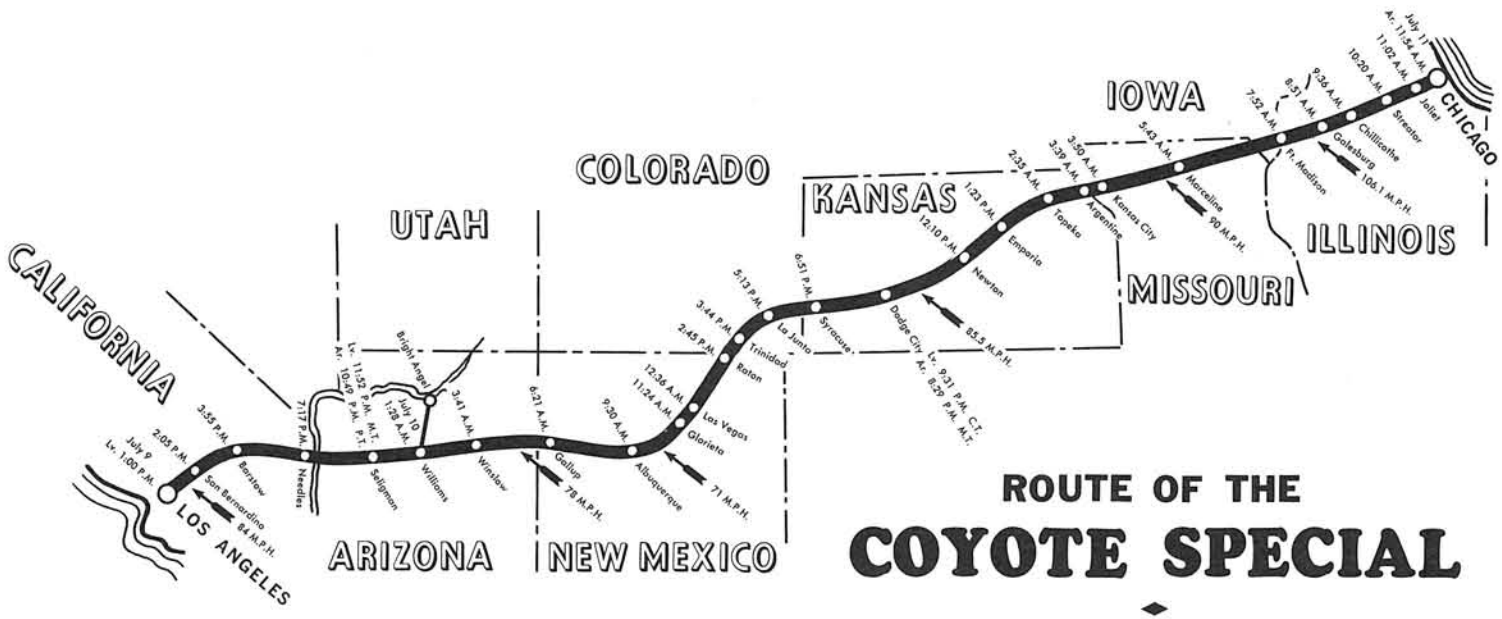


ROUTE OF THE
COYOTE SPECIAL

Santa Fe Railway

JULY 9-11, 1905

This map shows the route of the *Coyote Special* which scorched the rails of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway all the way from La Grande Station in Los Angeles to Dearborn Station in Chicago. Arrival and departure times where known are shown and the train speed at a particular point along the route. The *Coyote Special* averaged 50.4 miles per hour by running 2,265 miles in 44 hours 54 minutes. — Drawn by Andy Dagosta.

Santa Fe

car. She's got another hot box." The hot box did not seem to worry Engineer Sears as he pushed his train at a 40 mile per hour pace up the grade of 158 feet to the mile. The helper was cut off at the summit and the *Coyote Special* was on its way downgrade. On the way down the whole train lurched and staggered around the curves; it seemed like the train might leave the track any minute, but Sears had full control in the cab. It was impossible to stand in the swaying cars, so Scotty stuck his head out the window and watched the white mileposts flash in his face at mile-a-minute pace. The speed limit was crowded that morning and the passengers were quite pleased when the train came to a standstill in Las Vegas, New Mexico.

The stop was just long enough for another engine change and the special pressed on. At Raton two engines took the *Coyote* over the famous Raton Pass in record time and the worst of the journey, as far as mountain railroading was concerned, was behind. Ahead lay the Santa Fe's "race track" where trains made up their time. The silver threads across the Kansas plains looked level and there was a good roadbed of heavy steel to boot.

With Engineers Lesher, Simmons, Norton, and Halsey alternating in the cabs of the 536, 531 and 530 on the trip from La Junta to Newton, the balanced compounds paced like a speeding bullet. Scotty rode the cab into Dodge and upon arrival walked to the depot and sent the following wire to President Teddy Roosevelt: "AN AMERICAN COWBOY IS COMING EAST ON A SPECIAL TRAIN FASTER THAN ANY COWPUNCHER EVER RODE BEFORE STOP HOW MUCH SHALL I BREAK TRANSCONTINENTAL RECORD."

All that Monday night the miles flew under the whirling wheels; in places at the rate of 85 and 90 miles an hour; the average for 300 miles being nearly a mile every 50 seconds. From Emporia to Argentine, Engineer Gossard took the train faster than any train had ever gone before between these two points with the 524, an Atlantic type. The rate was 124 miles in 130 minutes, which did not include four slow orders and several dangerous grade crossings.

It was close to 8 o'clock Tuesday morning when the train crossed the Mississippi. The end of the trip was now in sight and the *Coyote Special* had broken records already set and was about to break more. At Shopton another engineer was to make his mark on this last and final stretch. His name was Losee, a modest fellow, but enough of a daredevil for the finale. Losee let out the throttle on the 510 for the straightaway stretch across Illinois and just let her roll. The citizenry all knew about Scotty and his private train and every little town and crossroad along the line from Shopton to Chicago turned out to cheer on the gold-happy miner and his *Coyote* with wheels instead of legs. It was one big ovation all through the state, and Losee tried to outdo all records. He pushed his Atlantic from Fort Madison to Chillicothe, 105 miles in 101 minutes. From the tracks its driving wheels spun like a fast-turning roulette wheel.

At Chillicothe, the final engine was coupled to the train and the 517 had a clear track to Chicago. Scotty climbed into the cab with Losee for this final stretch, helping the fireman feed coal into the redhot firebox from time to time. From the town of Cameron to the depot at Surrey is only 2.8 miles, and the 517 with her famous train made it in one minute and thirty-five seconds, the rate of 106 miles per hour. This was the world's record and it had beaten the Pennsylvania's Railroad 102 miles per hour record set a few years earlier.

When Scotty pulled into Dearborn Station his *Coyote Special* had made the trip from Chillicothe to Chicago, a distance of 239 miles, in exactly 239 minutes. Another record for the *Coyote* and the trip was over.

The wire services loaded their lines for days with accounts of the Scott Special. For example: "Chicago, July 11. With every car blackened by the record-breaking run from Los Angeles to Chicago, the *Walter Scott Special* on the Santa Fe Railroad arrived here at 11:45 this morning, beating all previous records by hours as well as bettering the special train's existing schedule." After reveling for days in the news spotlight, Scotty quietly took the *Twentieth Century Limited* on to New York. Most of the United States had fallen for the stories of this Midas of Death Valley, but in New York the newspapers were a little more sceptical in their dispatches: "New York, July. – You could have walked up and down today after the arrival of 'Scotty', and not found the streets strewn

. . . Page Nine

with $1,000 bills or gold pieces or even nickels and dimes. It was a bitter dissappointment to some who expected to pick up money. Walter Scott, a young California miner, has taken $141,000.00 out of a mine in Death Valley in the last year and a half, and has spent nearly all. Julian M. Gerard, vice-president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, once grubstaked Scott for $4,000. Now that the mine had panned out rich, Gerard comes in for half ownership and a division of the profits. Scotty has not given Gerard a chance to spend any of the fabulous output yet. Gerard took him aside tonight and gave him a little piece of his mind. And there were people about town who said Scotty had been summoned from California to explain. He and his yellow dog arrived at 9:30 this morning on the *Twentieth Century Limited.*

"One thousand people were at the Grand Central Station when he and the dog hopped off the train. The police pushed the crowd back and Scotty, in an electric hansom, went to the Putnam House. If anyone thought he could give the Death Valley Croesus points about New York he was very much mistaken. For two years Scotty rode in the cowpunching outfit in Buffalo Bill's Show and he is well known along the Big White Way."

Publicity followed Scotty wherever he went until a story was released from Cleveland, Ohio, to the effect that the Scott special was an advertising scheme, cunningly devised by the Santa Fe. It charged that the special was not paid for and that Scotty was liberally paid with gold by the Santa Fe for the publicity.

The Santa Fe had realized a great deal of publicity from the news articles and the broken records. The railroad had been quick to see the advertising merits of the promotion, and played it for all its worth. However, the Santa Fe quickly replied to the newspapers that the trip was a genuine transaction and that Scotty had paid for the trip out of his own pocket without any rebate or reward. They also stressed that Scott had made the proposition in good faith and it was accepted by the company as they knew he had chosen the right road to make the speed run. A 14-page booklet of pictures and charts along with an account of the trip was issued by the Santa Fe. Of course a great deal of emphasis was given to the fine equipment, roadbed and personnel of the Santa Fe. The booklet discreetly refrained from any mention of Burton Gaylord and that was the way the two had planned it. The booklet was quite popular reading up until 1917 when it went out of print.

Scotty had achieved the greatest heights of glory possible from his ride. He had made a ride of 2,244½ miles in 44 hours and 54 minutes. This was 13 hours and five minutes faster than the time of the regular Santa Fe's crack limited, and besides it was three hours and six minutes faster than the original contract called for. For 30 years this record was unbroken on the Santa Fe. In 1936, using its new 3,600-horsepower diesel No. 1, the Santa Fe clipped 20 hours off previous running times and inaugurated the new 39¾-hour *Super Chief.* For years the mad dash across the mountains and plains had more than granted Scotty his wish to cover the Santa Fe's main line faster than any man.

Death Valley Scotty died January 5, 1954, fully satisfied with a life filled with such capers as his record run on the Santa Fe Railway and capped it off by building a $3,000,000 castle in the midst of the desert for which he was nicknamed. He was 81 years of age. There was always mystery as to how much gold Scotty really found in his prospecting and how much of it — including payment for the *Coyote Special* — was supplied by his later day grubstake purveyor who was Albert M. Johnson. Many have tried to write Scotty's biography. More were invited to. None have succeeded in solving the life of this marvelous mystery man of the old west.

SEARCH FOR THE GRAVE OF DON JUAN TEMPLE

By WADE E. KITTELL

The history of Long Beach begins with two of the ranchos which were formed in the partition of the land grant of Manuel Nieto. Los Alamitos, to the east of the present Alamitos Avenue in Long Beach, was once under the ownership of Don Abel Stearns. Adjoining it to the west was Los Cerritos, a part of the great holdings of Don Juan Temple.

In reading the story of these men and their lands I thought it would be interesting to locate their graves and photograph the headstones for my picture collection. It was difficult to find the monument to Abel Stearns in Calvary. He had first been laid to rest in old Calvary Cemetery in downtown Los Angeles.

The search for Don Juan Temple was something else, for he had died in San Francisco on May 31, 1866, and was buried in that city.

The first thing I discovered upon arrival in the city by the bay was that there are only two exceptions to their law that there be no burials within the city limits. Such practice has long been outlawed.

One exception is at Mission Dolores, the proper name being Mission San Francisco de Asis. The cemetery was established here in 1781. It is a true historic area for it can be said that there are three eras represented. Several thousand Indians were first buried, followed by the Spanish soldiers. Next came the Mexican residents of the days before the discovery of gold. In the latter days were the pioneer Americans.

Of interest to the student of California history are the graves of Don Luis Arguello, the state's first native born governor, and the likes of James Casey and Charles Cora who ran afoul of the Vigilantes.

The other exception to burials within the boundaries of San Francisco is on the grounds of the Unitarian Church at Geary and Franklin Streets. Here lies Thomas Starr King, early minister of the church and after whom schools and mountains are named. The marker reads, "Thomas Starr King, born December 17, A.D. 1824 – Died March 4, A.D. 1864."

Of course Don Juan Temple would not be found within the city limits, so a day was given over to exploring the numerous cemeteries in San Mateo County.

The first stop was at Holy Cross Roman Catholic cemetery because of the fact that Temple was converted to the faith before he married Rafela Cota at Mission Santa Barbara. Our only important find here was the grave of Governor John Downey, after whom the City of Downey was named.

In looking for other historic names, and the headstone of Temple, we drove through the Serbian Cemetery, the Japanese Cemetery, the Chinese, the Greek Orthodox and the Italian Cemeteries.

At Woodlawn Cemetery inquiry was made concerning Don Juan Temple. No information could be found but we were told that he might have been buried in Laurel Hill during days gone by. We were also told that one historic name could be found at Woodlawn and that was Emperor Norton who died in 1880 and was buried in the Masonic Cemetery. When it was dismanteled, the remains of the Emperor were moved to Woodlawn with impressive ceremonies.

Our informant at Woodlawn Cemetery said that, although they had some transfers from Laurel Hill, the great majority of them were at Cypress Lawn.

So we went to Cypress Lawn. Here is a great memorial park which has many great names of California history such as Sprecklels, Lucky Baldwin, and Hiram Johnson. There is even the little depot by the rail-

. . . *Page Eleven*

Don Juan Temple

road tracks which was used by funeral parties who came by train from San Francisco.

At the office of Cypress Lawn, inquiry was made as to the name of John Temple. The receptionist asked if he had been buried at Laurel Hill. This we didn't know. When we gave her the date of his death, she was sure that such had been the case. She went into the vault and came back with a large old record book. It didn't take her long to find the name of John Temple. "Yes," she said, "he is in the Laurel Hill section."

At every turn in our search the name Laurel Hill kept being mentioned. It was at Laurel Hill that Temple had been buried in 1866, so it was necessary to learn the story of that place.

San Francisco was a small city in 1854 situated along the shore of the bay. It was some distance over the hills to the sea. In May 1854 an area of 37 acres was set aside on the slope of Lone Mountain for Laurel Hill Cemetery, in open country about half ways from the city to the sea. It was to be the place where the pioneers would be laid to rest.

But it was not the first cemetery in San Francisco. Records say that in 1850 there was the Yerba Buena Cemetery at a place called Yerba Buena Park on Larkin Street. Today it is the site of the Public Library.

A little later than the founding of Laurel Hill, Potter's Field for burial of the homeless and unknown and other areas given over to various nationalities as Italians, Greeks, Germans, Scandinavians and Chinese was started at the site of what is now the Lincoln Park Golf Course.

There is the story often told that it was necessary for the police to patrol the Chinese Cemetery the night following a burial because it was the custom of the Chinese to leave food on the grave for the welfare of the departed. Come darkness, the skid row bums would make their way out there and pick up a free feast.

Laurel Hill Cemetery was soon enlarged to 54 acres. When the city reached it, it would be bounded by California, Presidio and Parker Avenues. At the time the first burial was made, little thought was given to the fact that the city would ever reach that far out. Records show that the first burial was on June 10, 1854, and that the inscription on the headstone read, "To the Memory of the First Inhabitant of This Silent City – John Orr."

In time, the greatest names of the city's history could be found on the headstones in Laurel Hill. There was James King of William, David Broderick, William Sharon, and James G. Fair to name but a few.

Around Laurel Hill came other cemeteries. The Odd Fellows, Calvary, and the Masonic received others of the pioneers of San Francisco and California. It was Laurel Hill which was revered as the resting place of the pioneers.

The years rolled by and the city grew until these cemeteries became islands surrounded by a new generation who cared little for those who had gone before. Instead, for financial gain, they looked for land to subdivide. Houses and business buildings crowded against the cemeteries and then passed on towards the sea.

In 1902 the San Francisco Board of Supervisors ordered Laurel Hill closed to further burial. There were formal attempts for the abandonment of Laurel Hill and the other three burial grounds. In 1912 the Supervisors were successful with all but Laurel Hill. The Masonic, Odd Fellows and Calvary grounds were abandoned and moved to their present location south of San Francisco. The name of Calvary was changed, upon relocation at the new site, to Holy Cross.

Laurel Hill still stood on the side of Lone Mountain. New attempts were made for abandonment in 1924, but they were not successful.

In April 1937, for the third time, the

San Francisco Board of Supervisors passed an ordinance demanding evacuation of Laurel Hill. By this time the area was unkept, the gravestones were down, and it was a hangout for vandals. The reason for passing this latest ordinance was given as being so that the land could be converted to housing and street development.

In May 1937, the board was presented referendum petitions which had the signatures of 21,000 protesting San Franciscans. The Board refused to repeal the ordinance and, at an election the following November, the citizens of San Francisco upheld the ordinance and ratified the action of the Board of Supervisors by a vote of 82,983 to 65,920. So came to an end the thirty-five year battle by the Laurel Hill Cemetery Association to save the last home of the pioneers.

Removal from Laurel Hill began on February 25, 1940. Some of the remains were claimed by relatives and moved to grave sites in other cemeteries. The rest were taken to Cypress Lawn. During 1940 there were more than 2,000 removals a month which were placed in a large underground vault.

The only structure remaining in the area to remind one that there had once been burial grounds in the area is the San Francisco Memorial Columbarium. Located at 1 Lorraine Court, it was originally at the entrance to the Odd Fellows Cemetery. It was erected in 1898 and contained the cremated remains of more than 15,000 San Franciscians. For some years it fell into disuse and neglect after the removal of the cemeteries. Fortunately, new owners acquired the building in 1933 so that it is, today, a very graceful and beautiful structure.

At Cypress Lawn there is a memorial to those from Laurel Hill. On a knoll there rises a tall shaft above a marble floor.

There is also a plaque upon which are engraved the following words in tribute to our Pioneers. It says, in part:

"From the ends of the earth, desire and a love of the wide blue sky of freedom led men to California.

"The gold of her foothills they converted into streets and cities. Through their labor broad valleys became fields of waving wheat. In the sunlit clearings they planted vineyards.

"They harnessed mighty rivers, they felled the trees of the lofty forests, and with their timbers they built churches and homes, schools and factories, bridges and ships.

"Here, along the western frontier, they failed and triumphed, labored and died, and were laid to rest beneath the foothill pines, or within sight of the mountains they once crossed, or within the sound of the sea they once sailed.

"In their best, bravest city – San Francisco, there was a hill called Lone Mountain. To the west of it lay sand dunes and the sea, to the east the young city they had built beside the great bay.

"One by one, these builders of the California Commonwealth and their wives and sons and daughters found their way to this their last home, to sleep beneath its laurel and oak and whispering cypress trees."

They sleep there no more. Now they are enclosed by concrete and steel in an alien place.

So it was here that my search for the burial place of Don Juan Temple came to an end. His widow died while in Paris and is buried there. He sleeps beneath the marble floor of the Laurel Hill Memorial in a common vault with 35,000 of his fellow pioneers. This was the reason the receptionist could not direct me to his headstone.

May I, in conclusion, offer just a few more lines from the plaque at the Laurel Hill Memorial?

"As you stand here, open your hearts to the Pioneers. They gave you great cities, a fair free land of mountains, a broad sea and the bluest of skies. Open your hearts to them and trust the best that was in them all, and they will also give you wisdom and humor and, above all, courage. For they are your Fathers."

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, extends the welcome mat to the following new Corresponding Members. They are: A. Chester Douglas, La Canada; Robert G. Gunderson, Bloomington, Indiana; Ray Herbeck, Jr., Culver City; Leland N. Lien, Rosemont, Minnesota; John E. Lindgren, Long Beach; Stroem Newell, San Diego; William Peacok, Jr., Houston, Texas; Raymund F. Wood, Encino.

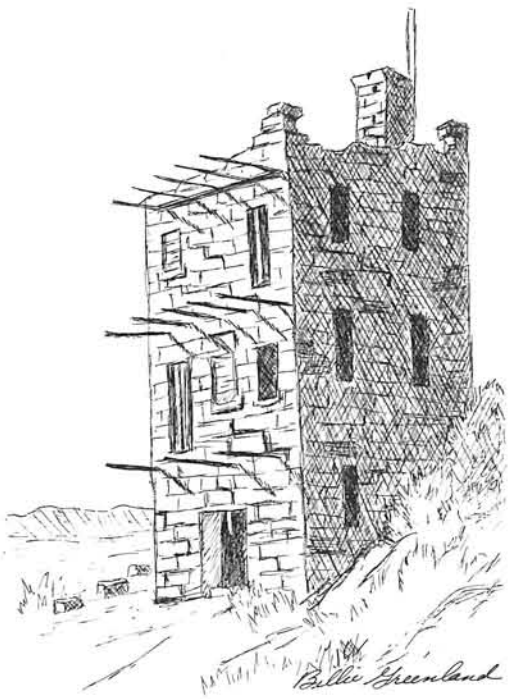
. . . Page Thirteen

Historic Austin . . .

A visit to old Austin today will evoke many memories of the great days when the discovery of rich silver deposits triggered the rush to the Reese River and the birth of one of the most colorful mining camps the West ever produced. There still remains enough of the old town to get a feeling of its character and a faint echo of its turbulent past.

A visitor approacing Austin on Highway 50 from the west will find an historical marker along the right-hand side of the road about a mile outside of town. The marker indicates that opposite this point in the gulch below, called Pony Canyon, rich silver deposits were discovered in May of 1862. The discoverer was a former pony express rider named William Talcott, an employee of the stage station at Jacobs' Spring. A town named Clifton sprang up on the sight, but in a few years time it completely disappeared giving way to the more enterprising Austin.

Before proceeding on into town, the visitor should get out of his car and look across the canyon at the hill on the opposite side. High on the crest silhouetted against the sky he will see one of the more famous local landmarks, Stokes Castle. This three-story, towerlike structure was built in 1897 as a summer residence for Anson P. Stokes, a Philadelphia financier. Stokes had many investments in both mines and railroads. This architectural curiosity, with its balconies, fireplaces and sun deck commands a magnificent view of the Reese River Valley. A hike to the top of the hill is well worth the effort.



Stokes Castle

The town of Austin is situated in an arroyo which angles pretty much in an east and westerly direction. Main Street with its long string of business establishments follows the course of the canyon with the residential areas climbing up the slopes on either side. Upon entering town the visitor would be well rewarded if he parked his car and spent two or three hours strolling about town.

The International Hotel and Cafe located on the west side of town is open for business and is a good place to dine. The sign across the front boasts that it is the oldest hotel in Nevada. It was first built in Virginia City in the winter of 1859-60 of lumber whipsawed down in Six Mile Canyon. In 1863 it was taken down to make room for the new International Hotel and moved to Austin in sections which were loaded on wagons. Austin's International Hotel was famous for its dining room and ballroom. Early newspaper accounts show it to have been the headquarters for most social events of the day.

Proceeding through town the visitor will pass several buildings of historic interest including the Austin Bank building, the old city hall, the combination Masonic and Odd Fellows Hall, and the office of the *Reese River Reveille,* the oldest continually published newspaper in all of Nevada. The first edition dates back to May 16, 1863. The present office is actually the fourth it has occupied. The first was a small frame structure hastily built in four days when the mining camp was very young. The editor still uses the original editorial desk built by the same carpenter who erected the first *Reveille* shop. The files of the *Reveille,* preserved in the court house vault, are the only complete files of any newspaper dating back to territorial days. This, of course, is very significant to the historian as these files offer one of the very best sources of primary material for the history of central Nevada.

The visitor will pass St. George's Episcopal Church consecrated in 1877 and the

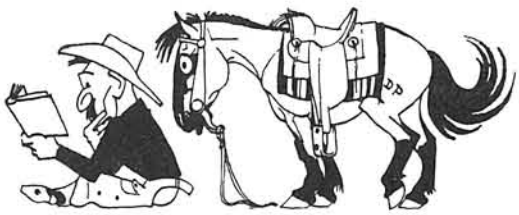
historic old Methodist and Catholic Churches both built in 1866. Near the eastern end of town can be seen the old engine house of the Nevada Central Railroad built by Anson P. Stokes. This is all that remains of that narrow gauge road that connected Battle Mountain, located ninety miles north on the Central Pacific, with Austin. The town was the scene of a fantastic race against time on February 9, 1880. To obtain a subsidy of $200,000 the road had to be completed by twelve o'clock that night. At noon it was still two miles outside of town with railroad men and every one from the mayor to children out laying track on the snow-covered ground. When it became evident that the due date could never be met, the City Council called a special meeting and in a brilliant move extended the city limits a half-mile in the direction of the tracks. The deadline was met in a breeze with a whole ten minutes to spare.

The piles of earth seen around the old engine house and on all sides of Austin come from the many shafts and tunnels in the area above town. One tunnel extends from west to east the entire distance across town. Other tunnels follow the ore bodies in whatever direction the ore extended. Some of the famous old silver mines were the Lander, the Union, the Paxton and the Belle Wilder. In all, more than fifty-millions of dollars were produced in the Reese River District, most of it in a thirteen-year period. Some of these old "dumps" or "tailings" contain a percentage of minerals that was too low in value for processing in the old days. At the present time some of the old dumps are being processed with improved mining techniques.

On the extreme east end of town is one of the most historic buildings in the entire mining camp, the old Gridley Store. Reuel C. Gridley, one of the earliest settlers in Austin ran for mayor as a Democrat in 1864. His Republican opponent, Dr. Herrick, won the election and as payment of a bet they had agreed to, Gridley had to carry a fifty-pound sack of flour on his shoulder all the way from Clifton to his store at the other end of town. The next morning, April 20, Gridley started with the sack of flour, decorated with ribbons, on his shoulder preceded by the flag and the Austin band and accompanied by Dr. Herrick. At the Bank Exchange Saloon, which no longer stands, everybody had a drink and like good politicians the two opponents made some speeches for the occasion. They then proceeded to another saloon for a repeat performance where Gridley proposed that the sack be auctioned for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund, the Civil War predecessor to the Red Cross. The rest of this story of course was made famous by Mark Twain in *Roughing It* where he tells how Gridley, after raising $5,335 in Austin, was invited to Washoe, to San Francisco, and to the East Coast, raising a total of $275,000.

Austin was famous for off-beat happenings such as the Gridley auction. Another which did not have the same philanthropic motivation was the fantastic stock promotion of the Reese River Navigation Company. Stock was widely sold in a venture to haul ore in barges from Austin to Battle Mountain. The unsuspecting investors little dreamed that the Reese River was but a few feet wide and a few inches deep.

This old town, still free of chrome and neon, provides a rewarding glimpse of another time – of the people and events which are a part of its story. Austin today offers a nostalgic view of a small part of the fascinating panorama of the Old West.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

THE PIKE'S PEAK COG ROAD, by Morris W. Abbott. Golden West Books, San Marino, California. 176 pp, large format, dust jacket and frontis in color, 230 illustrations, end maps, bibliography and index. $12.95.

The story of the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway has served to combine the talents of two remarkable Westerners into a book of great interest and great beauty. Donald Duke, Roundup Foreman of Los Angeles Corral, through his Golden West Books, of San Marino, has topped the many vol-

(Continued on Next Page)

umes of railroadiana issued by this specialty house, in the publication of this exceptional item. It truly captures and preserves the nostalgia of the little cog road which, in clawing its way up down one of America's mountains of history for decades, has made itself a legend of gutty wonder.

The book's author, Morris W. Abbott, is a past Sheriff of the New York Posse of Westerners, and a twenty-five-year member of the Denver Corral. Westerner Abbott, now a retired seed company executive, has spent many of his retirement years in researching and writing *The Pike's Peak Cog Road.* In the years that he concerned himself in greening America with seeds, he succeeded also in planting another interesting future for himself. As a young man he had spent many summers on the slopes of Pike's Peak. From the porch of the family cabin he could watch nearly every cog train, as its crazy-shaped little engine chuffed mightily to push the coach-load of passengers up the cogway to the top of the mountain, and struggled against gravity to bring it down again.

The imaginative wonder of this unique steam climber apparently set itself forever upon his thoughts and consciousness. Through the years, and aside from active membership in various railroad and locomotive historical societies, he assembled a sizable library on railroadiana, and gathered a fabulous collection of annual railroad passes and ephemera pertaining to the lost and vanished little lines of Colorado and other states. He authored many railroad historical articles in various publications, but when his study of "The Cog Wheel Route" appeared in the 1969 edition of the *Colorado Rail Annual,* the lore of his first love was upon him, and a book-length *The Pike's Peak Cog Road* was inevitable. The author was eminently fitted to the subject. The result is for everyone to see.

This railway, in length, is considerably less than spectacular – 8.9 miles of trackage from Manitou station to the summit. What is spectaclar is the way it crawls its way up a mountain to a summit that is 14,110 feet above sea level, and from whence one can see enough of America to make a lifetime's impression. Books have been written about railroad giants of this nation – Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Santa Fe, and their buddies in billions. Books have been written about lesser lines, the tiny ones – and equally delightful reading. The rarest railroad book of all is where the gifts and skills of the writer somehow capture the *soul* of his subject. This book is one of them – for the little cog road of Pike's Peak *has* a soul.

It has probably made less money than any line on wheels – or cogs. Millions of people have ridden it, and continue to talk about its hairy journey up and down. But aside from one of its earliest years of operation, it paid no dividends to its stockholders. But it is still running and, with the upward push now delivered by diesels, maybe after eighty-two years of operation, the venture will yet prove out financially.

What *is* shown in this interesting and beautiful book becomes the intensely human story of struggle and perseverance in the Colorado tradition. Endless attempts were made to fashion and procure the right type of steam locomotives that would nudge the coaches up a grade that rose more than 16 feet in every hundred. The successful result was an engine that looked like no other locomotive on earth. Like the hen with one short leg, it was built for hills. Its boiler and wheels were set at such an angle that, on level ground, it appeared ready and capable of plowing earth. But these funny steamers, geared to the center cog, running up the mountain, really worked.

In the book Morris Abbott tells everything there is to know about Pike's Peak and its unique railway. Everything from engine and cog specifications, down to its modernity in diesels, is chronicled. The stories of its personnel, its passengers, its spectacular and never ending battle with the law of gravity, storms and snow, are things in this book that make it exciting and delightful reading. No railway – large or small – ever had a more sympathetic, penetrating, or more intimate treatment.

But what makes this railway even more endearing to the reader is the interleaving of rare photographs and reproductions throughout the pages of the book – 230 of them. After reading *The Pike's Peak Cog Road,* no Westerner can be blamed for high-tailing to Colorado Springs and Manitou, and once more trying the steel-geared ascent of America's spectacular – Pike's Peak.

– PAUL BAILEY.