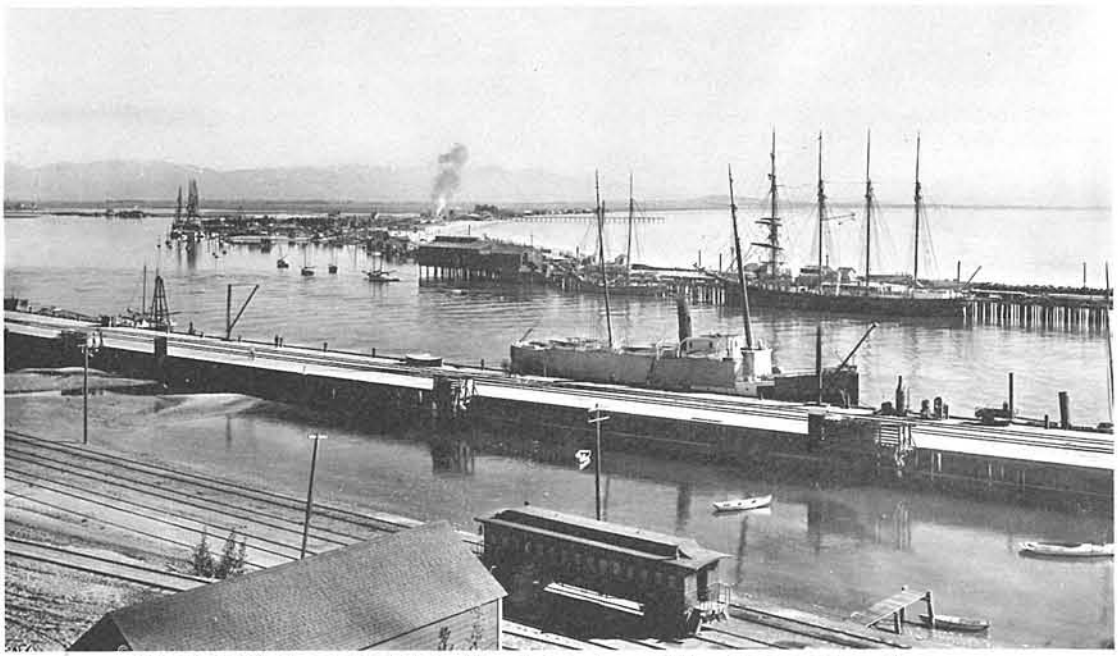
WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES
CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

SEPTEMBER 1973 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 111



Terminal Island as viewed from San Pedro, circa 1899. — DONALD DUKE COLLECTION

Terminal Island's Glamorous Past

By ANNA MARIE *and* EVERETT GORDON HAGER

The history of Terminal Island is unique and very colorful. Due to literally thousands of rattlesnakes being washed out of their mountain homes and carried down by the torrential rains to a spit of sand dunes in San Pedro Bay, Spaniards gave it the name *La Isla de la Culebra de Cascabel* (Island of the Snake of the Rattle). All too soon with the coming of the Yankee the lilting Spanish name was brusquely shortened to Rattlesnake – later to be renamed Terminal after the new Los Angeles Terminal Railway which built to its terminus in San Pedro Bay.

On the ocean side of Terminal, a smooth sandy spit of land soon attracted swimmers and picnickers. This area, named Brighton Beach, rapidly became the mecca of the Southland. Here the beach receded gradually, allowing the bathers to go out a considerable distance into the blue waters of

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The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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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.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

JULY

The Corral was favored with the "Lore of the Hopi Indians and Kachina Dolls" for the July meeting. It was presented by our own Corresponding Member Paul A. Lord. For years Lord has had an interest in he Indians of the Southwest, especially their ceremonies. He finally settled on the Hopi Tribe and began a study of their ceremonies and the Kachina Dolls. After a few years of collecting artifacts, etc., Lord began to make his own Kachina Dolls for exhibit purposes. The Corral was not only favored with his informative talk, but we had slides of ceremonial places and an exhibit of Kachina Dolls.

Scene at the July meeting featuring the "Lore of the Hopi Indians and the Kachina Dolls." (Left to Right) Deputy Sheriff Doc Urabec, Don Carlos Dentzel, speaker Paul A. Lord, and Sheriff Doyce Nunis. — IRON EYES CODY PHOTOGRAPH

AUGUST

"Edward Borein: His Etchings, Drawings, and Watercolors" was the subject of the August meeting. Harold G. Davidson, author, lecturer, and authority on Western

art, had Corral members on the edge of their seats during his off-the-cuff humorous talk about Borein. Not only did he tell us about the man, his life style, and why he painted certain subjects, but projected slides of Borein art in color on the screen. An outstanding display of Borein prints and watercolors under the supervision of Wrangler Allen Willett was presented. Allen also introduced the speaker to the gathering.

SEPTEMBER

The annual Rendezvous, held at the home of Past Sheriff Al Miller, was enjoyed by all. This year each member received a gorgeous invitation to the Rendezvous prepared by Associate Andy Dagosta. A welcome souvenir of the occasion indeed! The Corral auction had some excellent items and the coins-of-the-realm were quickly snatched up by Hager and placed in the treasury. The food was excellent, as usual, and the wine tasty.

This year three members of the Los Angeles Corral were honored for their contribution to the arts, letters, and hospitality of the American West. Bronze plaques were presented to Ray Allen Billington in recognition for his distinguished career as an author, scholar, and researcher of the American West; to Lloyd Harting for his talent as an artist of the Western scene; and to Al Miller for his unselfish service to the Los Angeles Corral, and his hospitality these many years in hosting the Rendezvous. Three cheers to the magnificent three.

Chief Wrangler Hugh Tolford reported that sales of "firewater" this year were up 500 percent. In fact all Snake Oil, and "joy juice" were consumed early in the afternoon. It was reported that Everett Hager was caught salting the swimming pool with Vermouth, and was selling Martinis by the bucket. Several Clampers were caught with empty pails behind the tepee.

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners welcomes the following new Corresponding Members.

They are: John Walton Caughey, Los Angeles, and James B. Gulbranson of Granada Hills.

Corral Chips

Selections from the magnificent collection of Western art belonging to *Earl Adams* are gathered together for "The West Remembered," an exhibition of paintings, watercolors, etchings, and sculpture honoring the re-opening of the Old Mint in San Francisco. Dignitaries in attendance for the gala reception include Governor Ronald Reagan, Lt. Gov. Ed Reinicke, Mayor Joseph Alioto, and a host of Westerners. Not to be overlooked is the sumptuous 88-page catalogue of the show, lavishly illustrated, and designed by *Robert Weinstein*. If you missed the San Francisco debut, please note that "The West Remembered" will move on to the somewhat closer Santa Barbara Museum of Art for viewing from November 10, 1973, until January 6 of next year.

One of the speakers at the convention of the Council on Abandoned Military Posts held at West Point is Associate Member *Clarence Clendenen*, who addresses a luncheon gathering on the subject of old army posts of the Southwest, including Forts Tejon, Mojave, Moore, Yuma, Bowie, and Wallen.

Serving as co-chairman of the San Francisco Cable Car Centennial Celebration is C.M. *Al Shumate*.

Getting undisputed status as the Westerner who is the farthest east these days is C.M. *Bob Howard*, currently residing in Athens, Greece, where Mrs. Howard acts as Principal for the American Community Schools. Bob is busy completing a book on paleontology for the publishing firm of Harcourt Brace.

The National Society, Daughters of Colonial Wars, presents its "Teacher Award" to Associate Member *Dwight Cushman* "for

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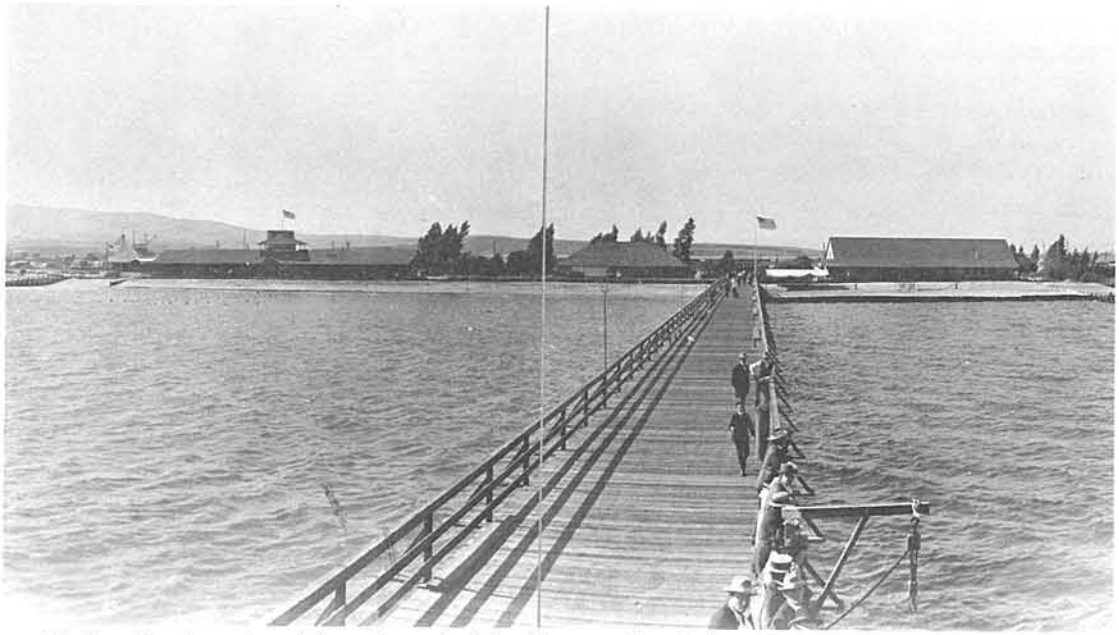

Brighton Beach as viewed from the end of the Pleasure Pier during 1904. The Los Angeles Terminal train has just arrived and passengers are unloading and walking out on the pier. The building at the right was the hotel and restaurant. The structure to the left of the pier was the arcade and refreshment stands. The private club *Garbutt* is the structure with the flag. — HAGER COLLECTION

Navigational map of San Pedro and Wilmington Harbors (1883) shows Rattlesnake Island as a long sandbar. — HAGER COLLECTION

the Bay. In time Brighton Beach was considered second only to the famed Coronado in San Diego.

The newly established San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railway which had purchased the Los Angeles Terminal Railway took resorters directly to the Island. There was a train which made two trips a day from Los Angeles to San Pedro, where private row boats or skiffs could be rented to cross the Main Channel to reach the Island.

More than 200 homes were built at Brighton, many facing south with the sea rippling across the sands to within 25-feet of their doorstep. During the summer storms residents could watch the waves coming shoreward, at times higher than their homes, but owing to the shallowness of the water, the bottom of the waves would drag, and the mass of water would fall before it reached the shoreline.

The many prominent home owners soon lost interest and left Brighton Beach for newer resorts after the construction of the massive breakwater began. With the arrival of huge dredgers and excavation equipment, physical changes within the Bay soon took place, and miles and miles of white sand were pumped out from the

Inner Harbor and deposited in front of Brighton Beach. Where once the ocean came to within 25 feet of the fine beach homes, the water's edge receded almost a mile away.

Brighton Beach's proud summer homes developed into year-round residences for the employees of the shipyards and canneries.

On another portion of the Island, along the Bay side of the first breakwater built in 1870 between Rattlesnake and Deadman's Islands, a mere spatter-work of squatters' huts made their appearance. Here the little huts straggled along in a haphazard cluster on government tidelands. As unauthorized residents, a conglomerate group of fishermen, gamblers and artists lived in almost daily expectation of being ordered to "move on," and so didn't trouble to build homes such as those erected earlier at Brighton Beach. Here the little huts clung to the sand spit and to each other, much as barnacles, and a little town emerged and was named East San Pedro.

The town's main street, of wooden planks, ran the length of the old seawall between the houses. These rough hewn seaside huts were perched high upon crazy pilings which prevented their being flooded or washed away by the tides. At high tides the thunder of the surf against the seawall and the lapping of the waves among the

Southern Californians loved surf-bathing at the turn-of-the-century as they do today. The only difference might be the quantity of material in the bathing costume and how far the ankles might be exposed to be lady like. — DONALD DUKE COLLECTION

As patronage to Brighton Beach continued to rise, the fancy private club was turned into a cafe and club known as the "Terminal Bar." Sunday bathers frolic in front of the beach club. — HAGER COLLECTION

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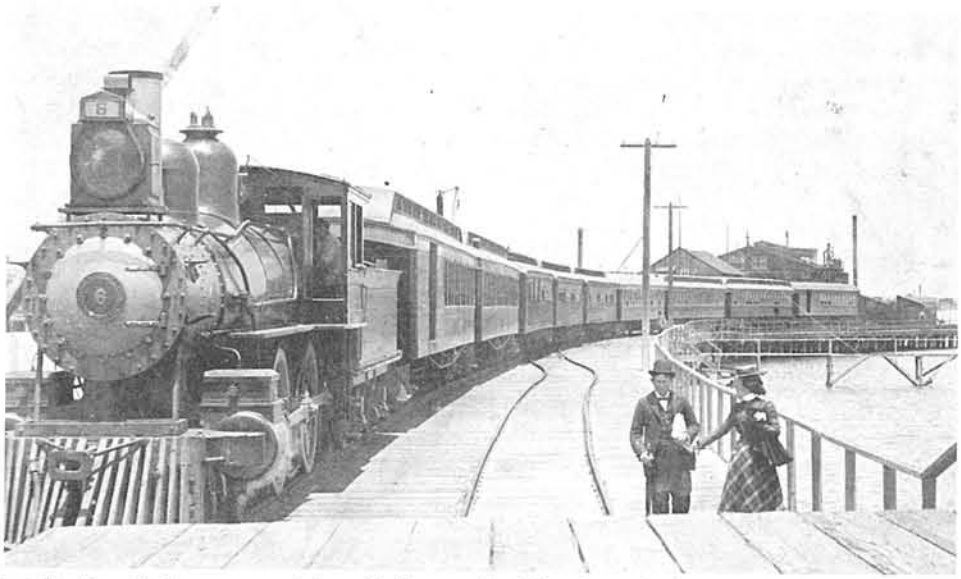


Los Angeles Terminal passenger train with locomotive No. 6 on the head end. The train ran all the way out on the wharf where a connection was made for coastwise passenger steamers. At one time the famous *Harvard* and *Yale* docked at the Terminal wharf. — HAGER COLLECTION

pilings would give an unseasoned visitor to the area the sensation of sea-sickness.

It was at this time, as though transported from the shores of the Adriatic, that the Italian fisherman's rakish, lateen-rigged *felucca* made its appearance in San Pedro Bay. For the most part the polyglot assemblage consisted of Italians, Yugoslavians, Greeks, Frenchmen and Scandinavians.

The picturesqueness of the lives of these seafaring folk soon attracted artists and writers to East San Pedro. The briny atmosphere and elusive "local color" soon proved a veritable gold mine.

Idah Meecham Strobridge, the literary discoverer of the tiny waterfront "stilttown," was one of Southern California's highly gifted writers. She converted an old bath house into a residence and called it the "Wickiup." Amanda Mathews, Olive Percival and other well known writers joined the invasion in their search to combine a place of recreation and study during the summer months.

Perhaps the most spectacular summer resident was Charles Fletcher Lummis, one-time City Editor for the Los Angeles *Times*. Of his improvised cottage, the "Jib-O-Jib," he once wrote: "I also dictate while fishing Saturdays and Sundays at my little shack on the old breakwater at San Pedro. The tides run up under the house and we catch good big fish like halibut, rock bass, and so on, from the back porch. A bed spring with a cowbell on it holds each hand line. I dictate in a fine little den and when the back door bell rings, we stampede out to give the glad hand to our finny guest. It is remarkable how easy fish learn good manners."

Some of the artists who helped immortalize types of characters and bits of sea-

Aerial view of Los Angeles Harbor region, circa 1934, showing the completed breakwater and most of Terminal Island having been filled in. — HAGER COLLECTION

scapes that were commonplace on the Island were Carl Oscar Borg, Ralph Mocine, John M. Donovan and Lillian Draine.

Three hundred or more fisherfolk, as well as members of the various art groups, lived in these rough seaside shacks. When dredging and widening of the Main Channel began in 1910 these little houses were condemned and soon destroyed.

Deadman's Island, that rocky sentinel at the gate to the Inner Harbor, was declared an obstruction to navigation in 1929 and soon gave way to black dynamite and the huge dredgers. The dredged remains of Deadman's Island added some 62-acres of new land to Terminal Island, a section now known as Reservation Point.

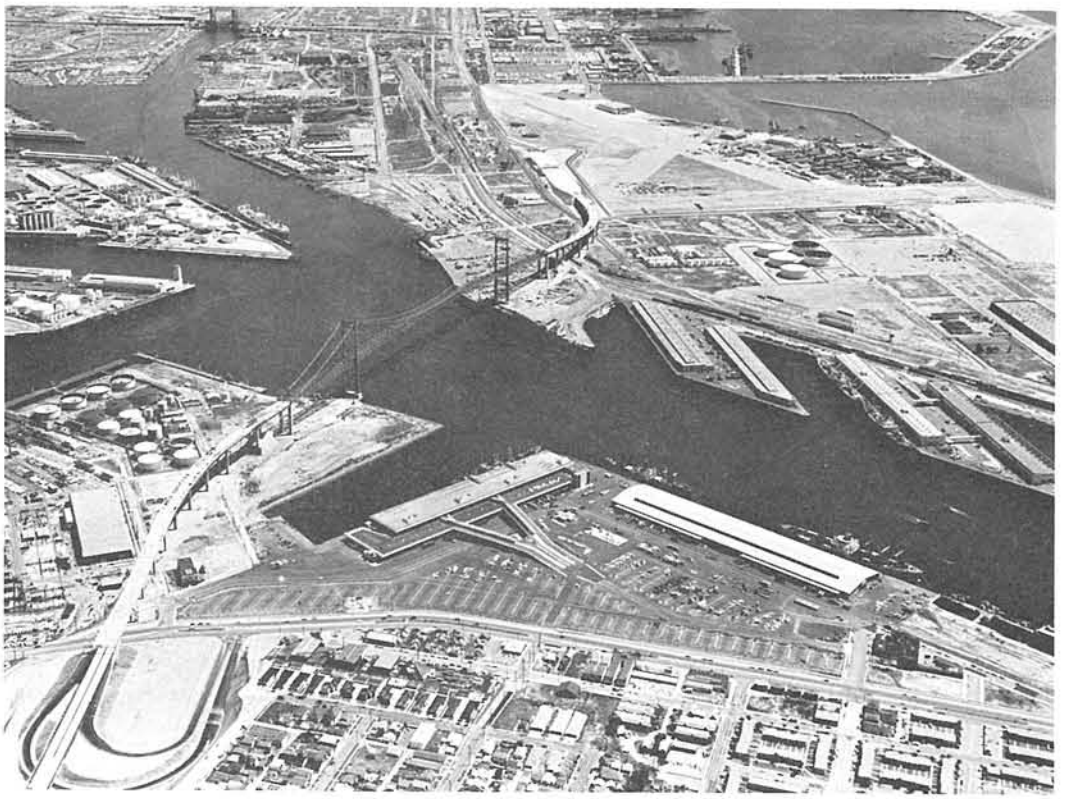
Development of the tuna and sardine canneries brought hundreds of Japanese fishermen and workers to the Island. They built their homes in and around Fish Harbor. With the outbreak of World War II, the most sudden and drastic changes since the halcyon days of Brighton Beach took place on Terminal Island. Approximately 2,000 Caucasians and 3,000 Japanese were moved off Terminal – never to return to the Island homes again.

One small reminder of the days when Terminal Island was home to thousands yet remains – the former little school house on Ocean Avenue. All residences were razed to make room for the huge military expansion, so necessary during war times, in the harbor.

Numerous man-made additions have changed the contour and complexion of Terminal Island. The ocean was made to recede, ferries gave way to the great soaring Vincent Thomas Bridge, Southern California's first suspension bridge, which spans the Main Channel and ties Terminal to the mainland.

A constant din of industry is heard throughout the Island – enormous ships load and unload at huge docks. Shipbuilding yards and their massive ways, long rows of canneries and manufacturing firms command and contribute to the sounds of present-day Terminal Island.

The area once known as Brighton Beach is now occupied by the Toll Stations for the Vincent Thomas Bridge. Only place names and street names remain to evoke hidden memories of the not-so-distant past that once was Terminal Island.



Present day aerial view of Terminal Island showing the newly completed Vincent Thomas Bridge.

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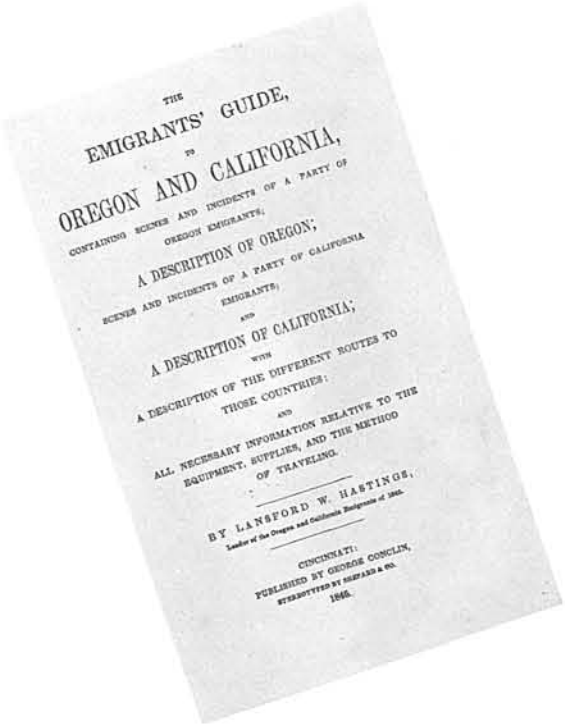
THE
EMIGRANTS' GUIDE,
TO
OREGON AND CALIFORNIA,
CONTAINING SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A PARTY OF
OREGON EMIGRANTS;
A DESCRIPTION OF OREGON;
SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A PARTY OF CALIFORNIA
EMIGRANTS;
AND
A DESCRIPTION OF CALIFORNIA;
WITH
A DESCRIPTION OF THE DIFFERENT ROUTES TO
THOSE COUNTRIES;
AND
ALL NECESSARY INFORMATION RELATIVE TO THE
EQUIPMENT, SUPPLIES, AND THE METHOD
OF TRAVELING.
BY LANSFORD W. HASTINGS,
Leader of the Oregon and California Emigrants of 1845.
CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY GEORGE CONCLIN,
STEREOTYPED BY SHEPARD & CO.
1845.

LANSFORD WARREN HASTINGS

THE EARLY GOLD RUSH YEARS

By Thomas F. Andrews

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

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

Lansford Hastings, lawyer and recently elected school trustee, proved no exception as he left San Francisco and headed for the familiar confines of Sutter's Fort. There on June first, he and "the Captain" (as he referred to the venerable Sutter), and Henry Chever agreed "to go into the gold business as soon as [Sutter's] crops were harvested." Hastings confided to George McKinstry that he expected the partnership to last at

least a year, but in January 1848 Sutter pulled out (and not without some hard feelings), and "Hastings and Co." existed on into the summer before the store in Coloma was sold. It was not a very auspicious beginning for a gold rush merchant.

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

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

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

One further aspect of this story needs to be menioned. Hastings' contributions to the convention at Colton Hall in Monterey were not notably significant. He took an active part in the debates and served on two committees, one of which was set up to recommend an eastern boundary for the new state. What is important is that Hastings, throughout the course of the convention, gave every indication of having little taste or talent for politics. He always remained aloof from serious political involvement at the higher levels. As was true of most of his activities, including his business ventures, Hastings only dabbled in politics. Certainly his political activity in California during the early years of the Gold Rush casts serious doubt upon his image as a political opportunist. Hastings simply did not relish politics as much as did John C. Frémont or William Gwin, for example. To be sure, the early years of the California Gold Rush were no halcyon days for Lansford Warren Hastings, but neither were they the bitter, troubled days Stewart and other writers have intimated.

*How profitable the venture proved, we do not know.

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LLOYD MITCHELL – ANDY DAGOSTA

A PAIR OF

Western Painters

By Art Brush

It is axiomatic to find the ranks of Westerner organizations replete with men who are dedicated to researching and preserving the history of the Old West. Some probe among dusty, tattered, long-unused but precious archives; some habitually haunt promising antique stores or attend the flea markets in the high hope of retrieving some worthy artifact for their collection; while others, no less energetic, prowl on foot around the battle sites or crumbling ruins of the past with camera, metal detector, or simply a keen eye.

Another breed of buff, however, captures their history with palette, pigment, and brush – the artist. Fortunately, the Los Angeles Corral has many talented Western painters gracing its membership, two of whom are Lloyd Mitchell and Andy Dagosta.

LLOYD MITCHELL

As a youth, Lloyd Mitchell was deeply steeped in the lifestyle of the American West. He grew up in the Fort Smith-Van Buren area of Arkansas where his father was a horse trader. When not accompanying him into Fort Smith for the frequent horse sales, the young Mitchell would sneak out and climb aboard his father's mustang – the wilder the ride, the better. Drawing was another diversion during his earliest years, with the most common subject being horses, of course.

The artist stayed around home until he was 16 and then lit out to see the world, or at least a part of it: Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Texas, Kansas, and Oklahoma, where he garnered further experience of the West. His first job, $30 a month plus keep, was at the big Sherman Ranch in western Kansas. Later, Mitchell drifted up to a Goshen Hole ranch north of Cheyenne, Wyoming. Then he followed the harvest all the way to Canada. He had one job in North Dakota where the shockers slept in

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SADDLE UP TIME

the hay mow and had to break an inch of ice in the morning to wash their faces! The going wages were $4 a day.

Coming to Hollywood in the early 1930s, he got bit parts in movies featuring such cowboy stars as Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, and Ken Maynard, but the erratic nature of film work (working for two or three weeks and then being laid off for a month or so) was discouraging.

He next became a bill collector, then a wholesale liquor salesman, at last joining the Navy in World War II. At the conclusion of this conflict, he invested his savings in a retail liquor store of his own. All the time, however, painting was foremost in his mind, and over the years Mitchell – always trying to improve his skill – took lessons from such noted artists as Henry Good, Will Foster, Ejnar Hansen, and Sam Hyde Harris.

Finally his persistence began to pay off as his work found its way into galleries coast to coast. Today, with better than 1,000 pictures to his credit, a Lloyd Mitchell horse scene hangs in the Sacramento office of Governor Reagan, and the artist's popular and humorous "skinny saloon" series of prints and greeting cards (published by the Leanin' Tree) can be found in gift shops everywhere.

THE BLUE PALACE

ANDY DAGOSTA

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OBVIOUS INTENTIONS

Andy Dagosta is also a Westerner by birth, hailing from Omaha, Nebraska, where his early art training included four years at Omaha Tech. Upon graduation he entered World War II, serving with the Air Force in Italy.

He became a Californian in 1946 when he took up residence in Glendale. After studying for a year at the Hollywood Art Center, Andy opened up his own advertising art studio in Pasadena, a thriving business which he continues to operate.

In 1968 he began to work in oils as a hobby and found it an interesting and challenging outlet for his desire to put down on canvas his considerable knowledge of the West. For in addition to being an artist, Andy is a painstaking researcher and student of Western history who strives hard to make his works as authentic as possible in every last detail.

Andy was fortunate to meet Lloyd Mitchell who, through his friendship and advice, enabled him to become more aware of the finer points of working within the Western idiom. And Reynold Brown, another outstanding artist under whom Andy has studied, has also contributed significantly to the development of his talent.

IT'S GONNA RAIN LIKE HELL

THE LONG NIGHT

Perhaps the two highlights in a career that has really just started took place in 1970 and again in 1972 when Andy Dagosta won the coveted First Prize award in the open art show held annually as part of the Death Valley 49ers Encampment. What makes these two honors even more significant is the fact that they are the direct result of ballotting, with visitors by the thousands being asked to vote for their favorite work of art. If their choices mean anything, the career of Andy Dagosta should be a most successful one indeed.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In future issues of the *Branding Iron* we hope to run articles on the lives and careers of the many other outstanding Western artists who hold membership in the Los Angeles Corral.)

Corral Chips . . .

outstanding service by the exemplification and encouragement of patriotism and interest in American History and in our American Heritage."

Among the events marking the 75th Anniversary of the A. K. Smiley Public Library in Redlands is a talk by *John Kemble* on "The Influence of Climate Upon Libraries." And *Bill Hendricks* addresses the Historical Society of Southern California on "Moses Hazeltine Sherman," a prominent figure in connection with early electric railways and land development in Southern California.

Also at the podium is *Robert Weinstein,* who delivers the 4th of the Library Lecture Series at the headquarters of the California Historical Society in the Bay City. Bob titles his presentation "The Unknown Photographic View of California One Hundred Years Ago," a slide show dealing with Northern and Southern California as the various photographers saw the state a century ago and tracing the impact and development of photography as an art form.

The familiar voice that you heard recently on the radio might have been that of *Hank Clifford,* whose talk before the Los Angeles Breakfast Club on "Gold in California" is later broadcast over station KFSE.

Sublime Vice-Noble Grand Humbug of the Grand Council of E Clampus Vitus is the impressive new moniker and honor for C.M. *Max Johnson* of San Diego.

The Southwest Museum, under its genial and energetic Director *Carl Dentzel,* is one of the co-sponsors of "Remember Yang-Na," a fascinating exhibit of paintings, drawings, artifacts, photos, costumes, projections, and models that depict the past, present, and future of Los Angeles from its earliest days as an aboriginal village (Yang-na). C.M. *John D. Weaver's* fine new volume, *El Pueblo Grande: A Nonfiction Book About Los Angeles,* is published to coincide with the opening of this special exhibit.

The Sourisseau Academy of San Jose State College has awarded to C.M. Father *Francis J. Weber* the sum of $500 toward his research on "A Bibliographical Guide to Catholic Californiana." Established by the late Eva Sourisseau, the Sourisseau Academy for California State and Local History is dedicated to expanding the appreciation and understanding of the development of the Pacific Slope.

Our Westerner authors have been diligently at their typewriters these days when we consider the following recent publications: *Clifford Drury's* massive and long-awaited two-volume biography of *Marcus and Narcissa Whitman;* C.M. *Abraham Hoffman's* study of *Unwanted Mexican Americans: Repatriation Pressures During the Great Depression;* and C.M. *Raymund Wood's* co-authored biography of *Ina Coolbrith: Librarian and Laureate of California.*

Pleasantly at work at his new "Baby Reliance" Washington Hand Press is *Herschel Logan.* Perhaps he should get together with C.M. *Dick Yale* inasmuch as Dick has just purchased the old wooden type manufacturing plant run by the late Stan Hurse in Los Angeles, moved it to San Diego, and revived production.

His many friends in the Corral wish C.M. *Whitney Genns* of Santa Barbara a rapid and complete recovery from his recent eye operation to repair a detached retina.

Ex-Sheriff *Bill Newbro,* a Death Valley 49er since 1951, takes over as President of this fine organization; Associate Member *Jack Stoddard* continues as Secretary; while *Don Torguson* and C.M. *Easy Sloman* work on the newsletter committee of the outfit's "Death Valley News," edited by *George Koenig.*

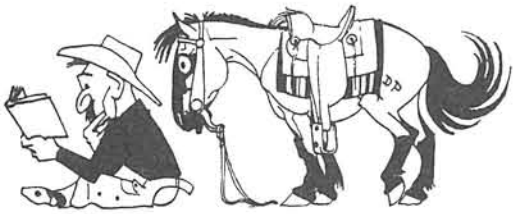
After having served for five years as President of the Glendale Symphony Orchestra Association, Ex-Sheriff *Paul Galleher* has retired from that position but will still retain an active interest on the Executive Committee. The Glendale Symphony Orchestra, incidentally, is recognized as one of the top symphony orchestras in the United States.

Concluding our "Chips" for this issue, we note that the Kern River Valley Rotary Club has honored Associate Member *Ken Mansker* by setting up the on-going "Ken Mansker Purchase Award" to be presented annually during the art show of the Whiskey Flat Days celebration in Kernville.

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE!

Non-resident Corresponding Members frequently suggest the name of a friend for us to contact regarding Corresponding Membership in the Los Angeles Corral. It has prompted the suggestion that we ask you to send to our Membership Committee your nomination of friends you think may be interested, and we will do the rest.

Address the Membership Committee, P.O. Box 230, Glendale, Ca. 91209.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

THE JOYOUS JOURNEY OF LEROY R. AND ANN W. HAFEN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. The Arthur H. Clark Company and Fred A. Rosenstock: The Old West Publishing Company, Glendale, California, and Denver, Colorado, 335 pp., 1973. $11.50.

LeRoy R. Hafen, frequent visitor to the Los Angeles Westerners, a corresponding member of the Corral for over twenty years, and one of the nation's most respected students of western history, has given us a remarkably detailed account of a remarkably interesting life in this handsomely published autobiography.

Born of Swiss-Mormon ancestory on December 8, 1893, Roy grew to manhood in the tiny outpost of Bunkerville on the Virgin River in northern Nevada, a community founded as a haven for the families of polygamous Mormons when their peculiar institution was under attack. Nature was harsh in that desert land, and Roy recalls the back-breaking labor that was his childhood lot: the daily routine of cutting lucerne for the cattle, the twice-yearly roundups, the hog-butchering each autumn, the grubbing of mesquite from new fields, the regular labor on the Big Ditch that supplied irrigation water for the community. But he remembers also the pleasures of small-town life: fashioning a Christmas tree from creosote branches, an occasional visit to a Piute camp nearby, the carefree dances, ice cream made with snow trekked in from mountains ten miles away to celebrate the Fourth of July and Pioneer's Day, an occasional "scalp hunt" to thin out the rabbit population, playing the local game of "Spats and Spurs," the "send-off" parties to raise money that would start a young Mormon on his mission.

Roy Hafen began his schooling in a one-room school house made of adobe and tules, financing his studies by working on a large "grape farm" across the river. A bright boy of exceptional promise, he was sent first to the Branch Normal School at Cedar City (three days away by wagon), then to the St. George Stake Academy where in his senior year he met Annie Woodbury who was "round and blooming, and bubbled with the zest of life." By the time Roy graduated in 1913 and entered Brigham Young University they were "going steady;" two years later they were married, even though his degree was still a year away. By this time his career was determined; from the time he registered in his first history course at Provo he knew he would be happy only as a historian. Teaching was necessary at first, to support Ann and their first child; the new Bunkerville High School took care of that with a salary of $1,200, but summers were spent in further study at the University of Utah (where he earned the M.A. degree with a thesis on the handcart migration), and at the University of California where he fell under the sway of Herbert Eugene Bolton. From that time on Roy Hafen was a committed soul; in 1920 he resigned his job, took his wife and baby to Berkeley with only an $800 teaching assistantship to support them, and fell to work on the doctoral degree that would allow the historical investigations that were already his passion.

The degree won in 1924, LeRoy Hafen was named Colorado State Historian at $2,500 a year; shortly afterward he added to his duties the directorship of the state historical society and the editorship of the *Colorado Magazine*. There he remained

until his retirement in 1954, capably building the archives that have made Denver a center for western studies, teaching at the Denver University, and writing or editing the ten-foot shelf of books that elevated him to the front rank of the profession. The first, a revision of his doctoral dissertation on the overland mail before the railroad, was published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, thus cementing a relationship that produced such invaluable monographs as *Broken Hand, Fort Laramie,* and *The Old Spanish Trail,* and such multivolume sets as *The Far West and Rockies Series* and *Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West.*

Fortunately the Hafens were not only skilled historians but instinctive pack rats who preserved the records of their own lives as systematically as they did those of the West. Roy leans heavily in this volume on letters he wrote during his childhood, many to an older brother on a mission, and in later life on those preserved by Ann and his family. In 1924 he began a daily journal; Ann followed his example starting in 1939. The result is an autobiography that is remarkable for its detail; a reader can learn every detail of his scholarly adventures and of Ann's equally distinguished career in poetry (including the royalties paid on their books), but also such unlikely tidbits as the fact that he paid $1.46 for a taxi in New York in 1927 and went to a burlesque show that night, that he bought H. H. Bancroft's *Pacific Coast States* in 1945 for forty cents a volume, and that his hospital room for a hemorrhoid operation in 1943 cost $87.50. Roy's historical works are noted for their precise accuracy; reading this book one knows why.

Happily those journals allow him to recall a year spent at the Huntington Library and his first visit to the Los Angeles Corral in the fall of 1950 as a guest of Art Woodward: "These Westerners are a delightful group of history 'buffs' (Western history and folklore enthusiasts). They accepted me on the strength of my membership in the Westerners of Denver, and I was able to attend their meetings regularly throughout the year. At the sumptuous dinner held in the Adobe, I met some interesting and important men. Paul Bailey, author of several books and owner of the Westernlore Press, was Sheriff (President). Gregg Layne, editor of the Southern California Historical Society Publications; Glen Dawson, book dealer and publisher; Homer Britzman, who owned the Charley Russell home and many of Russell's paintings and sculptures; Lee Shippey, popular newspaper columnist; Noah Beery, Jr., actor; M. R. Harrington, archaeologist; and Dr. F. W. Hodge, veteran head of the Southwest Museum were among those especially remembered. I sat opposite Arthur H. Clark, Jr. and Paul Galleher, publishers of several of my books." Later Bob Woods and W. W. Robinson initiated Roy into the Clampers – "a rollicking bunch of funsters" – and escorted him to the fall meeting at Whiskey Flat.

Roy Hafen's chronicle ends on a tragic note with the fatal illness of his beloved Ann, an operation early in 1970 that showed cancer cells too widely spread to be combatted, the last weeks together when "we wrung all possible happiness from each day," and her death on December 13, 1970. These are moving passages; moving, too, is a brief Epilogue that tells of Roy's re-marriage to Ann's sister (as she had desired), a trip to Europe, and plans under way for the next book. "The need for work is deeply ingrained in us," Roy writes, "and the rocking chair has no appeal as yet." Those of us who appreciate fine historical writing can hope that he will resist the rocking chair's appeal for decades more while he continues to produce the excellent books that have so deeply enriched our knowledge of the American West.

– Ray Allen Billington.

Mines of the San Gabriels, by John W. Robinson. La Siesta Press, Glendale, California, 71 pp., 1973. $1.95. The Mount Wilson Story, by John W. Robinson. La Siesta Press, Glendale, California, 36 pp., 1973. $1.00.

Only one house at the end of the street separates me from the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains, a proximity of sage, madrone, oak and yucca at the lower altitudes – pine, fir and cedar higher up – that has offered surcease from the worsening human congestion and smog of the valley below. And so it was with special

. . . *Page Fifteen*

interest and appreciation that I greeted these two new books. Because they chronicle aspects of the colorful history of the San Gabriel range, these volumes have added another dimension to my enjoyment of this treasured natural sanctuary.

For his *Mines of the San Gabriels,* John Robinson has painstakingly prospected among such promising primary sources as the early files of various Southern California newspapers (among them the Los Angeles *Star,* the *Herald,* the *Semi-Weekly,* and the *Southern Vineyard*) and also the Will Thrall manuscript and photography collection in the Huntington Library. The result is a bonanza of rich ore for local history aficionados.

Starting with the first known gold strike in California, the Placerita discovery of 1842, the author recounts the fascinating story of the numerous mining booms — particularly those associated with the quest for gold — that have swept through the many canyons of the San Gabriels for well over a century now. Among the locales covered are the San Fernando placers, the Soledad mines, the workings in Big and Little Tujunga, those above Pasadena, the Santa Anita placers, activity in the San Gabriel River area, the Mt. Baldy mines, and also those of Lytle Creek on the far eastern edge of the range.

Though the dream of unlimited wealth was alluring, in reality more money was probably sunk in equipment, provisions, tunnels, and workers' wages than was ever actually extracted from all the placer, quartz, and hydraulic mining efforts combined. Indeed, the author estimates that no more than eight million dollars has been realized from all the numerous gold finds in the San Gabriels from 1842 to the present. Everywhere, alas, the pattern was simple and irrevocable: initial promise, hard work, diminishing returns, final abandonment.

Nonetheless, the tale is rewarding in its human drama, and the reader will meet courageous and ever-hopeful men, some of whom gave their names in a lasting way to many of the mountain peaks, camps, and flats located throughout the range. He will also note such prominent historical figures as Ygnacio del Valle, Abel Stearns, David Alexander, Andres Pico, and Henry Gage, men whose stature suggest the important role that mining unquestionably played in the growth and development of Southern California.

The Mount Wilson Story explores yet another facet of the San Gabriel Mountains. Towering some 5,800 feet above the Los Angeles Basin, the mountain received its name and first modern trail from Don Benito Wilson, owner of the Lake Vineyard Ranch in the valley below, and the man who coveted the pine and cedar timber resources of the peak sufficiently to blaze a path to them.

The subsequent development of Mt. Wilson is briefly but interestingly told in this little volume: the Harvard Observatory of 1889; the toll trail for hikers and horses two years later; then a road for automobiles; the first and second Mt. Wilson Hotels built to accommodate the booming tourist trade; and the ultimate construction in 1929 of the famed Angeles Crest Highway.

More than anything else, however, the name of Mt. Wilson is associated with two human endeavors: the science of astronomy and modern television broadcasting.

The former reputation stems from the fact that from 1917 until 1948 the Mt. Wilson Solar Observatory, under the direction of the Carnegie Institution, possessed the world's largest telescope, the 100-inch Hooker Reflector. Not until the 200-inch Mt. Palomar telescope became operational was the fame of Mt. Wilson's Observatory to be "eclipsed."

In the realm of television, practically every home in the Los Angeles Basin is, in a sense, turned toward Mt. Wilson in order to receive the transmissions from either the 13 T.V. or the 12 FM-radio broadcasting towers that stand atop its summit. Seldom has any mountain dominated the lives of so many people.

One television company, Metromedia Inc., expanded into another form of entertainment in the shadow of their transmitter when in 1967 they opened Skyline Park, a 720 acre complex featuring nature trails, picnic areas, and a children's zoo. So, despite change, there remains something for the modern visitor to Mt. Wilson. Armed with this informative book, he will appreciate the mountain in yet another way too — as earlier generations once knew it.

— TONY LEHMAN.