



JUNE 1974

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 114



Santa Anita Depot of the Santa Fe Railway, circa 1900. Note the Sierra Madre and Wilsons' Peak lettering on the local transit wagon.

SANTA ANITA DEPOT

BY WILLIAM J. WARREN

"All aboard for Duarte and Mud Springs!" So might have sounded the conductors call as the train pulled away from the Los Angeles Station and started its run across the already completed trackage of the Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley Railroad in mid-1886. Originally incorporated in 1884, the railroad was designed to link the metropolis of Los Angeles with the San Gabriel Valley through the booming

towns of Highland Park, Garvanza, Pasadena, Olivewood, Lamada Park, Santa Anita, Duarte, Azusa, and the fabled eastern terminal of Mud Springs. In case you're wondering, Mud Springs is better known today as San Dimas.

The first ten miles of the line was in operation by mid-November 1885. A timetable in effect April 1, 1886, showed five

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The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

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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.

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THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

APRIL

"Buster Keaton's Far Out West" was the topic for the evening. An in-depth study of Keaton, his films, and their relationship to the American West was presented by Dr. Herbert C. V. Feinstein of San Francisco. Dr. Feinstein, a silent film critic, showed and gave comment on two classic silent films of Keaton: "The Frozen North" and "Paleface."



Scene at the April Corral Meeting with Dr. Herbert C. V. Feinstein (center) with Deputy Sheriff Ray Billington (left) and Sheriff John Urabec.

—Iron Eyes Cody photograph

MAY

The Corral was favored with a splendid and illuminating program on the use of silver as a medium of exchange during California's unusually sordid era. Martin Ridge, a Professor of History, Indiana University, and currently a reader at the Huntington Library chose "Dead Man in the Silver Market: Or How the West Was Lost" as his topic. Professor Ridge, former editor of the *Journal of American History*, is an articulate speaker and held his audience to the very last question.

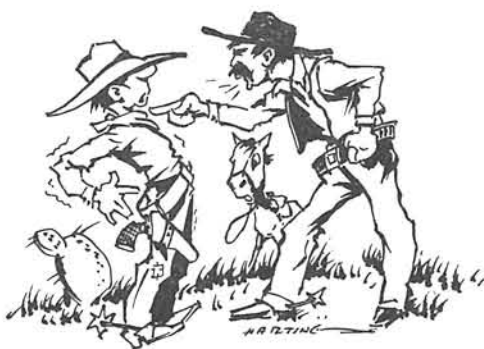


Harvey Starr, laid up months by illness, returns for the May meeting to greet new Corral members.

—Iron Eyes Cody photograph

JUNE

"Casa de Adobe" was the scene of this year's "Fandango" and Mexican dinner. Tours of the adobe were made during the social hour and strolling minstrels entertained as the members supped a tasty Mexican feast and tickled the tongue with tart wine. Members Tony Kroll and Andy Dagosta designed a most attractive announcement of the "Fandango" and this item is sure to become a collectors piece.



The Foreman Sez . . .

Come next September we are going to get a lot of gripes when *The Branding Iron* goes from 16 pages to 8 pages. Why? Because we have nothing else to publish at this time. The well is dry. If nothing comes in during the interval, the only people to blame is a lazy bunch of Westerners. We are not the only Corral who face this same basic problem. *The War Chief*, the quarterly of the Indian Territory Posse of Oklahoma Westerns said, "The simple truth is the material barrel ran dry. This

is not the first time it has happened. But in previous instances someone came to our rescue with a worth-while article or two enabling the issue to appear on time."

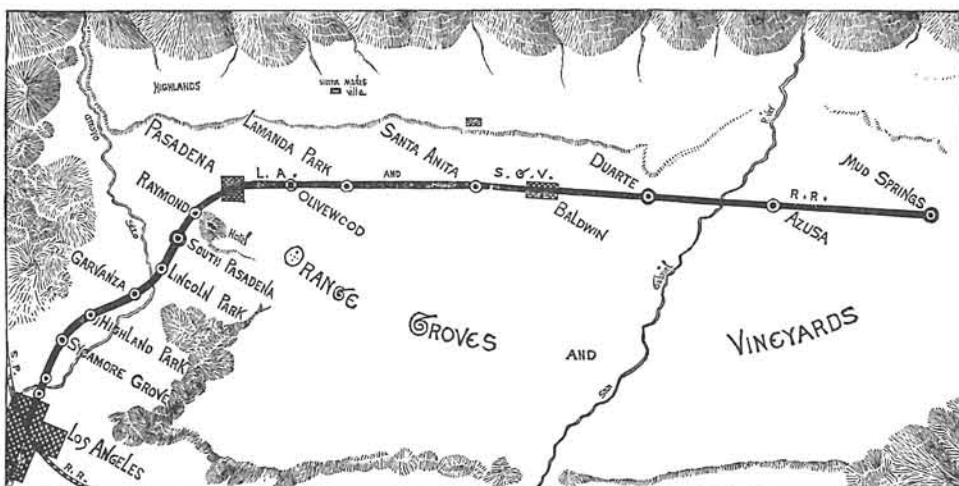
Your Roundup Foreman and his helper have produced your *Branding Iron* on time. We have done a first rate job of editing, layout, design and printing. We refuse to write our own articles to fill up the pages and we also refuse to fill an issue with a lot of unimportant trivia.

So what happens if we receive nothing during the summer? First, we can do away with the *Branding Iron*. This would make life a lot easier for Tony and I, but the Los Angeles Corral would lose the best quarterly in the Westerners. We are not just blowing our own horn! Secondly, we can cut it down to a small mimeograph sheet and give the Corral news and monthly doings. As a last resort we can reach back into former issues of *The Branding Iron* and re-run some of the old classics. Knowing what I see in the crystal ball I have already faced the inevitable and have been reading and selecting articles from the first decade of the Los Angeles Corral. One can't believe how productive some of the members were. Issue after issue one finds features on cowboys, mining, western dress, cattle and ranching, guns, saddles, etc. The original group weren't any more productive than you guys. They just put a bit of effort into it and thought of the Corral for a minute instead of "Maude" or "Hawaii Five-O" on the idiot box.

When either Tony or I have asked a member for a feature the first reply is "What can I write about?" You must be interested in some western item or you do not belong in the Corral and obtained your membership under false pretenses. If you love Indian baskets, tell the Corral what you know about them. If you do not know enough, go read a book about the subject and write on your study of Indian baskets. It is just that simple. All we ask is a little effort.

It is true you are paying dues, are entitled to a copy of *The Branding Iron* quarterly, a chance to meet others of the same basic interest, and a good meal once a month. But isn't life more than just paying and expecting someone else to

(Continued on Page Twelve)



Map of the San Gabriel Valley Railroad as it appeared on the reverse side of Time Table No. 3 dated April 1, 1886. Note that Santa Anita is about midway on the system. At this time Arcadia was called Baldwin on the schedule. — Donald Duke Collection

daily scheduled trains both east and west. The end of track at that time was Lamanda Park, now an area of eastern Pasadena, but then considerably beyond the bounds of that community.

Beyond Lamanda Park to the east was Rancho Santa Anita, owned by E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin. Baldwin had purchased the property in 1875 from Harris Newmark for the sum of \$200,000. Baldwin had planted the ranch to crops of grapes, citrus, and wheat, and no doubt looked at the new rail line as an opportunity to further develop the town of Arcadia. By November 24, 1885, he had executed a five page document with the Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley Railroad Company conveying to them the right-of-way across his rancho. The agreement covered a right-of-way "50 feet wide over and across the said rancho." It also included two additional tracts of land. "One track 100 feet wide by 700 feet long at the station on Santa Anita Tract, and a tract of land 50 feet wide by 700 feet long at the station on Baldwin Avenue, mentioned in this agreement, said land to be for depot, station houses, side tracks and platform, and other business purposes of said Rail Road Company." Such was the beginnings of the Santa Anita Depot. Lest the reader be confused, the so-called Santa Anita Tract became the City of Arcadia. The station constructed at Baldwin Avenue was later to be labeled Santa Anita, and is our subject of interest.

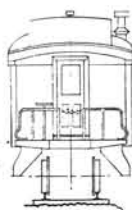
Apparently for the privilege of having two stations within the Rancho, Baldwin agreed to pay the railroad "the sum of ten thousand (\$10,000) U.S. Gold Coin." The \$10,000 was to be paid within six months after trains were regularly scheduled and run over the tracks to the town-site of Arcadia, while the railroad had seven months to complete its end of the bargain. Baldwin retained water rights along the entire right-of-way. He also stipulated that the railroad must erect a station or depot at Baldwin Avenue for the transaction of freight and passenger service, and another like station or depot on the other tract of land. He agreed to give such land as was necessary for public right-of-way for access to the station at Arcadia, but did not stipulate such access to the Santa Anita Station. In the case of discontinuance of service, the right-of-way and stations were to revert to Baldwin or his heirs. One further stipulation is of interest: "the Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley Rail Road Company will ever cause local freight and passenger trains to stop regularly at both of said stations." The right-of-way was constructed, and the deed was fulfilled. The question has often been raised whether the present depot was constructed as part of the original agreement. The evidence available would seem to cast doubt on this. Perhaps a temporary platform was installed, but the original plans of Santa Anita Depot are hand lettered



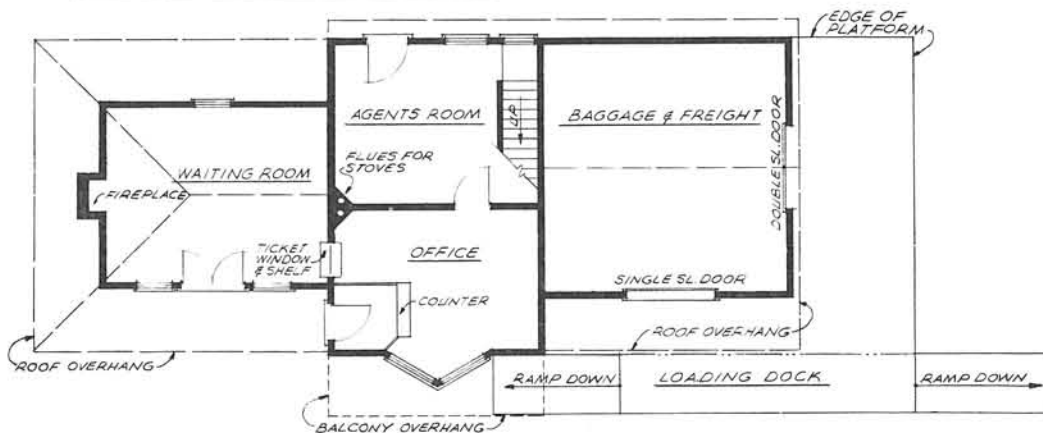
FRONT ELEVATION



WEST ELEVATION



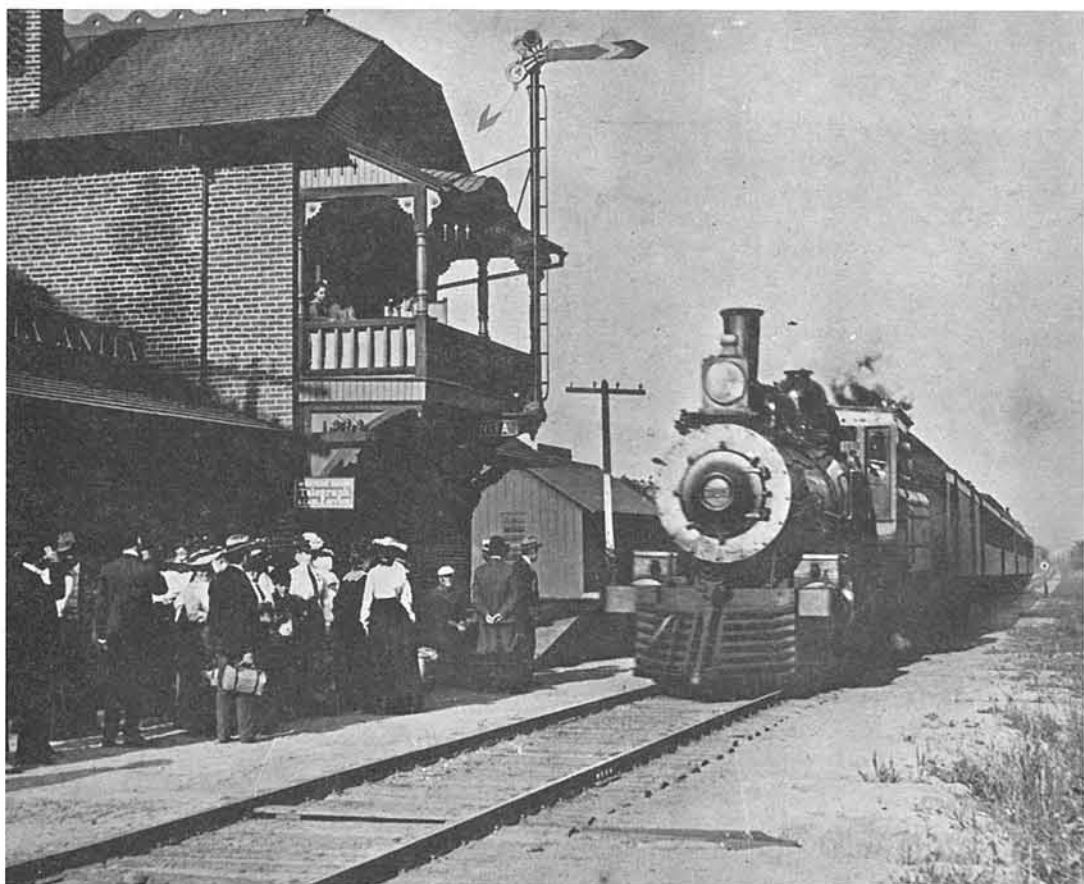
Santa Anita station was a favorite of artists and railroad buffs alike. Model railroaders measured the structure's dimensions so many times to scratch build the station for their layout that Classic Miniatures of Reno, Nevada, produced the building in kit form. Today replicas of the Santa Anita station are found around the world. Plans courtesy of Laddy Dick



FLOOR PLAN

and dated May 2, 1890. By that time the Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley Rail Road Company had merged into the California Central Railroad a holding company for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway. The Santa Fe Railway had built a line west from San Bernardino with completion and link up on May 31, 1887. The

California Central was later subsequently merged into the Southern California Railway Company in June 1904 as a gathering of all Santa Fe Railway properties in Southern California. By 1906 all rail facilities were included in a reorganization of the Santa Fe Railway on a nationwide scale.



In this turn of the century scene, a group of tourists prepare to board the Los Angeles local. In later years, the station agent hardly sold this many tickets in a year. — *Los Angeles County Arboretum*

So who actually built the Santa Anita depot? It appears that Santa Fe was certainly involved, for they had a policy that all Southern California stations were to be either Neo-Gothic or California Spanish in architecture. Could you call a brick building Neo-Gothic? Maybe we can at least call it Gothic Revival.

Both the Raymond and Pasadena stations of the Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley Railway were brick, although many stations of that period were built of wood. It is worth noting, however, that Lucky Baldwin, early in his career, had been in the brick business in San Francisco. He reportedly supplied bricks for both Fort Point and Alcatraz Prison. We know that he built a substantial brick hotel in Arcadia in 1885 called The Oakwood. He also built a building on Rancho Santa Anita for storing his own production of brandy. That building was brick. Even though the surviving buildings of Rancho Santa Anita

are wood or adobe, there is evidence that Baldwin established a brick-yard on Baldwin Avenue just south of the present Colorado Boulevard intersection. Interestingly enough, the depot could not have been over 100 yards away. Did Lucky Baldwin con the Santa Fe Railway into buying bricks from him with which to construct the Santa Anita Depot? The record would seem to indicate the Lucky Baldwin certainly could have, and probably did.

The story of Baldwin's stopping the crack express by threatening to tear up the tracks is probably apocryphal. Remember that the deed mentioned "local trains." However, the story goes that Baldwin was traveling from his mine holdings near Big Bear and, arriving at San Bernardino, he asked for passage to Santa Anita. The agent demurred, stating the train was a through train to Los Angeles. Baldwin reportedly asked for a telegraph blank, and

prepared a telegram to his foreman suggesting that 200 men be put to work tearing up the tracks. The agent wilted, and the train stopped. Knowing Baldwin, it may have happened that way. After all, the original deed was probably filed in some safe in Topeka. Did the agent have time to wire Kansas? It makes a good story, and has been recounted by Arcadia residents for years.

A later story circulated that any resident within five miles of the depot could get Santa Fe to stop on demand at Santa Anita Depot. The Santa Fe was supposed to have vigorously opposed all such requests, preferring to take the party into Pasadena and to pay cab fare for them back to Arcadia. The reason given in one article published in *Westways* magazine was the "steep grade" approaching Santa Anita from the east. Trains were purported to have to back up two miles to get a run at it after stopping at Santa Anita westbound. Anyone familiar with the area would question such a statement as the grade is less than 1.5 percent. After all, the local trains stopped there five times a day in both directions for a number of years.

Ben Benadum, an Alhambra resident, lived in the depot as a boy when his father was postmaster and custodian of the depot. He recalls: "I remember Lucky Baldwin. He used to come out every Saturday to the station and pick up five or six girls who rode the train in from Los Angeles. He took them over to the adobe and... and that was when he was eighty years old!" Is it possible that Lucky Baldwin had a passion for croquet, and was merely importing playing partners?

As was the custom of that era, the station was built for a stationmaster to reside on the premises. His duties were to direct freight, sell tickets, and mollify passengers when trains were late. The depot was two stories high. The main floor included the waiting room and the agents' office. Behind the agent's office was an area used for personal business of the agent, sometimes as quarters, sometimes as a kitchen. The freight office was built to one side and elevated several feet above the level of the waiting room and office. This was to facilitate movement of freight over the higher level freight platform. The back room connected by stairway with the second story.

A parlor occupied the front portion, and had two doors opening onto a cantilevered balcony overlooking the track. The back room was a bedroom. Obviously these somewhat cramped quarters limited the agent's family size. One agent was a woman, Miss Nora Higginson, who served from 1895 to 1898. One wonders whether she was ever invited down to the adobe for a round of croquet?

A rather extensive loading dock was constructed for off-loading of horses, probably about the time of the opening of Santa Anita Race Track in 1904. The depot continued to functioned as a loading and unloading point for both Santa Anita and Hollywood Park up into the 1960's.

Santa Anita depot functioned as a station and post office until 1940. I am indebted to Victor Plukas of Security Pacific National Bank for a news article from the *Los Angeles Times* of April 24, 1940. It reads, "Santa Anita, April 23 — A deserted dispatchers desk and two rusty keys which years ago fitted some now-forgotten trunk, post office boxes which never again will be used, a rusty pot-bellied stove — and that's about all that's left inside the historic Santa Anita railway station. Wrecking crews today carried out orders to close the once thriving depot for once and all. Station Agent D. F. Bowe moved his belongings out. Stubby, the familiar train crew cat, wandered away somewhere and the train callboard displayed a hastily chalked schedule under today's date. The streamliner this afternoon roared past, tossing dust arrogantly into the face of the Station which Lucky Baldwin built in the mid 80s." The article was, shall we say, a bit premature.

For the next 20 years the depot stood beside the tracks, its windows and doors boarded over, with only an occasional visit from hobos and small boys. The high spindled brick chimneys withstood many earthquakes. The roof sagged slightly, but resisted the elements reasonably well. Except for a change in Southern California's lifestyle, it might still today be a curious old building slowly disintegrating beside the Santa Fe tracks. But transportation patterns had changed for the time being, the automobile having replaced trains as people movers, and the State Department of Highways tentatively drew a



For nearly 20 years the depot stood beside the tracks, its windows and doors boarded over, with only an occasional visit from an artist, railroad buff or hobo.
— Donald Duke photograph

line across the land labeled "Foothill Freeway." The Santa Fe Los Angeles-San Bernardino tracks lay on that line, and the depot was doomed, as many other historic buildings have been, to be buried under a concrete blanket.

In December 1962, Harold K. Shone, Arcadia City Manager, wrote a letter to the Arcadia Historical Society suggesting that they consider the possibility of relocating the depot, and hinting at state cooperation if a plan could be formulated. The Historical Society took up the challenge, but soon found a reluctance on the part of the Santa Fe Railway to discuss the matter. Seems the railroad had read their deed, particularly the part stating "the said described right-of-way and depot grounds shall be used solely for railroad and telegraph purpose . . ." Failure to comply? Cough up 10 grand for E. J. Baldwin or his heirs.

In April of 1967 the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors voted to ask the State Historical Landmark Commission for funds to allow the relocation of the depot to the grounds of the Los Angeles State and County Arboretum. Dr. William Stewart, Arboretum Director, had agreed to relocating the depot somewhere along Bald-

win Avenue, reportedly to serve as a gate house for the Arboretum. However, no funds were forthcoming from state or county sources. The impasse remained until October 1967 when the axe fell. The state served condemnation papers on the Santa Fe, and everyone knew it was simply a matter of time. The Arcadia Historical Society determined they would not give up without a struggle. They called upon the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce for help. The Chamber agreed to accept the challenge to raise \$40,000 for relocation of the station, and the Save the Depot Committee was born. The first effort was directed towards the state. "I cannot think of any source of funds," replied William Penn Mott, State Recreation Department Director. And so in February 1968 the Chamber decided to appeal for public support with a July 1 deadline set. James Harvey of Arcadia agreed to act as chairman of the drive. Little did he realize in those early weeks the work he was letting himself in for.

April 1968 saw the fund at about \$3,000. The Santa Fe chipped in \$2,500, and the state agreed to a one month's extension of its July 1 deadline. A Saturday door-to-door canvas netted several thousand. The

Santa Anita Turf Club also contributed \$1,000, and each service club in Arcadia raised additional funds. Auctions, parties, and newspaper appeals throughout the San Gabriel Valley swelled the fund until in June it stood at \$18,500. A careful cost survey indicated that the move could be made for \$32,500 if volunteer help was forthcoming for the restoration. On June 12 the County Board of Supervisors added \$8,000 to the fund. At last, on July 7 the fund finally topped \$30,000, but that last two and a half grand was going to be the toughest money to raise. Eventually it was donated, though not until the completion and opening of the relocated depot.

The ceremonial removal of the first bricks from the old station was on September 11, 1968. Doors, windows, porch, and trim were carefully removed where possible and stored for future reuse. Reference photographs were made of all important interior details. A few days later the depot was a pile of used brick.

Pallets of brick and woodwork made the trip one-half mile south through the next several months, accumulating on the Arboretum's south parking lot. Plans for

reconstruction were filed with the county in November 1968. Before they could be approved, it was necessary to lower the height of the brick chimneys by several feet to meet the existing earthquake codes. A hole approximating the outline of the depot-to-be was chopped in the asphalt, and a ground breaking ceremony was held February 19, 1969. But the depot sat in pieces through the rest of 1969 until a contractor could be found. Finally the painstaking task of reconstruction began, culminating in the completion in June 1970. Much of the interior restoration, painting, plastering, and cleanup was done by volunteer effort, still under the direction of Jim Harvey.

Meanwhile, a parallel effort was underway under the able direction of Patricia Armstrong Warren, Historical Curator for the Los Angeles County Department of Arboreta and Botanic Gardens. She and her volunteers determined to put the interior of the depot into shape as what is termed a "house museum." That is, the interior was to be furnished nearly as possible as a replica of the original functioning station. Donations were carefully screened



The reconstructed depot shortly after its official depot warming in 1970. Barbara Nassif, with bags all packed, patiently waits for the train, while Pat Warren checks the schedule. Alan Lugena looks down the track for a sign of smoke.
— Santa Fe Railway photograph

for authenticity. The only really original piece of furniture is a small writing desk owned by Nora Higginson, the train mistress mentioned earlier, but the rest of the furnishings are carefully in context. An iron bed upstairs was obtained at the MGM auction, while kerosene lamps in shimmering brass rewired with dimmer switches and a pot-bellied stove came from the Sierra Railway. Benches in the waiting room once belonged to the California Central and the Santa Fe. There is also a Santa Fe clock, along with historic fire extinguishers of the period. Many donations, as might be expected, were received from railroads and railroad buffs. Fifty yards of

track was donated by the Santa Fe and laid by the Monrovia Model Railroad Club with minor help from the author.

The depot stands today looking very much as it must have to the first station agent over 80 years ago. It is a fine tribute to those people of the Arcadia area who gave their cash and hard effort to keep this piece of Western Americana from vanishing. And it stands as another kind of memorial as well. It's the first time a parking lot was ever turned into a historical building.

And what of the \$10,000 with the string attached? The Santa Fe promptly paid off Baldwin's heirs when the station fell.

DUNCAN GLEASON

The Athlete Painter

By TOM McNEILL

For the "Westerners" a story about a man should be filled with derring-do, a rugged spirit of adventure and determination, and so, of all types, here is a tale of an artist who would have none of the old line "where the artist plies his sickly trade."

Upon reading those words, Joe Duncan Gleason, the hero of our story, immediately made a deep resolve and dashed off to the YMCA gym where he started upon a strenuous gymnastic career that won him fifteen gold medals as well as ten silver and bronze prizes to add to the many awards of his *vocation*, Art. Following is a paragraph from the Roster of Old Time Athletics' Association, Southern California



Chapter, October, 1955.

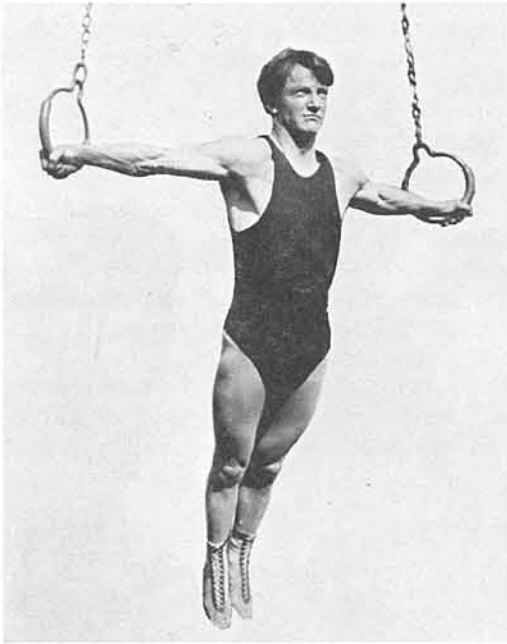
JOE DUNCAN GLEASON: Gymnastic Awards

All-Round Gymnastics, Hand to Hand Balance and Flying Rings at LAAC, NYAC, YMCAs, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and New York.

National AAU Rings Champion 11 times, 1907-1922

Metropolitan AAU Rings Champion, 1909-1910, 1913, 1914

All-Round Gymnastic Champion—Los Angeles 1902; Mexico City 1905; New York YMCA 1906; New York Medal 1908; National Dueling Championship



Gleason has lowered himself into a perfect cross on the rings.



A flawless one arm hand stand is completed by athlete Gleason.

1914; International Rings, San Francisco, 1915; and Southern California, at San Diego, 1923.

In his early days of study at the Art Students League in New York, one of the life class models proved to be Al Treolar, professional gymnastic instructor at the New York Athletic Club and later at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. To prove how awkward and weak physically an artist could be, Mr. Treolar singled out Duncan and propped him against the wall to show how a hand stand should be done. Pretending to waver and illustrate the occasion, as soon as his mentor moved away, the poor victim straightened up to a perfect hand stand and then balanced into a one hand stand, holding a perfect position for a championship period. What the instructor said cannot be printed here but he did moan that out of all the people in New York, he had to choose this youth!

From then on, hand stands were a recreation and objective for fun and astonishment — on the handles of a spade and a shovel, on a donkey's saddle in Mexico, by the side of a precipitous stream, on the yard-arm of a square-rigger in Alameda Estuary, on the Eiffel Tower in France, and so on. This athletic career was a val-

uable asset in the study of vessels, for masts could be climbed without wavering or dizziness, and strong arms and a sense of timing were invaluable.

One of Duncan's grandfathers came around the Horn on a sailing vessel in 1841, from Plymouth, Massachusetts, to the Sandwich Islands, and later moved to Alta,



The Smiling Lady



The Homeward Bounder

California where he experienced the Bear Flag uprising, the Americanization of California and the years of the Gold Rush. The other grandfather, George Duncan, captained a caravan of covered wagons across the western trails from Kentucky to San Juan Bautista, California. This pioneer blood ran with vibrant vigor through the veins of this artist who believed in championships and fun.

1959:

MEMORIALS FOR JOE DUNCAN GLEASON

March 10:

The Los Angeles City Council passed a resolution of regret at the death of such a distinguished artist and worker for cultural betterment, adjourning for the day in respect to his memory.

March 14:

The Thirteenth District of the United States Power Squadrons established the "Duncan Gleason Perpetual Memorial Trophy" to be awarded to the Squadron producing

the finest publication for that year, thus honoring the high ideals exemplified by many years of editorship of the Los Angeles Power Squadron "Range Light" by Duncan Gleason.

1960:

"Artists of the Southwest, Inc."

One of Southern California's leading traditional art clubs, commissioned Ralph Preston to execute a bas-relief perpetual trophy for fine painting. Duncan Gleason was president of this organization at the time of his passing.

FOREMAN SEZ...

do the work? The Los Angeles Corral has no paid employees. Your Sheriff on down to Historian do it for the love of Westerners. They are doing their part, how about you? My grandfather used to tell me over and over again, you only get out of life what you put into it. What we need in the Los Angeles Corral is about 100 "Putters" on the roster.



Corral Chips

Your Assistant Roundup Foreman, still plying his trade as Boswell to the Los Angeles Corral, has lots to report in this issue of *The Branding Iron* as our members pursue their manifold activities.

A new lecture series sponsored by the University Extension of U.C.L.A. is titled "The American West in Fact and Fancy" and boasts three Westerners as featured speakers: *Carl Dentzel*, *Doyce Nunis*, and *C.M. Gloria Lothrop*, who also serves as coordinator of the series.

Always on the go, *Doyce Nunis* gives the annual dinner address at the 10th Congress of History in San Diego. He spoke on the subject, "Sense and Nonsense: An Historian's View of Pioneer Life in Early California." Only a sip of water later, *Doyce* is back in town at the San Marino Historical Society to talk about more local matters, "B.D. Wilson and Life on the Early Southern California Frontier."

The California Historical Society makes a special award for service to *Anna Marie* and *Everett Hager*; *C.M. Michael Harrison* of Fair Oaks, California, is elected a Fellow of the Society; and *Hugh Tolford* becomes a Trustee and chairman of the Society's Public Relations Committee.

Artist *Andy Dagosta*, whose talent frequently dresses up this publication, is the subject of an appreciative interview and write-up in the *Pasadena Star-News*. And fellow palette-wielder *Burt Proctor*, recently returned from a painting sojourn in Taos, New Mexico, has a distinguished reception and one-man show of his work at the Southwest Museum.

The Nevada State Museum is the recipient of a complete "buckeroo" outfit donated by *C.M. Bob Robertson*, who hopes that this gift may become the nucleus of

an extensive collection of artifacts of the livestock industry in all of its many phases.

Honors galore are falling on the shoulders of worthy Westerners these days. The Order of the North Star, Knight First Class, is conferred upon Associate Member *Ray Lindgren* by the Swedish government in recognition of his "significant work as researcher and author, as professor and administrator at Long Beach State College, as a leader in creating and developing the California State College International Program in Sweden, as an activist in many local Swedish and Scandinavian organizations, and as a supporter of every project whose purpose is to further friendly relations between Sweden and the United States."

At a black tie affair at Columbia University, *Ray Billington* is awarded the prestigious Bancroft Prize in American biography for his work on *Frederick Jackson Turner: Historian, Scholar, and Teacher*.

Azusa Pacific College recognizes the distinguished career of *Clifford Drury* by conferring on him a Doctor of Literature degree. Of extra special note is the elevation of the Reverend *Francis Weber* to the title and position of Monseigneur in the Catholic Church. Has any other Corral been so honored?

The Organization of American Historians meeting in Denver was well attended by Los Angeles Westerners, including Associate Members *Clarence Clendenen* and *John Caughey*, *C.M. Martin Ridge*, and *C.M. Abraham Hoffman*. *Ray Billington* presented a paper to the conference and then went on to Ann Arbor to deliver an address dedicating the new Bentley Historical Library on the campus at Michigan. In an ironical sidelight, *Ray's* return to this university as a prominent celebrity coincided with the fiftieth anniversary of his *expulsion* as a junior from this same institution! If you approach him correctly, he just might divulge the details of the caper that led to his getting bounced.

Associate Member *George Koenig* has been elected 2nd Vice-President of the Death Valley '49ers, the group which puts on the famed Encampment each year.

Flying off to Oklahoma City, *Carl Dentzel* serves as a judge for the annual western art exhibit at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame.

Publications by our members continue to rumble off the presses in appreciable volume. C.M. *Hank Johnston*, living these days in Yosemite, has his fully researched work on Death Valley Scotty issued with a foreword by our own *Horace Albright*.

Associate Member *Dan Thrapp* edits Captain Camillus Carr's *A Cavalryman in Indian Country*, a chronicle of barracks life, garrison customs, and personal experiences in Arizona Territory shortly after the end of the Civil War.

A Guide for Oral History Programs is co-edited by C.M. *Richard Curtiss* and published by California State University, Fullerton, and the Southern California Local History Council.

It looks like Corral members are taking over the local history oriented *Biblio-Cal Notes*. Not only is C.M. *Richard Curtiss* the editor, but recent issues have featured the following: *Paul Galleher* with a biographical sketch of *Clifford Drury* entitled "Meet Clifford M. Drury"; C.M. *David Rocks* providing "A Portrait of Robert Grannis Cowan"; and C.M. *Anna Marie Hager's* piece on "Ernest Dawson and His Wonderful Shop: A Reminiscence."

Before the Colors Fade and *I Remember Yesteryear* are two volumes of essays by C.M. *Otha Wearin* on the subject of pioneer farming. Coming soon is Otha's study of Johnny Heinhold's *First and Last Chance Bar*, rendezvous of Jack London, Robert Louis Stevenson, etc., in Oakland, California.

Speaking engagements have been rife these days. Ex-Sheriff *Eddie Edwards* addresses the San Bernardino Corral of The Westerners who journey the fifty miles to Sun City for dinner and Eddie's talk—a new wrinkle because, instead of bringing in the speaker, they bring in his audience!

Roundup Foreman Donald Duke (I wish you guys knew how hard he works to bring you this publication) appears on the non-fiction panel at a writer's forum in Pasadena sponsored by the California Writer's Guild.

"Profiles of the Pilgrims" is the subject of Associate Member *Dwight Cushman's* talk at the Sportsman's Lodge before the Executives Dinner Club of San Fernando Valley. C.M. *Dean Combs*, in the same part of our county, appears before the San Fernando Valley Historical Society on the

prickly topic "Barbed Wire." And that just about covers the range for this issue.

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners extends the hand of friendship to the following new Corresponding Members.

They are: Donna Adams, Eagle Rock; Frank M. Anderson, Los Angeles; Paul W. Borcharding, Newport Beach; Herbert C. V. Feinstein, Berkeley; Richard J. Hoffman, Van Nuys; and Donald A. Reed of Los Angeles.

A LASTING WESTERNER MEMORY

The following letter, reproduced here in its entirety, was sent to Registrar Everett Hager by Ruth M. Christianson, Librarian of the Southwest Museum. It will be of interest to all of us who cherish the lasting memories of three departed friends and three true Westerners.

February 26, 1974

Mr. Everett G. Hager
The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral
P.O. Box 589
San Pedro, California 90733

Dear Mr. Hager:

Again, it is with special sadness that I acknowledge for this institution the Los Angeles Corral's memorial gift in honor of Holling C. Holling. *The Book of Indians* and other distinctive publications by the Hollings will long delight readers. It will be a challenge to find an appropriate addition to the collection to honor his memory.

Please let the membership know that their gift in memory of W. W. Robinson provided a copy of *Los Angeles, A Bibliography of a Metropolis*, edited by Doyce B. Nunis, Jr. The gift in memory of Ronald O. Swayze provided two publications: an autobiography of LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen and *A Soldier-Scientist in the American Southwest* by Michael J. Broadhead.

Both publications relate to material frequently used by Mr. Swayze in the Museum library.

It is a privilege to select appropriate memorial material on behalf of your membership. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) Ruth M. Christensen
Librarian

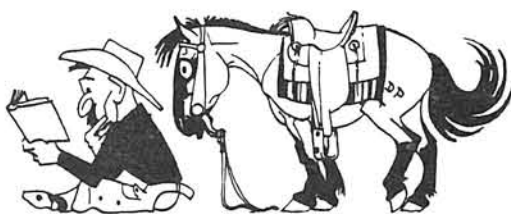
cc: Dr. Carl S. Dentzel



1974 Rendezvous Coming September 21 Mark Your Calendar

Circle Saturday, September 21st on your calendar now, for on that date the 1974 Rendezvous will take place at Doc Miller's Trading Post. He has a new brand of cough syrup which is guaranteed to grow hair, melt boils, fry Indian bread, and stew a prairie dog. If in town, Iron Eyes will raise his teepee, Paul Galleher will bark, and Sheriff Urabec says he will be the first one in the chow line.

Artists are asked to start painting, corresponding members are asked to clean their garage of old artifacts, and active members are expected to clean their libraries, and dust off some of that unwanted junk for the auction.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

CALIFORNIA'S RAILROAD ERA, 1850-1911, by Ward McAfee. Golden West Books, San Marino, California, 1973. 256 pp. \$8.95 pp. \$8.95

Two features add both distinction and interest to this remarkably fine book. One is the author's focus; the events that he describes — the building of the transcontinentals — have been often described before, but by using hitherto unused California sources and mirroring California opinion he reveals them in a fascinating new light. The other is the thesis that he admirably argues. Early railroads, he shows, created an intense inter-community rivalry among prospective terminal sites by structuring their rate schedules to achieve the maximum profits possible with long hauls, thus allowing the creation of vast commercial empires in favored towns. This, in turn, stirred such resentment in communities that were by-passed that the merchant classes there spearheaded the movement for rate regulation that began as soon as the transcontinental lines were completed.

Professor McAfee, a railroad buff who teaches history at the California State College in San Bernardino, admirably argues this thesis in his 200-odd pages. He graphically recounts the epic battle between local communities from Oroville to San Diego for the western terminus of the Central Pacific, explains Sacramento's victory, analyses the criticism and obstructionism resulting in defeated communities, pictures the "terminal fever" among coastal cities hoping for the vital connection with Sacramento, and shows why San Francisco triumphed. He is equally expert in depicting the similar conflict in the South that followed, first with Southern Pacific and Texas Pacific as adversaries and San

Diego and Los Angeles the rival communities, then with Los Angeles and the Southern Pacific cooperating to keep the Santa Fe from providing San Diego with its long-sought connection—a battle that was lost when the Santa Fe tracks reached San Diego in 1885, touching off a major rate war.

The railroads reaped this whirlwind of conflict in the 1870's when communities that had been by-passed and were suffering from discriminatory rates joined to demand regulatory measures, a drive climaxed by the creation of the first railroad commission. For a time the Big Four could control this body as it had the upper house of the state legislature, but when San Francisco and San Diego, belatedly realizing that the favors of any community were less important to railroads than profits, turned against the Railroad Corporations, the way was cleared for the effective rate regulation of the Progressive Era.

This is Professor McAfee's story, and he tells it with a logical progression and clarity of expression that makes for fascinating reading. The author is a no-nonsense historian who uses sources well, interprets them wisely, draws original conclusions, and is more concerned with accuracy than anecdote. Yet he—and the Golden West Books company—have produced a book bound to attract the railroad fanatic no less than the pedant. This has been done by assembling a remarkable gallery of pertinent photographs, almost one to a page, that admirably illustrate the text. Here is an attractive volume that will appeal to anyone who likes sound history, spiced with original interpretations, built on little-used sources, and clearly presented in a well-structured narrative.

—RAY A. BILLINGTON.



WESTERN CAMPFIRES: REMINISCENCES OF WESTERN CAMPING OVER HALF A CENTURY, by Harry C. James. Northland Press, 60 pp., 1973. \$7.50

The many friends of corresponding member Harry James will welcome this volume, for in it he chronicles some of the highlights of the Trailfinders, an organization founded by the author more than fifty

years ago in Southern California to promote camping activities among young men.

Their remarkable expeditions have been wide-ranging, taking them on visits through a roll call of natural wonders: the Grand Tetons, Zion National Park, El Morro, Grand Canyon, Oraibi, Joshua Tree, Glacier National Park, and Yosemite, as well as a host of lesser known locations. Everywhere the procedures for campfire evenings followed an anticipated and welcomed pattern: individual reports of the day's activities that were worth sharing, a talk by one of the counselors or by some guest, games that could be played in a small area, and lastly music whenever possible.

The pervading theme of the book, however, is the excitement, the joy, the adventure, and the new dimensions of spirit and mind that emanated from the rich contact with nature that characterized Trailfinder outings. As James memorably notes, "...there is no better way to climax a day outdoors than to relax on good old Mother Earth against a comfortable log backrest; to join in leisurely talk while toasting in the friendly warmth of the fire; to watch its fitful play of light upon the faces of good companions; to ponder the magic of the campfire; to finally enjoy the little pleasure at the evening's end of circling the embers of the dying fire to warm one's back against the night chill before slipping into sleeping bags to watch the stars in their courses and then to dream..."

In the hectic press of contemporary urban life, it is refreshing and restorative to read accounts like this of the outdoor experience. But I can't help but note the air of nostalgia and regret that this may be, alas, an experience that is becoming less and less available to succeeding generations. Public access to Yosemite, for example, is now severely limited, and in Anza-Borrego State Park "one of the ranger-naturalist campfire-circles has substituted a flame of butane gas for the usual fragrant glow of desert woods." Considering this, *Western Campfires* is perhaps a requiem for a vanished era, a period both deeply felt and fondly remembered by the author.

—TONY LEHMAN.