WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL
The Branding Iron

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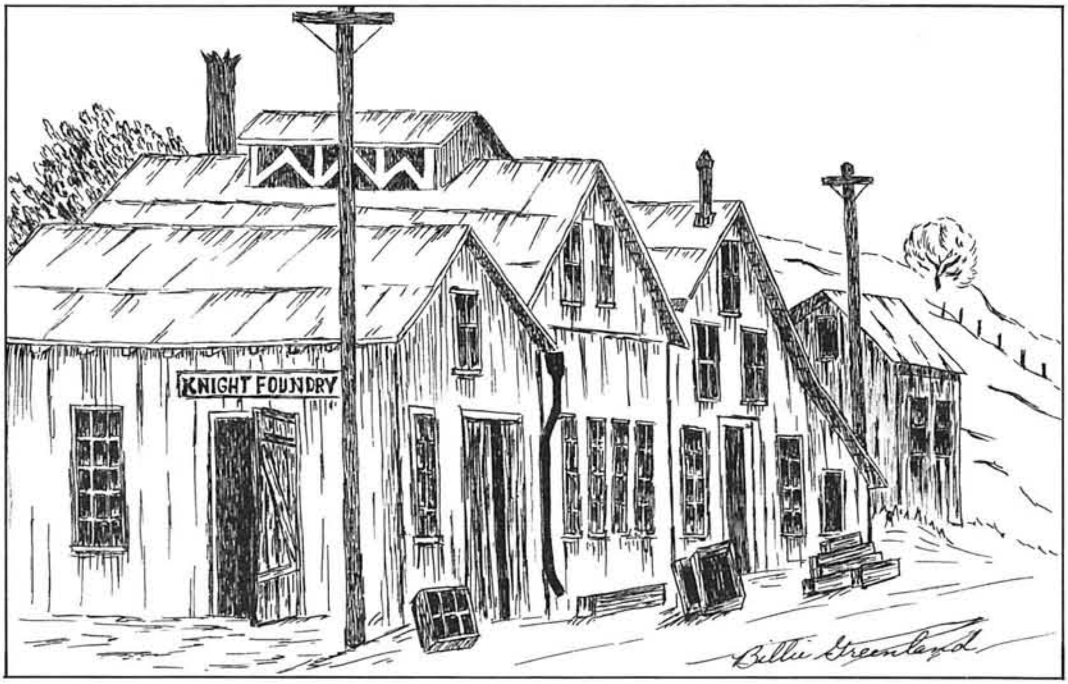

KNIGHT'S FOUNDRY

Knight's Foundry

By POWELL GREENLAND

Hard rock mining in California got its start in 1850 about the same time the easily-worked placer claims were becoming increasingly scarce. The pick and shovel, gold pan and sluice box were seen giving way to more sophisticated methods. Heavy equipment was needed to operate California's deep quartz mines. Dynamite, air drills, hoisting equipment and, of course, the great stamp mills, to name but a few, all became an integral part of this great new era.

The manufacture of machinery for the mines became the predominant industrial

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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

MARCH

The Corral was favored with a shortened version of Ray Billington's address "Cowboys, Indians, and the Land of Promise: the World Image of the American Frontier" which he presented to the 1975 International Congress of Historical Sciences. This version entitled "Alligators, Basilisks, and Feathered Apaches" told of the early European image of our frontier. Many authors, who had never been to America, painted the great desert regions as a swamp with alligators in every river and stream, with giant reptiles running over the tops of huge trees. It was a land where the legendary basilisks, hatched from the egg of a 7-year-old cock, would kill anyone in a single glance, and the smell of its breath was fatal to all. He continued to explain the interest in western books, movies, Levi blue jeans, and the costume of the frontier times. The audience was held spellbound with every word.

Scene at the March meeting with (from the left) Jake Zeitlin, Louis L'Amour, Dep. Sheriff Hugh Tolford, Ray Billington, and Sheriff Everett Hager. — *Iron Eyes Cody Photograph.*

APRIL

"The Impact of California History" was the message of Jim Holliday, current Executive Director of the California Historical Society. He told a bit of background of the society, its aims, and present status.

Smiling in front of the Iron Eyes Cody camera is speaker Jim Holliday (left), Deputy Sheriff Hugh Tolford, and Everett Hager our faithful Sheriff.

In his lengthy talk, Holliday informed us that the Spanish held the Americas for years with as few as 1,300 soldiers. He explained that there were no mining discoveries of consequence until 1848, and after that time the Western Mining Frontier began and then later moved East. Besides a general background history of California, the speaker told that the state was the first true Western magnet.

MAY

Carl Dentzel, in all his glory, explained the true "Significance of Cinco de Mayo."

Photograph of our May speaker, Don Carlos Dentzel, with Dep. Sheriff Hugh Tolford (left) and Sheriff Everett Hager.

— Iron Eyes Cody Photograph.

He advised that the holiday was not similar to our 4th of July, but a celebration to honor the battle of Puebla (Cholula), where some 1,800 Mexicans stopped the French forces. He went on to say that in his opinion the Cinco de Mayo event was the catalyst which brought about the joining of all the Americas. Don Carlos also told how Cortez had leveled the Aztec temples and built Catholic churches on the surrounding hills of Puebla. While some structures were in ruin at the time of the Cinco de Mayo event, there were at one time 365 churches surrounding Puebla countryside.

Corral Chips

The Book Club of California elects C.M. *Michael Harrison* to its Board of Directors. Mike will also serve as their Vice-President.

Henry Welcome appears before the San Diego Corral of The Westerners and Los Compadres to speak, respectively, on Pio Pico and the famous Camel Corps.

Archaeologist C.M. *Ted Soulé* has recently returned from the Moapa Valley of southeast Nevada where he conducted a dig at a site occupied by Pueblo Indians who are believed to be related to the Anasazi. The late *M. R. Harrington* first investigated this area in the early thirties.

"Churches of the Gold Rush Country" is the title of *Tony Lehman's* talk for the Los Angeles Ebell Club.

On their way to Yosemite National Park, the Stanford University Associates are hosted by *Bill Kimes* in Mariposa and treated to a viewing of Bill's remarkable John Muir library.

The Parent Teacher Association of Columbus Junior High School, Canoga Park,

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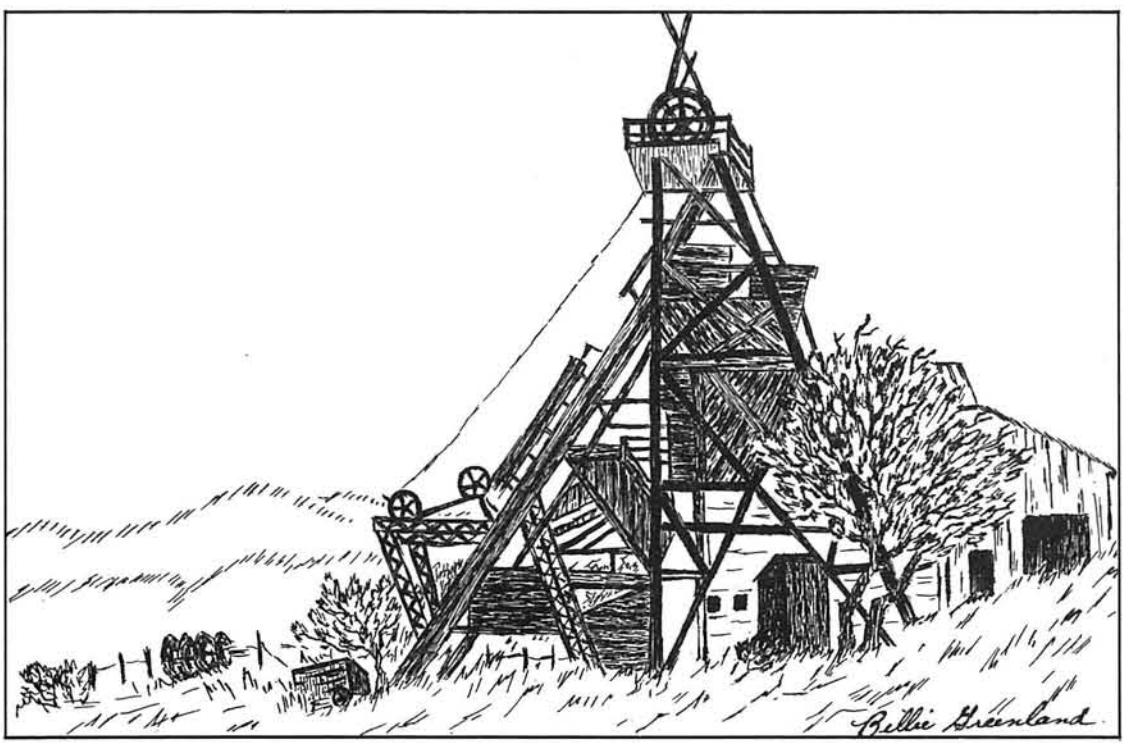
Knight's Foundry . . .

thrust, particularly in San Francisco where such companies as Risdon Iron Works, Union Iron Works and Joshua Hendy Machine Works became giants in their field. In addition, the California gold mines produced manufacturers of mining machinery in the gold camps themselves – notably D. C. Demarest's Angels Iron Works near Angels Camp, the Miners' Foundry at Nevada City and the greatest of them all – and still doing business today – the Knight Foundry of Sutter Creek.

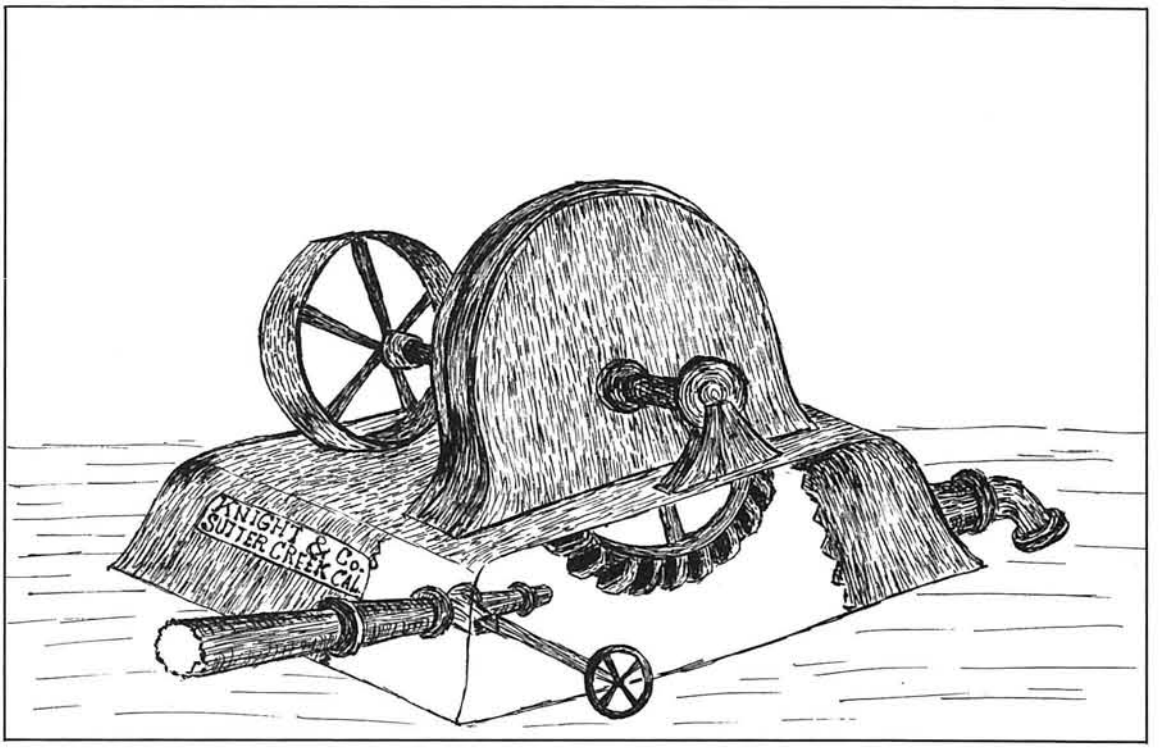
It is not surprising that Sutter Creek, in Amador County, should nourish a company that was destined to become the largest manufacturer of mining equipment in the West. That is, outside of San Francisco! This old mining town is located in the heart of the gold country on the very top of the Mother Lode and within a few miles of some of the largest quartz mines in California. Amador County alone could boast of such mine giants as the "Argonaut," the "Kennedy," the "Central Eureka," the "Lincoln," the "Keystone," and the "Plymouth." Knight's Foundry, however, was not confined to local business, but destined to serve all the mining areas in California, plus the entire West, even Alaska. Eventually customers came for machinery, even from as far away as Australia and South Africa.

Samuel N. Knight, a native of Maine, like thousands of other young men of his time, came to the California gold fields to make his fortune. Knight was, by trade, a carpenter with an inventive genius and the mechanical ability to make with his hand the creations of his mind. Very early he could foresee the need for power-transmitting equipment and developed his first water wheel. It consisted of a wooden wheel with saw-toothed buckets with a surrounding wooden housing. A nozzle was designed to shoot a stream of water into the buckets, thus turning a shaft which operated machinery by a series of belts and pulleys.

In 1873 Knight built his foundry and machine shop primarily to manufacture his water wheel which had been improved in design from its early beginnings. The Knight Water Wheel found wide acceptance in the mines where it was used for hoisting and also to provide power for stamp mills. Among the mines using his



THE ARGONAUT MINE



THE KNIGHT WATER WHEEL

equipment were the "Argonaut" for their hoisting works and 40 stamp mill; and the "Kennedy" to power their 100 stamp mill and the hoist for the vertical shaft that went down 5,912 feet – the deepest in North America at the time of its closing in 1942.

Knight's water wheel was later used the world over, some as large as 7 feet in diameter, operating large stamp mills. A popular size was the 42-inch wheel – one of which is still operating the machine shop at Sutter Creek today. Knight's Foundry claims the further distinction of manufacturing the first metal turning lathe to be made in the United States.

The foundry catalog of 1896 reveals that although the water wheel was still the principal product, Knight was adding more items to his line, such as centrifugal pumps and Knight's patented mining and marine dredging buckets. At this time Knight was feeling the severe competition from the Pelton Water Wheel Company of San Francisco and was forced to broaden his own line.

Lester Allen Pelton had invented his water wheel in another mining camp, Camptonville, in 1878. Although it was similar to Knight's, the Pelton Wheel had a partition in the center of the bucket causing the stream of water to be deflected into the two halves. This simple addition resulted in greatly increasing the efficiency, thus causing it eventually to lead Knight's wheel in popularity.

A dramatic show-down between Pelton and Knight occurred in 1894 when the North Star Mining Company of Grass Valley asked them both to demonstrate their wheels at their mine site. The "North Star" was preparing to sink the central shaft and required more power to operate the machinery. At this time mine operators were reluctant to use electricity as it was not thought reliable. Air was to be used to operate the machinery with the water wheels driving two huge compressors resulting in air delivery at 90 pounds pressure to the central shaft half a mile distant. The "North Star" owners found the Pelton Wheel more satisfactory for their needs and Knight lost the contract. The Pelton Company first built an 18.5-foot diameter wheel in 1895, but with increased demand for new machinery, it was augmented by a

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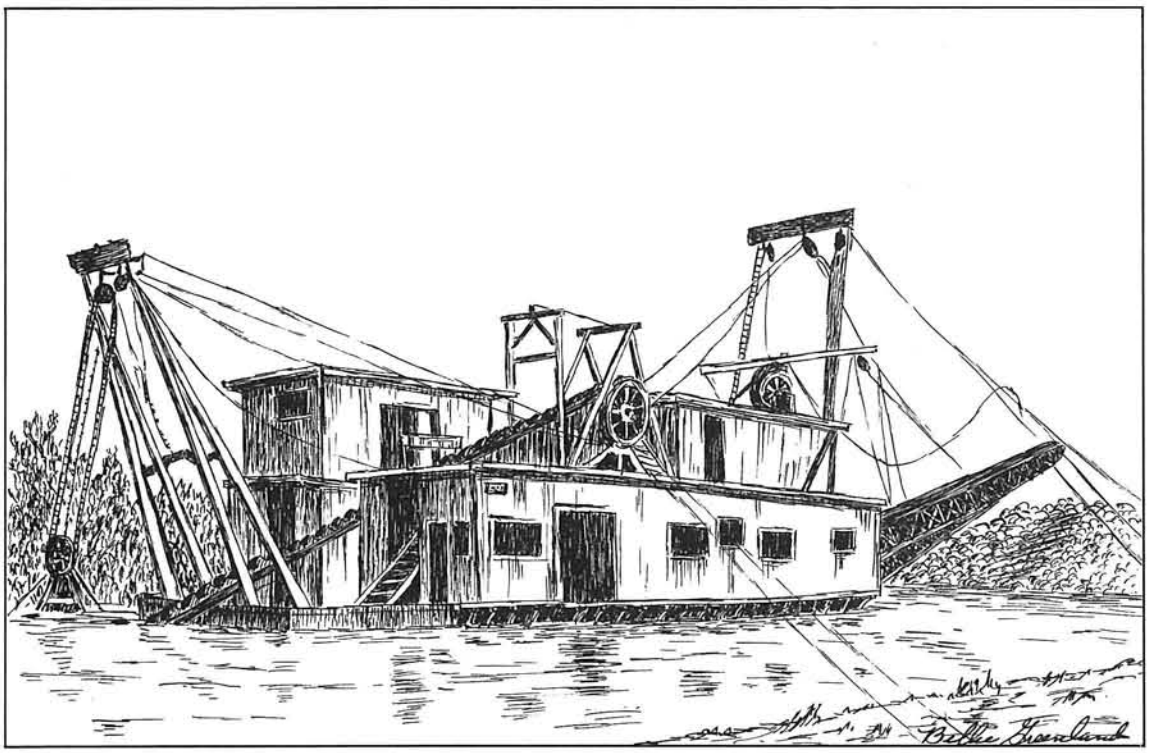

A KNIGHT GOLD DREDGE

30-footer, largest Pelton Wheel in the world, which can be seen this day rusting in Boston Ravine.

Following this incident Samuel Knight began to change the emphasis of his operation toward other heavy mining machinery, instead of the water wheel. In 1894 the Knight Foundry proved its versatility by outbidding all competitors and winning the contract to build a harbor dredge for the San Francisco Bridge Company. Success led to other dredge work in the harbor of Seattle and later an even larger dredge using 30-inch pumps for Portland, Oregon. The catalog for 1912 continued to include the water wheel, but larger equipment was evident. Specialized water motors, large pumps, hoisting engines, and a mine-timber framing machine, all were featured.

After 40 years of successful operation, Samuel Knight died in 1913. At this time about 44 men were on the company payroll with 16,658 square feet of plant spread out in a cluster of buildings which included the foundry, machine shop, pipe shop and pattern shop. Two employees, who had been with Knight for many years, were willed a substantial portion of the company stock and continued to operate the plant. World War II, however, brought about the closing of several mines and greatly curtailing the operation of others. The foundry again changed hands in 1956 with Herman Nelson as the new owner. Nelson was another long time employee of the foundry. He successfully operated the business until his death 14 years later.

While on a business trip to Sutter Creek in 1970, Carl W. Borgh became intrigued with the foundry, the picturesque town, and the townspeople. Upon learning the foundry was for sale, he soon purchased the firm. With no previous foundry or machine shop experience, Borgh, who had an electronics and aerospace background, found that his lack of experience was no great handicap. He soon found he had inherited a group of skilled men, many of whom had spent their lives working in the plant and some whose fathers had worked there before them.

If Sam Knight were to pay a visit to his old plant today, he would find it unchanged. The buildings are pretty nearly the same – the same 42-inch water wheel

is still providing all of the power for the shop. Even new machines are stripped of their electric motors and hitched to the water-driven system. Much of the machinery still in use was designed and built by Knight. Above the rafters one will find a maze of shafts, pulleys and belts running as quietly and smoothly as they did nearly a century ago. The equipment, by the way, is huge even by today's standards. A 16-foot planer capable of accepting a piece of work 4-feet square dates back to 1882. A gap lathe that can swing 14-feet on its giant face plate is slated to be put back into operation soon. The foundry section contains two cupola furnaces, still fired by coke, with molten metal pouring from the same half-ton bucket Sam Knight used when he made iron castings.

Today's visitors might be puzzled by a prominent sign on the front of one of the buildings which advertises the Fry Brothers Carriage Works, with a list of products seemingly manufactured within. Upon inquiry, however, one will learn the sign was placed there some years before, when Sutter Creek was chosen for a motion-picture location sequence of a John Steinbeck novel. Despite the movie prop, the greatest change is not in the physical plant, but rather in the nature of the products manufactured. Today no mining machinery is made – this ended in 1942. But Knight's Foundry is widely known for specialized work. The source of the business is from non-production runs of no more than a few, or better yet, a single part. The customer simply sends a drawing or a sketch of what he wants made. The pattern maker will then make a wooden master pattern from which a casting is made. The casting may even be machined if the customer wishes. This is an unusual and extremely scarce operation today. Yet it has resulted in orders from all over the world.

In the year of our Bicentennial it seems fitting that this old foundry, which has enjoyed such a fine reputation for over 100 years, is still an active machine shop, and operating solely by water power.

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

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

They are: J. S. Holliday, San Francisco; Ernest Marquez, Canoga Park; Jerry Nixon, Altadena, and Robert J. Nyland, Los Angeles.

SMOKE SIGNALS

I had a chance to see a few of my old friends when I went on the movie *Quest,* a Columbia-Warner Bros. T.V. pilot in Tucson. One day my wife and I drove down to Nogales to visit Western Star Tim McCoy at his beautiful rancho home. Tim's two grown sons were there. Ronny (left in the photograph) is teaching in a local college, and is transcribing the book Tim is writing. Terry is in an import busness and lives nearby.

Tim took us to a Mexican dinner at the Cavern in Nogales, and on the return he showed us the way to Patagonia, Arizona, where our good friend and historian Art Woodward lives with his wife Barbie. He immediately ordered a round of refreshments. I declined as I was driving. Art showed us his collection stored outside in a small building, then his vast library in the house.

We returned to Tim's home and visited for some time. He stated he was going to the Cowboy Hall of Fame, where he was to unveil a painting of himself.

—Iron Eyes Cody.

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Bicentennial Out West

By LARRY L. MEYER

If you've been on the East Coast lately, you know that there's a lot of hoopla about the Bicentennial. Boston and Philadelphia and New York and Virginia are having a grand old time of it on our 200th birthday. They are taking it as their own birthdays – as indeed they should. But Boston and Philadelphia are kind of selfish; they think our national history pretty much ends at the Appalachian Mountains.

New York–or at least Manhattan Island's movers and shakers – think it pretty much ends at the Hudson River. Though with recent bond default problems, many may at last admit there's the breadth of a continent interposed between home and Hollywood. (Hollywood . . . that's slummin' ground for Manhattan Islanders. And within the state of Hollywood, there's a place called California.)

That leaves Virginia. Virginia . . . Home to George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Patrick Henry and many others we call our Founding Fathers. Home, to many of those remarkable men who represent the best of what we were, and what we've become. . . And the least of the worst.

Curiously, Virginia figures prominently in the reminders I'd like to leave with you. Of those in the original 13 colonies, it was Virginians who thought most about the West. West. That magic word. Virginians thought of the West as their birthright. Indeed, Virginia's original charter granted her lands bounded on the west by the Pacific, and though her sons had no idea where that ocean was, they remained the most expansionist of the colonists. Most notable among those westward-thinking Virginians was Thomas Jefferson. That great man – perhaps the greatest American of them all – had dreamed about and been fascinated by what lay west of the Great Smokies. (The West has always been more an idea, a notion, a larger-than-life dream of what might be, than a place.) Yet even Jefferson and his fellow Virginia patriots were Johnies-come-lately when it came to the sub-humid lands west of what the Indians appropriately called the Father of Waters. Very latecomers indeed to the pull and mystery of the western three-fifths of the continent.

I'm going to suggest that the American West is at least as old as the American East. Certainly its strange spell lured some white men into its present boundaries 235 years before the first meeting of the Continental Congress. "Our" history goes back far beyond George Washington and slogans that demanded representation in matters of taxation.

The Spaniards, you're thinking. Yes. And Frenchmen, too, whom somehow we're less prone to remember. Not to mention the Indians, who were "out west" before either Spaniards or Frenchmen, and who evolved cultures advanced enough that they still beguile archaeologists and anthropologists.

I have here a list of "do-you-remembers" that most of you knew, but perhaps have forgotten, because Hollywood's movie makers haven't immortalized them on film.

Do you remember that Spaniards visited the Grand Canyon in 1540? At least 300 years before Fred Harvey got there and built the *El Tovar*?

Do you remember that conquistadores were tramping through Kansas in 1541, looking for gold?

Do we remember that the audacious Sir Francis Drake (pirate or patriot, it depended on your political affiliations at the time) landed on the shores of California in 1579 and sent Spain into a royal tizzy? (Precisely where he landed has been a parlor game for San Franciscans right up to the present. It'll probably never be settled.)

Do we really want to remember that Santa Fe was founded as a city a decade before the pilgrims set eyes on Plymouth Rock?

And what of those fearless Frenchmen who had plunged up virtually every western tributary of the Mississippi all the way to the Rockies before tobacco-planting

colonists ever thought of breaking away from mother England?

We'd prefer to remember Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and the likes of Wild Bill Hickock as our culture heroes . . . the first great Westerners. But, in fact, others had been here long before that, though their names are not as familiar. Coronado, Cabrillo, Oñate. We may remember them from our grammar school history books. We have names on the land to remind us. But what about these names? Louis Juchereau de Saint Denis. Charles Claude de Tisne. Etienne Veniart, Sieur de Bourgmont. Pierre Gaultier, Sieur de Vérendrye.

Early in the 18th century these flambouyant French adventurers journeyed deep into the American Great Plains, seeing what no white man had seen before. Their courage knew no bounds. And their true-life adventures exceeded the wildest notions of today's pulp Western writers.

The Spaniards also contributed larger-than-life heroes, among them Juan Bautista de Anza, perhaps the most remarkable and neglected of all the great Westerners. The achievements of that brave and humane captain from Sonora may someday be appreciated, or at least better remembered. One of those achievements, by the way, was the selection of the site for the founding of a settlement that was to become a great city. San Francisco. And when was that? What year? 1776.

The history of the West long predates 1776, of course. It goes back at least to 1540, when Francisco Vasquez de Coronado marched into New Mexico looking for the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. Cities of gold they were. The houses had turquoise doors. Cities that the Spaniards meant to pick clean. Cibola turned out to be the mud walls of Zuni. But the Spaniards soon went chasing another gold phantom the Indians told them about. Gran Quivira, a city with so much of the rare metal that its inhabitants drank from golden bowls. Coronado went to Kansas looking for it. What he found was disappointment, dust, and lots of buffalo.

From the first, the American West was a storehouse of legend and myth, of the fantastical and the impossible. And Europe's armchair travelers were treated for centuries to some of the best escape reading ever written. At various times it was believed by some that the American West was home to tigers; elephants; griffins; unicorns; a tribe of Indians with ears so large they used them to shade themselves from the sun; a tribe that never ate, but sustained themselves by merely sniffing food; a race of one-legged people; people who could fly like birds; bald-headed dwarfs who might be Chinese.

Thomas Jefferson, as rational a man as his age produced, believed there was a mountain of solid salt "out there" that was 180 miles long and 45 miles wide.

There were more enduring fantasies . . . myths that brought men to the American West to make history. The lure of precious metals brought the Spaniards. They had struck it rich in Mexico by liberating Aztec gold. They also took immeasurable wealth from the Incas in Peru. There had to be another treasure lode for a people who were predisposed to think in terms of trinities. For 200 years, Spaniards in our Southwest looked for such geological monstrosities as a Lake of Gold (Copala, they called it), a mountain of silver (Sierra Azul).

Ironically, the Spaniards found little gold or silver north of the Rio Grande. It was there, all along, of course, as they believed. But it was the Americans who found it, in the 19th century, a time we rather chauvanistically call the "days of the Old West."

The French had their own share of truth-benders who concocted some mighty fancy lies. What many of us tend to forget is that Frenchmen entered the Mississippi Valley from Canada early. Father Marquett and Joliet viewed the Father of Waters in 1673. The great explorer-dreamer La Salle floated down it in 1683. He envisioned in the American heartland a great empire with himself as emperor. (Unfortunately, a mutineer put a bullet in his head, in Texas, of all places.) In 1699, a French expedition found the Mississippi's mouth and secured the great river valley for the France of the Bourbon kings, and they would hold it for more than half a century.

But what about those French liars? There were many. But I'll just mention two of the best. An obscure fellow by the name of Matthieu Sagean went west (or

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so he claimed) and then returned to France in 1700 with tales to tell. He'd taken his canoe up a western river and discovered a fabulous Kingdom called Acaanibas. A king called Hagaazan presided there over a hundred-thousand subjects who worshipped huge black apes and drank palm wine. In moderation, reported Sagean. He also reported that Acaaniban women were beautiful. Almost as beautiful as French women . . . if only their ears weren't so large. Yes. They were stretched all out of shape because they wore huge golden earrings. Yes, gold. The Acaanibans had so much of it that King Hagaazan's spacious palace was made of solid gold. In fact, the kingly monarch insisted that Sagean take back a load of samples, so that he could start trading with the French king. Hagaazan happened to have a critical shortage of trinkets and baubles. And Sagean would have brought that gold home, if an English pirate hadn't intercepted him and taken it away.

Curiously, some influential French officials actually believed this poppycock, and they sent Sagean back to the New World to outfit a new expedition. There he was mocked by settlers who knew better, and he soon vanished from history's sight.

Then there was the infamous Baron Lahontan. He was an aristocrat short of funds who came to the New World to get free of Old World corruption. Brilliant, witty, iconoclastic, he preferred the company of wild Indians to court fops and society's phonies. No one really knows where he spent the winter of 1688-89. But for many years Europeans believed that he did as he said, which was to travel west from the Mississippi up a river he called the Long (roughly on a latitude with today's South Dakota and Wyoming). Needless to say, he met exotic peoples. The civilized Eokoros, the friendly Gnacsitares, the warlike Mozeemlekt.

Europe embraced the baron's lies. Fascinating things over there in America. Mapmakers were particularly delighted with the Baron's findings, because now they could fill in those empty spaces on their maps. The River Long and Mozeemleks were immortalized in the atlases of the day.

There were countless other fibbers and fabricators, and not the least of them were Europe's geographers. From the time the Old World became aware that the New World had a mysterious West, they grappled with the problem of depicting it. Longitude was the big headache. Until about 1760, there was no good way of measuring longitude at sea. So that the width of the North American continent fluctuated from thick to thin, depending on the whim of the mapmaker. And geographical inventions abounded.

Perhaps the two most signficant were the "island of California" and the Strait of Anian – the legendary Northwest Passage. Let's take California first. Cortez believed it was an island. The name of that fabled land had come from a chivalric romance, a far-fetched tale of knightly heroism, that described a one-breasted black Amazon queen who ruled an island of immeasurable riches. The fact is, the Spanish sailor Alarcon discovered California was attached to the mainland in 1540. But somehow, the world forgot about it. The legend got the upper hand, and California got detached from the mainland – a place apart, an island governed by an old woman with outsized feet, according to one early exploring party. For more than a century the world's maps showed the promised land as a Pacific Island that was believed by the credulous to house incalculable wealth. It wasn't until 1700 that the famous Father Kino walked around the Gulf of California and set the world straight.

That leaves the Northwest Passage – a myth that lived for more than 200 years and absorbed the energies and treasuries of the greatest post-Renaissance nations. That it was there was an article of scientific faith that dated from the Middle Ages. God was wise, a geometer. Therefore, the world had to be symmetrical. If there was a strait in the southern hemisphere (Magellan), there had to be one in the northern hemisphere (Anian). There had to be a shortcut to the riches of the Orient, which was why Columbus had sailed west in the first place.

The world's greatest mariners tried to find the watery shortcut to Asia for 200 years. Not surprisingly, three of them – two real, one totally imaginary – claimed to have done it. They not only did it. They described how they did it. They even left

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maps. More lies, more liars.

There is a fascinating postscript to this search for the elusive Northwest Passage. In June of 1776, Captain James Cook – *the* Captain Cook, with a crew of Englishmen and soon-to-be-Americans – left England to settle the matter. The greatest mariner of his time (perhaps of any time) meant to find the fabled passage if it was there. More on Cook later.

Why all the lies and legends about the West? And why did the myths last so long? Ignorance of that vast land doesn't explain away everything. Europe was closing in on the world and its mysteries; and perhaps Europeans, and their New World colonists, needed a place to house their wildest fears and hopes. And the West, with its dry skies and immense landforms and other natural wonders that had a way of humbling those who saw them, was the illogically logical place to keep them.

So much for unreality. There was a real West to be won. And for nearly two centuries before the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, Spain, France, and England had been in competition to win it – and the whole North American continent.

We tend to think of Imperialism as being a 19th century or 20th century thing. In fact, it was flourishing in the 18th century when the struggle for the world was at its peak. We, the United States, were born of that struggle. And we were born an imperial infant out of imperial rivalries. And what went on in the thirteen rebelling eastern colonies was only a significant part of a greater story.

Let's back up a moment. To the year 1763. That was the critical year in the contest for North America, the year that the germ of a United States was given life. In Paris that year, victorious England concluded a glorious treaty that ended what we have come to know as the French and Indian War. In what should perhaps be known as the first World War, France and Spain had been humiliated around the globe, and had to give up many of their far-flung colonies to arrogant and mighty enemy England.

The defeat was particularly galling to France. Their holdings in North America – Canada and the broad bowl of the continent that stretched east to the Appalachians and west to the Rockies – were sold as the price of peace. Canada and all French holdings east of the Mississippi went to England. French claims west of the Mississippi were turned over to wounded Spain – some say as a kind of "peace bribe" to get the proud Spaniards to end the costly and disastrous hostilities.

England was now supreme. The world's greatest financial and maritime power seemed to have won it all. They had won the near west, and the far west beyond the river was in the keep of a weakened Spain. Easy pickings, when the English were ready.

But something went wrong on England's way to world domination. Her newly won west proved tempting to her colonists, who were beginning to doubt that they were really Englishmen at all, and who wanted to move onto and plant the land that London's merchants wanted kept as a preserve for fur trading with the Indians.

Many other frictions were building between insular Englishmen and New World colonists who had come from England, but no longer remembered it as home. England put taxes on its colonies to help pay for the victory in the French and Indian War. And they imposed curbs on manufacturing that might compete with the home country's industries. There was anger in Boston and Philadelphia and Virginia. And there was also foreign meddling by vengeful France.

Our history books are full of the exploits of Washington and Adams, Jefferson and Franklin. And the noble ideas upon which our republic was founded. Valley Forge, Saratoga, Kings Mountain and Yorktown constitute hallowed ground in our national consciousness. There our freedom and our very being were won.

But there's another, less-told story. Namely that we would never have won the Revolutionary War without the direct and indirect aid of France and Spain. Their intervention in England's "civil war" spelled the difference.

A few French intellectuals heartily endorsed our notions that government should be by the consent of the governed. And that men were born with certain inalienable rights, among them the rights to life,

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liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness.

But official French policy, as put together by the crafty likes of foreign ministers Choiseul and Vergennes, was to embarrass England. Bring the hated enemy to her knees. And what better way than to foster rebellion in North America? To arm and feed and clothe our troops, and later to send an expeditionary army under Rochambeau and a powerful navy under DeGrasse which enabled Washington to crush Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Almost as crucial, England-hating France dragged reluctant ally Spain into the war. The Spaniards had no use for us. We threatened their West. And as rabble rising against our God-anointed king, we were setting a bad example for Spain's colonists elsewhere.

But in 1779 they came in on our side, as a friend of France and an enemy of England. And though they meant us no good, they did us great good. Powder and arms and medicines were secretly shipped up the Mississippi River from Spanish New Orleans to sustain our men, mostly Virginians who were fighting in the Ohio Valley. And in the end, per the goals of French and Spanish statecraft, we prevailed. England went to the treaty table in Paris in 1783, and gave us our independence.

Yet, that's just part of the story. During those critical years, 1776 to 1783, it wasn't all fife and drums, turning back the redcoats and winning our indepenlence on the Eastern Seaboard. Much else was happening on this continent – west of Massachusetts' ports and Virginia's tobacco fields. A Virginia-born soldier named George Rogers Clark was raising havoc with British officers and their Indian mercenaries in modern-day Indiana and Illinois. And the hostilities spilled even farther west. How many of us realize that one significant battle of the Revolutionary War was fought west of the Mississippi River? That on May 26 of 1780, when an English-led force of Indian warriors attacked St. Louis, and was repulsed by mostly Frenchmen fighting under the flag of Spain.

Now move south of the Illinois Country. Remind yourself that there were three wars raging in North America in the 1770's, not one. In 1776 a dashing young man named Bernardo de Galvez took over the administration of Spanish Louisiana for his king, Carlos III. He watched war break out across the river in 1776, and though he favored the rebels, and aided them, he tried to appear neutral, as his king decreed. Until 1779, when Spain declared war on beleagured England.

In two years Bernardo did more damage to England than probably any Spaniard since before the defeat of the Armada. From his undermanned New Orleans base, he launched a lightning war on the English lion; English bases at Manchac, Baton Rouge and Natchez quickly fell to his army. Then he turned suddenly east. The British strongholds of Mobile and Pensacola surrendered to him. High and mighty England had been momentarily cut down to size and cleared entirely from the Gulf Coast.

Now move farther west. To Texas and New Mexico, where yet another war was raging. This war was between Spaniards and the Comanches and Apaches. Indeed, that border situation was so bad in the 1770's that Spain considered pulling back below the Rio Grande. She didn't. She stuck it out and eventually controlled the Apaches and made peace with the Comanches – largely due to the leadership of de Anza, the same man who blazed the overland trail to California in 1774-1775, and took colonists there in 1775-1776. After those achievements, Anza went on to become the governor of New Mexico, perhaps its most illustrious under any flag.

Yet more was occurring in the West than war and war-whoops. The Revolutionary Era also marked a flurry of Spanish exploration. In September of 1776, two courageous young priests, Fathers Escalante and Dominguez, left Santa Fe for the unknown northwest, and before they returned in January of the following year, they were to hike across most of western Colorado, cross Utah to present-day Utah Lake, then turn south through Utah's spectacular red rock canyon country. Their stated reason for going was to find a route from New Mexico to the young settlement of Monterey. But there is every reason to believe they were doing it just out of a spirit of adventure, the desire to see peoples and places unseen.

Other Spaniards were on the move. Foremost among them was the intrepid Father Francisco Garces, the lonely wanderer of the wastelands. He had accompanied Anza to Yuma in the 1775-1776 expedition. Then he took off on his own. In 1776 he walked all the way to California's San Joaquin Valley, then he went east, across the Mojave Desert and the Colorado River, and visited the Grand Canyon. And on July 4, 1776, when the bells were ringing in Philadelphia, Father Garces was atop the Hopi mesas in northern Arizona. He intended to keep going east and link up with Santa Fe, but the Hopis wouldn't let him. They had long resisted the Christian religion in favor of their own, and in their passive way they discouraged any padres who might come to visit them. So they sent Garces back to the Yuma area.

Lots was happening out in California, of course. Father Serra and Gaspar de Portola had brought the first settlers in 1769. Missions and presidios and pueblos were being founded at a rapid rate. San Diego in 1769. Monterey in 1770. San Antonio de Padua and San Gabriel in 1771. San Luis Obispos de Tolosa in 1772. San Francisco de Asis in 1776. The refounding of San Juan Capistrano that same year. Santa Clara in 1777. San Jose in 1777. Los Angeles in 1781. And so on.

Why had Spain suddenly colonized Alta California, a place she knew about as early as 1542, when Cabrillo explored the Coast? Global politics again. Paranoid Spain feared Russian and English incursions into lands she claimed by rights of discovery. (Actually, Russia wasn't within 2,000 miles of California at the time, and English vessels hadn't yet arrived, though they shortly would.)

Spain didn't stop with the sunny California coast. Curiosity about what lay to the mysterious north – where that Northwest Passage might be – incited her farther. (She also wanted to monitor any Russian mischief up north.) So in 1774, the frigate *San Blas* left Mexican waters. Skipper Juan José Perez Hernandez sailed all the way to the present Alaska-Canada border before turning south and following the coast. He met trade-eager Indians off Vancouver Island. But he sent no one ashore to plant the flag and claim for Spain.

This was remedied the following year when two young heroes of the sea, Bruno de Heceta and Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, commanding the *Santiago* and the little schooner *Sonora*, fought the scurvy, the Indians on the coast of Washington, and planted the standards all the way to Sitka, Alaska.

In the years just after the Revolutionary War, the Northwest coast of North America was to bring the world's sailors to its misty shores. The reason? Well, those Spanish voyages of discovery were meant to be kept secret. But word leaked out. To England and the renowned Captain Cook, who, I mentioned earlier, set out on his third and final voyage of discovery in June of 1776. Cook's orders included settling once and for all whether there was a Northwest Passage. (Spaniards, by the way, learned of this and were alarmed; Spanish sea captains were ordered to intercept Cook.)

But a funny thing happened to Cook on his way to Alaska. Early in 1778 he discovered the Hawaiian Islands – the Sandwich Islands he called them, after the first lord of the British Admiralty. Cook vacationed a while on Kauai, then sailed on, up the coast of Washington and Oregon, traded with the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island, then sailed the long coast of Alaska without finding the Northwest Passage. He returned to Hawaii in 1779. He meant to winter there before giving the search another try. But in February his luck ran out. A misunderstanding turned to violence on the Big Island, and Cook was stabbed and clubbed to death in the surf.

It was a great loss for England and the scientific world. But the otter pelts Cook picked up in trade at Nootka were to change history. After his death, his crew sailed on to the Orient and found the furs went for 100 Spanish dollars apiece among wealthy Chinese. That began one of the great booms in history. The sea rush was on and among those rushers were the new Americans.

It wasn't long after the ink was dry on the Treaty of Paris, and the independence of the thirteen colonies certified, that Americans began looking hungrily west. With Jefferson as the chief visionary and architect, and in what for history was an

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astonishingly short time, the Spanish West, the French West, the English West, and the Indian West was to be the American West. And when we got here, and won it, it already had a rich history of its own.

Corral Chips...

presents the P.T.A. Honorary Service Award for 1976 to *Dwight Cushman.*

Dudley Gordon addresses the Old Treasures Club on "Charles Fletcher Lummis – Crusader for Culture."

Five interesting slide shows have been developed by C.M. *Charles Outland,* each dealing with an aspect of Ventura County history. Available from the Ventura County Library Services Agency, the programs bear the following titles: Picture Postcard History of Ventura; Horseless Carriage; St. Francis Dam Disaster; Down on the Farm; and Hell and High Water.

Carl Dentzel and *Earl Adams* attend the 8th annual C. M. Russell auction and seminar in Great Falls, Montana. Both are interviewed on KFBB-TV, and Earl enlightens an afternoon audience on the subject of the Russell estate.

The *Journal of Arizona History* prints an article by C.M. *O. Dock Marston* about the Colorado River's Separation Rapid, covering the period from the first sighting in 1869 to 1939 when Lake Mead submerged it.

Associate Member *Don Franklin* is elected President of the Santa Ana Unified School District Board of Education.

Doyce Nunis participates in a special bicentennial celebration sponsored by the California Catholic Conference. At an historical seminar devoted to "Catholic Roots in California," held at Loyola Marymount University, he speaks on "Catholic California and the American Revolution." Doyce is also the dinner speaker for the Historical Society of Southern California, examining post-prandially "Alta California in the Era of the American Revolution."

Associate Member *John Caughey* appears on the program when the California Historical Society presents the 1976 Henry R. Wagner Memorial Award to Carey McWilliams.

At the request of Senator Barry Goldwater, *Ray Billington's* address before the 1975 International Congress of Historical Sciences on "Cowboys, Indians, and the Land of Promise: the World Image of the American Frontier" has been reprinted in its entirety in the *Congressional Record.* It is also reprinted for world distribution by the Unted States Information Agency; in a bicentennial volume to appear in Helsinki; and in the magazine *Polityka Rutkowskieg* published in Warsaw.

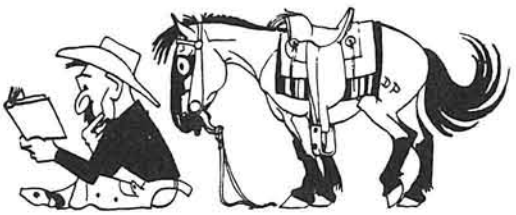
Corresponding Member *Harold Norris* was shown in full color on page 21 of Pacific Lighting Corporation's 1975 Annual Report. Norris, an ardent collector of Western artifacts, is seen examining an album of coins with his wife Dorothy. In the background is a case with some nicely preserved pistols.

On the eve of the Newport-Ensenada Yacht Race, *Wlliam O. Hendricks* informs an audience gathered at the Sherman Foundation on the subject "Ensenada de Todos Santos: A Brief History of This Baja California Seaport."

Attending the 14th Annual Baja Symposium held in Tecate, and sampling the local *cerveza* with considerable appreciation in most cases, were the following Westerners: *Bill Hendricks, Tony Kroll, Walt Wheelock, Henry Welcome, Tony Lehman, Everett Hager,* Associate *John Swingle* (who filled in for an ailing speaker at the last moment and gave a slide presentation on "The Roadside Shrines of Baja"), along with Corresponding Members *Anna Marie Hager* and *Bill Lorenz.*

Associate Member *Raymund F. Wood* is one of the speakers, as is *R. Coke Wood,* at the two-day Congress of History meeting in San Diego. Ray entertains the Saturday luncheon with the topic "Jedediah Smith, a Christian Gentleman on the Western Frontier," and Coke Wood (introduced, incidentally, by C.M. *Richard Pourade*) is the evening speaker on "The Significance of the Bicentennial."

Finally, Westerners are well-represented at a symposium on "The Hispanic Roots of California and the Southwest" held at Dominguez Hills State College. Among those in attendance are *Glen Dawson, Bill Hendricks, Walt Wheelock,* Associate *John Swingle,* and C.M. *Bill Escherich.* C.M. *Manuel Servin* is one of the featured speakers on the occasion.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

DEAR ELLEN, by S. George Ellsworth. The University of Utah Press, 1975.

Dr. Ellsworth is a well-known compilor of Mormon literature. He is professor of history at Utah State University and editor of the scholarly *Western History Quarterly.*

He has prefaced this fascinating exchange of letters between two close friends, both young Mormon women named Ellen, by giving the background leading to their lifelong friendship. The narrative begins in 1841, showing their close relationship as young girls during the traumatic years of anti-Mormon persecutions in Nauvoo, Illinois. This is followed with the migration West and the accompanying hardships of settling in the near barren wasteland of Utah.

The two girls remained close friends for the two years they lived in Salt Lake City, and then their lives separated. Ellen Spencer married Hiram B. Clawson, March 18, 1850, and on May 7, 1850, Ellen Pratt with her mother and three sisters left for the Society Islands (Tahiti) where her father was serving as a missionary. She was there for two years before the family returned to America, eventually settling in the Mormon town of San Bernardino. The exchange of letters begins in 1856, six years after their separation, and a few days prior to Ellen Pratt's marriage to William McGary.

Throughout their correspondence, they show a real similarity in personality make-up and in religious beliefs, though one, Ellen Spencer Clawson, enters into what becomes a polygamous marriage, and the other is to remain monogamous all her life. In their discussion of marriage, both show a deep belief in Mormonism and an acceptance of polygamy as a divine, though at times, difficult principle to live. It is interesting to note how Hram Clawson, two of whose wives were daughters of Brigham Young, showed real impartiality in his love for his four wives and forty-two children. Honest, questioning thoughts are revealed about the difficulty of being a polygamous wife, but nowhere in the letters of Ellen Spencer Clawson or those of her husband is there any allusion to the base notions of polygamous life as described by some writers. Rather we see the warmth, loyalty and love among husband, wives and children as is found in any sound marriage.

Although one Ellen was in the center of all the social, business and religious life of Salt Lake City through her marriage to a highly respected leader of the community, and the other Ellen lived a life of financial and marital insecurity, we still see in their correspondence a common love for the same cultural, religious and moral values of their Mormon heritage. A most enjoyable insight into personal thoughts make this book well worth reading.

— BURT PRICE.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY PLACE-NAMES, by Lou Stein. Tofua Press, 166 pp., 1975.

The late W. W. Robinson once said, "The story of California can be told in terms of its land. Better still, it can be told in terms of men and women claiming the land." How true it is.

One of the basic tools of all historical research is the derivation of placenames. This delightful book contains approximately 800 San Diego County name-designations that fall into three main categories: geographic, yesterday's people, and human interest stories.

Anyone will be pleased with this guide. It is beautifully executed from cover to cover.

— ART BRUSH.

MINERAL KING GUIDE, by Pat Adler. (Revised Edition) Glendale: La Siesta Press, 48 pp., index, 1975, $1.50.

I was born and have lived all of my nearly sixty years in California and suddenly find at the moment of this writing that I am embarrassed to admit that in spite of all my extensive travel throughout our famous state, that there remain two resorts of great tourist interest where I

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have never explored – Catalina for one and Mineral King, the other. Reviewing Pat Adler's guide on that mountain area has created in me a genuine desire to visit Mineral King in the near future. She has accomplished her usual competent job of unbiased reporting on the subject. My only criticism, and it is a gentle one, is that I always wish she would enlarge on most of her work. I feel she has a lot more to tell. More detail, for instance, than she sometimes puts into her volumes.

On the subject chapter, Mineral King vs Disney, I did appreciate the concise, to the point recording of the controversy as I had attempted to follow the garbled accounts in the newspapers through those many months. I was more often confused than informed by the news media. Though her *Mineral King Guide* had gone to press before the complete and final decisions of this controversy, the gist of the story is there for the reader to draw most of his own conclusions.

As a back-packer and hiker, though now somewhat handicapped by lack of time and limited somewhat by age, I did enjoy vicariously reading about the trail trips described in the latter part of the guidebook. The author has covered, in brief, just about everything the reader would like to know of Mineral King. I always appreciate the presence of an index. This volume is certainly worth the $1.50 to visitors and dreamers who might wish to see Mineral King.

—Henry Welcome.

Historical Atlas of California, by Warren A. Beck and Ynez D. Haase. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 125 pp., 1975, $9.95.

In this book a historian and a cartographer have collaborated to record all those unusual aspects of California, such as climate, soil, natural wonders, Spanish explorations, land grants, mountain passes, and the like.

Here the reader can trace the railroad development of California, the Pony Express route, the great cattle and sheep ranches, and where oil can be found.

Not only is the atlas of value to the historian, but every student in high school or college will find it a handy companion. If you want to know where hay is grown you look at page 96, or major military installations of World War II are found on page 86.

Extensive documentation and pertinent details make this a must for every Westerner.

Warren Beck, chairman of the Department of History at California State University-Fullerton, is also a Corresponding Member of the Los Angeles Corral.

— Art Brush.

Los Angeles: Epic of a City, by Lynn Bowman. Berkeley, Howell-North Books, 400 pp., Index, 1975, $10.00.

Los Angeles has often been called the city with no soul, a city entangled amid the many facets of civilization with no central heart or pulse. This I would doubt. From the 1781 founding of El Pueblo La Reyna de Los Angeles with its 11 colonists, downtown has been a center, and it had a heart. As the hamlet grew and the railroads came, downtown continued to be an important center. Even the Pacific Electric used downtown as its base and spread, and spread, and extended.

Lynn Bowman reworks the same story of Los Angeles. The Americanization of the Southland, the land boom, the quest for water, the development of oil, the air meet at Dominguez, and the Olympics of 1932.

In 400 pages the author completely missed the citrus industry. A very important industry here for years and years. She also fails to dig into the sod and inform the reader that Los Angeles was once one of the richest agricultural centers of the state. The entire San Fernando Valley was once an entire salad bowl of truck gardens and dairies.

Bowman's story is well told, and her selection of some 154 illustrations are the same classics so often appearing in books about Los Angeles. For a good general coverage of the region this is as good as any, but she falls into the old trap of forming the story around the movies, and all the other novel things of more modern day Southern California. The publisher describes this work as *the* definitive book about one of the world's great cities. Hardly!

—Art Brush.