LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

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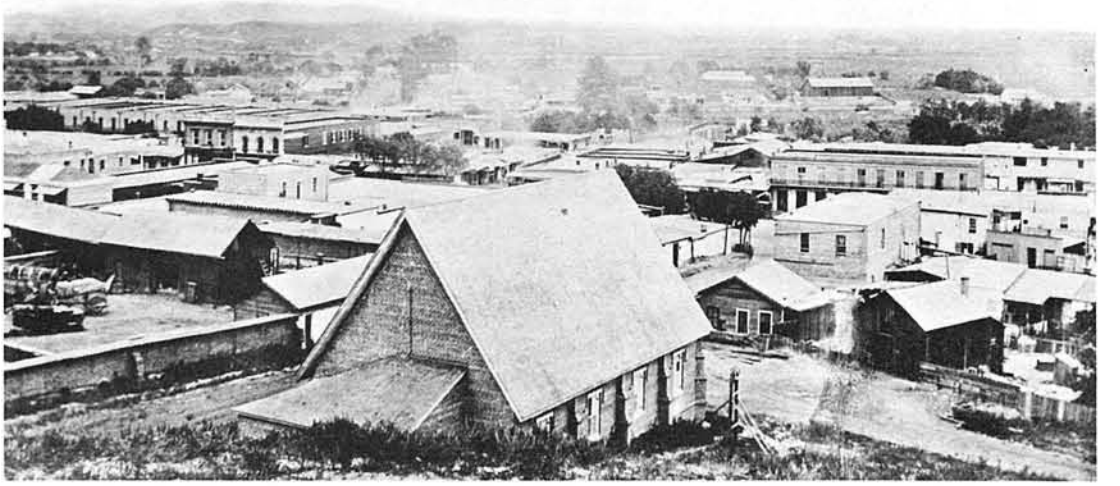

Los Angeles in 1867, a view looking northeast from Court House Hill.
— *Huntington Library, San Marino.*

# Los Angeles at Civil War's Outbreak

*By* John W. Robinson

Los Angeles was an overwhelmingly Democratic town in the years preceding the Civil War. Until the election of 1864, the party was a runaway winner in every local contest with Whigs, Know-Nothings and later Republicans. The break in Democratic ranks that developed in the mid-1850's saw the majority of Los Angeles Democrats side with the "Chivalry," as the Southern-leaning element in the state called itself. The drift of the Southern States toward secession was greeted with sympathy and understanding by a large part of the local citizenry.

These positive feelings toward the South were only natural. In the 1850's, emigrants from Texas, Missouri and other slave states poured into Southern California, settling in San Diego, San Bernardino, El Monte, as well as Los Angeles. Many leading Los Angeles citizens were natives of slave states: Benjamin Wilson, William Wolfskill, Benjamin Hayes, Dr. John S. Griffin, Colonel Edward J. C. Kewen, Dr. James B. Winston and Joseph Lancaster Brent, to name the most influential. Southern California was linked directly with the South by

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# The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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**The Roundup Foreman**

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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

JUNE

Westerners and their guests convened at Rancho Los Alamitos in Long Beach for the Annual Fandango on Saturday afternoon and evening, June 12th. The docents had invited everyone to come early for conducted tours of the buildings and grounds. The interesting and colorful history of this beautiful Rancho began back in 1806. Abel Stearns purchased the property in 1842 and sold it to the Bixbys in 1878. Most of the buildings here now, were added to the original adobe between 1878 and 1906.

After the tours, refreshments were served from a bar set up in front of one of the old red barns and next to a hay wagon filled with real hay. The buffet dinner was served under the arbor with diners being seated on the wide expanse of lawn nearby. As twilight fell over Rancho Los Alamitos, Katie Ainsworth delivered the assembled throng a soul-stirring, rip-roaring, salty and stimulating talk. It was a fitting climax to a fun Fandango!

JULY

Throughout the campaigns in Los Angeles that gave birth in 1913 to the Los Angeles Aqueduct, no voice was ever raised on behalf of the Owens Valley, the source of the prized water. Abe Hoffman gave the Corral a preview of his forthcoming story to appear in Brand Book 15 along with a slide show covering the highlights of his six years of digging into the far-flung places for background, people, and incidents about this controversial development of a new water supply for Los Angeles.

Scene at the July meeting (from the left) John Caughey, speaker Abe Hoffman and Deputy Sheriff Hugh Tolford. (BELOW) The August meeting with speaker Norton Stern with Deputy Sheriff Hugh Tolford (left) and Sheriff Everett Hager. — *Both Iron Eyes Cody Photographs.*

AUGUST

"Jewish People and Places in Pioneer Southern California" was the topic of Dr. Norton B. Stern, Jewish historian of this region. He stated that Jews wandered into Southern California for the same reason as anyone else – to better their lot. Stern went on to tell of some of the early pioneer Jews, like Jacob Frankford, who pioneered here in 1841. Morris L. Goodman was to come to the land of sunshine in 1850 and became the first Jew to serve on the City Council of the City of Los Angeles. Jews were involved in all kinds of trades and crafts. Ben Dreyfus became a vintner of note here, while Louis Wolfe (Known as the King of Temecula) operated a fine ranch, and Louis Jacobs founded the first bank in San Bernardino. Corral members were surprised to learn that many of the early Jews who wandered into Southern California were Polish Jews. Another interesting figure was that only six percent of the population in 1870 vintage Los Angeles were Jewish. Dr. Stern concluded his historical program with a slide presentation illustrating views of prominent Jewish families, businesses, and of course personalities.


# Corral Chips

An interesting article by C.M. *Paul Borcherding* on "Colonial and Revolutionary Firearms and Engraved Powder Horns" is published by the Bowers Museum in Santa Ana as a part of its exhibit of these Bicentennial items.

C.M. *Abraham Hoffman* gives a presentation on "Population Pressure and Historical Aspects of Emigration and Repatriation in Mexico" at the Symposium on Overpopulation and Malnutrition in Latin America sponsored by California State University, Long Beach. Two articles of note by Dr. Hoffman have also appeared recently: "An Unusual Monument: Paul S. Taylor's *Mexican Labor in the United States* Monograph Series," in the *Pacific Historical Review,* May 1976, and "A Note on the Field Research Interviews of Paul S. Taylor for the *Mexican Labor in the United States* Monographs," in the *Pacific Historian,* Summer 1976.

An expanded version of Associate Member *Charles Clarke's* talk before the Corral last year on *Early Film Making in Los Angeles* has appeared in handsome format as Volume 5 in the Los Angeles Miscellany series published by Dawson's Book Shop and printed by C.M. *Richard J. Hoffman.*

C.M. *Jerry Selmer* has been elected Secretary and Member of the Board of Directors of the Arcadia Historical Society.

The Second Annual Western Art Show at Rancho Los Cerritos in Long Beach features some of the outstanding work of *Andy Dagosta,* who is also lending his talent to the production of the forthcoming Brand Book 15.

Each year the Magician's Hall of Fame selects three of the world's greatest ma-

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# Civil War's Outbreak...

Lieutenant Edward F. Beale's military wagon road, completed in 1858, and the Butterfield Overland Stage Line, opened the same year. Of no small importance in maintaining Southern California's ties with the South was Federal patronage: a succession of Democratic presidents had filled all Federal appointive positions with political partisans, chosen by the Chivalry wing of the party.

The secession of South Carolina and other states of the Deep South following the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 was viewed with distress and foreboding in Los Angeles. Although there appeared to be widespread regret at the break-up of the Union, many – probably a clear majority – in town sympathized with the South's course of action. Writing to his sister in February, 1861, Judge Benjamin Hayes stated that "the tone of the people here is Southern to a greater extent than might be supposed in the present controversy." Henry Hamilton's *Los Angeles Star*, the most influential newspaper in town and strongly Southern in its sympathies, saw the Confederacy as a fixed fact, the separation of the Union as complete, and blamed the fanaticism of the North: "Much as we deplore the disruption of the Union, we cannot but admit that the South, if she could not have her rights in it, is justified in maintaining them out of it."

A number of volunteer military companies were organized in Los Angeles and surrounding areas during February and March, in keeping with Governor Downey's call for 5,000 volunteer militia to preserve the public order. Early in February, the "Los Angeles Greys" were formed at a meeting in the Court House. Immediately the militia unit petitioned the state adjutant general for arms and ammunition. The following month saw the birth of the 80-man "Los Angeles Mounted Rifles," presided over by George W. Gift, assisted by Alonzo Ridley. Both of these gentlemen had strong pro-Southern beliefs. Out in El Monte, 12 miles east, the "Monte Mounted Rifles" were organized, 70 vigilante-prone "Monte Boys" under the leadership of Frank Green and Andrew King. El Monte, peopled largely by transplanted Texans, was a hotbed of Southern Democracy and a dangerous place for Lincoln supporters to venture.

Captain Winfield Scott Hancock – only army officer in Los Angeles at the outbreak of the Civil War. – *Huntington Library, San Marino.*

Not all volunteers in these local militia units were Southern sympathizers, but enough were to worry Captain Winfield Scott Hancock, Quartermaster of the Army's Southern District of the Department of the Pacific, and the only regular army officer in Los Angeles at the time. Captain Hancock had been stationed in Los Angeles since May, 1859. From his office on Main Street near 3rd, he purchased and distributed food, supplies, and livestock to military posts in Southern California and Arizona. Hancock was worried that Southern sympathizers in some of these quasi-military units might attempt to seize his army stores – particularly the guns and ammunition. But for the moment, all he could do was remain vigilant.

The electrifying news of the attack on Fort Sumter required twelve days to reach San Francisco via Pony Express, then was

relayed to Los Angeles via telegraph, reaching here on the afternoon of April 24th. The news caused "the most profound sensation," according to the *Star*. The streets of Los Angeles were suddenly filled with excited, milling crowds, expressing mingled feelings of elation and sorrow. Although three thousands miles from the seat of conflict, the town was deeply involved in the martial spirit. And this spirit in the minds and hearts of men surging through the streets was decidedly pro-Southern.

President Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers and a naval blockade to subdue the South unleashed a torrent of abuse from the *Star:* "In the clash of arms, the American Constitution has perished. . . . Instead of a Federal Government composed of a Legislative, Judicial and an Executive Department, we find the whole power of government seized by *one man,* and exercised as irresponsibly as by the Czar of Russia."

Secessionists in Los Angeles echoed Henry Hamilton's outrage. The coming of war had unleashed a fury of fundamental emotions. Uncertainty and doubt suddenly vanished in an orgy of popular excitement. Flushed faces, wild eyes and screaming voices filled the Bella Union Hotel and Montgomery Saloon and spilled out into the streets. Angry and excited crowds shouted hurrahs for Jeff Davis and the Confederacy and hurled insults at Unionists. The Bella Union was the nerve center of secessionist outrage. A few days after the fall of Fort Sumter, a huge portrait of General Beauregard was hung in the hotel saloon. Barroom songs, hurriedly composed for the occasion and often sung to the tune of popular ballads, reverberated through the halls and echoed into the streets. Two of the favorite ditties were "We'll Hang Abe Lincoln to a Tree" and "We'll Drive the Bloody Tyrant from Our Dear Native Soil."

The secessionist outburst worried Captain Winfield Scott Hancock. After receiving a warning that Southern sympathizers planned to raid his quartermaster stores, Hancock concealed the arms and ammunition under bags of grain and improvised a barricade of wagons and boxes. He assembled a small arsenal of twenty Derringers for his own use, armed his wife, and recruited Union sympathizers to help defend the government property. Amid threatening gestures from secessionists, he was fully prepared to fight it out until help arrived. For a few days – until troops reached Los Angeles from Fort Tejon — it was touch and go. "Probably all that saved the faraway section of Southern California for the Union at this critical moment was Hancock's care in seeing that his precious guns, ammunition and supplies were adequately protected," writes Hancock's latest biographer. Although this assessment is almost certainly an exaggeration, Hancock's prompt action in guarding his stores from secessionist mobs saved the army a great deal of trouble in the ensuing months.

Brigadier General Edwin Sumner, who replaced Albert Sidney Johnston as a commander of the Department of the Pacific on April 25th, made a quick survey of the war situation in California and was distressed with what he found. In his first report to Washington, sent the day after his arrival, he painted a grim picture: "There is a strong Union feeling with the majority of the people of the state, but the secessionists are much the most active and zealous party, which gives them more influence than they ought to have from their numbers. I have no doubt there is some deep scheming to draw California into the secession movement." On April 30th, Sumner narrowed his sights on Southern California: "I have found it necessary to withdraw the troops from Fort Mojave and place them at Los Angeles. There is more danger of dissaffection at this place than any other in the state. There are a number of influential men there who are decided Secessionists, and if we have difficulty it will commence there." Three days later, the General ordered Company K, 1st Dragoons, to proceed immediately from Fort Tejon to Los Angeles. And not a moment too soon.

That a display of force was urgently needed in Los Angeles to counter secessionist threats was clearly revealed in letters Captain Hancock sent General Sumner during early May. On May 4th, Hancock indicated that the situation in Los Angeles was critical but that he might be able to muster sufficient loyal citizens to counter

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an expected attack from "a number of reckless people who have nothing to lose." He wrote that the secessionists had possession of "a new bronze field-piece and carriage (I think a 6-pounder gun)," and that "it might be wise to send here a gun of equal or greater caliber." Three days later, Hancock reported, "The 'bear flag' was paraded through the streets of El Monte (twelve miles eastward) on the 4th instant, and was escorted by a number of horsemen, varying (according to reports) from forty to seventy, . . . The 'bear flag' is being painted here, and I think it will be paraded soon, possibly next Sunday, or some other day when the company known as the secession company drills. I have taken all precautions possible and that I think necessary, and I believe can get all the assistance I require until the troops arrive, from among the citizens, to resist any open attack upon the public property." Hancock further stated that the dragoons with artillery would have "a strong moral effect" on the rebelling populace, and urged that "a show be made at once." Not only was Hancock concerned about secessionists among the Anglo elements, he was increasingly worried about discontent among Los Angeles' Spanish-speaking citizens: "When once a revolution commences the masses of the native population will act, and they are worthy of a good deal of consideration. If they act it will be most likely against the Government."

Los Angeles narrowly averted bloodshed a few days later. A company of fifty or sixty mounted secessionists from El Monte – probably the same ones who raised the Bear Flag in that Southern-sympathizing community – planned a ride into Los Angeles to raise the Bear Flag, symbol of resistance to the federal government, over the Court House. Union men in town got wind of this plan and went to Sheriff Tomas Sanchez, warning him that such an attempt would be forceably resisted and that bloodshed might develop. Sanchez, although himself sympathetic to the Confederate cause, had the good sense to realize that such a confrontation would have dire consequences. The sheriff, at the last minute, sent a messenger to El Monte to ask the Bear Flaggers to abandon, or at least delay, their plan. The messenger intercepted the mounted "Monte Boys" already en route to Los Angeles and handed them the sheriff's request, along with a warning that fighting would ensue if they proceeded into Los Angeles. With reluctance, the Monte Boys turned around and went home.

On May 14th, Major James Henry Carleton and fifty mounted troopers of Company K, 1st Dragoons, from Fort Tejon, trotted into Los Angeles, to the immense relief of Captain Hancock and Union sympathizers in town. A few days later they were joined by cavalry units from Fort Mojave, and the immediate danger of an armed insurrection in Los Angeles was over. The soldiers set up camp on the southern outskirts of town. The temporary post was named Camp Fitzgerald in honor of Major E. F. Fitzgerald, later of Fort Tejon, who had died a year earlier. Its location was at the base of the hill between 1st and 2nd Streets, on Fort Street (later Broadway), and it initially consisted of eleven tents in a cleared area 100 yards wide and 150 yards long.

With soldiers in blue patrolling the streets of Los Angeles, citizens loyal to the Union were finally able to express themselves. A Union Club was organized; Columbus Sims was elected president and J. J. Warner vice president. The club passed a resolution stating, in part, "We, the citizens of Los Angeles, declare our devotion to the Union and to the Government; sustain and support the Constitution; and will to the extent of our lives and means resist treasonable spirit."

Los Angeles Unionists, with the support of Major Carleton and his 1st Dragoons, boldly made plans for a "Grand Union Demonstration" to be held May 25th. There would be a parade and speeches, climaxed by the hoisting of the Stars and Stripes over the Court House. This was a direct challenge to the secessionist majority. A few days before the demonstration, a warning was posted in front of the Bella Union that anyone raising the national flag over the Court House would be shot dead. And on the morning of the 25th, a rumor circulated that a party of armed secessionists would physically prevent the flag raising. But neither of these intimidations came to pass. At the prescribed time, Union

men from as far away as New San Pedro (later Wilmington), guarded by armed dragoons in full dress, gathered in the Plaza. The 1st Dragoon band struck up a march and the procession of civilians and soldiers moved to the Court House. Phineas Banning mounted the steps, gave a short but rousing speech, and presented a large national flag to Columbus Sims, president of the Union Club. Patriotic orations by Major Carleton, Captain Hancock and Ezra Drown followed. The dragoons, "with their glistening sabers and burnished carbines," added to the pomp of the occasion. To a hushed audience, the Stars and Stripes was slowly hoisted high over the building, the first time the flag had flown over Los Angeles since the news of Fort Sumter. The demonstration concluded with a salute of 34 guns – one for each state in the Union – and a round of rousing cheers. Only one incident marred the occasion: An overzealous Union supporter attempted to read a patriotic poem from an upstairs window in the Bella Union and was promptly pitched into the street by Rebel sympathizers.

Soldiers remained in or near Los Angeles for the remainder of the Civil War, keeping the town's rebel populace in rein and protecting the loyal minority. With the abandonment of Camp Fitzgerald in October, the troops set up new quarters at Camp Latham, ten miles west near Ballona Creek (today's Culver City). Camp Latham was in turn succeeded by Drum Barracks near Wilmington. Never were the Confederate sympathizers in town allowed to make any move that would threaten Union control of Southern California.

# *In Remembrance*

## HARVEY EVERETT STARR, M.D.

1900 - 1976

*By* PAUL BAILEY

On July 13, 1976, death claimed one more beloved member of the "old guard." It was Harvey Starr's distinction to have served the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners for nearly a quarter of a century. In 1957 – nineteen years ago – he stood as Sheriff of the Corral – No. 11 in succession to that office in the distinguished line of Westerners who have guided this organization through thirty years of life and growth. To the very end of his days, Harvey Starr cherished and honored his membership in this unique fraternity. His wisdom – his quiet, earnest voice, his radiant zeal, and his loving kindness already are sorely missed.

Years of almost total dedication to the Los Angeles Corral by the graying old-timers have added an aura of distinctive personality to the thinning ranks of these venerable line-officers who have guided the Corral through past decades. Harvey will be best remembered for his gift and art of gentle but persuasive conversation, for his fierce loyalties to the Corral and its history, and to the genuine love of fellow men which he literally radiated.

Those of us who were privileged to share the inner circle of this man's friendship found a richness and nobility rare among humans. The writer remembers a May night in 1959 when as a fellow "jackass" of the ancient order of E Clampus Vitus, he spread his sleeping bag alongside that of Harvey Starr's, at one of ECV's notorious "Clampouts"–this one being held at the Joshua Tree Ranch of Bill Keyes–then specially paroled from the penitentiary. Upon the once-embattled Keyes acres, Platrix Chapter was laying an historical marker – to the sterling defiance of Billy Keyes against establishment bureaucrats, and to that natural-history wonder, also at Joshua Trees, "Virgin Rock." The party, throughout most of the night, had been noisy and hilarious. Retreating to our bedrolls, as spent Knights of ECV, Harvey and I had the choice of looking up into the immensity of God's expanse of stars, and listening to the guitar music and singing, at the campfire, of John Hilton and other illustrious and talented music makers – or again joining the hilarity and cannon fire of those Clampers who refused to give up.

As we lay there, thinking and listening, my arm reached out, Harvey's arm reached

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Harvey Starr while at Union College.

out, and, instinctively as though both of us were impelled by the same motivation, our hands clasped in the darkness. "It's pretty wonderful, isn't it?" Harvey said.

"Mighty noisy," I reminded.

"But a beautiful night," Harvey said. "Beautiful people. And weird as the setting, I'm sure God Himself appreciates a good laugh."

For a time we listened to the man-joy, the hilarity, and the campfire music – the singing, and the beat of strings. We looked upward to the vault of heaven – a million stars in a springtime sky. We talked of our respective lifetimes, and the similarity of our earlier years, in small towns, in households motivated by religions of the apocalyptic and millennial persuasion. But mostly it was of the lifelong friendships of men whose lives had so touched our own livings; men who shared our common knowledge and interests; Westerners, Clampers, history buffs, book lovers, and fellow wayfarers along the paths in quest of the past.

That night, camped on the face of Mother Earth, looking upward into the wonders and mysteries of God's creation, and listening to the voices of our mutual friends, Harvey Starr revealed to me the unfeigned love he held for his fellow man.

In the hundreds of Westerner meetings shared with Harvey, all of us have known and noted the warmth and appreciation he constantly held out to his friends. Gentle, generous, and honest; no human who was ever close to Harvey Starr can recall him uttering an unkind word about friend or associate. If what he said could not be praiseworthy, he did not speak. Never did he assume it a prerogative to judge. He left all that to the Higher Right he'd learned as a child.

As to the Westerners he so dearly loved – to miss a meeting with his friends was almost calamitous in Harvey's thoughts. And those of us who knew him, remember how sorely he missed those nights around the Corral board when painful illness of the past year forced him to forego the fellowship he so thoroughly enjoyed.

His decades with the Los Angeles Corral were ones of service and accomplishment. During his tenure as Sheriff of the Corral, he presided over the publication of *Brand Book No. 7*, one of the most beautiful and significant of the many books published by the Corral. His own written contribution to this volume, "The Doctor in Early Los Angeles," not only was a major feature in the publication, but grew into a continuing study by him of the pioneer physicians. Results were monographs, articles, and publications to the medical profession, of which he was an illustrious writer, historian, and officer in its societies.

After serving the Corral with distinction as its Sheriff, he assumed and discharged many other official functions in the organization through the many years. He was a loyal and valuable contributor to its *Brand Books* and its *Branding Iron*, as well as heading up and serving on many of the committees which required his diplomacy, judgment and skills. At the annual *fandangoes*, when Westerners have the privilege of bringing their ladies, his charming

In 1956 two immortal Westerners raise a toast to the future of the Los Angeles Corral. Dr. Harvey Starr (left) and Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge. – *Lonnie Hull Photograph.*

and lovely wife Esther was alongside to graciously add to the joy which meant so much to Harvey.

Harvey Everett Starr was born April 15, 1900, at Stuart, Iowa. He attended high school at Lincoln, Nebraska. He graduated from Union College in Nebraska, and Adventist College, Walla Walla, Washington. He earned his medical doctorate at the College of Medical Evangelists, Loma Linda. But intellectual pursuits were punctuated with the more bucolic experiences as cowboy, laborer, and working as fry cook in a logging camp. He rode tramp freighters to the Pacific Islands, joined the Army, and served in World War II in the medical corps.

Besides the history-oriented organizations such as Westerners, E Clampus Vitus, Zamorano, and California Historical Society, Harvey Starr was a distinguished member of many medical associations including American Medical Association, Calfornia Medical Association, and Los Angeles County Medical Association. He was a member of the Hollywood Academy of Medicine, Pacific Coast Dermatological Society, and was Assistant Clinical Professor, College of Medical Evangelists. He was a senior staff physician at California Hospital, and a life member of Delta Chapter Phi Rho Sigma. He was a member of Los Angeles Lions Club, University Club, and Al Malaikah Temple of the Shrine.

The professional honors of Dr. Harvey Starr were many and varied. But to the brotherhood of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners he will be better and more securely remembered as the gentle, kindly, honorable and selfless human who was allowed to sojourn so long in the circle of this unique society. As a Westerner, Harvey rode tall in the saddle. Not often are we privileged to have the likes of such a man to share the long ride with us. Around the Corral, and among his friends, there are nostalgic memories; a profound sense of sadness. An irreparable feeling of loss.

# Corral Chips...

gicians to be enshrined in its exhibit. *Loring Campbell* was recently honored as one of three members so honored for 1976, and in addition, is one of eight living magicians to be exalted by this noble group. The Magician's Hall of Fame was founded some 20 years ago to honor the great magicians of the world. After an initial selection of the best, running back to 1600, it was decided to honor only three new members each year. The Hall is located in the Hollywood office of Home Savings & Loan – go see it.

Another Corral artist, *Lloyd Mitchell,* has his work displayed by the Thackery Art Gallery in San Diego.

New Active Member *Bill Warren* is honored by his colleagues in the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in ceremonies held at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

"Noroeste de Mexico" is the subject of *Walt Wheelock's* address before the Cabrillo Section of the Sierra Club.

Riding shotgun for a July 4th recreation of the Butterfield Overland Stage on a run from Solvang to Los Olivos, and presiding over subsequent ceremonies at fabled Mattei's Tavern, is C.M. *Dick Yale.*

*Dan L. Thrapp* is reelected to the Board of Directors, Council on Abandoned Military Posts (CAMP) at their 10th Annual Military History Conference held in Tucson. Dan is also editor of the CAMP Quarterly. Others noted in attendance were *Elwood Holland,* C.M.'s *Aaron Cohen, Ed Huston,* and *George Schneider.*

*The Dawnseekers,* the most recent book from the pen of C.M. *Robert West Howard,* has been given an award by the Colonial Dames of America in recognition of its notable contribution to the documentation of life in the United States.

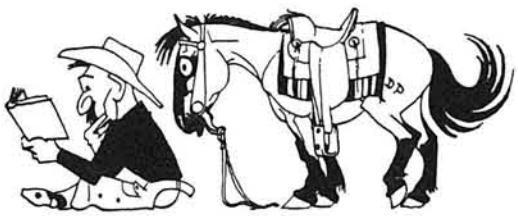
*Horace Albright* receives yet another honor, a bronze medal and the Neasham Award from the California Historical Society, for his nearly fifty years of leadership in the preservation of natural resources.

Superb woodcuts by *Herschel Logan* enhance a new publication that nostalgically evokes life on the farm in turn-of-the-century Kansas, *Small World, Long Gone.*

And, finally, *Clifford Drury's* monumental series on the history of the Oregon Mission of the American Board is completed with the publication of an eleventh volume, *Nine Years with the Spokane Indians: The Diary, 1838-1848, of Elkanah Walker.*

## *Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral*

The Los Angeles Corral welcomes the following new Corresponding Members. They are: Katie Ainsworth, Edgar Crigler, Keith Dawson, Raymond Dority, Walter Havekorst, Mrs. Wilbur Jacobs, Philip Nadler, and Irwin Vogel.



# DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

THOSE KINGS AND QUEENS OF OLD HAWAII: A MELE TO THEIR MEMORY, by Paul Bailey. Los Angeles: Westernlore Books, 1975. 381 pp., illus., biblio., index, endpapers. $11.95.

All of the territory which comprises the United States was at one time the dominion of monarchs, both czars and kings. However, Hawaii, the forty-ninth state to be admitted to the Union, stands unique in this respect; it was ruled by native kings and queens up to 1893 when the Hawaiian dynasty was overthrown by an American-led cabal, an event which subsequently led to the annexation of the former island kingdom to the United States in 1898.

The rich history of the Kingdom of Hawaii is woven into the pages of this book by Westerner Paul Bailey. Indeed, in weaving the historical tapestry the author builds his narrative around the islands' monarchs: Kamehameha I, the Great (1758-1819), founder of the dynasty; the short reign (1819-1824) of Liholiho, Kamehameha II; Kauikeaouli, Kamehameha III (1813-1854); the adopted heir, Alexander Liholiho (1834-1863, Kamehameha IV, and his older brother, the bachelor Lot Kamehameha (1831-1872), the fifth and last of the Kamehamehas; the elected William Kanaina Lunalilo (1835-1874); David Kalakaua (1836-1891), also elected king; and his sister and designated successor, Lydia Paki (Mrs. John O. Dominis), the last monarch of Hawaii, who ruled three years as Queen Liliuokalani (1838-1917).

It was out of contact with Europeans, dating from the third James Cook voyage to the Pacific when the islands were discovered, 1778-1779 (and where Cook met his death), that the kingdom of Hawaii was forged. The brilliant Kamehameha I, who came to power in 1790, was able to unite the islands over the following two decades. By 1810 the various independent chiefs were subdued and obedience, though tenuous at times, to the dynasty established. His son, Liholiho, proved ineffectual. However, by the time of his reign, 1819-1824, there was a decisively new element influencing Hawaiian developments, the presence of a growing body of American Protestant missionaries and the increasing frequency of calls by merchant and naval sailing vessels, later joined by a flood of whalers. The island kingdom would never be the same.

Ascending the throne at the age of eight, Kauikeaouli was fortunate to have a short-lived loyal regency that ensured his throne. Later, he made use of a number of foreign advisors, notably Elisha H. Allen, Rev. Richard Armstrong, William L. Lee, William Richards, John Ricord, Dr. Robert C. Wyllie, and especially Dr. Gerrit P. Judd. Through such influence the kingdom became a constitutional monarchy in 1840, with significant additions drafted into another document in 1852, and major reforms in 1887.

The role of immigrants in shaping the development of nineteenth-century Hawaii is unraveled with telling effect. No wonder Queen Liliuokalani could not stem the tide when the moment of nationalism she sparked in her short reign, 1891-1893, ran headlong into entrenched American business and property interests. Her predecessors had laid the groundwork for what she had to reap, the overthrow of the Kingdom of Hawaii. It was a bitter pill for her.

Another element in Hawaiian history is the interest on the part of other nations in acquiring the beautiful, bountiful, and strategic islands. From the initial annexation by the British government, the rash act of Lord George Paulet, captain of *HMS Craysfort,* in 1843 (which was countermanded later), acquisition of Hawaii

has dazzled the French and the Americans, especially the latter. From 1826, when the first treaty between the U.S. and Hawaii was signed – the first ever signed by the Hawaiians – American interest waxed and waned. Although the independence of the kingdom was fully established and recognized by the world community by 1845, American expectations came to the fore during the heydey of "manifest destiny," reaching overt endorsement during the administration of President Franklin Pierce. To no avail in 1853-1857. But events proved ripe under the umbrella of the Spanish American War in 1898.

Taking a page out of the history of the Texas Republic, in 1893 Americans in Hawaii demanded a government "entirely Haole in staff, and pro-American and annexationist in concept." Queen Liliuokalani could not stem the tide: she had to accept the ultimatum. But she was not without hope. In 1895 in a vain and futile attempt to regain her throne, she lost the gamble. There would be no second time. Jailed, she was forced to renounce her royal claims. Proud to the end, she signed the document "Liliuokalani Dominis." There would never again be a king or queen of Hawaii.

The author has added an important dimension to his narrative. He has painted superb personal portraits of the Hawaiian monarchs, their courts, and courtiers. In bold and incisive prose he has chisled the leading figures' features and character, virtues and vices, strengths and weaknesses. He paints a fascinating picture of the royal islanders, warts and all. It makes for splendid reading.

If you should head for Hawaii on a vacation, take this book along. Better still, read it now so that you can go fully prepared. It is a book that will delight and inform. And when you hear the strains of "Aloha Oe," remember it was written by that superb musician and composer, the last royal queen of Hawaii.

– Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.

Early Cemeteries of the City of Los Angeles, by Edwin A. Carpenter. Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles, 16 pp., 1973. $10.00.

By delving into one of the more macabre as well as overlooked aspects of local history, C.M. Ed Carpenter has made an interesting contribution to knowledge of our city's past. He attempts to confine himself to the period up to the mid-1880's and to those cemeteries lying within the city limits of Los Angeles, but it is nonetheless surprising how inclusive of Southern California history such a narrowly defined subject can become.

The author begins with a look at the earliest official burying places, those established within the mission grounds at both San Gabriel and San Fernando. The cemetery adjacent to the Plaza Church was the next to be consecrated, but by 1844 it had become "so unhealthy that a grave cannot be made without corrupt miasmata offending the neighborhood." Consequently, Old Calvary Cemetery, destined to endure until 1890, was planned.

Other burial grounds, a surprisingly large number of them, also came into existence as population grew and the number of deaths thereby increased: the Protestant Cemetery on Fort Moore Hill, dating from the burial of four U.S. soldiers there in December 1847; the Jewish Cemetery established by the Hebrew Benevolent Society of Los Angeles with its first burial in 1858; the 70 acre Evergreen Cemetery in the vicinity of Boyle Heights, still in operation incidentally, and which was authorized by the City Council in 1877; and Rosedale Cemetery, incorporated in 1884 with 65 acres facing Washington Boulevard between present-day Normandie Avenue and Walton and Catalina Streets.

In addition, there were three or four other early cemeteries ultimately brought into the City of Los Angeles by twentieth-century annexation: Washington Cemetery; the one at Drum Barracks in Wilmington; Harbor View Cemetery in San Pedro; and Morningside Cemetery in the Sylmar area of the San Fernando Valley.

This unusual but intriguing little volume devotes some space to chronicling the enduring problems of caring for these burial sites, such as adequate fencing, controlling livestock from trampling the area, maintaining decent access roads, preventing desecration by vandalism, and exterminating pesky ground squirrels who riddled the graves with holes. The book then con-

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cludes with a discussion of early monument makers and undertakers, the latter composed originally of men employed as furniture dealers or cabinet makers.

Designated Volume II of Glen Dawson's Los Angeles Miscellany series, Ed Carpenter's book adds scope to local history by taking an often neglected, seemingly unimportant subject and documenting how germane and integral a part it can be in tracing and understanding the development of a community. — TONY LEHMAN

THE RANCH WOMAN'S MANUAL, by Gwen Petersen. North Plains Press, Aberdeen, South Dakota, 176 pp., wrappers. $2.00.

As part of the preparation for the 1976 directory for the Los Angeles Westerners, we sent a letter to the North Plains Press suggesting they might advertise in that upcoming roster. In reply we received their ad copy, a check, and a newly published paperback which turned out to be some of the best "rib-tickling" material I have read in a long time. Good humor is so rare these days, and this little book is just that.

The author, before she became a ranch wife, was an occupational therapist working in psychiatric hospitals and institutions for the disturbed and mentally ill. With this background she had some preparation for the life she now leads with her husband on a farm in Montana.

Her manual is divided into sections instead of chapters, and in a hilarious manner she very cleverly depicts this radical change in her life. Here are several examples:

> Section One: CALVING THE HEIFERS
> Wherein the ranch woman learns about the midnight duties required of a good Ranch Wife, and how to serve as midwife at the birth of a calf.
>
> Section Three: PIGS AND PIGGING
> Wherein one learns that pigs require tender loving care and that it is the sympathetic Ranch Woman who can soothe a troubled sow. Pig care is considered a Womanly Art.

Along with the constantly humorous text is much good information on what transpires on the modern diversified farm in the west. If you want a lot of good chuckles, enjoy this little manual, and you certainly will even though you have never lived on a farm or even visited one; but, if the ranch life is in your past it will "crack you up."

— HENRY WELCOME

JOHNNY HEINOLD'S FIRST AND LAST CHANCE SALOON, by Otha Donner Wearin. Salt Lake City, Publisher's Press, 68 pp., 1974. $3.50 paperbound; $5.95 hardbound.

Based on the observation that most Westerners head straight for a libation to "settle the dust" upon entering the meeting hall, it is obvious that bellying up to the bar is of more than passing interest to this crowd. Likewise, historic watering holes often occupy a place of equal interest if not of singular renown in the American folk tradition.

One such emporium of elisian elixers has been immortalized in print with the publication of *Johnny Heinold's First and Last Chance Saloon.* Located near the waterfront on Oakland's Webster Street, the First and Last Chance was built in the 1880s out of the wreckage of a whaling ship. This alone would be enough "atmosphere" to assure at least a secure local reputation, but there is more.

Perhaps more pertinent to those attuned to western history and lore is the fact that Johnny Heinold's saloon has been the lodestone, and occasionally a sanitarium, to a host of literary and political personages. At one time or another Robert Louis Stevenson, Joaquin Miller, Robert Service, Rex Beach and Martin Johnson were among those who dropped in to weather a storm. Its most constant illuminary, however, was Jack London, who not only patronized this shanty sanctuary, but adopted it as his Oakland headquarters for the gathering of crony "summits" to ponder and solve the problems of the world — all of which were beautifully crystalized through liquid visions. (Capitalizing upon these meetings, the bar's publicity proclaims it to be "Jack London's Rendezvous.")

Wearin's small volume highlights the forty-nine year reign of Johnny Heinold with several memorable incidents and continues the saga of this unimposing little structure through the tenure of Johnny's son George. The book is valuable not only

as an insight into the Bay Area activities of several notable figures but also serves the casual boozer as a preliminary introduction to the folklore and legend surrounding the First and Last Chance.

A copy may be obtained directly from the publisher, or from Nishna Vale Book Shop, Hastings, Iowa 51540, or from Holmes Book Company, 274 14th St., Oakland, Ca. 94612.

— Ed Parker

Tales of the Mojave Road, a Second Trilogy, by Dennis G. Casebier. Self-Published, Norco, California. No. 4—Fort Pah-Ute California, 160 pp., Wrappers, September 1974. $7.50. No. 5 — The Mojave Road, 192 pp., pocket map, bound, September 1975. $15.00. No. 6 — The Mojave Road in Newspapers, 97 pp., bound, January 1976. $7.50.

I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Casebier at Kellogg West in Pomona last summer at the Conference of California Historical Societies annual meeting. He presented a slide program on the Mojave Road which I found so very interesting I have hopes the Los Angeles Westerners might use it. Since that meeting we have corresponded, and in my letter to Mr. Casebier I asked him how many more books he felt he might produce before exhausting his research material. His reply in part was, "The possibilities of this subject are almost infinite. I expect to go to at least 20 titles . . . or even more. The 7th in the series (which won't be published till well into 1977) will be a history of Camp Beale's Springs, Arizona Territory, and the story of the Walapai Indians up through the 1870s. After that we're thinking about tackling Fort Mojave . . ." But all this is in the foreseeable future; something the Casebier fan can look forward to reading.

The Mojave Road was basically a military highway (wagon road) constructed to serve the military posts beyond the Cajon Pass throughout the length of San Bernardino County and terminating at Prescott, Arizona. Constructed before the Civil War, its supply point was Drum Barracks near the waterfront in Wilmington, California. Immigrants, miners and others, as well as the arms and their supply wagons, frequented this desert trail. The local Indians provided an occasional problem necessitating small forts or garrisons along its route.

Dennis G. Casebier's books on the Mojave Road, its forts and the events which occurred along this slim line of western communication are well documented, thoroughly researched and interesting to read. His selective and generous use of relevant illustrations and maps add much to the text. The researcher will appreciate the index found in every volume. The author-publisher has been careful to provide fine printing and clear illustrations and I am pleased to see him turning to hard bindings for his last two books. All of Dennis G. Casebier's Mojave Road series should be in the library of anyone interested in western history or the Mojave Desert. The present day jeep explorer can also enjoy tracing remote parts of this highway into the past. Those specialists in San Bernardino County history will find the volumes useful in filling some of the "up till now" voids in their county's past.

The author has tramped, camped and ridden over every mile of the Mojave Road, enabling him to paint a true and accurate written picture of his subject.

— Henry Welcome

Early Film Making in Los Angeles, by Charles G. Clarke, A.S.C. Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles, California, 59 pp., 1976. $10.00.

This handsomely printed and well-illustrated little volume, Number 5 in Glen Dawson's on-going Los Angeles Miscellany series, is an adaptation of Westerner Charle Clarke's talk before the members of this Corral in July of 1975.

The author begins by briefly tracing the history of the origins of the motion picture through Thomas Edison's Kinetoscope and his later Vitascope, but the focus is definitely on Los Angeles' key role in the fledgling industry, a prominence that resulted from the ideal conditions that attracted film makers to our area: "There was plenty of sunshine, a good climate, a nearby ocean, desert, mountains, sylvan glades, and a lively theater from which to draw players. A variety of buildings, Mexican streets, a great assortment of homes and gardens, surrounded by flowers and

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green trees the year around, were at every hand."

Drawing to an interesting extent on personal reminiscences, such as the time when the young Charlie Clarke watched D. W. Griffith direct the Biograph players in rented space at the car-barn yards at Pico and Georgia Streets, the author presents an astonishing amount of pertinent information on his subject. The first complete story film to be made in Los Angeles, for example, was "The Heart of a Race Tout" in 1908. And the first real studio was established the same year by the Selig Polyscope Company on Glendale Boulevard north of Sunset.

The initial studio actually to be built in Hollywood itself was David Horsley's Centaur Film Company, which located on the back lot of Blondeau's Tavern at the present northwest corner of Sunset and Gower Streets. Interestingly, this may well account for the fact that all subsequent studios have since been commonly referred to as "lots" instead of studios.

The waxing popularity of films nationwide soon led to an astonishing proliferation of studios in the greater Los Angeles area. By 1912, for instance, some 3000 individuals were employed here, and some 73 different companies were at work, though many of these made a picture or two and then faded into obscurity.

For the reader looking with nostalgia for familiar names that flashed upon the flickering screen during his own childhood, they are all here: Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Chester Conklin, Tom Mix, Mary Pickford, etc.

The history buff, too, will find a wealth of material compiled with diligence and affection by a man whose own intimate association with film making spans some fifty-four years, from the era of the silents to the epic productions of today, making him a reliable – and I am pleased to say, readable – authority.

– Tony Lehman

Centennial, by James A. Michener. New York: Random House, 1974.

This volume upholds Michener's stature as an historian made more palatable by fictionalization. This time it is the development of the land and people of the Western plains. In his inimitable way he takes exhaustive factual research and cloaks it in attractive fiction-style, laying out for his readers a kaleidoscopic view of all that transpired through the 100-year period of a fictional town on the little-known South Platte River where it runs through northeastern Colorado. It is all there – from the origin to the present – Indians, trappers, traders, miners, cowboys, outlaws, gunmen, sheepmen, irrigators and drylanders and all the ethnic variations. Michener reaches a realism that brings history to life and he does it the way he sees it, avoiding the trap of accepting what other historians have parroted, which tends to compound mistakes and prejudices.

To Westerners it is a breath of fresh air from the past to read that: "The best thing about ranches, however, was the careful superintendence they gave the range. 'All in the world we got to sell,' Jim Lloyd used to instruct his men, 'Is grass. The Hereford is just a machine for converting grass into beef. If you look out for the grass, I'll look after the Herefords.' There was built-in conservation in the rancher. All he wanted from government was no interference. In return he would look after his grass, share some of it with the wild animals, and protect one of the nation's greatest resources – the open range."

This book brings back the people of the past. Obviously, Michener not only does his homework well, but he has a knack of getting at the heart of the land and the people too often neglected or lost by those who compile history.

– Anon

Yesterday's California, by Russ Leadabrand, Shelly Lowenkopf and Bryce Patterson. Miami, E. A. Seamann Pub. Co., 272 pp., 1975, $14.95.

The newest pictorial history of our Golden State comes from, of all places, Miami. The three compilers of this historical effort are Southern Californians and old hands to both books and local publishing. Russ Leadabrand is a Corresponding Member of the Corral.

This pictorial has slight text, but what there is can be called basic. The most interesting thing about this work is the choice of illustrations. It is obvious the

boys had a hard decision to make in selection. Think of the hours in boiling down to the finest. Presented is a very representative picture collection of California, the key views are all here.

The descriptive data alongside each view is crisp, interesting, and informative. In short order one can obtain the facts, the date the picture was made, and what the scene represents.

The compilors never intended this to be a Sierra Club like production or a definitive volume on the story of California. They wanted a sampling of California pictures and a glimpse of our past from the desert to the sea, and border to border. They got it.

The bigness of California is soon found in short order. We have the tallest peaks, and the lowest place in the U. S. of A. Not only do we have forests of giant redwood trees, but a forest of oil derricks. We learn that planes are built in giant hangers, but so are motion pictures. California has more coastline than any other state, and the busiest harbors. Truly, *Yesterday's California* is a pictorial garden of heritage.

For the price tag of $14.95, this volume lacks quality. Not in content, but in production. The paper is soft and it took on ink like a blotter. Let us hope the second edition will do these three men the justice they deserve.

—Donald Duke

Dona Anita of El Rosario, by Helen Ellsberg. La Siesta Press, Glendale, California, 48 pp., 1974. $1.50.

Comparing notes with my wife Betty, we discovered that we had first made the acquaintance with Señora Anita Espinoza in the spring of 1951. Dona Anita was even then deservedly considered the matriarch of El Rosario, a tiny village more than a hundred bone-racking, dusty miles beyond the narrow strip of pavement extending below Ensenada. The settlement had started as a Dominican Mission site in 1774 and twenty-five years ago was still considered the last outpost of civilization for the gringo adventurers headed southward. What a pleasure it was after having one's gasoline tank refilled at the even then antiquated hand pump, to step into the cool interior of Casa Espinoza. One of my companions, a professional anthropologist, spotted the handsome woman with her jet black hair hanging in two shining braids, and in an aside to me very quietly said, "She is a beautiful Indian woman."

We enjoyed a beer or so and got acquainted with the pleasant woman who spoke very good English and seemed eager to answer all our questions. My friend finally asked if she was Indian. She replied that she was Pima and offered the further information that the Catholic padres had brought the Pimas to Baja nearly two centuries before as they were easily Christianized and worked well at the missions. Our visit was a pleasant one and time passed quickly. Several days later we returned for gas and supplies, another quiet, informative interlude. Thus were my first contacts with the lady of El Rosario. She brings Baja to the Americans, and the people from above the border become acquainted with her people; she is their unofficial spokeswoman. To those who speak little or no Spanish, she is a linguistic oasis in the northern deserts of Baja.

Through the many years and visits with Anita, I have learned much about her area and especially about a village woman of rare stature, a person always with a gentle smile and a helping hand for her people as well as any gringo in need. Telling the whole story of Doña Anita has long been needed and Helen Ellsberg has done a fine job. She has not only produced a fine biographical background on Señora Espinoza but also provides several short chapters of side light material on her and the village of El Rosario. It is worthwhile reading for Baja buffs and a must for anyone who has ever met Doña Anita.

—Henry Welcome

Siskiyou Trail: The Hudson's Bay Company Route to California, by Richard Dillon. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1975, $9.95.

This is another valuable contribution to the prize-winning "American Trails Series" edited by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. The author concentrates his careful research and factual reporting to provide a complete insight into this oft-mentioned but never-before-documented road to California from Oregon. There is so much more than the

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storied glamor of exploration that is the common fare.

Plans for the establishment of the Siskiyou Trail were formulated across the board table of the Honorable Company in its London offices. They feared encroachment on their Northwest trade area by the aggressive American mountain men. They deliberately set out to trap out the beaver all through the country south of them. To do this a practical route was necessary. The coast was found too rough, so a way had to be found through the inland mountains past the domineering obstacle of Shasta peak.

It was not an easy task. Grazing for their horses was a problem in a land often burnt barren by Indian-set fires. When it rained, it poured, and every stream became a dangerous ford. Endless mud weakened the animals and men. Hordes of mosquitos carrying the dread malaria sickened even the hardiest. Mountains and forests, deserts and rivers blocked the way, but through unending effort the trail was scratched out of the vast wilderness.

By the time the beaver trade died out, here was the badly needed highway ready and waiting to permit the surplus horses and cattle from the California ranchos and missions to move northward to populate the virgin pastures of the Willamette. Then once more in 1848 the way was open for the Oregonians to join the rush to the newly discovered goldfields.

Even today, though the hoof and moccasin tracks are hidden by shiny asphalt, the route marked by the Siskiyou Trail is followed by the north-south U.S. Highway 5 and by the steel rails of the Southern Pacific Railway. Those determined mountain men did not labor and suffer in vain.

Dillon has a knack of assembling material so that the reader becomes closely involved throughout. All in all it is an exceptional volume and adds materially to the history of our West.

—Ralph Miracle

The Custer Adventure, by Richard Upton. Fort Collins, The Old Army Press, 119 pp., 1975, $2.25.

To add even a little to the massive historical literature on the Battle of The Little Big Horn would seem unnecessary unless it is accepted that only a fraction of that literature is of any real value. It is exactly because of this vast mass of material that Mr. Upton has chosen to write this book. His rationale is clearly set forth in the introduction wherein he states, "With so much literature available . . . the bewildered reader may well find himself in a labyrinth of theories, biographies of all the major, minor and peripheral characters, scholarly dissertations, and efforts of journalistic scavengers."

The stated purpose of this book, therefore, is to present the reader with a factual objective account of these events without the interjection of personal bias which has distorted so many accounts of the controversial life and death of George Custer.

*The Custer Adventure* takes the reader through the stirring events from the march out of Fort Abraham Lincoln to the sad return of the wounded aboard the steamer "Far West." This is accomplished, for the most part, by the use of diaries, letters, official reports, and newspaper interviews. These are quoted at length with most editorial comment restricted to setting the scene and familiarizing the reader with the authorities quoted and their relationship with the events covered.

The value of this book, therefore, would seem to rest with the choice of authorities and the chronology of the events described. In this respect it is the opinion of this reviewer that Mr. Upton has done a fine job. He has chosen those authorities who most clearly and objectively describe the action from the perspective of a participant. It is true that he uses Mrs. Custer's account from *Boots and Saddles* to describe the Seventh Cavalry's departure from Fort Abraham Lincoln, but this is probably the only noncontroversial event described and Mrs. Custer's eyewitness account is without doubt the best available.

Mr. Upton does not suggest this is a definitive work but rather it is his hope that it will lead the first time reader to further investigation or serve the more casual reader with a solid background of the events covered. In this we concur and feel *The Custer Adventure* is well worth the reading.

—Powell Greenland