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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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The restored Andres Pico Adobe as it looked in 1932.

Andres Pico Adobe

By MARIE HARRINGTON

At the confluence of Sepulveda and Brand Blvds. in Mission Hills is located the second oldest home in Los Angeles City — the Andres Pico Adobe, the original part of which was built by the ex-San Fernando Mission Indians in 1834.

The long and interesting story of this landmark starts with conjectures as to what the original building was used for, whether a storehouse, a workman's living quarters or merely a toolshed is open to question

for the adobe building with its 30-inch thick walls was located in the center of the ex-mission orchards and surrounding vineyards. Certain it is that use was being made of it when Don Andres Pico leased the entire San Fernando Valley in 1845 to run cattle. Other cattle belonging to Don Andres were already up in the Antelope Valley roaming around La Liebre and surrounding sections but the don needed more

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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.

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Los Angeles Corral



THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER

The annual Rendezvous held at the home of ex-Sheriff Alden Miller was enjoyed by all those present, but for a while it looked like a washout.

A freak weather front, the first tropical storm to hit Southern California since 1939, brought rain for four straight days. In some places more than an entire year's average dropped in a single day. But an end to the troublesome rains appeared Saturday morning, with the event scheduled that afternoon. Miller's switchboard lit up like a Christmas tree as members asked, "Is the Rendezvous still on?" As a last resort Hager dropped to his knees and said an Indian prayer. All of a sudden the sun came out and things dried out.

The Corral auction had some of the best in books and art, and the steaks were their usual best. For 1976 our most loyal member Clifford Drury was honored for his contribution to the literature of the American West.



Scene at the Rendezvous (from the left): Bill Riffle, Katy Ainsworth, Dr. Alden Miller, and Bert Proctor.
—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph.

OCTOBER

Corresponding Member Gary Kurutz, presently with the California Historical Society in San Francisco, presented an illustrated slide program entitled "Horatio Nelson Rust . . . A Most Unusual Californian." He discussed and illustrated with slides, the intellectual and cultural history of the San Gabriel Valley at the turn of the century as typified by Rust. Like his con-



Deputy Sheriff Hugh Tolford smiles for the Daguerreotype wet plate camera as he introduces Gary Kurutz who spoke at the October meeting.
—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph.

temporaries Adam Clark Vroman and Charles F. Lummis, Rust was a man of unusual interests — agriculture — archaeology — Indian affairs — education — and philanthropy to name but a few.

NOVEMBER

One of the most interesting programs of the year was Powell Greenland's "Mining Relics of the Gold Rush Country." There wasn't a tipped wine glass or a snore as Powell discussed, as well as illustrated with beautiful slides, the various mining relics of the gold country.



Photograph of our November speaker, Powell Greenland, with Ray Wells on the left, and Sheriff Everett Hager.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph.

Powell, an Associate Member of the Corral, covered the mines, their equipment such as steam drilling, dredges, Cornish pumps, and last but not least, about some of the manufacturers of the mining equipment. The speaker is an avid collector and photographer of the Gold Rush Country and has traveled many miles studying and photographing mining camps, mines, and their equipment. He is also a frequent contributor to the *Branding Iron*.



Corral Chips

John Kemble has been appointed to the California State Historical Resources Commission and elected vice-president of the North American Society for Oceanic History. He also gave an interesting talk on smuggling along the California coast to the members of the San Pedro Bay Historical Society.

At the 56th Annual National Watercolor Society Exhibition, the Watercolor U.S.A. Award was given to C.M. Alexander Guthrie for his painting "Bound for Glory."

"Doctor Benjamin Rush and the Great Plague of Yellow Fever in Philadelphia in 1793" is the subject of Associate Member Edward Harnagel's dinner presentation before the Barlow Society for the History of Medicine. Photographs of Dr. Harnagel at work are also featured in an article on the new Rheumatoid Arthritis Clinic at Orthopaedic Hospital, a write-up that appears in their house publication "Under the Spire."

C.M. Albert Shumate is the author, and the Arthur H. Clark Company the publisher, of an important book on our state's history entitled *The California of George*

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Pico Adobe ...

room nearer to the pueblo. His tenure was short-lived due to the Mexican War breaking out the following year and his governor brother, Don Pio Pico, being forced to sell the valley to raise funds for the war. He sold the valley for the munificent sum of \$14,000 to a Spanish merchant, Eulogio de Celis whose Los Angeles home was opposite the Bella Union Hotel site. It is believed that Don Eulogio made the first additions to the adobe on his new land. But in a few years he returned to Spain and never came back to California although his descendants did.

Before de Celis departed these shores, Andres Pico acquired an undivided half interest in the valley which included the adobe house and the old mission close by. This was in 1853, the same year that the first railroad survey was made. A well-known sketch shows nothing in the vast valley except the mission with some trees to the south in which the adobe may have been hidden while in the lower right hand corner an Indian in a cactus patch is picking the ripe tunas or cactus fruit.

Don Andres decided the little adobe house was not large enough to entertain the many guests he delighted to receive, being a most convivial soul. The mission was more to his fancy and there he made his country headquarters for the next 20 years or so. The house he turned over to his adopted son, Romulo and his wife, Catarina. Artists especially were royally entertained by Don Andres and some of the striking paintings of James Walker showing cattle drives, etc. were painted in the valley while he was a guest at the mission.

The transition of California from a Mexican province to a territory of the United States had been accepted better by Don Andres than by his governor-brother, who had left for Mexico at the beginning of hostilities. Don Andres was well-liked by the Americanos despite the memories of the trouncing he and his California Lancers had given General Kearney at San Pasqual. He became a member of the State Assembly in 1851; a presidential elector in 1852; received the title of Brigadier General in the California Militia in 1858 and



Portrait of Don Andres Pico, first resident of the adobe, who leased the San Fernando Valley to run cattle. (BELOW) Romulo Pico, adopted son of Andres with his wife Catarina.



became a State senator in 1860. In later years he may have settled down and been content to become a ranchero.

Due to his close association with the American scene, one supposes that he paid more than a little attention to the Victorian homes being built from Sacramento to Los Angeles. Memories of the wooden ornamentation of these new homes may have



The Andres Pico Adobe *circa* 1876. Romulo is at the right.

had something to do with his decision to add a second story to the adobe building plus putting in wooden floors and other woodwork. This work was supposedly done in 1873 the same year he sold all his valley interests except for 100 acres called the "Pico Reserve" to George H. Porter. Three years later Don Andres passed away at his Los Angeles home on Main Street, but Romulo and Catarina continued to live at "Ranchita Romulo" (Romulo's Little Ranch) for many more years. They finally moved to Los Angeles, but kept a room (now the library) for occasional return trips to the valley. The property was rented to various families the next few years. Old pictures show there was an olive grove and citrus plantings during this period. Water was not a problem as there were artesian wells on the property. Early settlers in the San Fernando Valley had found the lack of sufficient water a problem.

Deterioration of the adobe set in during the early years of this century. By 1927 the beautiful and sad old landmark was practically abandoned except for Weary

Willies who occasionally spent a night within its walls. Bit by bit, door jambs, window frames, lintels and roof shingles disappeared until just a shell remained of the building. Treasure hunters began to dig up the walls as they had been told of buried treasure and jars filled with trinkets found there in earlier times. They also dug fruitlessly for the supposed "tunnel" that connected the house to the mission.

So it was that in 1928, Mark R. Harrington, newly arrived from New York to become curator of the Southwest Museum, one day visited the San Fernando Valley. He saw the poor old ruin shamefully standing in the middle of waist-high weeds. It was a case of love at first sight. M.R. and his wife, Endeka, wanted a Spanish-type home and wished to save a landmark. In checking the deed to the location they found the property was owned by the Lopez Estate having been purchased years earlier by José Jesus Lopez. He was for many years *mayordomo* of the vast Beale properties on the Tejon. In 1930, M.R. purchased 30 acres of the Reserve from Dona Louisa McAlonen, one of the four



Mark Harrington examines the ruins prior to reconstruction.

remaining Lopez daughters of Don Geronimo, a San Fernando pioneer.

Of the countless articles appearing in magazines and newspapers regarding the restoration work, M.R.'s succinct statement in his usual style was simply: "When I took over the Romulo Pico house about 1930 the walls were still standing, but the roof, stairway, doors, windows, and many of the window and door frames were missing; also most of the cross beams and most of the floor. I did *not* 'rebuild' the walls, but I did replace three or four layers of adobe blocks around the top of the walls, the originals having been damaged by the weather. I put in new timbers, new floors, and a new staircase. I regard the main building as having been built in the Mission period—probably early 1830's, the wings possibly added by the Picos.

"When they restored the house in the 1870's, they used smaller cross beams to uphold the upper floor than the originals, the holes of which we discovered as we replastered the walls. They used wooden floors, but beneath what remained of their living room floor, I found the remains of an original floor of mission tiles.

"The only changes I made were to build an addition to the north wing of the house; put a fireplace in the living room (only the dining room had one originally), rebuild the patio walls and build a garage.

"A friend, who lived with her family at Pico Court, the Mexican housing complex owned by the citrus packing plant, tells how as a small girl she and her school

friends played in the ruins of the adobe and heard moans coming from the location of the present south bedroom on the second floor.

"Old timers have told me the only error I made in my restoration was the position of the stairway (in the living room). I have it first running south to north, then west to east. The old one, Benito Pico told me (supposedly an adopted son of the Picos) ran straight from east to west against the north wall of the sala.

"The house as it stands today is just as it must have been when Andres and Romulo Pico restored it except for my addition of the north wing."

The adobe is a typical Monterey-type ranch house with long shady corridors on both front and back sections. During Romulo Pico's tenure the south end of the



Pressing adobe into molds at the adobe.

front corridor was latticed and the winter supply of squash, melons and other produce kept there. The patio is located at the rear and until the late 1950's was planted to gardens. The entire patio is now cemented for pleasant entertaining of large groups of various functions. M.R. had been told there never had been a fountain in the patio — imagine a Latin patio without one — but in his excavations he found the old fountain foundations and reconstructed it.

He planted the eucalypti fronting Sepulveda Blvd. and the north boundary of the property. The large eucalyptus trees at the south end of the house became diseased in recent years and most of them had to be cut down. I had an expert of the Parks and Recreation check the tree rings and found the tree to be just under 100 years of age. M.R. also planted five acres of lemons in front of the adobe and joined the Sunkist family whose lemon packing house still stands cater corner from the mission.

It took about a year to bring the old landmark back to life. One can't help but wonder how M.R. ever accomplished what he did when he was away so much of the time on Southwest Museum expeditions. He was fortunate to have expert help in such fields as tile and ironwork; the adobe bricks being made on the spot from a pit dug in the rear of the adobe. When all the work was finished, the home had been termed as one of the outstanding houses in America. Here, M.R.'s son, John, grew up from a small boy until he left for college. John's memories of the adobe have been published in newspapers and magazines years later. Endeka's niece, Berdie, now the wife of Iron Eyes Cody, also spent a portion of her growing years at the adobe.

As with any old California landmark, ghost stories abound to the delight of visiting children. M.R. used to tell many tales of hearing footsteps coming up the stairs at night, but of no one being there; of drawers of the Pico desk being pulled open (the desk is now in my study, but the drawers remain closed), and of a guitar being played in the dining room at night, and of Catarina sitting under the staircase and sewing. Certainly not a ghost, but a real-life person, was Tiburcio Vasquez who



Replacing roof beams after build-up of adobe brick on ruined walls.

visited the adobe late one night while several guests were asleep. They were all sleeping in the long upstairs room, now a museum room. Tiburcio left early the following morning. When one of the guests asked Romulo who that man was who came in late, Romulo nonchalantly answered: "Oh, that was Tiburcio Vasquez." No member of the family was ever bothered by the bandit. His trunk which he gave to friends in Barrel Springs is now in the museum room along with some of the iron utensils found in it.

Among the old papers relating to the adobe, a notice from the Department of Building and Safety said of the 1933 earthquake: "No adobe cracks at all and only one plaster crack in the kitchen." The structure was not so fortunate in the 1971 disaster. The entire building suffered plaster cracks, the City removing the chimney. A section of wall in the office separated, but this may have been from an old crack. Condemnation signs were placed on all the doors and it was many weeks before anyone was allowed inside the house. But I am getting a little ahead of the story.

Considerable time was spent looking for authentic pieces of furniture and china to outfit the house. Cabinets in the kitchen were built to hide the refrigerator and washing machine, otherwise modernity in the kitchen had to be acknowledged. The Ranchito Romulo was becoming a nostalgic memento of the past. During the early days of World War II a camp was located south of the property where a Mexican labor camp had formerly been. The dining room of the adobe was opened to the soldiers who found it a haven as a reading room in their free hours.

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A March 5, 1932 invoice from Theodore Payne, veteran Los Angeles seedsman and nurseryman listed plants, shrubs and vegetables that M.R. ordered for the grounds. Listed were California Cherry, California Lilac, Fremontia, Yellow Flowering Currant, both tree and Matilija poppies, as well as other natives such as wild rose, Woolly Blue Curls, Tree Lupine and California Fuschia. Ordered also were both green pod and California wax beans, chayote, leek, Golden Bantam corn, peas and Lima beans. Early Crawford and Hale peach trees were also ordered. A grape arbor was located running west from the kitchen area and a small chicken yard was constructed at the rear of the adobe. Not a single trace of these plantings remain today, save for olive and eucalypti trees.

Finally, in 1945, M.R. decided to sell his beloved ranchito to friends, Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Lindblad. The Lindblads continued the tradition of gracious living and entertaining for which the ranchito had become known. They replaced the roof with terra cotta tiles since sparks had burned the redwood shake shingles around the chimneys. Not happy with flaking whitewash on the inner walls, they were sandblasted, coated with layers of cement paint and a final coat of cream beige paint. Whitewash, applied to the ceiling to give more light, was scraped off and a natural wood stain applied. In the mid-1950's Dr. Lindblad received a teaching position from a university in Holland and once again the adobe was put up for sale.

During the succeeding years there were several short-term owners of the adobe who bought the property chiefly for speculation. Finally in 1957 the North Valley Y.M.C.A. was given funds to purchase five acres and the adobe became their headquarters, changing the appearance. The format of the rooms was changed to accommodate offices and meeting rooms. In 1965 the local newspaper reported that the Y.M.C.A. wished to sell the property with its valuable Sepulveda Blvd. frontage. The San Fernando Valley Historical Society, alarmed that the adobe might be demolished, spearheaded a drive to save the landmark. For over two years they valiantly sponsored many money-making af-

fairs, but the asking price could not be met. It was then that Councilman Louis Nowell, in whose First District the property was located, became interested. After negotiations, he was successful in having the City of Los Angeles purchase the two and one-half acres facing Sepulveda Blvd., including the adobe. The Y.M.C.A. retained the remaining half of the property facing Columbus Blvd., and commenced work on a new headquarters building on the site.

This landmark owned by the City of Los Angeles since 1968 is administered by the Department of Parks and Recreation and run by the San Fernando Valley Historical Society under contract. Immediately restoration work was undertaken to bring the Andres Pico adobe back to its original condition. The volunteer labor was undertaken by society members. They had no more settled down to hard work when the 1971 earthquake struck the valley. The long uphill climb to restore the building began all over again. It was slow work, but once again the adobe is a living monument to the valley's past.

Gifts of authentic furniture, china, silver, costumes and numerous other artifacts were given by devoted friends until the adobe is now almost completely furnished in the Victorian period in which the Picos lived.

In 1970 the Mark R. Harrington Library was dedicated in the room that had been M.R.'s original study. This affair and the Westerners Fandango that year were the last social affairs attended by Mark R. Harrington. Just a year following the dedication he passed on. Today the library honoring his name specializes in valley and California history and many individuals and students do historical research there all year long.

The library is only one of the many interests of the Society. It carries on a year round program of tours, monthly meetings, summer Sunday breakfasts in the patio, plus gala affairs such as Rancho Days, Cascarone Breakfast and Las Posadas. Costumed docents greet visitors on weekends and give group tours by appointment.

Honors have come to this landmark now

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An Experience at The Sherman Ranch

By LLOYD MITCHELL

I have spent considerable time in the West, and it is only natural that I lean toward western things in my art. Much of the subject matter in my paintings has been influenced by actual happenings in my life on the range.

I recall vividly an experience I had on the Sherman Ranch in Kansas when I was just 17 years of age. I had drifted into Ellsworth and while standing on a street corner was approached by a man looking for hands. His description of the work, the ranch, and the money sounded good, so I signed on. We got in his car and drove to the ranch which seemed quite a distance away. As we drove through the ranch gate, I learned that it was the Sherman Ranch, consisting of 35,000 acres divided into nine sections.

The Sherman Ranch was established around 1896-98, and once was the largest spread in Kansas. It lay about five miles from Crawford, in Ellsworth County, in the center of the state. M. M. Sherman was the owner and he paid his ranch hands \$30 per month and keep. Each hand was expected to work a ten-hour day, six days a week. The working population on the ranch varied from 100 to 200 men, depending on the season of the year. The supervisory personnel and families comprised about 50 of this total. The Bluff Creek Division of the ranch served as headquarters, each division having its own boarding house and complete set of buildings, with a foreman in charge. The ranch had its own church, complete with organ, and two schools at headquarters.

Of the 35,000 acres, about 12,000 acres of the spread was planted in alfalfa, wheat, corn and other grains, with the remainder in fine pasture. While the ranch itself was almost self sustaining, it profited from the sale of cattle, hogs and grain. The ranch was so large and controlled, that it was not necessary to brand the more than 3,000 head of cattle raised for the market annually.

The first night that I stayed in the bunk house at headquarters, the cook rang the gong for chow and I scrambled in along with dozens of ranch hands and found a seat at a long table. A large bowl of baked beans was planked down near me but before I could get a bean they were all gone. That was a lesson and I did not go hungry after that.

The next day I was taken in a provision truck about eight or nine miles to Division 7 of the ranch. This consisted of a bunk house, cook shack, a corral with stables, and a tack room. In a large shed were all the farming and haying implements, plus bales and bales of barbed wire for fencing. The wire was used mainly to protect the farming sections of the ranch from the hundreds of head of cattle that ranged in this part of the ranch. Division 7 had about 20 head of saddle horses and a half dozen or so teams used on the wagons and implements. The ranch crew at this point consisted of about 12 to 14 men, many of them on the dodge from the law somewhere. It was common knowledge that three or four were wanted for murder in other parts of the country.

I recall one humorous occasion in the bunk house. One night the slats broke in the upper bunk, about the middle of the night, and the jasper above plunged down onto the man in the bunk below. Once the shock wore off, the two started fighting like a couple of mad tigers. Someone struck a match to the old coal oil lamp on the table in the middle of the room so we could see what was going on. It was a bloody sight with one cowboy hammering the other into near unconsciousness. The other man scrambled around in the darkness to find his Levis. He found the front pocket and pulled out a knife. The blade would have quickly finished the job, but before he could use it, a couple of men tackled him and took away the knife. You might say I was a bit scared!

Our Division was ruled over by a foreman called Tex. He was well qualified in every respect to rule the roost of thugs out here in one of the most isolated places of the ranch. He was like a giant replica of actor Ward Bond playing the meanest role of his career. His big mouth, button nose, and two wild eyes set close together, did not belie his true sadistic nature. A solid pot belly hung over his Levis. He was so mean I saw him beat men senseless on several occasions. He could kill a horse tied to a corral by beating him around the head with a harness trace chain. Why he would want to do such a thing I never found out, but he was that mean.

When I arrived at Division 7, old Tex dubbed me as "Kid." He treated me rather kindly at first, but as the newness of having a squirt around wore off, he began to lay it on just like he did the other hands. While I was growing up, I was taught to stand up for my rights and fight. It did not take long to decide to make a quick departure from this hell hole. While I had a 32 caliber pistol in my possession, I was reluctant to use it just to get away. I had to figure out some sort of plan so that Tex would be out checking fence when I made my departure. I just did not want a confrontation with Tex. I decided to leave the following Wednesday when the provision man made his weekly delivery of supplies to the Division.

At daybreak on Wednesday morning we were all out doing our usual chores of

feeding stock and hitching and saddling horses. Finally cookie rang the gong for morning chow in the cook shack. After a bowl of mush and some hard-tack, some of us started loading the wagons. I cautiously snuck back into the bunkhouse to get my belongings. I cinched my few personal belongings up in my roll and cinched it up with an old belt. My 32 pistol was in the center of my roll. Things were kind of quiet around and just outside I could hear Tex growl, "Where's that damn kid?" Someone answered, "I saw him go into the bunk house."

I promptly heard footsteps crunching on the ground towards the bunkhouse door. All of a sudden Tex lunged through it.

"Get yer ass out o'here," he thundered. As he moved toward me I grabbed for my roll and reached inside. My hand was already grasping the pistol. I quickly pushed it out through the end and cocked it.

"Stop," I screamed at Tex. "I'll shoot you right in the guts if you make another step." Tex stopped suddenly about seven feet away and glared at me in bewilderment. "I might miss your head," I continued, "but I won't miss your guts. I'm fed up with this damn place and I'm gettin' out of here today."

Tex stood his ground with the palms of both hands extended as though he was shielding himself from bullets. Then he wheeled around and stormed out the door yelling, "Kid, you can go to hell as far as I am concerned."

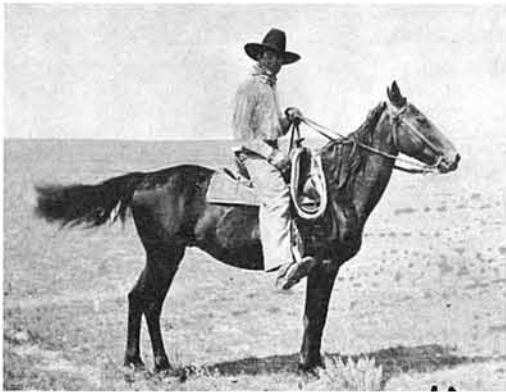
He was well aware that I was scared and he realized it was dangerous to fiddle with someone with a nervous trigger finger. I could hear his cursing voice fade away.

I spent the rest of the morning jawing with the cook. He told me many weird tales of incidents at Division 7. He also informed me that I might have a bit of trouble getting away, besides convincing the truck driver to let me ride back to headquarters.

The truck finally rumbled into camp about noon. I was willing to give the driver a hand in unloading the supplies to help expedite his departure. The weekly delivery contained all sorts of stuff for the camp, including soap for the bunk house, feed for the horses, and numerous items for the cook shack such as jerky and kegs



Mitchell handling horses at Rock-Eagle, Wyoming. (BELOW) Cowboy Mitchell mounted on "Barney," the fastest and quickest horse he ever rode.



of raisins. Mr. Sherman, owner of the ranch, was a great believer in eating lots of raisins. "It is good for the bowels," he said.

Eventually the provisions were unloaded. The driver was about to get into the truck when I hit him up for a ride back to headquarters.

"Nope, I don't have any orders to pick anyone up," he answered. He moved in behind the wheel. I whipped out my 32 and shoved it into his face. "I'm riding back to headquarters whether you like it or not," I said. "Okey, get in," he replied. He did as he was told and with haste. I climbed into the back of the truck so that I could keep an eye on him. We were off to headquarters, what a relief!

The dirt road was dusty and rough and the old truck did not make good time. In due course we could see headquarters ahead on the road. The driver pulled up to the side of the road and turned around. "You had better unload here, kid. I could get into a lot of trouble if they see you on the truck." I agreed, got out and started to walk into camp and toward the main office.

As I opened the big door, I found a kindly looking man sitting in front of a beautiful roll-top desk. Finally, he looked up from his deep concentration and peered at me.

"What can I do for you, son?"

"Mr. Sherman," I called. "I have been working for a few months out at Division 7 and I would like to quit and draw my pay."

"Division 7," he exploded. "What is a lad like you doing out at Division 7? There is nothing but thugs and criminals out there. Who sent you out there?"

"I can't answer that," I said. "That is where I was sent the day I came."

He asked my name and pulled out a large ledger book where he soon found me listed. He made some quick calculations on some scrap paper, then reached in a drawer for the check book. He wrote me a check for \$150.00 drawn on a bank in Ellsworth. He also gave me a lecture and advised me to head for home where I belonged. He stated that I was too young to be driftin' around the country and I should be careful who I rode with back to town.

I left the ranch and started walking down the long dusty road with my roll over my shoulder. I finally came to a cross-road that had a sign heading north toward Ellsworth. About a half mile down this road I came upon a lone tree that offered enough shade for a poor kid to rest under for a while. After about a 20 minute snooze I could hear a rumble moving towards me and I noticed a huge cloud of dust coming along with the noise. I got out into the middle of the road and began to wave my arms. A car soon came into view through the dust. It was a Packard to the best of my recollection. The car pulled up and stopped. The driver, a chauffeur, reached back and opened the back door and told me to get in. As I entered I noticed that the man in the back seat was Mr. Sherman.

"Get in my boy," he said. "What in the world are you doing out here on this desolate road?" He gave me a quick look and said, "Are you out looking for a job?"

I suddenly realized that this man had been so encumbered with his everyday problems at the ranch that he had forgotten me in little more than three hours time.

"No sir, I am on my way home," I replied.

Mr. Sherman was a fine religious man, I am sure. He gave me a lot more advice on how to conduct my life as we drove along in his big car.

We were soon on the streets of Ellsworth. The chauffeur pulled up in front of a bank and parked the car, got out and opened the back door. Mr. Sherman stated, "This is as far as we are going, son." He reached out his hand then said, "Good luck to you." I thanked him. Mr. Sherman entered the bank and, pausing a few minutes, I followed him in. He was just closing the glass door to the office of the president of the bank as I walked up to the only teller in the bank, then handed him my check.

"Well, I guess it's O.K.," he said, "seeing you just came in with Mr. Sherman."

He handed me my money and I started down the street to the Union Pacific depot. I was determined to take the first train headed west. I planned to go to Wyoming to find ranch work, but ran into a job near *Wa Keeney*, Kansas, instead. Here I worked with a wheat harvest crew for a few days. When that job was finished I went into *Wa Keeney* where I planned to find a passenger train and ride the baggage car blinds to Denver to save the cost of the fare. I had a check in my pants in the amount of \$4.00, but the banks had already closed for the day. I walked down to the Union Pacific depot to see what was on the station board schedule. It showed a train westbound at 6:00 P.M. I had to decide whether to catch the passenger train or get a 50 cent room in the hotel for the night and then wait until morning to cash my check. Cashing checks out of the town it was written on was not all that easy back in those days. If I stayed over I could hitch-hike to Denver.

After about an hour of trying to make up my mind, I decided to stay over. All night long it rained and I was sure glad I had decided to stay in under cover for the night. The next morning I got up, cashed my four dollar check, then got a ride out of town with a man in a light truck. He told me there were all kinds of flash floods in Colorado and a railroad trestle had washed out down the line and the passenger train had plunged into the



Drifter Mitchell walking the Union Pacific railroad tracks in 1927.

swollen waters.

In a couple of hours we arrived at the scene of the disaster. The highway bridge was quite a bit higher and escaped the raging torrents, but the railroad bridge was surely all gone. The two engines and several coaches were piled one on top of the other in a heap half buried in the mud and sand. The water by this time had subsided and men were looking over the wreck. The lawmen on the scene would not allow us to stop and take a better look. We had to keep going.

I could not help thinking what would have happened had I been in the blinds at the time the train went over? Maybe if I had been on the train the bridge would not have washed out? I kept thinking about that four dollar check that caused me to miss that train. It was the best check I had ever earned in my life!

Pico Adobe...

in its 142nd year. A plaque was awarded by the Department of the Interior. A letter from Harold L. Ickes, then Secretary of the Interior said in part: "It is possible . . . to record in a graphic way before it is too late, the exact appearance of these buildings and their surroundings. This is the purpose of the Historic American Buildings Survey." It was this 1935 survey that named the adobe as "one of the most outstanding homes in America," and drawings and pictures were made during the survey

and are now in the Library of Congress.

In 1936 the Native Daughters of the Golden West — California Parlor, placed a plaque at the building followed by a fiesta and barbecue. The Cultural Heritage Board of Los Angeles declared it a historic landmark in September 1962, placing a plaque beside the older one. The Andres Adobe is now registered as California State Landmark No. 362.

Bailey Speaks to '49ers

The featured speaker at the Death Valley Forty-Niners Encampment Authors' Breakfast was none other than Paul Bailey.

Paul's topic was "An Unnatural History of Death Valley," in which he described some of the Valley's Varmints, Virgins, Vandals and Visionaries. Bailey is a well known historian and author with more than a score of books on the American West in his saddle bag. He is also a long-time director of the '49ers, past Sheriff of our Los Angeles Corral, ex-Grand Noble Humbug of E Clampus Vitus, and one of the founding members of the Western History Association. It is only natural that the "Great One" should be so honored and chosen as the featured speaker.

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners extending the big paw of friendship to the following new Corresponding Members. They are: L. Linden Blaschke, Encino; Y. Elbert Cheyno, Sunland; Mrs. Duncan Gleason, Los Angeles; D. R. McCarthy, Los Angeles; Donald M. Swarthout, Pasadena; and Matthew Turckel of Northridge.

Corral Elects Officers for 1977

A slate of new officers who will guide the Los Angeles Corral through 1977 were officially elected at the November meeting. They are: Hugh Tolford, *Sheriff*; Elwood Holland, *Deputy Sheriff*; and Henry Welcome as *Registrar of Marks and Brands*. The two old die-hards were Donald Duke as *Roundup Foreman* and Bert Olson as *Keeper of the Chips*.

Corral Chips...

Gordon, and the 1849 Sea Voyages of His California Association.

Noted for his green thumb when it comes to growing beautiful camellias, *John Urabec* is a leading figure in the plant sale held by the Friends of the Huntington Library.

Los Fiesteros de Los Angeles, a group dedicated to keeping alive the fiesta spirit and tradition of early California, elects *Sid Platford* to the position of *El Presidente*.

C.M. *Michael Harrison* played host at his Fair Oaks home to a galaxy of Westerners this fall during a joint meeting of the Zamorano and Roxburghe book clubs. Among those ogling and envying Mike's magnificent library, and devouring a delectable array of fresh fruits, assorted cheeses and luncheon meats in a "snack" worthy of the court of Henry VIII, were *Ray Billington, Henry Clifford, Glen Dawson, Carl Dentzel, John Goodman, Everett Hager, William Hendricks, Webb Jones, Bill Kimes, Tony Lehman, Doyce Nunis, Hugh Tolford, John Urabec*; Associate Members *Charles Heiskell, Charles Clarke, Earl Nation, John Swingle*; and Corresponding Members *Ed Carpenter, Grant Dahlstrom, Jim Dickason, Kenneth Johnson, Roy Kidman, Albert Shumate, and Dick Yale*.

Ray Billington is serving as historical consultant for a new television series that, hopefully, will bring back the Western: "The Quest," produced by Columbia Pictures Television and to be shown on NBC in weekly, hour-long shows. *Iron Eyes Cody*, incidentally, appeared in the pilot film last spring.

Azusa Pacific College has presented a "President's Award" to Honorary Member *George Fullerton* for his work in collecting and preserving material about the American West.

C.M. *Abraham Hoffman's* article "El cierre de las puerta traseras norteamericana — Restriccion de la inmigracion mexicana" appeared in the julio-septiembre issue of *Historia Mexicana*. More of his water controversy research was presented at the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association's San Diego meeting

when he gave a paper on "Los Angeles and the Owens Valley Reclamation Project: A National Perspective."

Among the numerous illustrations in Chris Jones' *Climbing in North America* is a photograph of nineteen-year old *Glen Dawson* perched triumphantly atop Mount Whitney.

The Center for Western Studies at Augustan College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, has appointed C.M. *Cornell Norby* to its National Advisory Council.

President Gerald Ford has penned a warm personal letter to Honorary Member *Horace Albright* offering his congratulations on receiving the California Historical Society's Annual Award for Historical Preservation: "It is an honor which deservedly adds further luster to your well-established reputation in this vital field. I know of no American who is more worthy of such a tribute. As a leading conservationist, ranking government administrator, and prominent businessman, you have left a mark of distinction of many enduring accomplishments for the good of our society."

The Fine Arts Gallery in San Diego's Balboa Park puts on an extensive exhibit of Olaf Wieghorst's paintings, etchings, watercolors, pencil drawings, and bronzes. One of the most popular pieces in the show, an oil on canvas titled "Pueblo Moon," is drawn from the collection of "Cactus" *Jack Jeffrey*.

The first handbound, hardback book produced by *Herschel Logan* and his wife Anne at their Log-Anne Press in Santa Ana has made its appearance. A miniature volume intended as a Bicentennial keepsake, it features hand-lettering and twenty portraits of prominent Americans by *Herschel* himself and is available from Dawson's Book Shop.

Glen Dawson and *Iron Eyes Cody* received the City of Los Angeles "Mayor's Certificate of Appreciation" for their work with the Los Angeles Library Association. The certificate is awarded for outstanding efforts and accomplishments which benefit the community.

Iron Eyes Cody was awarded the "National American Indian Achievement Award for 1976" by the American Indian Art & Cultural Exchange on October 13th. This award is presented only to those who use

their achievements to help others. *Iron Eyes* was selected for his outstanding achievement in the field of Ecology and Performing Arts-Television.

Finally, Associate Member *Jim Gulbranson* speaks on "The Restoration of the Andres Pico Adobe" at the fall conference of the Associated Historical Societies of Los Angeles County. Among those present on the occasion are *Wade Kittell*, *Walt Wheelock*, *Dutch Holland*, and Corresponding Members *Marie Harrington*, *Ernest Marquez*, and *Bill Burkhart*, who serves as vice-president of the Associated Historical Societies.

SMOKE SIGNALS

I made four movie festivals called "Myths and Images of Cowboys and Indians." Representing the American Indian in America, on the panels, I told how the image of the American Indian had been ruined by motion pictures and television. I also stressed the fact that textbooks, written from the Anglos' point of view, should be corrected; that future movies portraying Indians should give reasons for scalping and brutality, that such words as squaw, buck, papoose, should be omitted, that Indian women were modest and moral, and there were no curse words in Indian languages.

I was at the L.A. Biltmore for five days and the only Indian on the panel with directors, producers, and writers, speaking on the image of the Indian. I then went to Sun Valley, Idaho, for six days to speak about the same subject. This time on the panel were many new producers, directors and writers. With me this time were Chief Dan George from Canada, Scott Momaday (Kiowa), Vine Deloria (Sioux), and a writer; also my good friend Colonel Tim McCoy, Delmar Daves, King Vidor, Western star Dave Dardout, directors Peter Fonda and Clint Eastwood and many others. While there Col. Tim and I were Grand Marshals in the July 4th parade in Haley, Idaho.

Going to Nashville, Tennessee, for another six days for the greatest of the movie festivals on "Myths and Images of Cowboys and Indians," again talking on the panels about the same subject. While there

I went on the Grand Old Opry Show and met a nice bunch of oldtimers. I arrived home in time to go to the L.A. Biltmore again for another panel show, this time for the Los Angeles Indians, and all Indian films were shown. This panel's subject was "Facts and Images of American Indians."

Every Saturday morning at 7:30 A.M., Station KPCS, 89.3, Pasadena, will present a radio show with Indian people and I will have a five-minute segment.



Photograph taken at the Western Writers of America Conference in Billings, Montana. (Left to Right) *Branding Iron* editor Donald Duke, Tim McCoy, and Paul Bailey.

Oh yes, Tim McCoy and his son Ron, ended up in Billings, Montana, with Paul Bailey and Donald Duke, Westerners for the Western Writers of America. Tim met his publisher of his book *People I Knew*, and got a big advance from Doubleday, the publishers. His son Ron is helping him with his book. They were also there for the Custer Centennial, which was a hell of a place for a paleface to be on that day.

—IRON EYES CODY

DENVER CONFAB ATTRACTS WESTERNERS

The Western History Association's 16th annual meeting was held October 13-16, in Denver, and many Active, Associate and Corresponding Members of the Los Angeles Corral were present. Sheriff Everett G. Hager and past Sheriffs Ray Billington, Art Clark and Paul Galleher were very much in evidence. Actives were: Registrar "Dutch" Holland, Byron W. ("Bud") Bailey, John Caughey, Dudley Gordon and Richard Mohr. The C.M.'s on hand were: William Burkhart, Donald H. Bufkin, Leland Case, Jeff N. Dykes, Erl H. Ellis,

Russell Elliott, LeRoy Hafen, Michael (Mike) Harrison, Dock Marston, Martin Ridge, Fred Rosenstock, Michael E. Thurman and Richard Coke Wood. Other C.M.'s included Mary Gormly, Anna Marie Hager and Jo Beth Jacobs.

Associate Todd Berens outdid everyone by bringing three of his young students with him to the Conference to help give them a new insight into the historic West.

Past Sheriff Billington received special acknowledgment at the Presidential Luncheon and also officiated in announcing the special awards at the Westerners International Breakfast. Past Sheriff John Haskell Kemble was selected by the University of the Pacific for the Philip A. Danielson Award for Excellence in Historical Writing for 1975. It was John's paper given before the Los Angeles Corral which won the prize: "Law and Order Texas Style in the Tropics: The Career of Ran Runnels."

C. M. "Mike" Harrison was awarded a special citation for his enthusiastic and continuous support for the Western History Association and received his recognition award at the Presidential Luncheon.

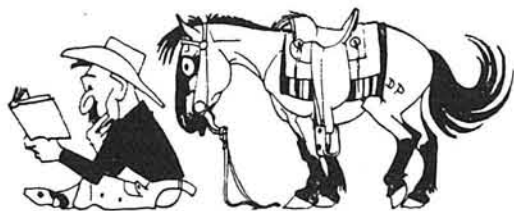
Excursions included all-day visits to historic Georgetown, early gold mining site, and to the newly reconstructed Bent's Fort where members were treated to a traditional rendezvous feast of smoke-oven roasted buffalo and beef, all the trimmings, plus the renowned drink described by G. B. Grinnell, "Hailstorms." The latter is a form of mint julep in Mason jars filled with either scotch or bourbon, a sprig of mint and hailstones (ice cubes), MUCHO potent!! Sam Arnold, well-known Colorado restaurateur supervised and arranged this most excellent feast.

\$5.00 makes it legal in Denver or so it may appear. When Sheriff Hager and wife, C.M. Anna Marie, approached the Pre-Registration desk of the Western History Association, both were asked: "Are you two married?" The immediate reply was: "You bet, twenty years and legally." Some typist must have become tired or something and dropped Everett's last name from his name-tag. That meant he would have to divvy up another \$5.00 because of the two different names, Gordon and Hager. Another typist came to the rescue and made all legal and respectable by retyping in full

"Everett G. Hager" for your Sheriff's name tag!

Past Sheriff Erl Ellis, of the Denver Corral, and his wife Scotty opened their beautiful home for friends and fellow-Westerners to visit and share in some happy talk. Earl's library is one that would delight the hearts of every Westerner—shelves filled with Western lore and every publication of all the Westerner Corrals. An evening and visit to long remember.

— EVERETT HAGER



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

THE U.S. CAMEL CORPS, by Odie B. Faulk. New York, Oxford University Press, 1976. 213 ppp., illus., biblio., dust jacket. \$9.75.

Surely one of the most unique occurrences in the historic West was the introduction of camels in an effort to solve the problems of transportation over vast wastelands. In the decade or so prior to the Civil War, Americans began to develop an awareness of the Western portion of their continent. At this time when riches, a new way of life, or an escape from the past seemed vital to so many, a key ingredient was missing—how to get to the new Utopia! Not only did ordinary folk struggle with this problem, but so did the U.S. Army which had responsibility for exploration, protection of the citizens, mapping the land, controlling the Indians, and supplying a network of outposts and forts.

The new wave of the future seemed to rest with the expansion of railroads across this vast land. And, so it was to be, but not then. The Army was not in a position to wait on the uncertainties of big politics and big money to transport its troops and supplies. Also, the military required greater flexibility than rails could ever provide.

Into this situation entered a cast of characters including: Jefferson Davis, Major Henry C. Wayne (U.S. Army, QMC), Gwinn Harris Heap, Lt. (later Rear Admiral) David D. Porter (USN), Lt. Edward F. Beale (USN), John B. Floyd and other lesser lights.

Against this backdrop, Professor Faulk has brought the Camel Corps to life once again. He carefully traces the political battles in Washington which attempted to bring this great experiment into being. His development of the characters involved early on is vivid and makes the reader feel their acquaintanceship. Unfortunately, this same level of character development is not fully sustained throughout the book and falls a bit short in its latter portions when the noted camel drivers "Hi Jolly" and "Greek George" are discussed.

Throughout, the narrative is eminently readable, punctuated with anecdotes of human interest and with original illustrations made by one of the earliest participants in the experiment, Gwinn Harris Heap. Of particular interest to us in this locale are those sections dealing with the quartering and uses of the camels in the area between Fort Tejon and Los Angeles. Few of us probably realize that a portion of the herd was kept for a time at Second and Main Streets and that the last known member of the original group of camels died in Griffith Park in 1934.

The camels were, in a sense, victims. They never really failed in their part of the experiment. Often, humans failed to make the program work and, of course, the Civil War and the technology which followed pushed this strange and wonderful effort into oblivion. The camels probably never had a chance in the first place, but it took imagination to conceive of the project and great personal courage and sacrifice to push it forward. The ending of the tale is somewhat sad and anticlimactic.

Odie Faulk brings this fascinating and "stranger than fiction" account alive in the best traditions of a superb storyteller, while maintaining his status as a scholar. His research appears generally complete except as noted above. This volume belongs on the shelf of every Westerner interested in the development of the Southwest.

— JERRY SELMER